

Full-Grown and Ferocious Mosquito Killed in London West Yesterday.

When talking about the beauties of Canada's climate it is well to remember that the 57 varieties are at the disposal of the average citizen of this glorious commonwealth. This morning a new beauty was discovered—a real one. A visitor came to the sanctum today and related in all seriousness that a well-known citizen of West London was severely bitten on the wrist yesterday by a vicious and blood-thirsty mosquito. According to the calendar yesterday was Jan. 24, and according to the thermometer it was high unto zero. Hear him relate the horrible details:

"Yes, sir; that is right," quoth this man, "I saw the spot where the mosquito bit him. A large lump resulted. The man felt the sting and on looking at his hand he could scarcely believe his eyes. It was a mosquito, a good big one. He killed it, and I saw it wallowing in the man's blood. I thought that the many readers of this great journal would like to hear that story, and I would ask the oldest inhabitant of this fair city if he can recall any such incident. It surprised me."

That is the story in all its lurid details. One can in fancy see the fierce struggles of the animal as it lay wallowing in the blood of the unfortunate victim. It is indeed a pitiable sight, and takes us back to the days of the past summer, when with murder in our hearts, we sallied forth, clad in pajamas and indignation, to terrible slaughter.

Now it can be published in Askalon or any other old spot that Canada has every spot beaten to death for varieties of amusement. Fancy killing mosquitoes in mid-winter. What a prospect. Noble citizens of London arm yourselves for the fray. The frisky and restive mosquito is in your midst. Rise up to slaughter and save the honor of the family. The mosquito must be killed.

## Advertiser Patterns

DESIGNED BY MARTHA DEAN.



1069.—A DAINY FRENCH CHEMISE.

Paris has won a well-earned reputation for the production of fine lingerie, and the most beautiful is well as the best fitting garments are those of Parisian designing for while their construction is usually simple, they are almost always daintily decorated with lace and embroidery. The chemise here shown will delight the girl or woman who piles her needle for the privilege of wearing dainty garments. The square cut at the neck is most becoming, the shaping is especially designed to meet the present demand for graceful effects, and there is no bunchedness anywhere. As much beauty may be added in the way of lace and fine needlework as the maker may wish, and if desired a beading run with ribbon may regulate the fullness at the waistline, or it may hang free from the shoulders, as illustrated. The medium size requires 3 1/2 yards of 36-inch material for development.

6069.—Seven sizes, 32 to 44 inches bust measure.

The price of this pattern is 10c.

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 miss's pattern) .....

CAUTION.—Be careful to inclose above illustration and send size of pattern wanted. When the pattern is sent 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 misses' or child's pattern write only the figures 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.

Address.....

PATTERN DEPARTMENT, LONDON ADVERTISER.



# A Whirlwind of White Wear

Out They Will Flutter---Clouds of Dainty Undermuslins, White Fabrics, Laces, Embroideries and Waists--All Marked at Enticing Prices

Now comes a long-anticipated event—our Annual White Sale. Ready for a period of an under-priced selling of lingerie, waists, fabrics—in fact, everything white is involved in this sale.

How the bargain winds will blow in departments where white goods are sold! How the snowy clouds of white merchandise will disappear, melting like the snow (which they outlive in whiteness) under a July sun!

Even in the least expensive grades the garments are distinguished by a refined beauty and daintiness rarely associated with prices so low as those with which we have marked them. It is safe to assert that not for months will another such buying chance present itself.

THE SALE BEGINS Tuesday. While our stocks are the largest we ever assembled for a White Sale—so unusual are the values that many of the choicest may not last the event through. For that reason, COME EARLY.

## White Wash Fabrics

Every woman should partake of these extra special values in choice new Wash Fabrics. With spring just ahead, it's not too early to begin work on dainty White Dresses, Skirts, etc., and it makes a decided saving to purchase the materials now.

Swiss Muslins, the kind you pay 35c and 40c for. These come in a variety of choice, fancy patterns and spots. White Sale Price is.....25c

White Spot Muslins, suitable for ladies' waists and children's dresses, at.....10c, 12 1/2c and 18c

A big special in White Cambric; just the quality for that nice skirt or gown, at, per yard.....12 1/2c Household Longcloth; this is a soft cotton, free from dressing. Just the thing for children's underwear.....8 1/2c Marathon Cotton, a new production for this spring. It is not wide, but cheap, selling at this sale for.....7c

## Laces and Embroideries

Every lover of beautiful Laces and Embroideries will revel in the inspection of this beautiful stock, and every woman who appreciates extraordinary values will make liberal selection from it.

Corset Cover Embroideries Two big specials at.....25c and 35c

Embroideries & Insertions We have paid special attention to have these match in pattern. You will find the stock complete with all new designs. Prices ranging from.....5c to 50c a yard

Allover Embroideries A great variety to pick from. Prices from.....50c to \$1.25 a yard

Laces Just passed into stock a big lot of Val. Laces. The prices will surprise you. We are offering special prices on Laces bought by the dozen yards.



## Splendid Values in Dependable Domestics

IN SHEETINGS, PILLOW COTTON, TOWELING, ETC., THE WHITE SALE BRINGS REAL BARGAINS.

The strictly good quality of these goods make our low pricing of them remarkable.

# GRAY & PARKER

## THE HEIRESS OF DENSLEY WOLD

BY FLORENCE WARDEN

And madame went toward the open French window of the drawing-room, while Monsieur Leblanc, smoking an excellent cigar, strolled forward to meet his young guest.

"A lovely evening, after the stormy day," said he, as he took out his cigar case and, opening it, offered it to St. Quintin.

"It is always lovely weather to me when I am near Miss Densley," said the young man taking his courage in both hands and making the plunge in what he flattered himself was rather a neat manner.

Monsieur Leblanc—who was, in spite of all the young man's doubts, more sympathetic to him than stout madame with her cold gray eyes and straight mouth—looked intelligent at once.

"Ah!" said he, "I guessed I should be hearing something of that sort from you, though I did not expect it quite so soon."

"Well, Monsieur Leblanc, I hope you have no objection to make to me because I know how to make up my mind."

"Indeed I have none. But there is more to be done than to get my consent to your proposals to my niece. There is her other guardian to be consulted."

"Her other guardian? Do you mean Madame Leblanc?"

"Oh no, I mean the trustee for the property."

"Oh, the property!" exclaimed St. Quintin impatiently. "I'm tired of hearing of it. I wish she hadn't any!"

"Ah! That is a good sign, a very good sign. It makes me think you are,

"Ah!" he said, "I cannot do that altogether. As I have told you, I am tied until my fellow-guardian returns, and in the meantime all I can do is to make my own selection, subject to my niece's inclination, which, I think, coincides with mine."

And he smiled encouragingly at the young man.

"Do you mean that you think she likes me more than any of the others?" said St. Quintin, persisting until he should get a straightforward and satisfactory answer.

"With the single exception of Monsieur Marbeau, who is a very generous suitor, there is no one I should put on the same level as yourself, Mr. St. Quintin."

The young man raised his eyebrows with confidence.

"I know Miss Densley doesn't like Marbeau," said he, with decision. "She said so."

"Ah! But as a husband he is not to be despised. Did I not show you the gift he sent for her?"

"That miserable bracelet!" retorted St. Quintin, hotly. "Oh, I saw that, of course. But I can give Marie something much handsomer than that."

Miss Densley's uncle looked politely incredulous. St. Quintin went on:

"You will see. I'll bring something down for her the next time I come, and you shall judge whether her English lover is less generous than the French one."

"Oh, it is not a question of gifts only. Mr. St. Quintin, I assure you. I have to say the best I can for Marbeau, who is a very old friend of ours. But if Marie's heart should speak for one tryman, why, as I have already said, I should be prepared to endorse her choice."

"You have made me very happy, Monsieur Leblanc," said St. Quintin.

"And I am sure you would make me happy," responded the Frenchman quickly, as, having strolled as far as the drawing-room window, he made way for his guest to pass into the room.

CHAPTER VIII.

Now, although Monsieur Leblanc had thus given St. Quintin some reason for looking upon himself as provisionally accepted as Miss Densley's favored lover, the young man found himself prevented from exchanging any more words with her until the moment came to say good-bye. Even then he could not utter a word unheard by the rest, as he shook hands with her in the presence of her governess, her uncle and her aunt.

"Good-bye, Miss Densley. I hope I shall have the pleasure of seeing you again very soon," were the only words he was suffered to utter before Monsieur Leblanc slipped a hand within his arm and insisted on seeing him on his way down the garden.

As he sat back in the train on his way to town, St. Quintin thought over all that had taken place, and, while he felt more sure than ever, not only that Marie Densley was the sweetest and most straightforward of girls, but that she liked him more than she liked her other admirers, he was troubled by consideration of her uncle and aunt and their policy toward their niece's suitors.

Reflecting upon the remarks made by Monsieur Leblanc about Marbeau and his generosity, on the fact that he had been shown the bracelet which was Monsieur Marbeau's gift, and that he had been spurred up himself to make the promise of bringing a gift still handsomer to lay at Marie's feet, St. Quintin could not but feel that Monsieur Leblanc's tactics with regard to his pretty niece savored rather too much of putting her up to auction to the highest bidder.

One man having offered a diamond bracelet, the next was encouraged to offer something still more magnificent.

The young man did not like the method, and felt sure Miss Densley herself knew nothing about this sort of rivalry which her uncle encouraged.

However, he was bound to keep his promise, and on the following day he bought at a shop in Bond street an exquisite diamond-backed watch, pen-

dant from a brooch in the form of a bird set with diamonds. It was a beautiful jewel, and he opened the case when he got to his rooms, and set it in the rays of the electric light, admiring it and flattering himself that, even if the diamond bracelet of Monsieur Marbeau's choice were intrinsically more valuable—of which he was not sure—yet the artistic beauty of the little watch and the brooch attached would appeal to her taste far more surely.

While he was leaning back in his chair, smoking a cigarette and thinking of Marie, the door opened and James Ince came in.

Surprised at his entrance, St. Quintin, whose thoughts had been far away from him, jumped up, and stretching out his hand for the watch in its little case, welcomed him with some appearance of momentary embarrassment, which the older man was quick to notice.

"Hello!" he cried, "what's that? Something pretty? Not quite in your line, though, is it, St. Quintin?"

"Oh, it's for—somebody else, of course," said St. Quintin, smiling rather foolishly, and hoping James Ince would not pursue the subject.

But he did.

For Miss Densley, if I may venture to guess? It's all settled then, and you are going to defy fate, and put up with an aunt and uncle who may, in some respects, be described as slightly dubious?" suggested Ince.

"Dubious! No, I never said that. I'm not engaged—that is—not regularly engaged!" stammered the younger man.

"Not engaged! And does she let you give her diamonds before you're engaged to her? By jove! What will you have to give afterward?"

"Oh, it's nothing at all to do with her!" said St. Quintin, irritably. "It's her uncle who thinks so much of presents and all that sort of thing. You know what Frenchmen are! They think it's always money, money they think of in a suitor, and so I have to make a show, not to satisfy her, but him."

James Ince looked hard at him.

"And you're expected, by him, to shower presents upon the girl before you're engaged to her?"

"No, no, of course not! There's no talk of showering anything. But there's another man has given her uncle a diamond bracelet for her, and—"

He stammered and stopped, for the expression of his friend's face had grown eloquent.

"I say, St. Quintin," said he, when the other paused, "I really must see this remarkable uncle. Do, there's a good chap, take me down there with you next time you go."

"All right," said St. Quintin, nervously, trying to affect an alacrity he did not feel. "I'll write to Marie and ask if I may."

He seized a pen and began to write, hoping by this to impress his friend with the notion that he was already practically an accepted suitor. But James Ince only waited till he had finished the letter, which was brief and awkward and constrained, before he asked:

"And who is the other man who is showering presents against you?"

"Nobody is showering anything against anybody!" growled St. Quintin, irritably. "It's—It's only French custom, you know, to make sure as early as possible of the financial standing of a suitor."

"Then I should advise you, also, in the French fashion to employ a friend to make sure of the financial standing of the lady."

"But I don't care a hang whether she has a penny!" protested St. Quintin, hotly.

"I do, though. At least I care to know whether there is money somewhere on the other side."

"Why should you mind if I don't?"

James Ince, who was on his feet, towered over his friend, who had again thrown himself back in his chair.

"Because I don't want to see you fleeced," said he shortly.

(To be continued.)

The Sultan of Turkey is the proprietor of a fine zoological garden.