

ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

Genuine
Carter's
Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of

Wm. Wood

See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and as easy to take as sugar.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

FOR HEADACHE.
FOR DIZZINESS.
FOR BILIOUSNESS.
FOR TORPID LIVER.
FOR CONSTIPATION.
FOR SALLOW SKIN.
FOR THE COMPLEXION.

100% PURELY VEGETABLE. No Harmful Ingredients.

WIDE AWAKE HEADACHE.

PASTRY BISCUIT

Beaver Flour

Makes light white bread, dainty appetizing biscuits, retaining all the healthful properties of the best wheat. Makes the daintiest luxuries, Pastry and Cakes—so tempting that one bite invites another—yet so wholesome.

Go to your grocer's and get it.

BREAD CAKE

Baked in a model mill for Canadian housewives.

The Natural Beauty Aid

The only "treatment" a woman needs, to make her complexion beautiful and her hands soft and white—is the daily use of

"Royal Crown" Witch-Hazel Toilet Soap

It cleanses the skin by stimulating the pores, and dissolving and carrying off all excretions of the skin. The perfect complexion soap. 3 cakes for 25c.

Ask your druggist for "Royal Crown" Witch-Hazel Toilet Soap.

A FREE PRESCRIPTION

From a Prominent Physician
Cures Kidney Trouble.

Get from any good prescription druggist the following simple vegetable ingredients: One ounce fluid extract dandelion; one ounce compound salutarina; four ounces compound syrup sarsaparilla. Mix, shake well, and take a teaspoonful after each meal, and at bedtime.

The doctor claims that this prescription will cure all forms of scalding, lumbago, rheumatism, and blood disorders, owing to its action upon the eliminative tissues of the kidneys, assisting them to filter all poisonous acids and waste matter from the blood, and expel them in the urine.

This is sound, healthy advice, which will be appreciated by many readers.



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 of Soda.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.
E. W. GILLETT COMPANY LIMITED
TORONTO, ONT.

SILENT LIPS

By ANNIE O. TIBBITS.

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"Be quiet!" Lord Fanshawe's voice sent Barker shrinking backward. "Be quiet, you cur! Where is Brooks?" Barker shrugged his shoulders. "You ought to know that," he said. "Drinking himself to death at your expense, I suppose, in the place where you live. It's a bit of bad luck for you that he hasn't done it before this. Eight years! It looks as though he had been kept alive on purpose to hang you." He laughed weakly and then looked uncertainly about the great room.

Lord Fanshawe looked at him with hard desperate eyes.

"Don't be a fool," he cried. "Tell me what it all means. How can it have come out?" Barker shrugged his shoulders. "Heaven knows," he said. "I didn't hear enough for that. I only know that the whole blessed cat is out of the bag. I only heard a little. I've just come back from Mr. Miller's cottage. I went there thinking to see Bessie again and I was just about to knock when I heard a man's voice inside."

"I've been fool enough to lose my wits over Bessie," he added. "The sound of a man's voice in there sent me crazy. I jumped back behind a bush just in time. The door opened, and Bessie came out and stood on the step with the man. He was Geoffrey Clavering."

Lord Fanshawe started. "Here?" "Yes, here; and with one thought in his mind, one object in life, and that is the clearing of Hetty Lancaster. I heard enough for that, I heard enough to prove that he and Bessie know everything, and that they probably have proofs of it. They know that you married Hetty years ago, and that you committed the crime she was suspected of, and Geoffrey Clavering, who loved her years ago, loves her still and means to prove her innocent."

He broke off to look up at Lord Fanshawe; his narrow gray eyes brightening viciously. "And I hope they do," he added. "Upon my word, they'd deserve for them to prove it all, and they'll catch them."

Advertiser Patterns

DESIGNED BY MARTHA DEAN.



SOME SMALL KNICKERBOCKER DRAWERS—4224.

Many mothers have come to appreciate the sensibility of the knickerbocker drawers for small folks, and will have no other style worn. Their advantage lies in the lower edge being closed and fastened at the knee. A child tumbles about so much that garments of this kind are not only practical, but almost essential, and an excellent pattern is shown. The drawers close at the side and are easily full at waist and knee. The medium size calls for one yard of 36-inch material.

4224—Sizes, 1, 3, 5, 7 years. 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.

Address—

PATTERN DEPARTMENT,
ADVERTISER, LONDON, ONT.

you yet. Sins come home to roost, they say. Well, yours will hang you yet."

He laughed harshly. His narrow face seemed to have sharpened and lengthened. He looked like a rat caught in a hole, ready to spring at the first threat that offered. He stood with his shoulders hunched and his head sunk between them and his hands hanging loosely at his side. He looked vicious, cruel, but in spite of that there was something tragic in his mean little face, too.

He threw out his hands with a queer abrupt gesture.

"Heaven knows," he cried, "if Bessie had only cared—if it had only been true that she cared as I thought she did, I—" He stopped with an odd jerk. His voice broke and died harshly in his throat. He turned away. Outside through the open library window the park lay dark and silent. He took a step toward the door, and then he set and despatched, with upon it for the first time a look of real misery. The depth of his own tragedy was coming home to him. The bit of real heart in his breast that Bessie had awakened to life was beginning to stir. The pain of his own sin, stabbing him like a knife. He reached the window, and without a word stepped out into the park, turning his gray and desperate face toward the fires that flamed and leaped and beckoned in the black night.

At the same instant Lord Fanshawe realized with a start that his hand was empty. He gave a cry of dismay and began hurriedly looking about the library floor. The bit of paper might spell ruin to him. How was it that he had been fool enough to drop it? Where was it now?

He stared round wildly, the last drop of blood gone from his face, and at that moment he could not even remember through which door he had entered the library. Was it through the outer or inner one?

He passed his hand across his forehead. He had no time to wait to think, no time to lose. He must get the note at once.

Without stopping to think, he dragged open the door nearest to him. As he did so Evelyn Walter, crouched on the floor, her ear against the keyhole, fell forward into the room.

For a moment he stared at her in dumb astonishment. Then he drew his breath sharply.

"Evelyn," he said.

She lifted herself up, and rose to her feet with her eyes as desperate and her face as gray as his own.

"I have heard everything," she cried, "but it isn't true, Claude, it isn't true that you married Hetty Lancaster? Say it isn't true?"

She caught at his sleeve with trembling hands. A hundred times in the last eight years she had told herself she would be prepared for Lord Fanshawe to marry; a hundred times she had been convinced that she was ready for the news, that she could bear it without a cry. But now that she was face to face with it, now that she felt it to be true, it seemed different. She had lost in a moment all control of herself. She was only a woman, after all, the woman who had loved Lord Fanshawe stubbornly, faithfully, all these years, standing before him now with her heart stripped and bare.

He shook off her clinging hands. "For heaven's sake don't be stupid," he cried roughly. "What if it is true? What is it to do with you? I'm too busy to think just now. I've mislaid a note, an important note, and I must find it at once."

He stopped and brought back his wandering eyes to her face, remembering suddenly that she had been with him when he dropped it.

"It's the note you gave me," he added harshly. "For goodness sake try and think if you saw me drop it anywhere. Don't let me lose it. Try and think. What the dickens is the matter with you, Evelyn? Why are you staring like that? I might be gone mad."

She gave a queer broken cry, and then drew herself up, steady, her self-mastery, as she met his eyes. They were hard and cold, and the evil in him was uppermost now, wiping out of the handsomeness of his face, and everything that had fascinated her these past eight years.

She saw him, perhaps for the first time, as he really was; but even that would not have altered her. It was no thought of Hetty Lancaster, the burning jealous rage against her old rival that turned her traitor now.

"You needn't look for that note," she said, with her eyes glittering. "It is safe enough." She drew a little, quick breath between her teeth. "I have put it in a safe place, where no one will think to look for it, except myself, and when I want it I can find it."

He wiped his forehead with his handkerchief.

"Why the dickens didn't you say so before?" he cried. "I was in a funk, I can tell you. It's important. Get it for me, Evelyn."

She shook her head.

"No, I intend to keep it myself," she said, coolly.

"It may be useful to me."

"To you?" he repeated. Their eyes met, and suddenly she put out her hand toward him. He had played with many women. Fresh faces always drew him irresistibly. A debutante always found him by her side, and sometimes his flirtations had got so near an engagement that Evelyn herself had almost expected and waited nervously for the announcement.

But he always came back to her, always drifted back to their old understanding. The fresh face had palled. Lord Fanshawe had tired, and generally a few weeks found him back flirting desperately with Evelyn again. And she had been content with that for eight years.

Now she was roused. Now, for the first time she was realizing that there was something behind his life that she did not understand, something she did not know, a secret she had not shared.

"Yes; it may be useful to me," she said, "and I intend to keep it. When you are good I may give it to you."

"Oh, come, Evelyn, get it for me now. You—you don't understand how serious it is."

"Oh, yes I do," she replied, without a quiver in her voice. "I read it, and I quite understand, and I'll keep it for you until—"

"Until when?" he cried, hoarsely. She looked at him steadily. Her breath was coming quickly. The color wavered in her face. She was nearing 30; her chances were going, and she had lost more than one through the man before her, and now she was going to risk everything on the one throw. Until now she had believed that there was nothing in Lord Fanshawe's life that she did not know.

Now she had been suddenly confronted with a secret that he had kept for eight years, and her passionate heart refused to believe it, fought stubbornly and obstinately against it. It could not be true!

"I'll keep it until your wedding day," she said, almost under her breath. "I shall be my wedding present to you."

He stared at her stupidly.

"But—but—have you read it?" he stammered, hoarsely.

She nodded.

"Yes, I read it," she said, "and that it was true. Claude, now, her voice changed abruptly, and with a sudden abandonment she flung out her hands to him. "Claude," she cried, "I've loved you long enough. Marry me! It is not true that you married Hetty Lancaster; oh, I know it cannot be. There is just my confounded luck for nothing in the world except you, Claude."

He stood quite still. He felt her clinging arms upon him, and his face grew gray and ghastly. He gave a sudden harsh, cackling laugh.

"Heaven help me, it is true," he cried.

"I loved her," he added, slowly, brutally. "You were never in it with her, and never will be. I should love her still if I could find her. There was never a girl like her in all. I loved her, and it was just my confounded luck to bungle things—just my abominable luck. Curse it all!"

He stopped. Evelyn had moved suddenly and swiftly to one of the desks, and was standing with her back to him. There was a quick rustle of paper, the scratching of a pen, and then she turned again, and was swiftly crossing the room.

"Where are you going?" he cried.

She made no reply. She only hastened her steps. The last remnant of her self-control had gone. She was white to the lips with her eyes hard and bright and glittering with an ungovernable passion. For one mad moment she was a woman scorned with only one thought in her heart, one desire—to be revenged on the man who had spurned her.

She pulled open the door and hurried out into the corridor, staring round her with a wild white face. In the ballroom at the far end dancing was in full swing. A few couples lingered round the doorway but the corridor was nearly empty. She turned and hurried down it, and a footman meeting her, started at her stupidly as she thrust the note into his hand.

He thought she was hysterical. He said afterward he could scarcely believe it was Miss Walter who stared up into his face.

"Take it at once, at once," she cried in a quick, high-pitched voice. "You must not lose a minute. It is important—a matter of life and death—of more than one life and death!" She gave a sudden harsh laugh, and then sobered again. "Don't wait for anything, don't even give me time to call you back. Go!"

She turned from him and half stumbled, half ran toward an alcove, and, dropping into a lounge, pressed her palms against her ears to shut out all sounds and shut her eyes.

The footman glanced down at the note in his hand.

It was addressed to the Inspector of Police, Oldcastle!

To Be Continued.

PETROLEA PUPILS

List of Those Who Passed the High School Entrance Exams.

Petrolia, July 18.—The following students were successful at the entrance examinations for the high school:

Sadie Aiken, Gertrude Armstrong, Mary Aiken, Jean Barr, Carrie Boulton, Mabel Bryan, Stella Boulton; George Branson, Elgin A. Baker, Conrad Baker, Grace Crawford, Mina Clinnie, Ora Churchill, Myrtle Crawford, Merle Descom, Bretta Douglas, Thomas Fulton, Earl Gray, Ferne Holmes, Alexenah Holmes, Aggie Harper, Edith Hescott, Minnie Healey, Mary Houson, Kenneth Hossie, W. D. Hinson, Colin Hoffman, Andrew Johns, Leo Kelly, Ella McFitchie, Willie McKenzie, Pearl McPherson, Millie McManus, Vera McMillan, Rhea McDermid, Cora Marshall, Ross McRae, Elmer McAulay, Cleighton McRitchie, Alice Pitman, Louise Pollard, Franklin Pollard, Hugh Riddell, Wallace Reid, Ruth Smith, Bessie Seabrook, Frank Smith, Samuel Stokes, Rhea Stewart, Alberta Thomson, Edie Thomas, Percy Tallin, Verner Vigar, Alexander Williamson, Clifford Woolman, Harry L. Wismer.

SUFFER NO MORE.—There are thousands who live miserable lives because drowsy dulla the faculties and shadows existence with the cloud depression. One way to dispel the vapors that beset the victims of this disorder is to order them a course of Parke's Vegetable Pills, which are among the best vegetable pills known. Being easy to take and are most efficacious in their action. A trial of them will prove this.

In honor of Dr. Edward Everett Hale, whose 55th birth anniversary fell on April 2, a movement has been started in Boston having as its object the establishment of a permanent fund which shall place the Lend-A-Hand Society, founded by Dr. Hale, on a sound basis.

HOOD'S The Painless PILLS Cathartic

Easy to take, easy to operate; cure biliousness, constipation, moraine and sick headache; break up colds and ward off fevers. All druggists. See O. I. Hood Co., Lowell, Mass.

"Always the Best of Everything for the Least Money."

Agents for Ladies' Home Journal Patterns.

Interesting News of Savings From the Ready-to-Wear Section

The weather is too warm to bother you with much description of goods and largeness of savings. Just take our word for it that the savings are decidedly worth scooping up, and come as early as possible SATURDAY.

White Cambric Gowns. A number of different lines gathered together and marked to sell at one price Saturday. Some worth as high as \$2.00. Choice of the lot tomorrow for.....\$1.25

White Cambric Corset Covers. Four regular 50c lines from which to select. Lace and embroidery trimmed. Saturday at.....39c

White Cambric Drawers. A very special line. Made with deep frill and trimmed with hemstitched tucks. Saturday.....19c

Balance of Colored Wash Skirts will be cleared Saturday at, each.....\$1.69

Just a few **Linen and Pique Skirts** to sell at a large reduction. Worth to \$3.50 each. Saturday for.....\$2.50

Cream Serge Coats. Regular \$12 lines. Saturday at.....\$6.95

Two Only Black Silk Eton Coats. Both lined with white silk. First is trimmed with silk-stitched folds, and will be cleared at.....\$8.50

Second is in Gibson effect. Trimmed with black silk braid. Clearing Saturday at.....\$9.50

Early Closing—Store closes daily at 5 p. m., except Saturday, 9 p. m.

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



A Steady Trade

is most important to every baker. A business in which the receipts and profits vary every week, while the expenses remain the same, is a source of great anxiety to any business man.

No baker can hope for a steady and increasing business unless the quality of his bread is uniformly superior to that of his competitors. He can have no more valuable asset than the reputation that his bread is the "best in town." Any baker can win this reputation for his bread by using only "FIVE ROSES" and "HARVEST QUEEN" FLOURS.

These flours are made from the very highest grade wheat obtainable and are superior to ordinary bakers' patents in every way. They will not lose, but make, trade for any baker who uses them, as they make the very sweetest, most wholesome and most nutritious bread. Regular and ever increasing custom can be obtained by any baker who lets his customers know that he uses "FIVE ROSES" and "HARVEST QUEEN" only.

Lake of The Woods Milling Co.,

MONTREAL.

Limited.

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

LAMBTON PUPILS ENTRANCE EXAMS.

Showing of Students From Arkona, Wyoming, Oil Springs and Florence.

Watford, July 18.—Entrance examinations in this district resulted as follows:

Alvinston.

Seventy candidates; 43 passed.

Fanny Armstrong, Clifford Atchison, Letty Bourne, Gus Bowden, Russell Burnison, Roy Croft, Oliver Colhoun, Duncan Campbell, Malcolm Campbell, Violet Chambers, Blanche Chaplin, Beatrice Clifford, Myrtle Curran, Orval Duffy, J. Ferguson, Jane Gough, Ella McCabe, Wm. Kinch, Ruth Lehrbass, Stella M. Leng, Edna McLachlan, Maggie McPhail, Laura McPhail, Elyas McTavish, Maggie McTavish, Gertrude Morrison, Mary J. Munroe, Janie McLachlan, George McIntosh, Orville McLean, Robert McCabe, Ernest Oke, Gordon Prudhom, Fred Paisley, Ethel Pierce, Nellie Reid, Beulah Paisley, Angus Turner, Hugh Walker, Evelyn Wall, Minnie Werden, Louie Lehrbass.

Arkona.

Twenty-seven candidates; 20 passed.

Ethan Bates, Don Benedict, Bertie Campbell, Pearl Campbell, Irene Craving, Audrey Cutler, Irene Dickson, Pearl Evans, Beatrice Faulds, Maggie Fuller, William Galloway, Leah George, Flossy Johnson, Gertrude Lang, George Marsh, Wilfrid Munro, Lucy Otton, Gordon Paterson, James Riggs, Hazel Thomas.

Wyoming.

Number of candidates, 29; number passed, 25; percentage, 86.

Honor roll—Lizzie Armstrong, Eva Crawford, Mabel Jones, Hattie Wilson, Clarence Wright.

Pass roll—LeVerne Alexander, Gladys Anderson, Wm. Armstrong, Annabel Bryson, Ellen Canton, Isabel Canton, Zoetta Canton, Wm. Crawford, Jessie Finch, Violet Hoyle, Stella Johnston, Jessie McDonald, Kate McDougall, Kate McLean, Agnes Nisbet, Herbert Richardson, Harry Taylor, Peter

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The Beer of Quality
KEPT BY ALL DEALERS

CARLING - LONDON



Worth counts. The success is phenomenal of

COWAN'S Perfection Cocoa

Its purity, strength and fine flavor are being appreciated by everyone who uses it.

THE COWAN CO., LIMITED, TORONTO.

Weatherill, Maggie Williamson, Arthur Wright.

Oil Springs.

Thirty-eight candidates; 19 passed.

Lorna Brown, Irene Cameron, Rosie Groombridge, James F. Hillis, Mirelda Hartley, Verna Hornick, Franklin Hall, Flossie Lap, Estella McLachlan, Rose Munroe, Violet Misselbrook, Delena McDonald, Thomas Rumohr, Eva Stonehouse, Iva Stonehouse, Myrtle Slatcher, Ellen Trott, Eva Wells, Milton White.

Florence.

Thirty-seven candidates; 24 passed.

Oliver Armstrong, Dilbert Brownlee, Maggie Brown, Mabel Black, Minnie

Brown, Mildred Campbell, Bertie Currie, Cecil Graham, P. Edward Gregory, Elva Johnston, Frank Leeson, Lois Laird, Earle Mills, Lila Price, Ida Price, Emma Rush, Annie Rush, Alice Smith, Grace Spearman, Josie Scarlett, Rae Wood.

Use Big 42 for unnatural discharges, inflammations, irritations or ulcerations of mucous membrane. Painless, and not antiseptic or poisonous. Sold by Druggists, or sent in plain wrapper, express, prepaid, for \$1.00, or 3 bottles \$2.75. Circular sent on request.

THE EVANS CHEMICAL CO.
CHICAGO, ILL.
U.S.A.

MEN AND WOMEN.

Use Big 42 for unnatural discharges, inflammations, irritations or ulcerations of mucous membrane. Painless, and not antiseptic or poisonous. Sold by Druggists, or sent in plain wrapper, express, prepaid, for \$1.00, or 3 bottles \$2.75. Circular sent on request.