

"SPRING FEVER"

The need of a spring medicine seems to be universal. This is due to the fact that during the winter the blood becomes impure on account of the hearty food eaten. This causes that tired, weary, all-gone, don't-care-to-work feeling, which is so prevalent at this time of year.

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS**That Tired Feeling.**

Mr. F. H. Leard, Saskatoon, Sask., writes: "I have used Burdock Blood Bitters as a blood builder and think it an excellent remedy. Everyone should take it. It springs to cure that tired feeling that comes to so many at this time of year."

Uses It Every Spring.

Mr. H. Langley, Hamilton, Ont., writes: "I have used Burdock Blood Bitters as a spring tonic, and I find it the best thing I can take. It builds me right up and I use it every spring. It is excellent for the blood."

"SPRING MEDICINE"**THE CRIMSON BLIND**
BY FRED M. WHITE

"I daresay Chris and myself will survive that," Enid said, cheerfully. "But we have a plan, dear aunt; we have thought it out carefully. Reginald Henson has hidden the secret somewhere and we are going to find it. The secret is hidden not far off, because our cousin has occasion to require it frequently. It is like the purloined letter in Edgar Poe's wonderful story."

Margaret Henson nodded and mumbled. It seemed almost impossible to make her understand. She babbled of strange things, with her dark eyes ever fixed on the future. Enid turned away almost despairingly. At the same time the stable clock struck the half-hour after ten. Williams slipped in with a small tray of glasses, noisily. On the tray lay a small pile of tradesman's books. The top one was of dull red with no lettering upon it at all.

"The housekeeper's respectful compliments, miss, and would you go through them tomorrow," said Williams. He tapped the top book significantly. "Tomorrow is the last day of the month."

Enid picked up the top book with strange eagerness. There were pages of figures and cabalistic entries that no ordinary person could make anything of. Pages here and there were

signed and decorated with pink receipt stamps. Enid glanced down the last column, and her face grew a little paler.

"Aunt," she whispered, "I've got to go out. At once; do you understand? There is a message here; and I am afraid that something dreadful has happened. Can you sing?"

"Ah, yes; a song of lamentation—a dirge for the dead."

"No, no; seven years ago you had a beautiful voice. I recollect what a pleasure it was to me as a child; and they used to say that my voice was very like yours, only not so sweet or so powerful. Aunt, I must go out; and that man must know nothing about it. He is by the window in the small library now, watching—watching. Help me, for the love of heaven, help me."

The girl spoke with a fervency and passion that seemed to waken a responsive chord in Margaret Henson's breast. A brighter gleam crept into her eyes.

"You are a dear girl," she said, dreamily. "Yes, a dear girl. And I loved singing; it was a great grief to me that they would not let me go upon the stage. But I haven't sung since—since that—"

She pointed to the huddled heap of china and glass and dried, dusty flowers in one corner. Enid shuddered slightly as she followed the direction of the extended forefinger.

"But you must try," she whispered. "It is for the good of the family, for the recovery of the secret. Reginald Henson is shy and cruel and clever. But we have one on our side now who is far more clever. And, unless I can get away tonight without that man knowing, the chance may be lost for ever. Come!"

Margaret commenced to sing in a soft minor. At first the chords were thin and dry, but gradually they increased in sweetness and power. The hopeless, distant look died from the singer's eyes; there was a flush on her cheeks that rendered her years younger.

"Another one," she said, when the song was finished, "and yet another. How wicked I have been to neglect this ballad that God sent me a these years. If you only know what the sound of my own voice means to me! Another one, Enid."

"Yes, yes," Enid whispered. "You are to sing till I return. You are to leave Henson to imagine that I am singing. He will never guess. Now then."

Enid crept away into the hall closing the door softly behind her. She made her way noiselessly from the house and across the lawn. As Henson slipped through the open window into the garden Enid darted behind a bush. Evidently Henson suspected nothing so far as she was concerned, for she could see the red glow of the cigar between his lips. The faint sweetness of distant music filled the air. So long as the song continued Henson would relax his vigilance.

He was pacing down the garden in the direction of the drive. Did the man know anything? Enid wondered. He had so diabolically cunning a brain. He seemed to find out everything, and to read others before they had made up their minds for themselves.

The cigar seemed to dance like a mocking spirit into the bushes. Usually the man avoided those bushes. If Reginald Henson was afraid of one thing it was of the dogs. And in return they hated him as he hated them.

Enid's mind was made up. If the sound of that distant voice should only cease for a moment she was quite sure Henson would turn back. But he could hear, and she knew that she was safe. Enid slipped past into the bushes and gave a faint click of her lips. Something moved and whined, and two dark objects bounded towards her. She caught them together by their collars and cuffed them soundly. Then she led the way back so as to get on Henson's tracks.

He was walking on ahead of her now, beating time softly to the music of the faintly distant song with his cigar. Enid could distinctly see the sweep of the red circle.

"Hold him, Dan," she whispered. "Watch, Prince, watch, boy."

There was a low growl as the hounds found the scent and dashed forward. Henson came up all standing and

sweating in every pore. It was not the first time he had been held up by the dogs, and he knew by hard experience what to expect if he made a bolt for it. Two grim muzzles were pressed against his trembling knees; he saw four rows of ivory flashing in the dim light. Then the dogs crouched at his feet, watching him with eyes as red and lurid as the point of his own cigar. Had he attempted to move, had he tried coercion, they would have fallen upon him and torn him in pieces.

"Confusion to the creatures!" he cried, passionately. "I'll get a revolver; I'll buy some prussic acid and poison the lot. And here I'll have to stay till Williams locks up the stables. Wouldn't that little Jezebel laugh at me if she could see me now? She would enjoy it better than singing songs in the drawing-room to our sainted Margaret. Steady, you brutes! I didn't move."

He stood there rigidly, almost afraid to take the cigar from his lips, whilst Enid sped without further need for caution down the drive. The cigars were close and the deaf porter's house in darkness, so that Enid could unlock the wicket without fear of detection. She rattled the key on the bars and a figure slipped out of the darkness.

"Good heavens, Ruth, is it really you?" Enid cried.

"Really me, Enid. I came over on my bicycle. I am supposed to be round at some friend's house in Brunswick Square, and one of the servants is sitting up for me. Is Reginald safe? He hasn't yet discovered the secret of the tradesman's book?"

"That's all right, dear. But why are you here? Has something dreadful happened?"

"Well, I will try to tell you so in as few words as possible. I never felt so ashamed of anything in my life."

"Don't tell me that our scheme has failed!"

"Perhaps I need not go so far as that. The first part of it came off all right, and then a very dreadful thing happened. We have got Mr. David Steel into frightful trouble. He is going to be charged with attempted murder and robbery."

"Ruth! But tell me. I am quite in the dark."

"It was the night when—well, you know the night. It was after Mr. Steel returned home from his visit to 219, Brunswick Square."

"You mean 218, Ruth."

"It doesn't matter, because he knows pretty well all about it by this time. It would have been far better for us if it had been 218, Ruth."

"My dear, he found it out. At least, Hatherly Bell did for him. Hatherly Bell happened to be staying down with us, and Hatherly Bell, who knows Mr. Steel, promptly said, or half-said, that side of the problem. And Hatherly Bell is coming here tonight to see Aunt Margaret. He—"

"Here!" Enid cried. "To see Aunt Margaret? Then he found out about you. At all hazards Mr. Bell must come here—he must not. I would rather see Aunt Margaret and Reginald Henson master here. You must—"

In the distance came the rattle of harness bells and the trot of a horse.

"I'm afraid it's too late," Ruth gasped, sadly. "I'm afraid that they are here already. Oh, if we had only left out that wretched cigarcase!"

(To Be Continued.)

Advertiser Patterns
DESIGNED BY MARTHA DEAN.**GIRL'S BOX-PLEATED DRESS**

6151—Girl's box-pleated dress—Cut in sizes 4 to 12 years. The eight-year size will require 4½ yards of 36-inch material. The illustration shows an unusually becoming little dress. The open neck and short puff sleeves permit the wearing of different gumpies, thus making a pretty change. Plaid gingham, linen, or crepe and challis are all suitable for reproduction.

A pattern of this illustration will be mailed to any address on the receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

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 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.

Address:

PATTERN DEPARTMENT, LONDON ADVERTISER.

if we hadn't been quite so clever. It would have been far wiser to have taken Mr. Steel entirely into our confidence. Oh, oh, Enid, if we had only left out that little sentiment over the cigarcase! Then we should have been all right."

"Dearest girl, my time is limited. I've got Reginald held up for a time, but at any moment he may escape from his bondage. What about the cigarcase?"

"Well, Mr. Steel took it home with him. And when he got home he found a man nearly murdered lying in his conservatory. That man was conveyed to the Sussex County Hospital, where he still lies in an unconscious state. On the body was found a receipt for a gun-metal cigar-case set with diamonds."

"Good gracious, Ruth, you don't mean to say—"

"Oh, I do. I can't quite make out how it happened, but that same case—that—that Mr. Steel has—has been positively identified as one purchased from Walsen by the injured man. There is no question about it. And they have found out about Mr. Steel, being short of money, and the £1,000, and everything."

"But we know that that cigarcase from Lockhart's in North street was positively—"

"Yes, yes. But what has become of that? And in what strange way was the change made? I tell you that the whole thing frightens me. We thought that we had hit upon a scheme to solve the problem, and keep our friends out of danger. There was the American at Genoa who volunteered to assist us. A week later he was found dead in his bed. Then there was Christiana's friend, who disappeared entirely. And now we try further assistance in the case of Mr. Steel, and he stands face to face with a terrible charge. And he has found us out."

"He has found us out? What do you mean?"

"Well, he called to see me. He called at 219, of course. And directly I heard his name I was so startled that I am afraid I betrayed myself. Such a nice, kind, handsome man, Enid; so many and good over it all. Of course, he declared that he had been at 219 before, and I could only declare that he had one nothing of the kind. Never, never have I felt so ashamed of myself in my life before."

"It seems a pity," Enid said, thoughtfully. "You said nothing about 218?"

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In answer to a question by Chairman

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Troop B, of Columbus, will leave for the scene of threatened trouble tomorrow morning at 5 o'clock. Captain R. W. Knas, who probably has five cavalry men in his command, Company F first regiment at Cincinnati, and a company at Batavia, are also said to be under waiting orders.

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TO EXTERMINATE ANARCHY.

Chicago, May 5.—Extermination of anarchy is the scope of a bill drawn by Assistant Corporation Counsel Hole, which will be introduced in the legislature today by Representative Albert F. Keeney. It provides that any person who shall publicly advocate by spoken or written word the killing of any person, whether in Illinois or in foreign country, shall be deemed guilty of a felony and shall, upon conviction, be sentenced to the penitentiary.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup

has been used for over THIRTY YEARS by MILLIONS OF MOTHERS for their CHILDREN WHILE TEETHING, with PERFECT SUCCESS. IT SOOTHES THE CHILD, SOFTENS THE GUMS, ALLAYS ALL PAIN, CURES COLIC, and is the best remedy for diarrhea. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's."

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FACTS FOR SICK WOMEN.

For thirty years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, has been the standard remedy for female ills, and has positively cured thousands of women who have been troubled with displacements, inflammation, ulceration, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, that bearing-down feeling, flatulency, indigestion, dizziness or nervous prostration. Why don't you try it?

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The New School for Savings**The New School for Savings Teaches Economy With Practical Illustrations**

We are throwing new light on an old subject. We are teaching an old science in a new way. Everyone who is interested in the science of saving by shopping—come, learn and profit.

And we, as a store, are well up in the Science of Saving by shopping. We do considerable shopping ourselves on a wholesale scale. We know a saving when we see it, and we know what constitutes a saving. We are giving you the benefit of our experience, and are offering you examples of savings after our own ideas.

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The Prudent Housewife Saves on Curtains

25 Pairs of Curtains.

Price, pair\$1.25

Selling at, pair95

You save, per pair... .30

25 Pairs of Lace Curtains.

Price, per pair\$2.25

Selling at, pair\$1.90

You save, per pair... .35

Skirts Swell Your Savings

10 dozen Sateen Under-

skirts, in black.

Price, each\$1.50

Selling at, each\$1.00

You save, each50

Ladies' Luster Suits, in

brown, navy, black.

Price\$9.00

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How to Save on Towels

Large Size Bath Towels.

Price, each25c

Selling at20c

You save5c

Turkish Toweling, good

quality.

Price, per yard10

Selling at7½

You save2½

GRAY & PARKER
PHONE 1182 150 DUNDAS ST., and CARLING ST.

man Mann, Mr. Norris said he thought that exclusive of the fixed charges, insurance, etc., paper could be made in a modern mill at \$20 per ton.

ENGLISH CATHOLICS TO SEE SIR WILFRID

Don't Think They Are Getting a Show in the Cabinet Appointments.

Ottawa, May 5.—It is understood that a deputation from what is known as the Irish League, including a number of prominent English-speaking Catholics from Toronto, will visit Ottawa tomorrow for the purpose of discussing the question of the English-speaking Catholic representation in the Dominion Cabinet. Hon. Charles Fitzpatrick's appointment to the supreme court bench, has left the secretary of state, Hon. R. W. Scott, as the only spokesman for the English-speaking Catholics at the Cabinet board, and in view of the constantly repeated rumors of Mr. Scott's retirement from the Government, the members of the Irish League will no doubt offer their advice to the Premier as to who should take Mr. Scott's place when the latter steps out.

THREATEN TO BURN TOWN

Ohio Farmers Fear an Invasion by Kentucky Night Riders.

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