

Red Rose Tea

"Is Good Tea"

It is always worth the price.

A Prince of Sinners

By Phillips Oppenheim.
Author of "A Lost Leader," "The Mafeking," "The Maker of History," etc.

"Not particularly," Mr. Ascoug declared. "As you know, it is not an unusual course."
"It did not suggest to you any determination on his part never to return to England?"
"Certainly not."
"He left England on friendly terms with his mother?"
"Certainly. She and he were people for whom I and every one who knew anything of their lives had the highest esteem and admiration."
"You can imagine no reason, then, for my father leaving England for good?"
"Certainly not!"
"You know of no reason why he should have abandoned his trip to Australia and gone to Canada?"
"None!"
"His doing so is as inexplicable to you as to me?"
"Entirely."
"You have never doubted Lord Arranmore's story of his death?"
"Never. Why should I?"
"One more question," Brooks said. "Do you know that lately I have met a traveller—a man who visited Lord Arranmore in Canada, and who declared to his certain knowledge there

Advertiser Patterns

DESIGNED BY MARTHA DEAN.



No. 8519—A Neat Work Apron.

No woman can have too many of these useful work aprons that cover the whole dress. The one pictured is developed in figured percale, and though very practical, is at the same time pretty and attractive. The front is in princess effect, and the wide bretelles over the shoulders are always becoming. The pattern is cut in three sizes—small, medium and large. Medium size requires 3½ yards of 36-inch material.

Pattern here illustrated will be mailed to any address upon receipt of 10 cents in stamps or silver.

PATTERN DEPARTMENT OF THE ADVERTISER.

Please send 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 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 figure representing the age. It is not necessary to write "inches" or "yards." 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.

was no other human dwelling-house within 50 miles of Lord Arranmore's cabin?"

"He was obviously mistaken."

"You think so?"

"It is certain."

"Brooks," he said, "will have given you some idea of the uncertainty I have felt once or twice lately, owing to the report of the traveller Lacroix, and Lord Arranmore's unaccountable kindness to me. You see, he isn't an ordinary man. He is not a philanthropist by any means, nor in any way a person likely to do kindly actions from the love of them. Now, do you know of any facts, or can you suggest anything which might make the situation clearer to me?"

"I cannot, Mr. Brooks," the older man answered, without hesitation. "If you take my advice, you will not trouble yourself any more with fancies which seem to me—pardon me—quite chimerical. Accept Lord Arranmore's kindness as the offshoot of some sentimental feeling which he might well have entertained towards a fellow-countryman by whose death he had stood in that far-away, lonely country. You may even yourself be mistaken in Lord Arranmore's character, and you can remember, too, that after all what means so much to you costs him nothing—is probably for his own advantage."

Brooks rose and took up his hat.

"I am very much obliged to you, Mr. Ascoug," he said. "Yours, after all, is the common-sense view of the affair. If you will, I will walk up to the station. I am going that way."

So Brooks, convinced of their folly, finally discarded certain uncomfortable thoughts which once or twice lately had troubled him. He dined at the hotel, and, improved, his acquaintance with Lady Caroom and her daughter, who were still staying there. Although this was not a matter which he had mentioned to Mr. Ascoug, there was something which he found more inexplicable even than Lord Arranmore's transference of the care of his estates to him, and that, the apparent encouragement and which both he and Lady Caroom gave to the friendship between Sybil and himself. They had lunched with him twice in Medchester, and more often waiting at his table, whilst Lady Caroom and Sybil descended upon him with invitations from Lord Arranmore. After his talk with Mr. Ascoug he put the matter behind him, but it remained at times an inexplicable puzzle.

On the evening of this particular visit he found Sybil alone in a recess of the drawing-room with a newspaper in her hand. She greeted him with obvious pleasure.

"Do come and tell me about things," Mr. Brooks, she begged. "I have been reading the local paper. Is it true that there are actually people starving in Medchester?"

"There is a great deal of distress," he admitted, gravely. "I am afraid that it is true."

She looked at him with wide-open eyes.

"But I don't understand," she said. "I thought that there were societies who dealt with all that sort of thing, and behind, the—workhouse."

"So there are, Lady Sybil," he answered, "but you must remember that societies are no use unless people will subscribe to them, and that there are a great many people who would sooner starve than enter the workhouse."

"But surely," she exclaimed, "there is no difficulty about getting money if people only understand."

He watched her for a moment in silence—suddenly appreciating the refinement, the costly elegance which seemed in itself to be a part of the girl, and yet for which surely her toilette was in some way also responsible. Her white satin dress was cut and fashioned in a style which he was beginning to appreciate as evidence of skill and costliness. A string of pearls around her throat gleamed softly in the twilight. A chain of life gold-studded opals and diamonds reached almost to her knees. She wore few rings, indeed, but they were such as he had never seen before. He had come as a guest to Enton, and there were thousands like her. A momentary flash of thought carried him back to the days of the French revolution. There was a print hanging in his room of a girl as fair and as proud as this one, surrounded by a fierce rabble mad with hunger and the pent-up rage of generations, tearing the jewels from her fingers, tearing even, he thought, the trimming from her gown.

"You do not answer me, Mr. Brooks," she reminded him.

He recovered himself with a start.

"I beg your pardon, Lady Sybil. Your question set me thinking. We have tried to make people understand, and many have given most generously, but for all that we cannot cope with such distress as there is today in Medchester. I am secretary for one of the distribution societies, and I have seen things which are enough to sadden a man for life, only during the last few days."

"You have seen people—really hungry?" she asked, with something like timidity in her face.

"He laughed bitterly.

"That we see every moment of the time we spend down amongst them," he answered. "I have seen worse things. I have seen the sapping away of character—men become thieves and women worse—to escape from starvation. That, I think, is the greatest tragedy of all. It makes one shudder when one thinks that on the shoulders of many people some portion of the responsibility at any rate for these things must rest."

Her lips quivered. She emptied the

contents of a gold chain purse into her hands.

"It is we who are wicked," Mr. Brooks, she said, "who spend no end of money and close our ears to all this. To take this, will you; can it go to some of the children? There are only five or six pounds there, but I shall talk to mamma. We will send you a check."

He took the money without hesitation.

"I am very glad," he said, earnestly. "That you have given me this, that you have felt that I was right to give it to me. I hope you won't think badly of me for coming over here to help you spend a pleasant evening, and talking at all of such miserable things."

"Badly!" she repeated. "No! I shall never be able to thank you enough for telling me what you have done. It makes one feel almost wicked, to be sitting here, and wearing jewelry, and feeling well-off, spending money on whatever you want, and to think that there are people starving. How they must hate us."

"It is the wonderful part of it," he answered. "I do not believe that they do. I suppose it is a sort of fatalism—the same sort of thing, only which less ignoble, as the indifference which keeps our rich people contented and deaf to this terribly human cry."

"You are young," she said, looking at him, "to be so much interested in such serious things."

"It is in my blood, I suppose," he answered. "My father was a police court missionary, and my mother the matron of a pauper hospital."

"They are both dead, are they not?" she asked, softly.

"Many years ago," he answered.

Lady Caroom and Lord Arranmore came in together. A certain unusual seriousness in Sybil's face was manifest.

"You two do not seem to have been amusing yourselves," Lady Caroom remarked, giving her hand to Brooks.

"Which Brooks has been answering some of my questions about his poor people," Sybil answered, "and it is not an amusing subject."

Lord Arranmore laughed lightly, and there was a touch of scorn in his slight curve of his fine lips and his raised eyebrows. He stood away from the shaded lamplight before a great glow falling fitfully from his face seemed to Brooks, watching him with more than usual closeness, to give him something of a Mephistopheles aspect. His evening clothes hung with more than ordinary precision about his slim body, his black tie and black pearl stud supplied the touch of something so aptly in keeping with the merciless, bitter smile which still parted his lips.

[To Be Continued.]

THAT AWFUL PAIN IN THE BACK

IS A SURE SIGN OF CONGESTION OF THE KIDNEYS—TAKE "FRUIT-A-TIVES."

Lots of men, and women too, are limping about the house—groaning in easy chairs or tossing about in the bed—because of that nagging pain in the back. The old standbys—hot vinegar, porous plasters, liniments, etc.—don't do any good any more. You see, you are a bit older now. The kidneys are not as strong as they used to be. And even those "blistering" liniments and plasters won't stimulate the kidneys. Your trouble is kidney trouble. The kidneys are diseased, they are overworked and strained. The bowels and skin—which help the kidneys to rid the system of waste matter—have not been doing their share of the work. The kidneys have had to do too much. What you need is a medicine to cleanse the bowels, liver and skin. This medicine must cure the constipation by acting on the liver and thus make the bowels move regularly and naturally. This medicine must beat and strengthen the kidneys, and thus relieve the congestion. "Fruit-a-tives" is this medicine. It is the most effective kidney remedy known, and keeps these vital organs in a vigorous, healthy condition. For aged people, for those who work hard, for tired-out women, "Fruit-a-tives" never fail to stop that nagging pain in the back and build up the whole system. 50 cents a box, 6 for \$2.50, or trial box, 25 cents. At dealers or from Fruit-a-tives, Limited, Ottawa.

McLaughlin told of what passed at a conference between Delancey Nicoll and Hawley. The witness said that he (the witness) had heard stories of the plaintiff's marriage to Hawley, but Hawley, at the conference with Mr. Nicoll, would not say whether he had been married to Mrs. Gould or not, but he did admit that plaintiff had been used on several occasions on ocean steamships to decoy men to play cards.

McLaughlin also testified that it was reported that the plaintiff had married a man in Baltimore named Dawson, and that he had sent a detective to Baltimore to investigate the matter, but nothing tangible resulted. While McLaughlin was testifying the plaintiff fanned herself vigorously and never moved her eyes from him.

Howard Gould's Income. Mr. Nicoll, counsel for the defendant, said he would concede Howard Gould's income was about \$500,000 a year, some years a little less and some years a little more.

Mr. George Gould testified that he caused an investigation to be made in regard to the former marriage of his brother, Howard's wife. He could not recall within one year of his brother's marriage. Mr. Gould said father's estate had never been formally divided among the children, but that it was valued approximately at \$800,000. Howard Gould was entitled to one-sixth of the estate under the will, the witness said. January, 1906, he said, his brother's income was about \$777,000 and had not varied much in years prior or subsequent to that.

He figured that Howard Gould's income from the estate was \$725,000 in 1902, \$782,000 in 1903, \$706,000 in 1904, \$742,000 in 1905, \$777,000 in 1906, and \$748,000 in 1907. The witness was not permitted to state whether he had a detective agency "investigate" a certain ex-convict or whether he had told his brother of such an investigation.

Howard Gould followed his brother on the witness stand. He was called by Mr. Shearn, Mrs. Gould's counsel. Mr. Shearn asked how much of the \$777,000 income in 1906 Mr. Gould spent. Howard Gould testified that he considered his property outside of the Jay Gould estate worth \$5,000,000 or \$10,000,000. This was independent of the income left him by his father.

At one time during the cross-examination of Mrs. Gould, the witness produced a photograph of a woman on horseback, purporting to have been taken at Manchester, Eng., when with the plaintiff's show. The witness colored slightly as she took the card. She did not recognize the equestrienne.

"Is not that you?" cried Mr. Nicoll.

"I do not think so," declared Mrs. Gould.

"Will you swear it is not you?"

"I think I can say quite positively it is not I."

"Will you swear it is not you?" reiterated the interrogator more insistently.

The witness thought that she would not.

THE TORONTO CONFERENCE

Methodists Out Against Military Training in Schools.

Toronto, June 14.—Race-track gambling, the publication of racing intelligence and advertising were condemned together with other things, as having a corrupting and demoralizing influence by the Toronto Methodist Conference today.

The report on temperance and moral reform, which was adopted, urged that pending the enactment of legislation prohibiting the bar every effort should be made to curtail the traffic by means of local option bylaws. The report declared decided opposition to the three-fifths clause, and recommended that a petition be presented to limit the hours for the sale of liquor from 7 a.m. to 7 p.m.

The report regretted that his Excellency the Governor-General and others in high positions should, by their presence at the Woodbine, support a debasing evil.

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Over 20 Million cups of CHASE & SANBORN'S SEAL BRAND COFFEE were drunk in Canada during last year.

Why!

In 1 and 2 pound tin cans. Never in bulk.

There's But one Pen-Angle Underwear that's PENMAN'S

Paris, June 14.—Mlle. Esther Lapina, a successful young woman dentist in the Rue Bailloin, shot herself under extraordinary circumstances.

She was a Russian by birth and had come to Paris a few months ago, but her skill won for her a large practice, and she was known as one of the best women dental surgeons in the capital.

About 6 o'clock at night the concierge heard a loud explosion in Mlle. Lapina's apartments, and on rushing upstairs she found the woman lying unconscious on the floor with a bullet through her head. A doctor was sent for and succeeded in restoring her sufficiently to enable her to tell her story.

She belonged to one of the most dangerous revolutionary committees in Russia, and had been exiled to Irkutsk. She escaped, and sought refuge in Paris, where she continued to take an active interest in the plots of the Russian terrorists.

A few days ago Mlle. Lapina received a letter from the committee in Russia intrusting her with a secret and perilous mission. Feeling that she had not sufficient strength to fulfill the task she shot herself. Mlle. Lapina died two hours later.

PERISHED IN WOODS.

Ottawa, Ont., June 14.—News has reached the city of the finding at Duomo, Que., of the body of William Duffy, aged 47 years, of this city, last heard of on Dec. 30 last, when he left the Edwards lumber camp in the Black River district to come home for Christmas. It is thought Duffy was overcome by exposure in the woods.

WRECKED BY DYNAMITE.

Ottawa, Ont., June 14.—A large frame building on the Montreal road, one mile from the city, was wrecked last night by a dynamite charge placed under one corner. Several persons were in the house, but no one was injured. The building was formerly used as an hotel, till the license was cancelled, four years ago. Windows in houses within a radius of 200 yards were smashed by the explosion. It is thought the dynamite was secured in a near-by quarry, but no reason for the outrage can be assigned.

A Table Dainty For A Dainty Table

A new sugar—sweeter, more inviting than sugar has ever been before.

"Crystal Diamonds" are sparkling tablets made from the choicest cane sugar and represent the very latest and greatest achievement in sugar refining. An ornament to any table.

"Crystal Diamonds"

Your grocer should have them—in attractive 5 pound cartons or by the pound.

"CRYSTAL DIAMOND DOMINOS" are larger than "Crystal Diamonds" and are especially for coffee. Ask your grocer.

The ST. LAWRENCE SUGAR REFINING CO. Limited, Montreal.

Sore Feet

CHAFED PLACES. BLISTERS, ETC.

Are your feet hot, sore and blistered? If so, try Zam-Buk. As soon as Zam-Buk is applied it cools and soothes injured smarting skin and tissue.

Its rich, refined herbal essences penetrate the skin; its antiseptic properties prevent all danger of festering or inflammation from cuts or sores; and its healing essences build up new healthy tissue.

For stings, sunburn, cuts, burns, bruises, etc.—just as effective. Mothers find it invaluable for baby's sores!

All Druggists and Stores—40c. box.

Zam-Buk

A Woman's Sympathy

Are you discouraged? Is your doctor's bill a heavy financial burden? Is your pain a heavy physical burden? I know what these mean to delicate women—I have been discouraged, too; but I learned how to cure myself. I want to relieve your burden. Why not end the pain and stop the doctor's bill? I can do this for you and will if you assist me.

All you need to do is to write for a free box of the remedy which has been placed in my hands to be given away. Perhaps this one box will cure you—it has done so for others. If so, I shall be happy and you will be cured for 2c (the cost of a postage stamp). Your letters should be sent to: Write to-day for my free treatment. MRS. F. E. CURRAN, Windsor, Ont.

Best Silver Plate

Known for over sixty years as the world's best.

"1847 ROGERS BROS."

Silverware is the unanimous choice of those to whom quality in knives, forks, spoons, etc., is the chief consideration.

Best tea sets, dishes, waiters, etc., are stamped MERIDEN BRITA CO. SOLD BY LEADING DEALERS "Silver Plate that Wears"

Grand Union Hotel

Opp. Grand Central Station, New York City Rooms, \$1.00 a Day AND UPWARD

Baggage to and from Station free. Send to stamp for N.Y. City Guide Book and Map

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

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