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Ross Rifle Co., Quebec

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FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS

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Halifax, Canada,

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IN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS, PLEASE MENTION "THE CANADIAN COURIER."

to be mad clean through about something, for such a scowl I never seen."

"Tell him I'll be down directly, Nancy, I said quite calmly, although my heart had begun beating again and was making up for lost time.

As soon as Nancy had clumped down-stairs again I put on my lace fichu and put two hankies in my belt, for I thought I would probably need more than one. Then I hunted up an old Advocate for proof, and down I went to the parlour. I know exactly how a criminal feels going to execution, and I've been opposed to capital punishment ever since.

I opened the parlour door and went in, carefully closing in behind me, for Nancy had a deplorable habit of listening in the hall. Then my legs gave out completely, and I couldn't have walked another step to save my life. I just stood there, my hand on the knob, trembling like a leaf.

A man was standing by the south window looking out; he wheeled around as I went in, and, as Nancy said, he had a scowl on and looked angry clear through. He was very handsome, and his grey hair gave him such a distinguished look. I recalled this afterward, but just at the moment you may be quite sure I wasn't thinking about it at all.

Then all at once a strange thing happened. The scowl went right off his face and the anger out of his eyes. He looked astonished and then foolish.

"Miss Holmes, I presume?" he said at last, in a deep, thrilling voice. "I—I—oh, confound it, I have called—I heard some foolish stories, and I came here in a rage. I've been a fool—I know now they weren't true. Just excuse me and I'll go away and kick myself."

"No," I said, finding my voice with a gasp, "you mustn't go until you've heard the truth. It's dreadful enough, but not as dreadful as you might otherwise think. Those—those stories—I have a confession to make. I did tell them, but I didn't know there was such a person as Cecil Fenwick in existence."

He looked puzzled, as well he might. Then he smiled, took my hand and led me away from the door—to the knob of which I was still holding with all my might—to the sofa.

"Let's sit down and talk it over comfy," he said.

I just confessed the whole shameful business. It was terribly humiliating, but it served me right. I told him how people were always twitting me for never having had a beau, and how I had told them I had; and then I showed him the porous plaster advertisement.

HE heard me through without a word, and then he threw back his big, curly, grey head and laughed.

"This clears up a great many mysterious hints I've been receiving ever since I came to Hillburn," he said, "and finally a Mrs. Gilbert came to my sister this afternoon with a long farrago of nonsense about the love affair I had once had with some Charlotte Holmes here. She declared you had told her about it yourself. I confess I flamed up. I'm a peppery chap, and I thought—I thought—oh, confound it, it might as well out; I thought you were some lank old maid who was amusing herself telling ridiculous stories about me. When you came into the room I knew that whoever was to blame you were not."

"But I was," I said ruefully. "It wasn't right of me to tell such a story—and it was very silly, too. But who would ever have supposed that there could be a real Cecil Fenwick who had lived in Blakely? I never heard of such a coincidence."

"It's more than a coincidence," said Mr. Fenwick decidedly. "It's predestination; that is what it is. And now let's forget it and talk of something else."

We talked of something else—or at least Mr. Fenwick did, for I was too ashamed to say much—so long that Nancy got restive and clumped through the hall every five minutes; but Mr. Fenwick never took the hint. When he finally went away he asked if he might come again.

"It's time we made up that old quarrel, you know," he said, laughing.

And I, an old maid of forty, caught myself blushing like a girl. But I felt like a girl, for it was such a relief to have that explanation all over; I

couldn't even feel very angry with Adella Gilbert. She was always a mischief-maker, and when a woman is born that way she is more to be pitied than blamed. I wrote a poem in the red book before I went to sleep; I hadn't written anything for a month, and it was lovely to be at it once more.

MR. FENWICK did come again—the next evening but one. And he came so often after that that even Nancy got resigned to him. One day I had to tell her something. I shrank from doing it, for I feared it would make her feel badly.

"Oh, I've been expecting to hear it," she said grimly. "I felt the minute that man came into the house he brought trouble with him. Well, Miss Charlotte, I wish you happiness. I don't know how the climate of British Columbia will agree with me, but I suppose I'll have to put up with it."

"But, Nancy," I said, "I can't expect you to go away out there with me. It's too much to ask of you."

"And where else would I be going?" demanded Nancy in genuine astonishment. "How under the canopy could you keep house without me? I'm not going to trust you to the mercies of a yellow Chinese with a pig-tail. Where you go I go, Miss Charlotte, and there's an end of it."

I was very glad, for I hated to think of parting with Nancy even to go with Cecil. As for the red book, I haven't told my husband about it yet, but mean to some day. And I've subscribed for the Weekly Advocate again.

A Return

(Concluded from page 9.)

yodeled, too; but, for reasons which we may leave to the psychologists, this time his yodelings had gone unheeded.

His eyes first took vision of the "crony," then of the couple rapidly emerging from it. Then he regarded the table—and the stove—and finally, getting his mouth closed, he began to blink at the couple again.

The gentleman spoke first. He remarked that the day was very warm.

As for the lady—there is nothing, modern physicians tell us, that can less be reckoned upon than the effect of "shock"; what she did was to advance upon her brother-in-law as if she were about to work him bodily harm. And, in a voice which some may think can be heard only in the dramatic school, she announced her engagement.

Now, as it happened, Mr. Davidson had always entertained an uncommonly high opinion of the lady's intelligence. In fact, in all matters of social propriety, he deferred to her. Therefore he now merely gagged and began to smile like the mentally alienated. "I—I don't know that I caught the name," he said.

The lady realized then that as yet she had not caught the name herself! . . .

The gentleman, having much presence of mind, immediately came forward with it. But that did not seem to save the situation greatly. . . .

Mr. Davidson had taken off his hat. If certain gestures express thought, others as plainly show that cerebral action is for the time suspended. "Well, at any rate," he said, as if this at least were something upon which entire confidence could be reposed, "no doubt, Mr. Vanderhecker, you know hers?"

There was another pause.

"Well, not exactly," explained Mr. "Vanderhecker," "not altogether! You see, we'd been playing at kids, so to speak, and we really hadn't had to think of that. I give you my word, though—"

Mr. Davidson let himself down upon the unlit stove. "Great Scott!" he blurted out, "I'm—I'm not used to these things, you know! You'll have to—to come down and talk to Evelina!"

Corrected.—"Oh, well," said the man who had been told of somebody's trickery and who takes proverbs and accepted sayings at their face value, "it takes all kinds of people to make a world."

"You're wrong there," declared the precise person. "It certainly takes all kinds of people to make this kind of world, but there are a lot who would be left out of a world such as reformers dream about."