

THE GUARDED SECRET

Meanwhile, Aline lay locked in that deep trance of unconsciousness. They tried every method of rousing her, but their efforts did not meet with the least success.

She lay mute and pale before them like one dead. The dark lashes lay all stiff upon the marble-white cheeks, her lips did not unclose to repeat those sorrowful words whose bitterness seemed to have broken her heart. She seemed to have passed away without a regret from that world in which henceforth she had no part save sorrow; and her father, as he gazed upon the pale and rigid face, almost wished that it were so.

She was so sweet and beautiful and he had such great hopes for her. How could he bear to see her live with this great shadow of silence and mystery upon her life? How could he bear that the cold, carping eyes of her little world should rest upon her in suspicion and distrust? And for himself, he was very proud, how could he endure to be pointed at as the father of a girl whose willful silence most probably concealed terrible disgrace?

"I wish that had never been born!" he cried out in the bitterness of his heart, and then when his own heart reproached him, he made excuses to it. "She can have no happiness in life, no respect, no confiding love, no domestic bliss, no peace. There will always be a shadow on her life. She had better be dead, or never have been born."

He remembered these wild words of the Spanish student:

"Yet I fain would die! To go through life unloving and unloved; To feel that thirst and hunger of the soul We cannot still; that longing, that wild impulse, And struggle after something we have not."

And cannot have; the effort to be strong; And, like the Spartan boy, to smile and smile, While secret wounds do bleed beneath our cloaks; All this the dead feel not; the dead alone!

Would I were with them!"

"The girl is like me. She is proud."

Advertiser Patterns

DESIGNED BY MARTHA DEAN.

4280



A TOY SHEEP AND PIG—4280.

Every child must possess toy animals at one time or another, and no sensible mother doubts the advantage of making these if it can be done without much trouble and with satisfactory results. It often happens that home-made animals lack a resemblance to their supposed originals to such an extent that a child learns little about the animals, and would not know a real live pig, for instance, if he saw one. The patterns given here of pig and sheep are unusually lifelike, and while made without much difficulty, they are entirely practical for the child's use, as they cannot be demolished. The education gained by the child by association with toy animals is not to be depreciated. It means a lesson in nature, which the small brain will never part with. Canton flannel in quantity of three-eighths of a yard is the material necessary to make the pig, while half a yard of elderdown is needed for the sheep. 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 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.

although she is so loving. I believe she would sooner be dead than live the life that lies before her," he said to himself.

And he was right. The cold, gray, rainy dawn peeped in at the windows and saw Aline struggling slowly back to life and consciousness. She put out her hands and pushed them away from her with their restlessness. She would have none of them. She flung out her hands in despair.

"You should let me die!" she cried out wildly. "How could anyone wish for me to live?"

"Oh, my darling, do not talk so!" cried her mother, forgetting all she had said, and save the passionate mother-love that filled her heart. "You must live to be my comfort when Effie is taken from me. You know she will be married soon to Dr. Anthony, and I should be so lonely when she went were it not for you, my love!"

"Oh, mamma, how can I be any comfort to you?" cried poor Aline, in despair. "You will be ashamed of me. You will never forget all that my willfulness has brought on me—perhaps you will hate me after a while. If you did, mamma, I could not blame you. I quite deserve it, I know."

"Hush, my darling! How could a mother hate her child?" cried poor Mrs. Rodney, tearfully, and forgetting all her dignity in genuine mother-love. "I do not believe you are guilty, Aline! How could my little white-souled girl be a sinner? Live for me, Aline, and we will not care for the world. We will let it go by. We will not heed its smiles or its frowns."

But Aline sighed in heaviness of heart. Her trouble was too fresh, her wound was too deep for her to find comfort anywhere.

"Oh, mamma, you are so good to me," she cried. "I never knew how good before. I do not wish to live. I am proud, though you might not have thought so, in the old, wild days. I cannot live such a life as my father has painted for me. I shall die like a flower that has no rain and no sunshine. And that will be best. I do not care to live!"

And this was the girl who had dreamed of finding life all fair and desirable at fourteen—who had laughed at Oran Delaney's croakings such a little, little while ago.

She lay there among the snowy pillows, in the little room for which she had sighed so often, and vainly thinking that she would be so glad and happy when she returned to it once again, and she wished in her heart that she might die.

She was quite a different girl from dawn from the one on whom yesterday's sun had set. Then her life lay before her, all bright and fair, like a landscape in the morning sun. Now it was like the same scene at twilight, with the sad rain falling and dimming all its somber veil.

"I am done with my life, if all is like this tell me," she said, soberly, to herself. "What shall I do with all the years that lie before me yet till I die?"

Like a flash, her thoughts went back to Delaney House, and the beautiful blue room that had held her a captive those three months. Before her mind's eye came a dark, grave, handsome face; in her ears rang a deep and musical voice, with a tone of subtle melancholy. He was reading the poem she had not cared to hear, but which seemed at this moment to have burned itself in on her memory.

"How many years will it be, I wonder,

And how will their slow length pass,

Till I shall find rest in silence, under The trees and the waving grass?"

"Perhaps you may even subscribe to its sad sentiments some day," Oran Delaney had said to her, and how scornfully she had derided the idea.

Was she the same girl? Surely. She had a vague fancy that she would wake up presently and find that she had been sleeping and dreaming some horrid dream.

She furtively pinched herself, and found that she was not dreaming at all. She was broad awake, and the new day was shining in at her windows, chill and murky and sunless, like the life that lay before her.

"And all for such a little, little act of folly," she said to herself, with a terrible sinking at the heart.

Mr. Rodney suddenly came over to her. He took Aline's cold, white hands

Whole System Suffered From Stagnant Kidneys

EXPERIENCE OF A MAN WHO ALMOST DIED THROUGH NEGLECTING HIS KIDNEYS.

Severe and numerous are the aches and pains that warn us of kidney trouble.

Rheumatism—Almost sure to come in damp or changeable weather.

Headaches—Blurring before the eyes, dizzy and faint sensations very common.

Backaches—Sharp stinging pains when bending, throbbing, dragging weakness over the spine, lameness in the morning.

Acute Pains—Urinary and bladder disorders causing inconvenience day and night.

Such were the conditions through which Mr. McKee, of 24 Hurd street, Halifax, had to live. "Every day I suffered sharp pains across my loins, my back seemed strained and overworked. I was pale and looked haggard and sick. Such mental and physical discomfort was dreadful to endure. Nothing relieved till I used Dr. Hamilton's Pills and they put life into my kidneys at once."

Mr. McKee, the quick tears rushed into her eyes. She let the lids drop over them hastily, and the bright drops rolled like crushed pearls down her cheeks.

To Be Continued.

Apples costing six pence each whole sale are offered in Covent Garden market, London. They come from Tasmania, and are said to be the largest apples ever seen. They are equal in size to the small English

and smoothed them gently between his strong, warm ones.

"Aline," he said, "do you think it quite right to hold yourself bound by the oath you spoke of? Do not the dreadful consequences it entails on you justify you in breaking it?"

She shook her head slowly.

"I do not care," he replied.

"It must be a very solemn oath that can bind you under such circumstances," he said slowly. "Is your decision quite unalterable, my dear?"

"Yes, papa," she replied, with a deep sigh.

He was silent for a moment, and an echo of her own sad sigh drifted over his lips. When he looked back at her again there was a new light in his eyes.

"Aline, I have been thinking of a new plan," he said.

"A new plan?" she echoed.

"Yes, I cannot bear to see your life blighted, all your chances of happiness destroyed. We will go away from here and make our home in some distant spot, where this strange story can never follow you. You may be happy yet."

Her young heart thrilled with sudden joy. She looked at him with grateful affection.

"Papa, would you, indeed, do so much for me?" she inquired.

He bowed silently and gently pressed her hand. Aline forgot his harshness and anger of a little while ago, and remembered only the patient, unalterable love that was ready to make such a sacrifice for her sake.

"And you, mamma?" she inquired, turning her wistful eyes upon Mrs. Rodney's pale and altered face.

"I am quite willing, dear," she replied.

"You are too good and kind to me, papa and mamma; I do not deserve it. I must not let you make such a sacrifice for my sake!" she cried.

"There is too much at stake to call it a sacrifice," Mr. Rodney answered. "At least we need not make it yet."

Aline cried musingly. "Oh, papa, I can hardly believe yet that my friends will be unkind to me, that they will believe evil of me because I am fettered by a mysterious vow. Let us make the trial. Let us give them the chance to trust me if they will. Do not let us go away just yet. Let us stay and be convinced. Perhaps the world is not so hard as you think. How could it be so unjust and cruel?"

CHAPTER XXV.

Mr. Rodney gazed sadly at his daughter. He saw that she could scarcely bring herself to believe that which he had told her.

"I see how it is, Aline," he said to her, gravely. "You are inclined to doubt my assertions. You do not altogether believe what I have told you."

She was shocked when he put the truth before her in so plain a fashion. She did not know how great a sacrifice a vein of incredulity ran through her painful thoughts.

"Oh, papa, forgive me," she said, penitently. "I did not mean to doubt you. It was only my unfortunate manner of expressing myself. I was hoping against hope. Will you forgive me for my implied doubt? It is so hard to give up hope."

He only opened her hand in silence, and she continued:

"Even if they thought hardly of me, might they not in time relent? Might I not live down the scandal even if they were cruel enough to make a scandal out of nothing?"

"You might in time," he answered, "but it would be a long while first, so long that your youth and beauty would be faded, and they would forgive you because they could no longer envy you."

"So long as that?" she asked, with a heavy sigh.

"Yes, dear, nothing but time will heal that wound," he said, soberly.

She lay silently musing. She could not bear to give up the beautiful, bright world which she loved so well, and in which she had such unbounded faith and hope.

It was a great temptation to her to accept the sacrifice her father proposed making. She had the innate selfishness of youth which thinks that the world was made for itself. She did not understand how great a sacrifice it was that her family would make. In her ignorance of the world, she could not know.

But while she dallied with the temptation to accept it, she found herself restrained from leaving Chester by a vague, yet subtle, feeling she could not understand. It was stronger than her will, it was some influence outside of herself that she could not analyze, but it was most powerful. It drew her one way, while her reason and her will seemed both to point in a contrary direction. She yielded to it blindly, not knowing that it was fate, that "divinity that shapes our ends, rough-hew them as we will."

She looked gravely at her father, who had been watching her face, anxiously noting the changing emotions of his expressive features.

"Papa, my mind is made up," she said, with almost womanly calmness. "I shall not go away. I will remain in Chester."

"Remain?" he echoed, surprised at her decision.

"Yes, I will remain. I will not act a cowardly part, and run away from my trouble. I will stay here and live it down if my hair grows gray and my eyes dim in the effort of my high spirit."

"You will have to be very brave if you do, Aline," he answered, not without a certain admiration of her high spirit.

"I intend to be," she answered with a sigh.

He could not help feeling relieved at her decision. He was not a rich man. All his income was derived from his law practice. To give life away in another place meant a hard struggle, although he would not have shirked it in the interest of the child he loved so fondly. But now that her own decision made it unnecessary, a burden was lifted from his mind.

He bent down and pressed his lips to her fair white brow.

"God bless you, and help you, my daughter," he said.

Her lips quivered, the quick tears rushed into her eyes. She let the lids drop over them hastily, and the bright drops rolled like crushed pearls down her cheeks.

To Be Continued.

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NEW FALL BOOKS SHOW FINE ART

Beautiful Volumes Are Being Prepared By the London Publishers.

London, Nov. 25. — Many of the masterpieces of old Japan in metal work and wood carving were scattered through Europe and the United States after the epoch-making movement of 1868 in the Far East, and they were treated as mere fantastic curios, and for the most part were sold for ridiculously low prices and the same fate befell many fine examples of gorgeously colored porcelain.

For years the wealthy Japanese have been recovering, so far as possible, these lost memorials of the art of their country. M. Henri Joly has just written an elaborate book, "Legends in Japanese Art." It is practically a history of the whole subject, in which artifice is done to the serious symbolism and folklore represented in Japanese art.

This beautiful work contains more than 500 illustrations, including a number of full-page prints in color, by John Lane. M. Joly's book has been read in proof by a native expert and many important notes which are veritable aids of identification have been added.

Biography of Montagu. A biography of Edward Montagu, the first Earl of Sandwich, is in preparation. He distinguished himself at the battle of Naseby on the side of the Parliament and gave a good account of himself in the reign of Charles II. As the ambassador to Madrid he also conducted the delicate negotiations which resulted in the marriage of Charles II. with Catherine Braganza. The redoubtable Samuel Pepys was Lord Sandwich's secretary, so, perhaps, some new sidelights may be thrown on that lively old gossip.

It is curious that no complete illustrated edition of Boswell's "Johnston" has hitherto been issued, for there is no book in the English language more abundant in personal and local interest which lend themselves to illustration. An edition which Sir Roger Inghen has edited for Sir Isaac Pitman will contain 568 pictures reproduced from contemporary prints and portraits. There will be historical descriptive notes, besides portraits, views and facsimiles of title pages of documents. The work will be complete in two quarto volumes.

Book on "Beauty Spots." Away back in the seventeenth century, Richard Sanders, an astrologer, published a volume on moles, the "beauty spots" or "ugly spots," which nature sometimes confers on people. This is the basis of a new book, "Moles and Their Meaning," which Harry De Windt is publishing with Pearson. Mr. De Windt is known best as a "Moleosophy" as his publishers say, from the drawings-pubs of Mayfair to the wilds of Arctic Siberia.

An historical study of the royal House of Stuart is appearing in two volumes. The author is Samuel Cowan, of Perth, who has made a special study of Mary Queen of Scots.

The book will contain the most complete collection of Stuart portraits that has ever been brought together. Among the pictures will be the famous authentic Orkney portrait of Queen Mary, which is now in possession of the Duke of Sutherland.

"His Own People," a short novel by Booth Tarkington, who wrote "Monte Carlo Beaucaire" is forthcoming with Murray.

A. M. Chalmers, the British consul in North Formosa, says in his latest report to the foreign office that the number of opium smokers in his district appears to be slightly decreasing, there having been 123,650 at the end of 1906, against 131,272 in December, 1905. This decrease, however, appears to be mainly among the poorer classes. Among smokers of first-class opium there has been an increase, and there is little diminution in the actual value of the opium consumed. It is estimated that 4 per cent of the native Chinese are smokers, the proportion in the two sexes being one male in every 14 and one female in every 100.

BEER MAKES BLOOD

MALT has certain food-elements which the body can transform into healthy blood quickly with the least digestive effort.

HOPS contain a medicinal principle which tones the nerves without reaction, and so supplies nervous energy and saves it as well.

BEER is brewed in Ontario is made from choicest Ontario barley malt, selected hops, and the purest water, dealt with under conditions which insure purity and quality.

BEER is a tonic which covers larger, sales, porter, and stout; and in the practice of hygiene conditions from Ontario barley (the best in the world) malt, hops, and pure water.

THE better the blood the sounder the health, and the surer the body to combat disease effectively. Beer, by some counted an intoxicant, is not so—it is a blood-maker, with barely enough alcohol in it to help the stomach do its work far better.

Beer with meals is good for 997 people out of every thousand—and is specially good for women. Ask your own doctor about it—beer is probably good for you.

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Models of Perfect Fit and Stylish Elegance

We desire the pleasure of introducing to you, tomorrow, a handsome series of

Fitted Coats

You only require to slip on one of them and see your reflection in our big mirror to prove that they are of a distinctly superior order.

The stylish elegance of the appearance of the dressy All-Wool Kersey materials is in accord with the beauty of every line and curve, and the perfection of the fit of the garment.

Once you have examined them carefully you will be willing to admit that, considering quality and workmanship, these Coats are very reasonably priced, indeed.

We are showing them at three prices in black. The difference in prices is due to the quality of the cloth. The design is the same in each. \$16.50, \$18.50, \$25.00

We have Navy, at \$18.50 and \$25

Green at \$18.50, and Brown at \$25

150 Dundas and Carling

GRAY & PARKER

150 Dundas and Carling



Do You Eat Bread?

If so, do you not think that you might as well eat only the best? The best bread is that which contains the most nutriment and the least waste matter, and is absolutely pure. You cannot have good bread, however, unless you have good flour.

"FIVE ROSES" FLOUR

contains more gluten and nutriment, in more easily digestible form, than any ordinary brands, whilst it contains practically no cellulose or waste matter. In addition, it is more economical, as, pound for pound, it will make more bread, and better bread than the flour so-called "just as good."

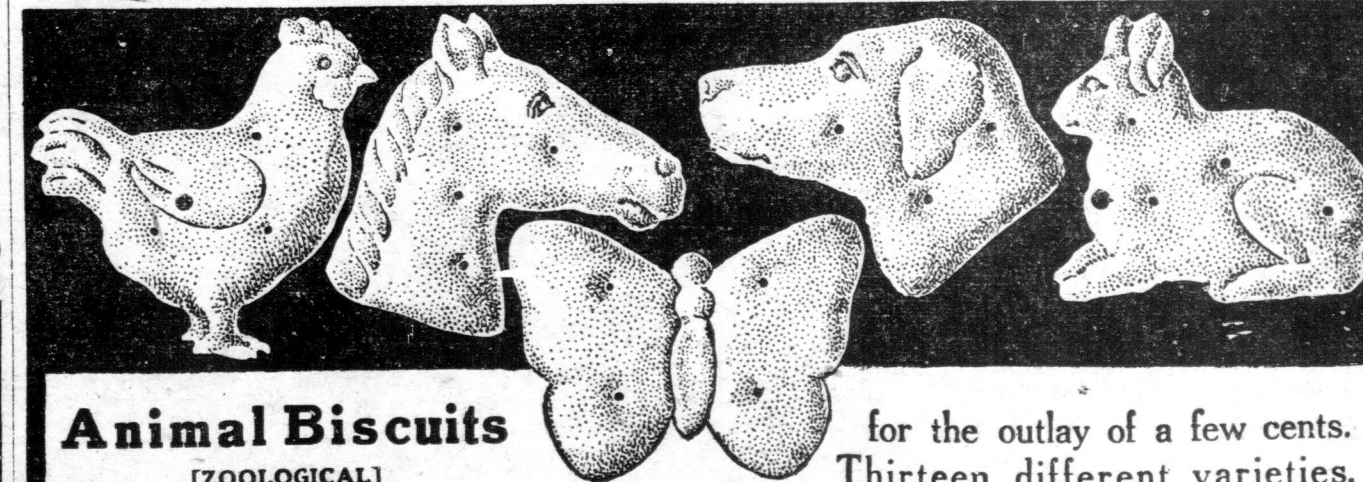
Its purity is assured by the care with which it is made, and users of it can rely upon getting the best flour for bread which the world offers.

Ask your grocer for it.



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[ZOOLOGICAL]

The "little tots" will amuse themselves by the hour with a few handfuls of Perrin's Animal Biscuits. A regular zoo—and a natural history education—

for the outlay of a few cents.

Thirteen different varieties.

About 155 biscuits to the pound.

Order from your grocer to-day.

Perrin's Biscuits

"Just a little better than the rest."

HANDY LIFE INSURANCE

Many Policyholders Tided Over Financial Stringency by Insurance Companies.

[From the Spectator, New York.]

The extent to which the life insurance companies contributed to relieve the money stringency will never be known, for in addition to the millions poured into the New York city financial institutions in the purchase of bonds for which there was no market at the time, many corporations and individuals were enabled to tide over their difficulties through the money they received from life insurance companies. A single instance that came to our knowledge will illustrate

how this was done: A large manufacturing company in the west, doing a business amounting to millions of dollars annually, had maturing obligations that without any means to make collections, even sending representatives to their customers and imploring them to pay at least a portion of their indebtedness, but without avail, the company was suffering from the money stringency. Three members of the firm