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Made in Canada

THE PANGS OF REMORSE — OR — A COMPLICATED TANGLE.

CHAPTER XVII.

"For Heaven's sake, be quiet, sir!" implored Clarence, for the baronet had not lowered his voice. "I am Clarence Clifford, alive and well. I will explain presently when you and Lillian and Miss Melville—"

Sir Ralph stopped him with an exclamation of delight that made Clarence regret having named her.

"Come," he said, "I have a moment to be lost. I am afraid we have already alarmed some one."

"But—but," said Sir Ralph, hardly yet convinced that this was not some elaborate contrivance to remove him quietly.

"Oh! for Heaven's sake," said Clarence, whose quick ears had caught the sound of a movement in the next room. "For Heaven's sake, come, Sir Ralph, or I shall have to carry you."

Then, remembering in his excitement that Sir Ralph had not seen his face, he turned the food of light upon it.

"There," he said, "you see I am Clarence Clifford. Lillian awaits us below. Come, there is not a moment to lose."

Sir Ralph, stroking his forehead with his hand, gave vent to an ejaculation of bewildered astonishment, and allowing Clarence to seize him by the arm, was almost dragged from the room.

They had not gotten any farther than the first flight, however, before the door of the room next to Sir Ralph's was swung open, and a man, whose physiognomy bore a family likeness to the two French ruffians, from whom he had but lately escaped, rushed to the balustrade, and, pointing a revolver at the two, shouted to them to stop.

Clarence, whose eyes were fixed upon the man's finger, no sooner saw it shake than he drew Sir Ralph on his knees, and the bullet passed over their heads.

The next second the projecting floor of the balcony overhead protected and Clarence, lighting the stairs below them, whispered to Sir Ralph to hasten down as quickly as possible, and as he did so, drew back himself against the wall.

Down came the ruffian four steps at a time, pouring out a volley of oaths, and shouting hoarsely to the fugitives to stop.

Clarence waited until he was on a level with him, then, suddenly turning on the lantern, he chose the moment in which the man was staggered by the sudden stream of light, to spring upon him, wrenching the revolver from his hand and clutching him round the waist with a herculean grasp.

The Frenchman struggled and shouted, but Clarence, who was madly excited, seemed possessed of super-human strength, and raising him off the ground he hoisted him onto the balustrade, and with a hoarse cry of triumph hurled him over.

With a single moan he fell upon the balcony below, Clarence ran swiftly down the stairs, where he was nearly felled by Sir Ralph, who had recovered his presence of mind, and taking up his position there, mistook Clarence for one of the gang.

"All right, Sir Ralph," said Clarence. "Don't knock me down yet until we are outside," and in the excitement of success he laughed wildly.

Sir Ralph seized his arm with a cry of delight, and together they rushed into Lillian's room.

There he leaned back against the old wainscoting to wipe the perspiration from his brow and enjoy the luxury of their meeting.

To describe it would be impossible. Locked in each other's arms they cried, laughed and sobbed in a breath. Even their deliverer, Clarence, was forgotten in that sublime moment. The next, however, Lillian started, and touching her father, whispered, with a crimson flush:

"We have forgotten him, papa."

Sir Ralph started, and turning to Clarence, who saw that tears were running down his stern face, said: "Mr. Clifford, we owe more than our lives to you; by what mysterious ways Providence has restored you to life and our help I cannot imagine, but now is the moment to implore your forgiveness, even before I express my gratitude."

"Not a word more, Sir Ralph," he said, hurriedly. "You have had my forgiveness long, long ago; you may withhold your gratitude forever."

"Never!" interrupted Sir Ralph, devoutly and eagerly.

Clarence, who had been wrapping Lillian in a shawl as he spoke, whispered her to take her father's arm and saying, "Follow me," passed behind the screen. Here he showed Sir Ralph the secret door, insisted upon his wrapping himself in one cloak while he enveloped Lillian in the other, and turning hastily to the chair to untie the old woman, returned and lighted father and daughter down the steps.

Then he followed himself, and, carefully closing the door, led the way through the passage, warning them of the water pools and pouring a stream of light upon their path.

They traversed the damp vaults in silence, Clarence stopping once only to draw the hood over Lillian's head, a

piece of service which Sir Ralph noted, but did not remark upon.

At last they came into the gas-lit thoroughfare, and Sir Ralph shrank. His illness had worn him down, his confinement had attacked his nerves. With a thrill almost of pleasure, Clarence Clifford felt him lean heavily upon his arm and press it as if with anxiety.

He glanced at Lillian and saw, mixed with the tender regard for her father's weakness, a delight similar to his own—he, the despised and insulted tutor, was now the prop and stay.

"Where—where are we going?" said Sir Ralph, trying to draw himself up with resolution, but looking up at the grand face over him with a simple and touching reliance. "To—to an hotel, I suppose, Mr. Clifford. I—I am so confused, I only know that I have my darling her safe in my hands. My hands. My head aches terribly."

Clarence lowered his voice to a tone of respectful gentleness: "Will you trust yourself to me, Sir Ralph?"

"Yes, yes, my dear sir," said the old man, eagerly, clutching his arm as he spoke, and adding, with a sigh: "My darling is in your hands, Mr. Clifford."

"And she is sacred there," said Clarence, fervently. "Come along, then, we have not far to go, and it will be safer to walk."

With an arm for each he led them to the quiet street, and soon had them in the apartments he had taken.

Sir Ralph looked around at the comfortable room, with its fire and its well-spread table, and from the young, resolute face of Clarence to the beautiful one of his daughter, and then held his face in his hands and burst into tears.

Clarence, who had expected this, signaled to Lillian to pour out a cup of tea, added some brandy to it from his flask, and, waiting while Sir Ralph drank it, with instinctive delicacy stole from the room, leaving Lillian in her favorite attitude at her father's knee, his arm around her waist, and her tearful eyes uplifted to his.

CHAPTER XX.

Dusk was closing in upon Rivershall and the little sanded parlor of the Rivershall Arms was nearly in darkness—in silence, too, for the few laborers taking their evening draught of home-brewed at the little bar spoke but little, and that little in the curt, low tones of their class.

Occasionally the echo of a gruff guffaw reached the parlor, and one of them, louder than the rest, met with a response in the shape of an impatient movement and a half-muttered curse from the lips of a man sitting by the deal table, and gaining at the fast dying fire.

Roused by the last the solitary figure rose, took up the poker and stirred the embers into a blaze. Then he resumed his seat and his attitude, one of meditation, moodily expressed by the drooped head and listless hand, that hung over the table and seemed bloodless, so white it shone in the firelight.

White, too, was the face, a marvelous one as faces went—large, handsome, and, above all, masterful; but now as the flicker lit up for a moment, then, dying, let it rest in darkness for the next to light it up again and again with each reviving flame, what a story appeared written upon it!

What dark hollows lay beneath the black, piercing eyes! what deeply scored lines across the white forehead! and more noticeable than all, with what a weary, dissatisfied and insatiable droop the thin lips were curved!

A grand face! one to cause a shudder and a sigh, for it was the wreck of a splendid one, the index of a restless heart ever smoldering with hate and revengeful desire.

Who could write down the thoughts that went coursing like grim specters through the tolling brain, deepening the lines and hollows and tightening the thin lips?—thoughts that would find utterance, so thickly they thronged, and in the old fashion in which Melchior, the forger and schemer, indulged, this man, twitching the long, lean fingers of the white, overhanging hand, mutters to the fire.

He would fain let the past lie, but he cannot. In that darkened room he must go over it all again, and he does so. He looks back upon the days when he was young, hopeful and ardent, in the pride and glory of youth, with a career, self-planned and steadily resolved.

(To be continued.)

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THE DEFEATED.



VALT MASON

Some fellows are defeated by any woe or care; they think they're hardly treated unless all days are fair; they're given to repining unless the sun is shining and the birds sing everywhere. Their courage never wavered when everything was fine and they were always favored by fortune most benign; but showed, when they were smitten, the courage of a kitten, and wept a lot of brine. Some men who've astor-billed their way to wealth and fame are down and out and witted, when fates reverse the game; for them the play is finished, and they hide their heads diminished in agony and shame. Behold the village Croesus, who ran the Blue Front store; his business went to pieces and he will rise no more; he was as great as Hector, but now he is a spectre of what he was of yore. When luck was at his shoulder he swelled with princely pride; no merchant's front was bolder, he walked with stately stride; but when his look forsook him, and fortune dodged and shook him, his pep and spirit died. He never thought of facing had luck with lifted head; he lay up like a casing that has a rotten tread; by dark forebodings haunted, depressed, defeated, daunted, he's down and out and dead. Some rise from dark reverses which bravely they've defied; they will not ride in hearses until they know they've died; in showing they can master all brands of bleak disaster they take a goodly pride.

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Just Folks.

By EDGAR GUEST.

IN A VESSEL OF EARTH.

In a vessel of earth it came, A spirit with beauty a flame; Her laughter, her song and her mirth, All held in a vessel of earth. A jar which was fragile, but oh, We cherished and loved it so!

But our treasure was not of the clay, For the vessel lies broken to-day And mute is the voice, and the eyes Light not with delight and surprise, And no mortal hand can replace That spirit of beauty and grace.

There are numberless vessels of earth, Still holding life's music and mirth, Still aglow with the spirit, and yet There was one we shall never forget, One which held in its beautiful mold Something never another could hold.

Others carry sweet music and mirth, Others come with delights to the earth, But we know now that fragrance we miss, That sound of her voice, and her kiss, That life which we loved was her soul And not the mere clay of the bowl.

And we know what we loved cannot die, Though broken this vessel may lie; And we know why the clay was so fair, 'Twas because she was nestled in there; We have learned 'twas her beautiful soul Which really made lovely the bowl.

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SIDE TALKS.

By Ruth Cameron.

THE HOUSE THAT SHOULD HAVE BEEN PHILIP'S.

Last summer for the first time in some years, I went back to the little town by the sea where we used to spend part of our summers. As I drove up the street, I noticed a man standing back to me on the porch of the house next to the one that had been ours. He was a slender man with dark hair. "My word," I thought, "if that isn't Philip Dickson!" But even while I thought it, I knew it couldn't be Philip Dickson. And when the slender dark man turned around, I saw that he was one of the foreigners to whom the house had been sold.

Philip had Everything.

There he stood where Philip should have stood. Philip was an only son,

failure in a business way, he is shiftless and extravagant, he drinks, he has gotten one good position after another and then lost them through shiftlessness and unwillingness to work hard.

He lives somewhere in a three apartment house. Rumor even has it that his wife takes in washing. This cottage that would naturally have been his inheritance, was sold when the old folks, their resources drained by Philip's calls upon them, could no longer afford to keep it. Philip's children have never been away for the summer. They play in the street in the near-tenement district where Philip lives.

The Man Who Took Philip's Place. And what of this man who stands in Philip's place? I do not know for sure anything about him. But I know that this is an outline of his probable history. . . . He was born in some small, foreign village, had little schooling and no care, brought himself up and somehow came to this country. Lived on next to nothing, a week working for someone else while he saved the money to go into business for himself. . . . Worked 15 or 18 hours a day getting his business started, lived in a tenement when

Philip was living in a comfortable house. He now lives in a nice, family house in the city and has eyes on a fine single house owned by some of Philip's ilk, that is due on the market at a bargain price.

So he stands on the porch of the summer cottage (which by the way was going to wreck and ruin if he bought it and now is neatly repaired and shingled) and surveys the domain and his three neat little children with just pride.

The Old Order And The New. In contrasting the old and the new, says of a town in Connecticut: "A century ago the two contained three foreigners, all paupers" (translation from an old letter). At present Italian workmen form a large part of the population, and the paupers believe are all of pure native stock.

Doubtless the last statement is exaggeration. But the truth it is not. Who is there of us who has at least one Philip in his ancestry?

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