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GILLET'S EYE EATS DIRT

MADE IN CANADA

"Flatterers"

The Shadow of the Future.

CHAPTER XXV. HOW MISS VILLIERS PROSPERS IN PASTURES NEW.

Fach approached it, not in the outspoken vulgarity of so many words, but along side ways suggested by circumstances, and then it came about that by the time they reached Luce, Mrs. Alwyn had once more donned her graceful affability, and Leonora had revived to interest in foreign fashions.

It was in the dawn of this happier state of affairs that the pair sat one morning on the balcony of the pension, where they preferred chief rank to an almost lost identity among the multitude thronging the huge hotels. Two boxes of raiment had reached them there from England. Leonora's god had enlivened over unpacking.

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"Well, and at work," she reports herself," said Mrs. Alwyn, crumpling up the carefully worded mistre as though it had offended her; "really," glancing round to see no one within hearing, "your sister might belong to the lower classes by her expressions! However, while she is satisfied, I intend neither to complain nor to reproach her. Full forgiveness she has no right to expect of me at present. But it is a relief to have her decently settled. The thought of her harassed me frightfully the last month. Now, Leonora, I must call back my spirits and attend to you again."

Leonora raised her well-smoothed eyebrows. "Or, mamma," she said,

"I may see fit to attend to myself. I think, if ever I am to do that, it is about time I began."

This extraordinary outburst of independence on the part of the usually pliant-dispositioned daughter took Mrs. Alwyn thoroughly aback. Up went her eyeglasses to inspect the fair speaker with some dismay, but that expression graduated rapidly through surprise and curiosity into graceful of pleased recognition, tempered with dignity, which Leonora was bestowing on some one passing below.

"My dearest child, is that—"

"The gentleman who rescued our luggage at Zurich? Yes, mamma. He passed us there twice on the Hobe Promenade. He was with a slighter-figured man, but very distinguished—Count Kuster."

"Count! How do you know, Leonora?"

The young lady blushed. "They were entering that poky little musse, mamma, just as we were leaving. You were gone back for your sunshade. They bowed to me and passed into the first room. And I—I—looked at their names in the visitors' book."

"And this gentleman is—"

"Mr. T. Morecombe-Wood."

"Not titled, then?"

"No, mamma, but English, and very likely of better standing than a German count. He is not just an ordinary holiday-maker, I feel sure. Both those men in blue blouses were carrying his luggage just now, and— Oh, mamma! he has turned back. He is coming here!"

And Leonora suddenly began arranging ornaments on her bodice, while her mother appeared wrapped in contemplation of the clear, still lake, though veritably less absorbed in its beauties than in the chances of her own and her daughter's amour propre getting speedily healed by the medicine of a desirable marriage.

Not to let imagination, however, outstrip common sense, the mother shunned further discussion of this newcomer to the pension; and when dinner-time found Mr. Morecombe-Wood filling the place of the last arrival at the dinner-table, he received from his (presumably) fair magnets thither no more obvious attention than from the other eighty odd sharers of the repast.

He was a man of fair height, inclining—not developed—into embonpoint, extremely pale, with short hair and mustache of inky blackness; very quick and much-comprehending eyes, that never met other people's long enough for their own expression to be too patent; of an age still interesting to the opposite sex; of easy manner and conversation with his own; distinctly unobtrusive, yet a close observer might have noticed that he kept his attention very much on the alert for all that Mrs. Alwyn and her elegant daughter said and did. Though addressing them less frequently than the freedom of the pension would have permitted had he chosen to push familiarity, still, mixing with groups near by, he could glean from Mrs. Alwyn's well-weighted remarks that she was travelling mainly for her daughter's health; that with this view residence at home or abroad was immaterial to her; and that the chief disadvantage of a roving winter would be the want of society, her own home-circle having lain among the very elite of the land.

This much acquired, Mr. Morecombe-Wood's glance followed Miss Villiers with growing and—as day after day slipped by—less guarded approbation. A rainy evening bringing music to the fore, Miss Villiers was persuaded to expound, not a humdrum ballad that any schoolgirl could pipe forth, but the grand scena from "Der Freischutz." From the pianists at its conclusion Mr. Morecombe-Wood's were missing. He ventured to carry them—a separate offering—to the fair

cantatrice while a miserable tenor was murdering "Adelaide;" and he contrived to make them so impressive that thenceforth their intercourse grew rapidly freer, and soon afforded Mrs. Alwyn the insight she desired into the gentleman's individual history.

A party of noisy Americans, one evening, were planning excursions on the water to watch the moon rise from a certain point.

"Would Mr. Morecombe-Wood join them? Oh! he must; they were going to have fine times!" declared a Brooklyn belle in high-pitched persuasion; and while she waited reply, Miss Villiers' soft full tones happened to remark to her vis-a-vis that the sunsets from the Drei Linden were so lovely. She and her mother were going there directly. And Mr. Morecombe-Wood resisted the lively American's invitation, and went strolling also toward the Drei Linden, asking permission of one couple found there to share with them the enchanted hour, though one is bound to confess after they got together the sunset seemed entirely forgotten!

"Those riotous tourists are the bane of the Continent in summer-time," he complained. "One gets out of patience with them. I often threaten myself with returning to England for the empty months."

"Then you never live in our own country?" Mrs. Alwyn asked.

"As little as may be of late years. When a man with enough, or more than is good for him, doesn't anchor in some domestic harbor early in life, he finds English society rather barren by the time he's my age. He gets rid of life more easily by wandering, and has to take every city in turn for his make-believe home."

"Not has to, surely!" said Mrs. Alwyn, very graciously. "I'm afraid you confess yourself hard to please if you say that."

"An impeachment I plead guilty to," the gentleman returned. "Neither London nor other capitals, nor lands native or foreign, have furnished temptation strong enough to fasten me to any hearth, I can truly say—up to this summer."

The last sentence was added with a slight change of tone. Mrs. Alwyn looked keenly but benignly at the speaker, who looked at Leonora, who looked at the ground. And, had the sentiments of the trio been gauged just then, the germs of exultation might have been discerned in each breast, though all went gingerly to work toward securing their fruition.

Another morning later on they strolled under the trees by the lake's shore; and Mrs. Alwyn filling up the pause with lauding the glories of pilatus, Mr. Morecombe-Wood said, laughing, that after his noble attitude our English peaks and fells sung small, and even—this with subdued watchfulness—"even Devonshire slopes turned into antihills."

"Kewick I saw but once," said Mrs. Alwyn, "when I was first married to Mr. Villiers. Derbyshire I have never seen, nor— with an expression that seemed to say "and she never wished to see it!"—"nor Devon."

"The best of all, some say, and— Miss Villiers, you look tired; here are two vacant seats;" then placing himself at angles on the grass, so as to command the countenances of both companions—"and the one I know most. I lived on its eastern borders in former times, and I keep fancying it was there I came across your name, Mrs. Alwyn. 'Alwyn'—yes, it struck me as soon as I heard it." (Mrs. Alwyn's face clouded, spite of her effort to look unconcerned.) "And somehow I had connected it with a great smash-up I remember hearing of there. I fancied it was a Mr. Alwyn who was hard hit in a mining mishap my people used to talk about."

(To be continued)

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WAS IT PETTY OR NOT?

A friend of mine was entertaining a guest who wanted to take some pictures but had left her camera at home.

She asked the privilege of borrowing her hostess's camera and buying some of the films she had on hand.

The hostess was glad to grant the privilege and when the guest came to go she reckoned up the exposures she had used, counted out the 57 cents to which the cost came, and her hostess accepted it.

Petty To Let Your Guest Pay? Said my friend's husband afterwards, "What made you take that money? Why didn't you let her have the films? That seems awfully petty to me, to let your guest pay for a little thing like that."

"I let her pay for them," retorted my friend with spirit, "for just one reason. Because if I had asked to use a camera and pay for the films I should have much preferred to be allowed to do just that. I think it is very embarrassing not to be allowed to pay for a thing when you want to. When I was visiting once I wanted to have copies of some pictures my friends had taken and wanted to pay for having them developed but they simply wouldn't let me. And the result was that I didn't take half the pictures I wanted. I would much rather have paid and felt free to have all I wanted. So when anyone offers to pay for anything I believe in letting them. Don't you?" she ended, with an appeal to me.

And I allowed I certainly did. You know you prefer to pay. There are many small ways in

which the Golden Rule can be applied and I think this is one of them. Most people when they ask for a thing and say they want to pay for it, really mean just that and to have the thing forced down their throats without allowing payment embarrasses and often hampers them.

I once asked a woman who did not do sewing for a living if she would do some sewing for me. She needed the money and I needed the help and I was more than glad to pay whatever it was worth. She did the work but would not accept anything like adequate payment because she was a friend of mine. Later I wanted more work done and of course I could not ask her help. It was very inconvenient for me to find anyone else and if she had only been willing to take a fair payment it would have been a very happy arrangement for both of us.

Just a few drops of Shirriff's Non-alcoholic Extract give the richest, most delicious flavor you could imagine to your puddings, pies, cakes and candies. With Shirriff's you need use only half the usual amount because it is doubly high in flavoring properties. Ask your grocer for your favorite flavors.

Household Notes. Linn beans are delicious baked en cassoulet. Do not serve more than one fried food at a meal. Macaroni and oysters are good baked together. Old vinegar makes wonderful polishing cloths. Bake ham with apples and baste with apple cider. A dash of guince preserves improves pumpkin pie. Sow aluminum in boxes for the winter flower-room.



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J. J. St. John

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Advertisement for Vaseline Petroleum Jelly. Includes illustration of a woman and child, and text describing its benefits for skin conditions like sunburn, chapped skin, and cracked heels. Mentions 'Start a Medicine Chest' and 'Vaseline Petroleum Jelly'.

Vertical advertisements on the right edge of the page, including 'Came for', 'For our store', 'Grave', 'EARLY ALMEIR SUNKIST PEARS', 'P. E. I. T. VALENC', 'Ring 264, v', 'GEORG', 'Now loading', 'Screened', 'NORTH SYDN P. and T. DRES', 'Newfound Com', 'At the premises', 'Ellis M', 'Have that RE', 'STYLE that MEN', 'gnize at a gla', 'they are carefu', 'AILORED by FI', 'CLASS we: men, f', 'the BEST ALL WO', 'ritish Fabrics, and', 'best LONDON', 'NEW YORK-STYL', 'All goods have b', 'arked down to m', 'as drop in prices', 'Order your SPR', 'UIT and OVERCO', 'CHAR', 'Eng. sh', '1302 V', 'arty-Two Th', 'ervice-Th