

THE RUNIANS, GRAY, CARRIE CO.

THE RUNIANS, GRAY, CARRIE CO.

SEMI-ANNUAL CLEARING SALE SPECIALS

HOSIERY.

Not the price only the object sought after. Of course that's a consideration, but quality and fast dye are the principal factors. In our Hosiery section the three are combined—low prices, extra quality and fast dyes. See the choice bargains for Saturday and Monday.

Heavy Ribbed Cotton Hose, fast dye, spliced heel and toe, good for boys' wear. Very special per pair 10c

Ladies' Plain Black Cotton Hose, Hermsdorf dye, lisle finish, spliced feet. Per pair 13c or 2 for 35c

Special Line—Boys' Extra Heavy Ribbed Cotton Hose, spliced seamless feet; worth 25c. Special per pair 20c

Very Heavy Plain Cotton Hose, fast black, sizes 8½, 9, 9½; regular per pair 10c. Special 8c

Children's Fine Black Cotton Hose, Hermsdorf dye, spliced feet, sizes 5 to 8; regular price 13c, 20c and 25c. Special 2 pairs for 25c

Ladies' Summer Weight Cashmere Hose, spliced heel and toe, sizes 8½, 9, 9½; worth 25c pair. Very special 19c

Ladies' Black Cotton Hose, with natural wool sole. Special per pair 25c

Ladies' Black and Tan Fancy Drop Stitch Hose. Special 25c

BLOUSE WAISTS.

Been to the Blouse Waist Section lately? If not, pay us a call. A most tempting lot on display. Prices away down and styles away up. Special values for Saturday and Monday.

Ladies' Summer Blouses in print, percale and gingham; light or dark shades, were from 50c to \$1. To clear, special 49c

Ladies' Muslin Blouses, with white yoke, special at 50c

Ladies' Blouses in dimities, percales and print, broken lines; were from \$1 to \$1.75. Special, each 75c

Ladies' Black Sateen Blouses, good quality, at 49c, 75c and \$1.00

Ladies' Fine White Lawn Blouses, trimmed with insertion and tucks, newest back and collar. Special, each \$1.00

Ladies' Fine White Blouses, fancy muslin, yoke effect, dress sleeves and new collar. Special at \$1.00

Ladies' Fine White Lawn Blouses, lace yoke, plain back. Special value \$1.25

Ladies' Muslin Blouses, in fancy stripes or dot, all colors and sizes, very dainty. To sell, special \$1.00

CORSETS.

We do not confine ourselves to any one particular maker's goods. Ladies do not like to be limited in choice. We have on our shelves the cream of the best makers in the trade, and our prices range from 25c to \$3. Extra values for Saturday and Monday.

Ladies' Summer Corsets, heavy net, with reed filling, sizes 18 to 27. Special per pair 29c

Ladies' Summer Corsets, long waist, heavy net, with girdle of sateen. Special per pair 50c

Ladies' Short Summer Corsets, fine net and sateen, trimmed with lace and ribbon, perfect fit; regular \$1. Special per pair 75c

Ladies' Strong Jean Corsets, filled with heavy cord, good fit; regular 39c. Special per pair 25c

Ladies' Short Corsets, made on French model, perfect fit and finish; regular 75c. Special 50c

Ladies' Long or Short Corsets, solid steel filling, made of heavy jean. Special per pair 75c

P. N. Corsets, steel filling, cork protection under front steel, fit guaranteed. Per pair \$1.00

P. N. Corsets, extra heavy, made with double side steels, suitable for stout figure. Special per pair \$1.25

ENORMOUS RIBBON PURCHASE

2,000 yards of fine All-Silk Ribbon, 40c, 50c and 60c per yard. To be cleared at, per yard 25c

Fine Gros Grain Taffeta and Satin Ribbons, 4 to 7 inches wide, all shades, and white and black. On sale now, at per yard 25c

All-Over Lace at Half Price.

White All-Over Lace for yokes, 18 inches wide, newest guipure designs, 50c quality. For, per yard 25c

WHITEWEAR.

Ladies' Cotton Drawers, trimmed with tucks; special per pair 20c

Ladies' Fine Cotton Drawers, trimmed with tucks and embroidery; special 25c

Ladies' Heavy English Cotton Gowns, trimmed with cotton lace, good width; sizes from 36 to 60 inches. Special value 50c

Ladies' Heavy Cotton Gown, trimmed with embroidery. Special 75c

Ladies' Fine Lonsdale Gown, Hubbard style, square neck, trimmed with Lonsdale frills, regular \$1. Special, each 75c

Ladies' Fine Lonsdale Gowns, Empire style, trimmed, insertion and embroidery. Special, each \$1.00

Ladies' Fine White Skirts, muslin umbrella frill, trimmed with tuck-on lace, very wide, regular \$1. Friday only 75c

Ladies' Fine Skirts, muslin umbrella frill, edged with embroidery, all lengths. Special, each \$1.00

Ladies' Fine Cotton Corset Covers, trimmed with cotton lace; good fit. Special, each 19c

Ladies' Lonsdale Corset Covers, trimmed with embroidery, extra quality. Special, each 25c

Ladies' Lonsdale Corset Covers, yoke of insertion and tucks, trimmed with embroidery. Very special, each 40c

UNDERWEAR.

Ladies' Summer Vests, with short sleeves, worth 7c. Special each 5c

Ladies' Vests, half bleached, with or without sleeve, lace trimmed. Special 2 for 25c

Ladies' White Vests; with short sleeve, lace and ribbon trimmed, nicely finished. Special, each 15c

Ladies' Sleeveless Vests, with lace strap. Special, each 25c

Ladies' Fancy Undervests, in Lisle thread 60c to \$2.75

Ladies' Summer Weight Silk and Wool Vests, sleeveless, very fine. Special, each 65c

THE RUNIANS, GRAY, CARRIE CO.

208, 210, 210 1-2, 212 Dundas Street, London, Ont.

LITTLE VIXEN

She gazed at him, appalled by his passionate outburst; but he continued unheeding.

"Mother, you know I despised her in the days when she was only Lettie Jarvis, the vain, arrogant daughter of the old gardener, and her accession to fortune has in no way changed my regard for her. If she had been other than she is, I might have loved her; but I shrink more and more from the thought of linking my life with that of one whom I can never love. Is there no way to save me from this horrible marriage? Believe me, I care nothing for Cedarhurst; it would not count a feather's weight against my love for Dawn Douglas!"

"You are mad, indeed," she cried, bitterly. "Oh, I can hesitate no longer. You must hear all, know all, that we have risked for your sake, then you will understand that there is no retreat from your marriage with Aurora Douglas! Retreat, did I say? Great heaven, it is a mercy to you, a blessing that the girl took an unreasoning fancy to your handsome face, otherwise your father, who dared so much for your sake, must occupy a felon's cell!"

"Mother!" He sprang up, pale and startled, and faced her. Then she poured forth the story concealed from him all this time—the story of Mrs. Douglas' long imprisonment in the ruined wing at Cedarhurst, her escape and her intention to prosecute her faithless guardian for his wicked betrayal of trust—all of which she had promised to forego for her daughter's sake if she married Tracy Tempest.

"Now, you know all," she said bitterly. "We loved you so well that we trampled on the rights of others for your sake, hoping to escape the penalty of our sin. But a day of reckoning dawned unforeseen, and now it lies in your power alone to save us or ruin us. Now break your troth with Aurora Douglas, and her mother will take vengeance as she wishes to do. But—throw your father into prison, and break your mother's heart if you will—yet—will the proud, boastful Dawn Douglas, with a hundred noble suitors at her feet, turn from him to clasp a dishonored hand, a hand that has been lifted to betray his gray-haired parents to shame? Will she indeed do this, my son? And even were she fond enough, weak enough, could you bear to thus drag her down?"

The hoarse, excited cry came to a pause, and she fell back, pale and exhausted, in her chair. He stood before her, pale as a marble statue, his eyes staring in horror, his brow beaded with great drops of sweat, his lips where they showed beneath the line of his dark mustache drawn and livid. Had a dagger pierced his heart, he could not have looked more deathlike. Reeling down upon his knees by her sofa again, he muttered hollowly:

"Then my doom is written! There is no repeal! Death to heaven it were the doom of death instead!"

CHAPTER XXXIII.

"I am romantic," said Dawn Douglas, "I believe in 'all for love and the world well lost.'"

One at least of the group surrounding her believed the same. He said to himself that only to gain her all else were well lost.

But when he felt her gaze upon him his dark cheek flushed and his eyes fell. He knew that the shaft was meant for him—for him who must turn traitor to his heart and wed for gold.

She was holding a little court upon

the sands, this princess of beauty who held his heart—there were Duval, Wentworth and another young soldier, Capt. Langdon, besides Lindsay Greville, and his Damon in the form of Herbert Arden. And there was Tracy Tempest. Indeed, there was always Tracy Tempest. Col. Duval, who did not relish it much, declared that Tempest had vowed Ruth's vow.

"Where she goes I will go!" The author and the artist had only come today, and Tempest's dogged devotion displeased them as much as it did Col. Duval. They were dismayed when they found that he was not married yet.

"And he has had three weeks with her while we dawdled away time in Washington. 'Pon my honor, I should have let my chapters go if I had known it, and come to the rescue," the author said to his sister.

"Nonsense, Lindsay. He can do nothing but make eyes at her, after all. He is engaged to the heiress of Cedarhurst, you know," she replied, lightly.

"Engaged, yes. But 'there's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip,'" gloomily.

Petty Mrs. Elmore answered sagely. "If you mean that Tracy may throw his fiancée over for this new face, I answer that he cannot afford to do so. He is obliged to marry money to keep up his extravagant tastes and habits contracted before the claimants at Cedarhurst appeared."

Greville watched her keenly when he formed one of the gay group that surrounded her that evening on the sands, where they were watching the glorious sun sink below the level of the sea.

He saw what others saw, that her glances and her smiles for Tracy were just a little different from those she gave the rest—a little different and a little sweeter.

"Is it coquetry or love?" he asked himself in dismay.

They were making a lion of him—they talked to him of his novels, the clever creations of his fancy, and quite naturally the drift of the conversation was of romance—the romance of love.

"I am romantic," said Dawn; "I believe in 'all for love and the world well lost.'"

Capt. Langdon smilingly replied:

"It is charming in a novel, Miss Douglas, but in real life, you know, when poverty comes in at the door, love flies out of the window."

"I do not believe it," said she, frankly.

Her blue eyes wandered to the sea in that absent way they had, and she continued lightly:

"Love and riches may both take wing, you know, Capt. Langdon. Let us suppose another case; suppose one married for riches, and riches flew out of the window?"

"Confusion!" he answered, laughing.

"Both may happen, but the latter is far more likely to happen," said Dawn with her pretty meditative air. "One may spend gold, but how can one spend love? You know the poet says:

"Love grows by what it feeds on."

She felt Tracy Tempest's dark eyes on her face; but she would not meet their burning gaze. More than once she had met them, full of silent misery, and her heart had ached for his pain.

She rose to go, and he was quickly by her side. Everyone tacitly made way for him, as if it were his right.

They walked on, side by side, along the level sands towards the Hygeia. Dawn stole one look at his face, and met his dark eyes full.

He said quickly:

"Miss Douglas, when I was a lad at college the boys used to say that it was unfair to hit a fellow when he was down."

The full white lids drooped over her eyes, and she blushed warmly:

"You mean," she said, and paused.

"I mean that you were cruel in some

of the things you said just now. Of course, all the fellows know you aimed at me. My pending marriage de convenience has afforded much gossip at the Hygeia this season—but really it was the first time he had spoken to her of his engagement with Lettie. Her heart beat fiercely, jealously; all the womanhood within her exulted at the thought that his heart was her own.

"Yes," she said with outward quietude.

"Let us walk out on the pier. The sea is beautiful from there, and I—I must speak to you, Miss Douglas," he said in strong agitation.

[To be Continued.]

SUNDAY SCHOOLS

Annual Convention of the Lobo Township Association.

Interesting Addresses and a Paper on "Qualifications for Effective Teaching."

The ninth annual convention of Lobo Township Sunday School Association was held in the Disciples' Church, Poplar Hill on the 14th inst. The local pastor, Rev. J. H. Coulhard, conducted the devotional exercises, which opened the first session at 2 p.m. They consisted in a word of welcome to the workers in the cause throughout the township now convened, prayers for wisdom in the deliberations for the success of this convention, the singing of hymns, and reading of a portion of Scripture, with appropriate comments thereon. The remarks of the president, Mr. James McArthur, teemed with wholesome advice to the teachers.

The report of the last convention, made by the retiring secretary, Miss Maggie Sinclair, was read by the acting secretary, Mrs. Ella Zavitz.

In the statistical report of the schools nothing unusual is noted. Each school seems to continue on the even tenor of its course.

The only paper presented to the convention was read by Edgar M. Zavitz, the rest being addresses. One address was given by Mr. John Morrison, of London, on "The demands of the scholar upon the teacher." The first demand of the child is to find its relationship to God. Childhood is the most impressionable period in life, and any incompleteness that happens to the soul then goes on eternally. Do not neglect the regeneration of the child. A little effort may save it then, while a desperate struggle may not afterwards.

The second demand is that of the Bible as the guide-book. Aside from its unique spiritual truths, the Bible supercedes all other books. Bible teachers should be systematic. In this the teacher has the aid of the International Lesson system, which covers the whole Bible every seven years, and it is an added inspiration to know that 25,000,000 pupils are studying the same portion of God's truth on the same Sabbath. The third demand is the development and training of the intellectual side. Keep the boy or girl from cultivating a kelp for light, trashy, poisonous literature, by supplying that which is sweet, pure and wholesome. Many of our criminals become so through the want of guidance in their early reading. To sum it all up, let each teacher possess the conviction that he is to help Christ to save the world.

The first address of the evening session was by Rev. E. J. Stobo, Poplar Hill, on "The Divine Teacher Our Model." The style of Jesus' discourses was

more that of the teacher than that of the preacher. In the first place, he is our model in regard to spirit. Only as we can catch his spirit will we be successful. He was wonderfully sympathetic. Only as you love your scholars will you be enabled to lead them to Christ. He was wonderfully patient, giving line upon line, precept upon precept; therefore the teacher must also be patient. He must be convinced of the truth himself; then he can "speak with authority."

His teaching must be practical. Religion is to color the whole life; its finale is character. To be more successful the teacher should employ the Socratic method. Lecturing is not teaching. As we said, Jesus did not preach, but he taught. He used the conversational method. He taught by questions and illustrations. So should every teacher strive to do. Then Christ should be our model as to aim. He came to give men a true conception of God—to reveal God to men.

The other address of the evening was given by Rev. S. J. Farmer, of Petrolia, on "How to increase spiritual results in Sabbath school work." His efficiency in this institution for amusement, but by its spiritual results, and these results are bringing the children to a personal knowledge of the Saviour. The spiritual truth of the Bible, and thus become acquainted with the conditions and laws on which salvation depends. The teacher should give each lesson an honest preparation, should have an abundance of patience, and has his daily walk should be consistent with his profession. If we do our part, rest assured that the great God will do his part of the work.

The question drawn was ably conducted by Rev. Mr. Marshall. A great variety of important questions were handed in, which showed that the audience were of the thinking class and had been deeply interested.

Both sessions were pleasantly interspersed by the singing of hymns, led by the efficient choir of the church. A junior choir, trained by Miss Kellar, rendered in an admirable manner some of the pieces.

The two sessions a beautiful and bountiful repast was spread on tables prepared on the lawn, where the needs of the physical man were duly attended to. Thanks are due the young men and maidens that administered in this department. The rest of the time was pleasantly and, we might add, profitably spent in friendly sociability. This feature, though a by-product, may, like other by-products, net the greatest clear gain for the spirit of unity and love.

The convention accepted the invitation to meet next year at the Friends' meeting-house, Coldstream.

THE PAPER.

"Qualifications for Effective Teaching."

The first qualification that one requires to enable him to teach effectively, or to teach at all is, of course, knowledge. One cannot give what he has not got. Yet one must not think that he knows so much that there is nothing more worth knowing. That condition would be fatal to his own and his pupils' advancement. He needs a naturally unqualified but the ability of adapting, accompanied with the desire to adapt it to the various needs of the individuals in his or her class. A person may be blessed with an abundance of knowledge and yet be naturally unqualified to impart it. We have no quarrel with such a one. We simply drop him out of the teaching staff and console him by making him superintendent. But the man of knowledge who fails to impart it, because he is centered in self, and who does not know that knowledge unused becomes useless, and who will not learn that the more one gives of this commodity the more he has, and if he will not be

cured of this egotism, he is fit neither for teacher nor superintendent. He himself has one of the fundamentals yet to learn.

To be effective as a teacher one must have an interest in others. Jesus spent his life in going about doing good. His own center of being was for the time in the soul of his suffering sister or brother. And we cannot do better than to strive to imitate the great model held up before the world these nineteen centuries. He has never been surpassed or equalled, or even approached during all these ages. His success as a healer of the physical malady, as well as of the soul's sins is due to his deep, unselfish, penetrating sympathy. Make your pupils feel that you have an interest in them, and you hold the key to their hearts.

Hand in hand with sympathy goes charity, without which words are as tinkling cymbals. All minds at all times hold preconceived ideas, and no matter how erroneous these be, they are dearly cherished. Win the worshiper from these idols by presenting the fairer forms of truth. Make credibility to wane by strengthening the reasoning powers, for the truth is very reasonable as well as very simple. The theologian may become bewildered, but to the simple mind the truth is plain. Jesus on one occasion said: "I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, because thou hast hid these things from the wise and learned, and hast revealed them unto babes."

Along with interest in others comes punctuality. This may seem a trifling matter, but not so. If the members of my class do not come regularly, I feel that they are not interested, and that is a source of discouragement. If I should get careless in this respect they would feel, and justly, too, that I was not interested in the work and in them, and when that feeling gains ground you may as well throw up the sponge.

Along with interest in others comes promise. That last half-hour doze on Sunday morning may stand between success and failure. Mighty concerns swing sometimes on little hinges. Be sure they swing the right way when you stand at the helm of fate. You have in your charge the training of young minds for the kingdom, the development of spiritual life in youthful souls. Have you, brother and sister teachers, a justly profound sense of your great responsibility? You are ambassadors in the service of no earthly king, but in the service of the King of Kings.

Finally and supremely have you dedicated yourselves to God, your mind that it may not think evil; your hands, that they may not do wrong; your feet, that they may not lead you astray; your tongue, that it may not speak ill of any; your heart, that it may not harbor hate; your whole being, that it may not be the home ofanness. That implies have you crucified selfishness, annihilated lust, toned down your ambition, curtailed your pride, purified your pleasures, checked your greed and dishonesty, stamped out ill-will, envy and jealousy, learned to control your passions, your thirst and appetite, have you uttered triumphantly in the severe and supreme sense of temptation, "Get thee hence Satan, for it is written, 'Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God and him only shalt thou serve?'" If this is your condition you stand in the sunlight of God's presence and you reflect his beams. Like the moon, you have no light of your own. If you think to trust in your own powers you will fall utterly. But placing yourselves in God's everlasting light your reflection of that light will be as everlasting.

Have you ever thought what made the difference in other's influence over you? The presence of some, you have noticed, is depressing, is like the chill from an iceberg that floats nearby,

while the presence of another brings back the warm sunshine, and how we enjoy their company. There is love in their voice, there is sweetness in their smile, there is a thrill of ecstasy in their handshake. A moment under their spell blesses us all day long. Whoever you get to teach in your Sabbath school don't choose the one that has an iceberg in the heart. Tender plants won't flourish in the vicinity of an iceberg. Some night a chill will come out of this blighting blast, and you will catch the tender plants, and on the morrow they will droop, and the great sun-god himself cannot revive them. Choose rather for your teacher, though perhaps inferior in the wisdom of this world, in intellect, in fashionable aims and in fine clothes, but choose the one with God's sunshine in her soul.

There is a subtle influence that emanates from the soul of every man and of every woman that is more convincing than words, and that tells a truer tale. According as the soul is good or bad it blesses or it blasts. The lying tongue cannot conceal, fine clothes cannot cover up the poisonous exhalations of a crafty heart. Likewise words fail to express half the beneficent influences that silently and imperceptibly emanate from a pure soul. There is going forth continually to the class from such a teacher inspiring influence for good, just as from the sweet-smelling woodbine and aromatic rose there is distilled an odor that sweetens all the air around it. Like Jesus, such persons are mediators between man and God, sent out from their home in the bosom of the Father to uplift the fallen, to direct the wayward, and by virtue of love's magnetism woo them back to the fold. There is a power for good in a virtuous heart, inspired of God, beyond the conception of our weak and doubting minds.

Brother and sister teachers, whatever be our creed, we stand today side by side with a single aim and in the service of one common Master. All plans and methods in the Sabbath school work, even the best, are more or less human, and therefore more or less imperfect and ineffectual. The object of these yearly gatherings is to perfect those plans. I have given you here the result of my own meager experience, my own guessing at the inscrutable wisdom of God. Take of it what will do you good; look charitably upon the rest. God does not give us all to see alike, but he has love enough to fill every soul, and enough left for every soul to bask in here and hereafter.

Can You Tell Why

you have constant headaches, are nervous and sleepless at night and feel tired in the morning? Your blood isn't carrying the right materials to your nerves and other organs. Begin taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, the great blood enricher, and you will soon realize a change. You will feel better and stronger, will relish your food and enjoy refreshing sleep.

Nausea, indigestion are cured by Hood's Pills.

W. K. Vanderbilt's automobile has made 20 miles in 30 minutes. Graduates of a Concordia (Kan.) school chose as a class motto: "Beyond this lie the washtub and the saw-buck."

Will Work at Night.

Countless thousands have found a blessing to the body in Dr. King's New Life Pills, which positively cure Constipation, Sick Headache, Dizziness, Jaundice, Malaria, Fever and Ague and all Liver and Stomach troubles. Purely vegetable; never gripe or weaken. Only 25c at W. T. Strong & Co.'s drug store.