

PERRY DAVIS
Painkiller
 The Home Remedy

TAKE IT FOR
CRAMPS—COLIC—DIARRHŒA

APPLY IT FOR
BRUISES—SPRAINS—SORE THROAT

Lord Cecil's Dilemma
 —OR—
The Picnic
 —in—
Woodall Forest

CHAPTER XLV.

Well, compose yourself for another hour, any way. The post does not come in until ten," smiled Gardner. "I am glad to see you are still progressing toward health and strength, and believe it is all owing to the extraordinary tonics to the mind, which have been administered to you in gentle doses. I have another for you this morning, dear boy; and after you have digested it, mum's the word, for the present."

He handed Ada's letter to Hastings, adding:

"It will give you an appetite for breakfast!"

Sir Charles read every word twice over, and the varying expressions of his face would have made the fortune of an artist if he could have transferred them to canvas.

When he had finished, he handed the letter back to his chum, and said, quietly:

"And now?"

"I shall stay here for a few days, and spend Christmas with you. I am in no hurry to kick the other poor beggar out. You will be all right in a few days, and we'll go down to Swinford together."

CHAPTER XLVI.

Sir Charles was made happy by the expected letter from Lady Gladys, notwithstanding the undercurrent of sadness that ran through the four words. She wrote:

"Dear Love—You cannot think how glad and relieved I am to get your dear letter. I was so anxious about you; and about my unhappy father. I did not know that you were ill, and it is strange that Lady Craythorne has not mentioned it, for she is in constant communication with Ada. I began to fear that my letter was lost and I became frightened lest the story

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of my father's crime should fall into other hands.

Oh, my darling, is it not strange how trouble has followed us since our vows were plighted in the White Lady's Bower? Do you think the clouds that lower over us will ever clear away? You say that we are both now free. I am still bound by the shame that hangs about our house. My father may be adjudged a murderer! Is it not horrible? Six months since I was an innocent child. To-day I am a miserable woman. I can hardly believe that Christmas is at hand, and I dread the sound of the bells. "I know that you will come to see me soon; but you must try not to hate my father for the uncomprehending wrong he has done you. His misery and his remorse are awful to witness. He thinks of nothing but me—of his ancient name. I shall pray for your recovery by night and by day, but I will not wish you a merry Christmas—the words mock me so. But for your love to strengthen me, I do not know how I should meet the black fate that is hastening upon us with giant strides.

Yours in life and death.

GLADYS.

Hastings replied to this at considerable length, and sent it to the post. Gardner was also busy with his correspondence until late in the afternoon. Then the young man devoted their attention to making some show of festivity, for the pleasure of the servants if not for themselves. To an Englishman, Christmas is the most important holiday of the year—it is supposed to be a time of good will toward all men. There is merry-making and feasting everywhere.

The Hall was decorated both inside and out, under the old butler's supervision, and everybody regretted that the master's accident had interfered with the many delights that had been anticipated.

A household of guests meant pleasure for all. If there was increased work for the household generally, the servants were well repaid by the money and presents that were always given lavishly at this time of the year.

"This takes me back to the days when Sir Charles was a baby," said the butler, regretfully, to another old servant. "It's a pity all his friends had to be stopped coming. It does my heart good to think of hearing the old walls ring again with laughter and song. And what a prospect, too, for skating! Never been such ice before."

"You don't think he's going to spring a surprise on everybody, do you?" asked the other servant.

(To be continued.)

LADY IRIS' MISTAKE;
 —or the—
Hero of 'Surata'

CHAPTER V.

"Knocked down by rank!" he said to himself. "Who would have thought it of me?"

Mrs. Bardon had placed all her faith and hope in a certain Indian shawl of which she was inordinately proud; some one had told her that the queen had a great penchant for Indian shawls. When Mrs. Bardon donned this shawl, she was accustomed to say with a vapid smile—

"You see I am like the queen; I prefer Indian shawls."

On this her first visit to Chandos the Indian shawl was worn, with a dress of dark purple satin and a whole suite of sapphires. Mrs. Bardon did not trouble herself much about class distinction. She confessed that in a general way she "adored the aristocracy"—and there was an end to it. She enjoyed the good things of this life, and took matters pretty as they came.

Maria Bardon was, herself, simple

and straightforward. Lady Iris liked her at once; the fresh comely face, the honest earnest eyes, the sensitive lips, made their way to her heart. Lady Iris did what was unusual with her; she held out her hand with kindly words, while in her heart she hoped that the girl and herself would be friends.

John Bardon presented himself next. Lady Iris's quick glance took in every detail—the tall figure, with its air of coarse strength and utter want of refinement, the strongly-marked features, the assumed ease of manner, and the hands which no patent soap could whiten. If John Bardon had a weakness in life, it was in respect of fingernails; to his sorrow his were short, queerly shaped, and utterly unmanageable. They were a great trial to him. For the rest, he was well educated, and he tried hard to make himself believe that money was the greatest good. Yet, although he comforted himself with every kind of maxim, he resented with hot bitter passion the fact of his lowly origin.

He was suddenly, morbidly jealous of every aristocrat with whom he came into contact. His heart swelled with bitterness when he thought of his father's well-filled coffers. Of what avail was it to be the son of a millionaire when he was descended from the lowest class? His life was one long fight with fate. He took no simple manly pride in his father's industry and success. Had he viewed the matter rightly, he might have covered all the faults and short-comings of his parents by the evil of respect which it was in his power to fling over them; but no such idea came to him. There was but one hope for him, and it was that he should marry well—"marry birth," as he expressed it, and not money. He would have money, and perhaps by letters-patent he might take the name of his wife, and so forget the coal-and-iron phase of existence altogether. Even as he looked at Lady Iris's lovely face, and noted the queenly grace of her manner, the idea occurred to him—here, above all others, was the one woman who could save him, the woman who had all that he valued and which he himself had not—a noble name, a long line of ancestors, and every honor that noble birth could give. He looked from her to the golden scroll and read the words, "Held with honor."

John Bardon stood bowing before the Lady Iris Farnes. No friendly hand was held out to him. The clear brilliant eyes had read his character; the place that he merited. They—and it was almost impossible to avoid it—came a slight pause—very slight, still long enough to make Lord Caledon uneasy, and he rushed into conversation with Mr. Bardon the elder. Lady Iris resigned herself to her fate; the interview would last twenty minutes at least, and she must endure it. Mrs. Bardon saved her the trouble of making conversation.

"You will go up to town of course this season, Lady Iris?" said the good woman as she unstayed her magnificent Indian shawl.

"I hope so, Mrs. Bardon," replied the clear sweet voice. "I look forward to it with pleasure."

"That was something the millionaire's wife could understand, her face brightened.

(to be continued.)

Will To-morrow be Fine?

DON'T WORRY OVER IT—LEARN TO MAKE SURE.

How can you tell if tomorrow will be fine or wet? Well, watch the clouds at sunset. Red in the morning is the sailor's warning; red in the night, the sailor's delight. There is a heap of truth in this old saw.

At the same time notice whether the air is clear or not. In all temperate climates unusual clearness of the atmosphere is followed within twenty-four hours by a change, usually rain. If the clearness continues for more than twenty-four hours look out for a bad storm.

The clouds are the best of all weather signs. Soft looking, delicate clouds are fine weather signs, yet after a fine clear spell the first indication of change is little, curly wisps of cloud, which slowly increase. Then a haze of soft cloud obscures the blue, then when that happens you may make up your mind that rain is coming.

The higher and more distant the formations, the more time you have in which to get home, or provide yourself with a shelter.

Small, ink-looking clouds will sometimes appear in the weather and drift across the sky as the very worst signs imaginable. They portend heavy rain.

Sometimes, aerie, you will notice high clouds crossing the sky in a direction opposite from those nearer to the arth. This means that the wind is changing, and when you see such clouds coming, and when you see such clouds coming from the southwest, after a spell of fine easterly weather, you may take it as fairly certain that the weather is going to break.

The wind itself tells you a lot. If it backs, for example, from west to southwest, look out for warmer, wetter weather. If it veers from west to north, the next day should be finer but cooler.

Power From Poison.

It is not always easy to understand that invisible things have weight. The atmosphere, for instance, though invisible, presses on everything with a weight of nearly fifteen pounds to every square inch. More surprising still is the fact that for every ton of iron ore drawn from a blast furnace more than five tons invisible gas escapes from the top of the furnace. Some large blast furnaces make 350 tons of iron per day, this means that something like two thousand tons of invisible gases have also been produced in the same time.

Of this enormous amount of gas no less than six hundred tons is carbon monoxide—the deadly gas which has caused so many "gas tragedies" during the last year or so. Carbon monoxide, in fact, is the most valuable ingredient in the mixture.

Waste Which Works.

Formerly all this gas was allowed to burn to waste at the top of the furnace; but now, like scores of other "waste products," it is used, partly for burning under boilers and so generating steam, and partly for heating up the air before it is forced into the furnace. In the most modern works the gas from the blast furnaces is cleaned and used to drive large gas-engines, but whatever use is made of it, the final result is that nearly all of the poisonous carbon monoxide is changed into carbon dioxide—the gas that gives the "tingle" to the soda-water. The gas-engines drive electric generators which, in turn, supply the power for operating the whole of the machinery in the works, amounting, perhaps, to thousands of horse-power.

So, for every ton of iron made, five tons of invisible gas are produced, a large proportion of which is a deadly poison. Modern science has not only been able to render this practically harmless, but has also made it do useful work in the process.

Cold Boiling Water.

The recent magnificent attempt to scale the summit of Mount Everest re-opens interest in the various methods by which heights can be ascertained.

The instrument which is used by the majority of mountaineers is the aneroid. This instrument has no mercury, but depends on a mechanical contraction of a thin metal plate for its method of registering the air pressure measurement.

Ordinary mercurial barometers were also carried by the Mount Everest expedition, and the readings obtained from them were used to check the figures given by the aneroid.

Another method, which might be described as an unorthodox way for a party to discover their altitude above sea-level, is to determine the temperature at which water will boil. Water, owing to a curious phenomenon of the atmosphere, boils at about one degree (Fahr) for every 530 ft. climbed.

An instrument called a hypsometer, or boiling point thermometer, registers the boiling point at any altitude reached, and therefore indirectly registers as well the height above sea-level.

The fact that the boiling point of water changes at varying altitudes, leads to many very strange situations. It is possible for the pressure of the air to be reduced by mountain climbing until the boiling point is at the same level as the freezing point.

In parts of South America there are monasteries on the mountain's sides, at heights of 10,000 to 11,000 ft., where water boils so quickly that it does not get hot enough to cook meat, potatoes, or other foods.

Fortunately, at that height human beings do not feel the urgent need for food felt at lower altitudes. During the last few days necessary for the final rush to a peak, such as Mount Everest, the mountaineers only require a little soup, chocolate, or biscuits.

Fashion Plates.

The Home Dressmaker should keep a Catalogue Scrap Book of our Pattern Cuts. These will be found very useful to refer to from time to time.

A FINE WARM WEATHER GARMENT.

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A PLEASING APRON DRESS.

3821. This model supplies the place of a house dress and is adapted for all house keeping activities. It is comfortable and simple, checked or striped gingham with plique for the facings would be good for this style. Voile, percale, poplin, cotton crepe, chambray, linen and unbleached muslin are also good for this style.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: Small, 34-36; Medium, 38-40; Large, 42-44; Extra Large, 46-48 inches bust measure. A Medium size will require 5 yards of 36 inch material.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. in silver or stamps.

FACE DISFIGURED NINE MONTHS

Itched and Hard Pimples Broke Out. Cuticura Heals.

"My face and neck all broke out in a mass of nasty pimples. My face used to itch and then hard pimples would break out and fester over. They itched and burned dreadfully at times, and my face was badly disfigured for about nine months.

"I tried different remedies without any effect. I saw an advertisement for Cuticura Soap and Ointment and sent for a few samples. It helped me so much that I bought more, and after using two boxes of Cuticura Soap and two boxes of Cuticura Ointment I was healed." (Signed) Miss Estelle E. Cruickshank, Lower Caladonia, Nova Scotia.

Give Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Cream the care of your skin.

NOTE—Owing to the continual advance in price of paper, wages, etc., we are compelled to advance the price of patterns to 15c. each.

Billions to Winner In Soviet Lottery.

CHANCES ONLY COST HALF MILLION EACH—2,000,000 TICKETS.

MOSCOW, Aug. 11.—The poorest Russian now has a chance of becoming a millionaire. The world's greatest lottery—in paper money—has just been launched by the Russian Government for the benefit of its famine areas, with a first prize of 30,000,000,000 roubles, or \$7500.

The tickets are better printed than last year's bank notes and have the signature of President Kalinin. They sold at the number of 2,000,000. The drawing will be held in Moscow, Oct. 1.

McGuire's Ice Cream is ready for delivery. Wholesale only. Phone 794.—last.

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 NOW SHOWING.

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 About 30 only, in Brown, Navy and Grey
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 25 Cases

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