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FOR A DRESSING GOWN — PRINTED COCHECO, heavy cloth, full width, fast colors, very pretty pattern, floral designs. Regular price 15c. **Today's reduced price..... 12½¢**

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ENGLISH CAMBRIC PRINTS—Good quality, fine cloth. Two hundred patterns to select from. Warranted fast colors. Regular price 15c. **Today's reduced price..... 12½¢**

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FRENCH-MADE, ALL-WOOL FLANNELS — 27 inches wide, stripe and checks, suitable for children's wear; pretty, bright colorings, warranted not to shrink or fade. Regular price 40c. **Today, reduced price.....25¢**

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SCOTTA WOOLLA FLANNEL—Six patterns, all checks, pure wool and unshrinkable. Nice range of patterns and colors. 29 inches wide. Regular price 50c. **Today, reduced price.....32¢**

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ALL-WOOL ENGLISH FANCY SHIRTING FLANNELS—All stripes. The best quality made. 30 inches wide. 20 patterns to select from. Warranted not to shrink. Regular price 75c. **Today, reduced price.....55¢**

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INDIA FLANNELS—29 inches wide, warranted not to shrink; stripes, checks and plain. A very pretty range of patterns and colors. Regular price 35c. **Today, reduced price.....25¢**

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CHEVIOT ALL-WOOL INVISIBLE CHECK DRESS GOODS—Cinnamon, brown and black, cardinal, gold and black, purple, black and brown; 46 inches wide. Regular price 75c. **Today, reduced price..50¢**

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WOOL AND CAMELSHAIR, SMALL CHECK, black ground, heliotrope combination, navy ground golden brown combination, navy ground green combination; made in France. Goods that will wear well. 44 inches wide. Regular price 90c. **Today, reduced price.....50¢**

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FOR A WINTER SUIT ALL-WOOL SCOTCH TWEED, small patterns, grays and browns, 54 inches wide, Scotch made. Regular price $1 00. **Today, reduced price.....50¢**

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THE GUARDED SECRET

"Where?" cried Effie, with painful anxiety.

"Where?" asked Max, with boyish curiosity.

But to all of these anxious questions and the more anxious looks that accompanied them, Aline Rodney answered not a word.

Her dark head still rested against her father's breast, and one arm was drawn lovingly around his neck. There was a smile of ineffable joy and peace on her face, but at Mrs. Rodney's reference to the little room and the wound a look of wonder came into the dark-blue eyes.

"Mamma, who has told you all that?" she exclaimed.

"We have heard it all from Dr. Anthony, who dressed your wound that night," cried Mrs. Rodney. "Oh, Aline, who was it that wounded you so cruelly, my dear, and where were you, and why did you not send for me?"

A look of sorrow and regret flashed over the sweet, white face.

"Mamma, I cannot tell you," answered Aline.

They gazed at her in amazement. What was this? Aline not to tell where she had been these three months! What could she possibly mean?

"Aline, darling, you do not perhaps understand your mother. She is asking you where you have been. You must tell her, my child," said Mr. Rodney, gently.

Aline answered him in the same words.

"Papa, I cannot tell her."

Something very like anger came momentarily into Mr. Rodney's kind face as he looked down into the sweet young face that lay nestled lovingly against his arm.

"No more willfulness, Aline," he said, almost sternly. "You have run away from us and caused us a lot of anxiety and sorrow. You have almost broken my heart, and your mother has been near to death's door. You do not deserve that we should receive you back with so much love and forgiveness. But now that we have done so you must be frank and explicit with us. You must tell us where you have hidden yourself so securely from us while we have been seeking you everywhere at so great an expense and trouble, to say nothing of our sorrow and anxiety."

"Papa, it does not matter where I have been so that you have me back again, safe and secure," cried simple Aline.

She could not understand the dark frown that clouded his brow.

"It matters everything," he declared. "What new whim possesses you, Aline, that you should deny us this? Do you not suppose that we should be anxious over your whereabouts after hearing all that we have done?"

"I cannot understand who has told you so much, papa," said the girl in wonder.

Mr. Rodney made a sign to Dr. Anthony. He came forward into the range of Aline's vision.

"Doctor," said Mr. Rodney, "do you recognize my daughter as the wounded girl whom you attended in the mysterious blue room?"

Aline gazed in wonder at the strange face as it looked down upon her. She rather liked its expression, it was so cheery and handsome, with its brown eyes, brown mustache, regular features and expression of good nature.

He looked steadily and admiringly at the beautiful young face.

"I could swear to her identity," he said, firmly. "It is the face of the wounded girl in the mysterious blue-room."

"I have never seen you before," cried Aline. "How do you know these things which you assert?"

He smiled. Aline could find no fault with that smile. It was so kind and reassuring. He answered pleasantly:

"You have never seen me, Miss Aline, because I wore a mask when I dressed your wound that night. But I remember your face distinctly." He turned to Mr. Rodney. "May I tell her the story of that night?" he asked.

Mr. Rodney answered, "Yes."

Aline lay listening, with dilated eyes, to his strange story.

"I was full of sympathy for you," he said. "I felt quite sure that there was something wrong. I did not like the strangeness of it all. I have tried again and again to find your strange prison, that I might rescue you from your bondage. I have been your friend ever since that night. If anyone has maltreated you, Miss Aline — if you have been detained in that strange house against your will, tell me where to find the wretch and I will punish him for you."

"You are very kind, but I have nothing to say," Aline answered in a low voice of unconscious regret.

He looked at her in surprise.

"Do you mean to make a secret of it?" he asked her, in his clear, frank way

"Yes," she answered calmly, and looking straight into his face with her blue, resolute eyes.

"But my dear, young lady, why should you do that?" he said, perplexed.

"That is my own affair," she answered, with something of her old imperious temper rising in her voice. "My business cannot concern you—a stranger. I consider that you are talking to me in a very impertinent fashion."

Mr. Rodney put his hand hastily over the willful red lips.

"Your temper is not improved by your sojourn away from us," he said in a tone of marked displeasure. "Listen, Aline; this gentleman is not to be treated as a stranger by you. He is a valued friend, and, moreover, he is engaged to your sister Effie. He will be your brother, but I hope you will never cause him as much anxiety as you have done the rest of us."

Aline put out her white hand frankly to the doctor.

"I congratulate you," she said. "Effie is the dearest girl in the world."

"So I think," said Dr. Anthony, frankly, adding, gaily: "I think a great deal of you, too, Miss Aline, since but for you I might never have seen your sister."

They all laughed. Aline made up her mind that he would be a charming brother-in-law.

"I should say that my running away has proved quite advantageous to the family," said she, archly, as she kissed the blushing Effie.

She thought that everyone would agree with her. She could not understand why they all looked so grave. She had been brought up so simply and innocently in this quiet country town she had no knowledge of evil.

"Why do you all look so grave?" said she, pettishly. "If you aren't glad to see me, perhaps I had better go back where I came from."

"Where did you come from, Aline?" exclaimed her father.

"You dear, curious old papa, I sha'n't tell you," replied Aline, with her merry laugh that sounded like music.

"You are jesting, Aline, but it is not an appropriate subject for a joke," said her father. "Come, dear, I do not like to be kept in suspense. I am waiting to hear why you ran away from us, and where you went."

She lifted her head from his arm and looked up into his face with her bright, wide-open eyes. She saw that he was not jesting, that he was in intense earnest. She was inclined to resent his curiosity, as she termed it to herself.

"Really, papa, I cannot imagine why you make such a fuss over it," she cried, with all the freedom of a spoiled child. "I should think you already knew why I went away. It was because I didn't wish to stay in that hot, stuffy chamber all day while you were enjoying yourselves at the picnic. So I went out for a little while. I meant to return directly, but——" she stopped short, and a sudden flush mounted to her white forehead.

"And why did you not return, Aline?" her mother cried out quickly. "What reasons did you have for staying?"

"I had the very strongest of reasons, mamma," said the girl, and now they saw that she was half-laughing, half-crying. "The very strongest reasons, for I could not return."

"But why, dear?" asked Effie, leaning on her lover's arm and looking deeply interested.

"And, 'why, why!'—how you all do ring the changes on that one word!" cried Aline, in pretty petulance. "When I say that I do not mean to tell you, why cannot you leave me alone?"

She was in the most palpable earnest. They all saw that. They did not know what to say to her. She was so childlike, so innocent, she could not understand why it was really so necessary that she should explain her absence to them.

"Tell me one thing, Aline, my darling," said her father, coaxingly. "How did you get out of your locked room?"

She locked her white hands around his arm and looked up into his face. There was a deep, warm, color on her face, and her eyes were misty as with tears that she bravely held back.

"Papa, darling," she said, with a sudden quiver in her fresh young voice, "do not be angry with me, dear. Indeed, indeed, I do not want to be naughty or willful or unkind to you. But I cannot tell you how I left my room that day any more than I can tell you how I came back to you tonight."

There was a dead silence. Aline did not know how strangely her words sounded to them all. She did not know that there was anything so strange and reprehensible in her silence. She did not realize that she was no longer a child, but a woman, every day of whose life should lie fair and open like a spotless page to everyone.

Her father put her suddenly out of his arms into a chair by his side.

"Aline, you are tired tonight. Perhaps you will tell us your story tomorrow," he said, half-inquiringly.

"Neither tonight nor tomorrow, papa," she replied, in a vaguely troubled tone, for she began to feel alarmed at their persistency. "No, nor ever!"

"Do you realize what you are saying, Aline?" Mr. Rodney inquired, in a strange, measured tone, and gazing deliberately into her grave, sweet perfectly frank blue eyes.

"Yes, papa, I realize it," she replied, innocently.

"You will stain the whiteness of your life, of your young womanhood, with a secret at whose nature no one can guess—you will deliberately place yourself under a ban. You will not reveal this strange secret even to your parents—do you mean all this, Aline?" he asked, agitatedly.

"Yes, papa, dear," answered Aline.

To Be Continued.

Discouraging Nerve Exhaustion

What is more discouraging and disheartening than trying to cure nervous exhaustion and prostration by means of ordinary treatments? Because you do look sick and are not suffering great pain, and because they cannot realize your feelings of weakness, helplessness and discouragement, your friends fail to show much sympathy for you, and most doctors are simply hepless in the face of exhausted nerves.

Of course, you need not expect Dr. Chase's Nerve Food to work a miracle and cure you in a day or a week, but you can be absolutely sure that you will be benefited, to at least some extent, by every dose of this great restorative that is taken into the system.

The dreadful weakness and helplessness which makes life miserable to you and leads to all sorts of dark forebodings, will gradually and certainly give way to strength and vigor under this treatment, headaches will disappear, your appetite will improve, you will sleep and rest better and you will find that day by day your nervous system is being built up to health and strength.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cents a box, 6 boxes for $2 50, at all dealers or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

Advertiser Patterns

DESIGNED BY MARTHA DEAN.

A SMART LITTLE COAT—4269.

Cape coats are decidedly smart for little people this season, and one that is especially attractive is here shown. The front closes in double-breasted fashion, so that extra warmth is afforded the chest for cold weather. The neck is finished with a high collar, which, together with the deep cape collar, gives quite a military effect. If desired, however, the cape may be omitted and the mandarin band used instead. The coat is not at all difficult to make, and is appropriate for modeling in any of the new coatings. The 6-year size requires 1½ yards of 54-inch cloth.

4269—8 sizes, 3 to 10 years.

The price of this pattern is 10c.

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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 bust 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 necesary 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.

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Nerves Unstrung

You Feel Limp
Loaded With Worry
Unable to Sleep
Tired and Excitable

You'll Grow Steadily Worse Unless the System Is Better Nourished.

Nothing will build you up with the certainty of Ferrozone. Thousands it has cured who never hoped to be well—and here is ample proof—substantiated by one of Nova Scotia's prominent clerics:

"Before taking the first box of Ferrozone," writes Mrs. Annie Jeffry, of Sandy Cove, N. S., "my condition was deplorable. Though I employed the most skillful medical aid, I grew steadily weaker. In fact, I was in such a low condition that it was impossible for me to walk across the room. My heart was very weak and I suffered from terrible palpitations, which the doctors said were from troubles peculiar to women. Friends urged me to try Ferrozone, and I bought six boxes. When I had used the third box, my old-time vigor and strength returned. The palpitation ceased, my appetite increased, and I got a good rosy color in my cheeks. It would be impossible to speak too highly of Ferrozone. All weak women should use it. I hope many suffering sisters will use Ferrozone, for it will surely cure them."

Rev. J. C. Morse, D. D., pastor of the Baptist Church, Sandy Cove, bears witness to the recovery of Mrs. Jeffry, and writes: "This is to certify that Mrs. Annie Jeffry is a lady upon whose word you can depend. I have known her since childhood, and believe her to be a truthful, honest woman." This adds additional force to the testimony of Mrs. Jeffry, and gives assurance to other sufferers that Ferrozone does what is claimed for it. Three weeks' treatment costs 50c, or six boxes for $2 50, at all druggists.

Mexico Special Train.

Advice has been received by the passenger department of the Grand Trunk that the St. Louis-Mexico special train de luxe over the Missouri Pacific and Mexican National lines, will be resumed for the season, leaving St. Louis 10:15 a.m., Tuesdays and Fridays, beginning Tuesday, Dec. 10, and leaving Mexico City 8:30 a.m., Tuesdays and Saturdays, beginning Dec. 14. 3u

DIVORCE CASES STATUS

British Columbia Confident Jurisdiction of Its Court Will Be Upheld.

Vancouver, B. C., Nov. 19.—The full court will immediately hear arguments on the appeal which the Attorney-General has entered against Justice McClement's decision that the British Columbia courts never had jurisdiction in divorce cases. While the Government is confident that the decision will be reversed, divorce legislation will be one of the subjects to be taken up at the next session at Victoria, as it is the Government's intention to create a special divorce court as in England, jurisdiction having always been exercised in British Columbia by all the supreme court judges at the various civil sittings of that court. Meanwhile, if the full court should agree that the province has not and never had jurisdiction, the Government will ask Ottawa to legalize all the divorces that have been granted, as well as the remarriage of divorced persons.

Victoria, unlike Ottawa, takes the matter seriously. The dispatch, supposed to represent the opinion of the department of justice, is about 3,000 miles away from the point. It states that the act of confederation expressly stated that British Columbia should retain all its laws and courts existing at the time of the union, and so would retain its right then exercised to grant divorce, but the real point is, did British Columbia ever have a divorce law, or more technically, did the proclamation of Sir James Douglas, adapting the English law and courts to British Columbia, include the special divorce court of England. The act of union really has no bearing on the question.

THAMESFORD HAPPENINGS

Several Successful Entertainments—Half-Time at Cheese Factory.

Thamesford, Nov. 20.—Our quiet village has been holding a series of entertainments in succession.

The anniversary of the Epworth League of the Methodist Church was held on Sabbath, Dr. Crews, of Toronto, preaching three times in the interest of the league, but more especially to the children in the afternoon, who very materially helped him by their singing. The church was nicely decorated for the occasion in red and white bunting, with their motto, "Look Up; Lift Up." On Monday evening, Dr. Crews gave his celebrated lecture on the "Sunny Side of Life," to a large and appreciative audience and swelling the finances of the league to aid in their laudable work.

On Tuesday evening an old-fashioned teameeting was held in St. Andrew's Church. "The weather was all that could be desired and the programme was varied and well received. After a bounteous supper, which included all the dainties of the season. Donald Sutherland, M. P. P., for North Oxford, one of St. Andrew's own men, ably occupied the chair. The speakers for the evening were Rev. Messrs. Murphy and Agnew, of our village, and Rev. Mr. Bright, of Ingersoll, each of whom was listened to with close attention, as they were full of interest to even the youngest. Solos were rendered by Miss McKenzie, of London; Reeve McCarty, F. O. Kester and W. E. Routledge, of our own town, and as was remarked by the chairman and voiced by the audience —all the singers were at their best, and there was no need of going for outside talent. The church choir also gave some excellent selections. Mr. Alex. Wallace and Mr. S. Hughes, of the Traders' Bank, looked after the finances and report receipts of upwards of $65. Miss McCarty and Mrs. G. A. Hogg accompanied the soloists on the piano.

Miss Moffatt, of London is visiting with her sister, Mrs. Dr. McGougan, for a few days.

Mrs. Wilkie and Miss Dickson have returned to their homes after a two-months' visit at Saskatoon and other places in the Northwest, and speak highly of their entertainment while there.

The cheese factory belonging to Mr. Jenkins only makes cheese every second day on account of the decrease in the supply of milk.

Mr. J. A. McDonald and family have got settled in their new home on Dundas street, and we give them a cordial welcome among us.

Mr. and Mrs. Hunt, of White Oak, spent Sabbath with their daughter, Mrs. (Rev.) Agnew, at the parsonage.

What might have proved a serious accident occurred at the pit on Monday, when Mr. George Carter was thrown headlong from one of the dump wagons. Fortunately he escaped with only a bruised shoulder.

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Easy to Operate

Because purely vegetable—yet thorough, prompt, healthful, satisfactory—

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Roast Beef of Old England

secured its fame through being roasted on an old-fashioned spit before an open fireplace, the meat being constantly surrounded by pure oxygen while cooking.

This supply of oxygen is essential to give the cooked meat its natural, rich, jucy flavor. The oven of the

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is so constructed that a flow of pure, heated oxygen passes through it continually when the Range is in operation.

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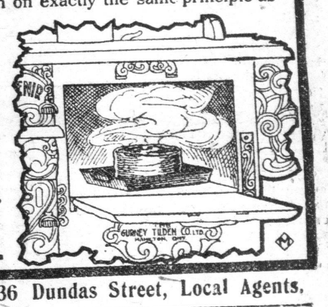

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Through Sleeper to Ottawa.

Commencing Monday, Nov. 25, and continuing until close of Parliament, the Grand Trunk Railway System will run a through Pullman sleeper from Toronto to Ottawa on their 10:15 p.m. train. Secure tickets and make reservations at G. T. R. ticket office. 3c

Every Woman
is interested and should know about the wonderful
MARVEL Whirling Spray
The new Vaginal Syringe. Best—Most convenient. It cleanses instantly.

Ask your druggist for it. If he cannot supply the MARVEL, accept no other, but send stamp for illustrated book—sealed. It gives full particulars and directions invaluable to ladies.
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