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Is the Sauce of the Twentieth Century.
Grocers all over the world are selling it freely.

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A True Diamond

CHAPTER I
She is Expected.

"Till I see her I can't tell what other arrangements must be made. Of course, if Sir Evass had not insisted on taking her in, nothing would have—"

"The carriage had stopped," said Miss Crump nervously, looking out of the window and catching a glimpse of the two prancing bays, who, as they arched their necks, appeared to think themselves extremely condescending for allowing themselves to be attached to a brougham.

"Shall I go and meet Miss Antonia in the hall?"

"Certainly not," said Lady Dove, looking laughingly at the companion, to remind her that she was not to make suggestions.

There was a silence in the large and handsomely-furnished drawing-room, the great windows of which looked out into the park; but the beauty was now blurred by fine mist-like rain. The silence seemed quiet, oppressive to the companion. In spite of herself, she felt inclined to cry because a young creature—perhaps shy and sensitive—was coming to this loveless place. Sir Evass was kind enough; but then Miss Crump never had much to do with him; and a man because he was a man, always frightened the little companion, and made her feel more shy and stupid than she was by nature. Her mind now wandered quickly upstairs to the bedroom and to the sitting-room of the poor relation. She had placed a little bunch of early primroses in a glass on the table, so that something homely might meet the girl's eye; but even

YOUNG WIFE SAVED FROM HOSPITAL

Tells How Sick She Was And What Saved Her From An Operation.

Upper Sandusky, Ohio.—"Three years ago I was married and went to house-keeping. I was not feeling well and could hardly drag myself along. I had such tired feelings, my back ached, I had bladder trouble awfully bad, and I could not eat or sleep. I had headaches, too, and became almost a nervous wreck. My doctor told me to go to a hospital. I did not like that idea very well, so, when I saw your advertisement in a paper, I wrote to you for advice, and have done as you told me. I have taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Liver Pills, and now I have my health.

"If sick and ailing women would only know enough to take your medicine, they would get relief."—Mrs. BENE L. SPANBERY, Route 6, Box 18, Upper Sandusky, Ohio.

If you have mysterious pains, irregularity, backache, extreme nervousness, inflammation, irritation or displacement, don't wait too long, but try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound now.

For thirty years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, has been the standard remedy for female ills, and such unquestionable testimony as the above proves the value of this famous remedy and should give every one confidence.



this kind thought did not bring its own reward, because Miss Crump had suddenly remembered that she did not know at all whether there were any primroses in Australia, or whether it was that Lady Dove's poor relation had passed her youth, anyhow, in the cheerless rooms upstairs, locked a little brighter for the flowers, and she had done all she could. Lady Dove had selected this dull room for the new-comer because it was out of the way and near Miss Crump's sitting-room, and she felt that it might be very necessary to see as little as possible of the girl whom her husband—for once showing firmness in his persecuted life—had determined was to come and live at Aldersfield House.

Suddenly the companion's mind had to return to the upstairs regions to the presence of her employer, who said impatiently:

"What can the girl be doing, Miss Crump, please to ring the bell?"

Before Miss Crump's feeble hand could timidly pull the rope a strange sound was heard in the small adjacent drawing-room. This noise was followed by the bark of a dog, then by the shuffle of feet, then by—Miss Crump positively shuddered—loud merry laughter, then Digging's, the butler, threw the door open and announced, in his usual correct and lugubrious voice:

"Miss Whitburn."

As for Lady Dove, she was nearly paralyzed by the vanguard of sounds she had heard, and from sheer surprise stood up just before there bounded into the room a black and white terrier with a stumpy tail and intelligent countenance. He had evidently escaped from his mistress' arms, and not quite understanding the geography of the new place, had rushed through the first aperture which he could find, this being the space between Digging's respectful legs. This action on the dog's part nearly caused the stately butler to fall at Lady Dove's feet. Such a fearful catastrophe was only avoided by Digging's wonderful presence of mind, and equally extraordinary power of balancing himself, so that it was only with a strange and very amusing slip forward that the butler brought out the words, "Miss Whitburn."

It almost looked as if the dog was the individual announced; but then a girlish figure appeared, and a young laughing voice was heard ringing out loud and clear from behind Mr. Digging's—

"Oh, Trick! Trick! you naughty dog! Come here at once. Oh, dear, how funny that was! Where is Aunt Dove? Which is Aunt Dove?" for suddenly Miss Crump, being nearest to the new apparition, felt herself seized and kissed before she could struggle backwards in order to leave the owner of that terrible title in full sight.

"Trick had now sought refuge under the sofa, only keeping his head just protruding from under the valence. This trill surrounded his shaggy ears like the nightcap of Red Riding Hood's wolf-grandmother.

"I am Lady Dove," almost gasped the owner of the title, as she gazed at her husband's half-niece. Then, remembering herself, she said to Digging's.

"Digging's, bring in tea at once, Antonia, are you—a—"

Only Miss Crump knew what a storm was raging in Lady Dove's breast. In the first place, she hated dogs. In the third, this strange title had been invented for her and had been heard by Digging's. In the fourth, this extraordinary girl, who laughed and talked at her case, was the distant relation whom she had announced everywhere as a poor young thing who was going to receive into her house out of a true and sublime charity. She had expected a young, quiet, yielding, easily crushed maiden, and she had received a rude awakening. Should she begin at once to put the girl in her place? Yes, this was her best course, and she opened her lips to do so; but Trick, seeing her mistress ready to make another dash at him, began again at this very moment to bark furiously.

"Take the dog out," said Lady Dove, raising her voice, "take it out, Antonia."

"But, Aunt Dove, I can't! When Trick has been in the train, his head is always a little turned. He really gets a sort of tiny, tiny madness. We had better not appear to notice him. That is the wisest plan. I didn't kiss you?" (Here Antonia performed the difficult ceremony of kissing Lady Dove's two cheeks, whilst the owner kept her head stiff and sternly straight.)

"Antonia, sit down, please, and tell me where you came from to-day. When did you land? Your uncle carried on the necessary correspondence about you, otherwise—"

"Yes, what an old duck he must be! The companion's hall began to straighten itself with horror, whilst a spasm of anger and disgust passed over Lady Dove's face.

"Sir Evass was called away to town to-day."

"Was he? Why, he might have come down together. Do you know Aunt Dove, he does write such nice letters. Just little short ones, you know, but so friendly. I thought he would be a stiff Englishman; but he isn't, is he?"

"When did you land, Antonia?"

Antonia's large eyes opened slowly and serenely. She was beginning to see that something was wrong.

"Landed, Oh, a week ago; but the gentleman who brought me over said I ought to be rigged out before coming to a smart place like this."

"The gentleman?" gasped Lady Dove.

"Yes, I think he was a gentleman, at least he looked like one. His father was a miller."

"A miller?"

"Yes; mustn't it be lovely to be a miller? His wife was the jolliest little thing imaginable, and she let me stay with her in London and rigged me out." Antonia looked down on her jacket as if to verify her words.

"Your father must have—"

"Oh, pups knew this gentleman, and said that when I came over he was to take me. Pups was very kind to him once, and Mr. Hilton was awfully grateful. He came over on purpose to bring me. He married a few months ago, and his wife is just as nice as he is. I told them that they were to be sure to come here before they went back to Australia. But the man to have a good fling in London first."

At this moment Digging's entered with the tea-tray. The footman followed with the kettle, and Lady Dove sank into her chair to much over-come to speak. She was revolving many things in her mind.

"Miss Crump, make the tea if you please," she said, and Miss Crump obeyed in her usual nervous fashion.

Unfortunately Digging's approached too near the sofa for Trick to resist a dash at his heels, and the pats of laughter this caused from his mistress were more than her ladyship could stand.

"Digging's," she said, "take that dog out."

"Oh, pray, Mr. Digging's, don't touch him," said Miss Whitburn, starting up, "he'll bite you if you do."

The Kidneys Wear Out

But in advanced years you can keep these organs healthy by using Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.

As old age comes on most people suffer more or less from derangements of the kidneys. With some there are years of pains and aches, with others Bright's disease sets in and the end comes quickly.

Fortunately many have learned about Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, and are enabled by their use to keep the kidneys healthy and active.

Mr. Richard Preston, Osborne, Lambton County, Ont., says: "Seventeen years ago I began the use of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills when my back was so bad that to stoop or rise was torture to me. The kidneys were in bad condition, but these pills entirely freed me of back pains. I have used them ever since, when ever the kidneys would get out of order, and now, at eighty years, am well and hearty, thanks to this grand medicine."

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, one pill a dose, 25 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanston, Bates & Co., Toronto.

"Take the dog out, Digging's," repeated Lady Dove.

Whereupon Trick's mistress made a dash at her pet and enveloped him in her arms.

"Be quiet, Trick; you must conform, and you must. Now, beg Mr. Digging's pardon."

"Sit down, Antonia, and drink your tea," said Lady Dove, thus giving poor Digging's the opportunity of hastening away faster than he had done for years. He was mortally afraid of little dogs.

"You mustn't call me Antonia," said Miss Whitburn. "I am afraid I should remember you meant me. I'm always called Toney, even the Kanakas called me Toney."

"The what?"

"Oh, the aborigines of Australia, at least no, the labour people, you know. I taught them to read and write. Pups was awfully good to them. They just worshipped him. Some of them thought he was a sort of god, you know."

"Have you had enough to eat?" said Lady Dove.

"Yes, no, I think I could finish this cake if you don't think me greedy, and Trick will help me. I think he must be hungry, or he wouldn't have bitten Mr. Digging's heels," and a peal of girlish laughter followed these words—laughter which the venerable Dove drawing-room had not heard for years.

Lady Dove's wrath was gathering as Miss Crump was well aware; but not so the individual who called it forth.

"Miss Crump, if you please, take Miss Antonia to her room, and give the dog to the—to the—to Ernest. I am going to see if Sir Evass has returned." So saying, Lady Dove rose and swept out of the room, leaving Toney to the care of the trembling companion. The mind of Miss Crump was in a state which can best be described by the word chaotic. She did not know if she were on her head or her heels. She had expected something bad to happen; but this was infinitely worse than her wildest imagination had conjectured. Her soul faintly foresaw the means that would be used by Lady Dove to break in this girlish spirit, and the vision was saddening to her, all the more as the culprit appeared perfectly unconscious of what was in store for her. Toney sat for a moment with her face buried in Trick's shaggy coat then she jumped up.

"I'm ready now, Miss Crump. What a funny name you've got. It's all rather funny here. It's a dull big place. Plenty of room to ride about though; but I don't like parks, do you?"

"I'm only a—only Lady Dove's companion," stammered poor Miss Crump, feeling that she must not for a moment allow this extraordinary girl to believe that she, Miss Crump, had any sort of inheritance in a park.

Toney, as she stood up holding her fog, could now be seen to full advantage, and Miss Crump, having made her confession, was able to take note of the girl's strong, lithe figure, and her well-set head covered with curly auburn hair. As far as great beauty was concerned, Toney did not possess it. Her complexion was not good; her nose was rather turned up; but her eyes were as bright as Trick's, whilst her teeth were very white and even. When she laughed, insensibly the on-looker felt inclined to join in the merriment, for Toney's one beauty was her mouth, and her beautiful infectious smile. It had not yet infected Lady Dove, on the contrary, it filled her with dismay.

"Well," said Toney, slowly following the poor companion, "well, you are a poor companion, and I am a poor relation. I'll tell you what, we'll be chums. We're in the same boat, I imagine."

"Oh, Miss Antonia, Lady Dove will be so—I don't like to say it; but if I may say so, she will be shocked at our names for things."

"Will she? Well, that is a pity! If we are chums, you must wink at me if I do anything very unusual. Pups used to say I gave him surprises; I hope I shan't give you many."

"Your papa," murmured Miss Crump, "is dead, isn't he?" She opened the door of her so-called sitting-room as she said this, and Toney followed her. The girl's face was suddenly transformed by an expression on Miss Crump had never seen before on the face of a human being, as the answer came, clear and ringing:

"Oh, no! no, not dead! Christians don't believe in death, do they? Oh, no, pups isn't dead! Now, chum, is this your room? Oh, dear, how dull it is! It wants brushing up. Indeed, it does."

To be continued.

A new style of parasol is known as the cordierie. It is made of white silk over not less than twelve gilt ribs. It is very deeply curved.

Unless when it is black, nearly all the taffetas to be seen, especially in the more expensive chifton varieties, are "shot" in two or more tones of color.

The taffeta craze makes it very simple and easy to renovate last season's hats whose brims and crowns have become worn, faded or sunburned.

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White and all newest shades, 45 in. wide, 37c and 48c per yard. Union Liner Poplin, in all new shades and white, 27 in. wide, 27c per yd.

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Ladies' Nightdresses from 94c ea. Chemises, trimmed, embroidered, 52c ea. Combinations, \$1.08 ea. Bridal Trousseaux from \$33.48. Layette, \$12.28. Irish Lace goods direct from our own workers at very moderate prices.

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Gentlemen's Collars, made from our own linen, from \$1.18 doz. Dress Shirts, matches quality, \$1.42 each. Zephyr Oxford and Flannel Shirts, with soft or stiff collars and soft fronts, at manufacturers' prices.

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LONDON TELEGRAMS: "Linen, Belfast." LIVERPOOL

Army Officer Fights Lion.

An army officer has written a graphic account of how it feels to look into a jungle lion's mouth. The hunter had shot at a superb lion, which made its escape, thought the officer felt sure he had wounded it. He followed in its track, and suddenly, confronted by the noble animal. The lion gazed at his human foe, lashing his flanks with his tail. The officer and his attendant both fired, and the great beast sprang high in the air, and then went straight towards them, cowardly attendant then ran away. In quick succession the hunter fired, but the beast did not fall, and in a second it was upon him. He rose to his feet and fired again, full in the lion's face. He saw a frightful gaping mouth and went down under him. He felt the hot breath on his face, and tried desperately, but vainly, to clutch the big tawny throat. Then a strange thing happened. Suddenly, as if by a miracle, the lion left him. Was it an interposition of Providence?

He saw it standing a few yards away looking after the fleeing attendant. The officer dragged himself out of a thicket he was in, and fired at the head of the lion. The beast turned round as if to charge, and fell dead. Though badly mangled the officer recovered.

That is the kind of pluck is needed to overcome difficulties. Men who face their lions in that spirit can work miracles in these days, even as David did in olden times. (L. Sam. xvii., 34-35)—The Christian Herald, London.



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Everyone who bakes bread should know about my Cream of the West Flour.

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If you don't have success with your bread after a fair trial bring back the flour left over and your grocer has our authority to refund full purchase price.

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WE hereby affirm and declare that Cream of the West Flour is a superior bread flour, and as such is subject to our absolute guarantee—money back if not satisfactory after a fair trial. Any dealer is hereby authorized to return money paid by customer on return of unused portion of barrel if flour is not as represented.

The Campbell Milling Co., Limited, Toronto. 111
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Hunting a Man-Eater.

Graphic Account of a Successful Stalk in India.

A correspondent of the Englishman gives a graphic account of the successful stalking of a big man-eating tiger in Morbiharj (India), the beast had appeared in a village and partly eaten one of the inhabitants. News of the raid was brought to the writer, who thus describes what followed: "I was further told that the tiger had taken shelter in a plain garden attached to the house of a raiyat in the village. I hastened to the village on foot, as no conveyance was available at the time of the day. On my arrival I could not, however, find Master Stripes in the adjacent garden. Many people of the village had climbed up the trees in the vicinity and had been watching the movements of the tiger. They said that a little before my arrival it had run to an adjoining bush, which, though small, was very thick. All my attempts to have a glimpse of the animal failed, and at last I was obliged to dislodge him from the bush by pelting it with stones. The monster gave two stunning roars and with the speed of lightning covered a distance of about a quarter of a mile through the compounds of several houses of the village. The people who had accompanied me fled in all directions. I attempted to follow the brute, but lost him.

"Presently conflicting news regarding the whereabouts of the animal was brought to me, and I made a search in the bushes situated in the outskirts of the village. At about four p. m. a man came running to me and said that he had seen the tiger take shelter under a bamboo clump not very far off. I ran towards the clump, and sure there was the brute, seated on his hind legs with his abdomen exposed to my rifle. I took the chance and fired from a distance of nearly 50 yards. The thud of the bullet was distinctly heard, and the tiger gave a roar as if a spring, but was caught by the bamboo overhead and dropped on the ground. He then dragged himself with great difficulty into an adjoining bush, and expired in another quarter of an hour. The animal was a magnificent full-grown male tiger. The carcase measured 9ft. 6in. long from the tip of the nose to the tip of the tail, and 4ft. 2in. high at the shoulders. There were great demonstrations in my honour, and I came back to my camp with the trophy at about nine p. m.

A CLEAN WATCH

means good time to you for years to come. True economy in a time-piece lies in cleanliness. The delicate parts doing self-sustaining work will soon wear themselves out, destroy their high finish and perfect fit when running in accumulative dirt and rancid oil. It will cost you nothing to let us examine it.

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PERE

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GENTLE CORRECTION SHOES

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F. SMALLWOOD, The

New Use For Seaweed.

A new product, based on common seaweed which is found in such unlimited abundance, says "The Scientific American," is announced as the result of many years of experiment in England. Many scientists have foreseen the enormous possibilities afforded by seaweed, and the material just discovered, seaweed, bids fair to exceed all expectations, as it is special value in all electrical industries, being a non-flammable insulation of high dielectric strength, proof against heat, cold, oils and weather. A singular property is the increase in insulation resistance following immersion in water. The material is unaffected by dilute sulphuric acid, which makes it well adapted to storage battery jars and separators. Among associated mechanical uses seaweed is well adapted for motor gear, switchboard panels, switch handles, steam and gas packings, especially for high pressures. The product is also well suited to replace leather in belting and all the other varied uses of leather.

St. Sophia In Danger.

"The magnificent dome of the world-famed St. Sophia, this threatening to fall in. The Turkish authorities are making attempts to save it, but their efforts are clumsy and inefficient. An authority tells me that if things are left, as is always done in Turkey, to the chances of kismet, the dome will break down in about fifteen or twenty years," says the Pall Mall. "Time, humidity, earthquakes, conflagrations, bombardments have contributed their share of damage, undermining the strength and solidity of the temple. More than sixteen centuries it successfully withstood their assaults. During the disastrous earthquake of 1803 the dome was greatly damaged, and several serious fissures were opened. In spite of the warning of experts, nothing was done to remedy matters."

The Telegraph records that the famous church of St. Isaac's in St. Petersburg is also tumbling down, and has had to be closed.

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