

1906

trimming.

Faint and overwhelmed, she sank for the underwaist, and 3¼ yards of

trembling into the chair, and hid her material for the dress, for an 8-year

1906-Girls' Dress, with Sleeve in

Lawn, batiste, crepe, challie, taf-

feta, messaline, gabardine, nun's veil-

sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. It re-

quires 1 yard of lining 36 inches wide

A pattern of this illustration mailed

o any address on receipt of 10 cents

A SEASONABLE AND BECOMING

MODEL.

The Pattern is cut in 4

Either of Two Lengths.

in silver or stamps.

ion, and she sat and looked at the rington's, Cyril's friend Jack. frawn blinds and closed door in a A thrill ran through her, and she put her hand to her eyes, for the sight ort of stupor. of him brought back with painful But as she sat asking herself what suddenness the remembrance of Cyr she should do next, the door opened,

himself and a clerk came out. He was an old man who had once It was some moments before she or twice been down to the Court on could look again, and when she did ousiness connected with the estate: she found that Jack had thrown up and he came forward, hat in hand, the window and was leaning out.

Ill keep frish and more full week's supply ith any other, so that a full week's supply

be just as good as the first

E.W.GILLETT COMPANY LIMITED

nercenary.

fathomable.

CHAPTER XXXV.

And as she realized it, a strange

hought flashed through her mind.

Was it possible that Cyril's pride had

been the cause of their parting? Had

he been too proud to marry, the

daughter of a peer? A smile, a sad

smile, crossed her pale face. If it had

only come earlier, this story of her

birth, this loss of rank and wealth!

She could have gone to him then,

and said: "I am poor and untitled;

but I am still yours, if you care to

But this was too late now. He was

Becca South's husband, and was lost

The tears welled into her eyes, but

she swept them away. There was no

time for weeping if she meant to es-

She got up and quickly changed

her dress for a plain traveling one.

and put a few things into a small

bag. Then she paused, as the ques-

tion of money arose. She had plenty

in the little ornamental cash box in

which she kept it, but she took only

the sum which had been left when the

earl died from her last quarter's al-

lowance: and even that, she resolved.

she would take only as a loan; for it

had been given her under the impres-

sion that she was his daughter, and

not an imposter. Then she sat down,

I cannot see you to-night. Will

you please come to-morrow.-Norah.

and wrote a few lines:

vou."

he held her in his power.

take me."

to her forever.

TORONTO, ONT. M

MADE IN CANADA

ade at one baking, and

She stopped and looked round onc

the grandly beautiful place: the mer

ory of the man whom she had low

had considered part and parcel

As she turned, she picked a brown

eaf-as dead as her past-and push-

ed it gently inside the bosom of her

thought of her many times since the

revelation, but she shrank from going

to her. It was scarcely pride so

much as innate delicacy. Besides,

what had she, Norah Woodfern, to do

now with earls and countesses? She

must put all her past life away from

her completely. No, she would not go

to Lady Ferndale, much as she loved

her, and knew she was loved by her

When she reached the high road she

looked round rather fearfully, though

she felt that there was no cause for

fear If Guildford Berton had chanced

to come upon her, she decided that she

would not be daunted. If necessary,

she would call for help to the first

dress: then went on her way.

as a father, especially through his

and with surprise stamped on his wrinkled face, as Norah called to spirituelle face. As she looked, she heard the sound of wheels, and hold "Mr. Petherick, my lady?" he said. ing the curtain, she bent forward.

'He is not in London!" cab stopped at the door just beneat Norah's heart sank like lead. the open window, and some one got "Not in London!" she repeated, and out.

er voice trembled. "Hallo!" She heard Jack's deep, "No, my lady. He's gone to the musical voice. "Hallo, old man; hur continent. I think that he has got

illness, brought the tears to her eve ome kind of a clew to the viscount's A strange curiosity, something more -I mean Lord Arrowdale's whereand deeper than idle interest, caused shouts and has gone to try and folher heart to heat with eagerness, and low it up. I'm very sorry," he added, it was with scarcely a shock of surherself that for the future she was as he saw the dismay and disap- prise she heard Cyril's voice-Cyril's dust Norah Woodfern a waif and a nointment in the lovely face. "Is -call back: stray on the great, bitter world; and

there anything I can do, my lady?" "Hallo, Jack! All right, How are the reader will not think less of her, Norah shook her head. What could you?" or set her regret down as one wholly

he do? What could she do? She rose-she scarcely knew what "I don't even know Mr. Petherick's she was doing-breathing fast and address." he said, after a pause, "or painfully, and watching intently. Was I'd telegraph to him, if it's important he alone, or-or-but yes, of course, there would be another with him-his ousiness."

wife. Becca! But the cab stood between her and But Norah shook her head as she the door, and she could see neither

surprised. Norah's face crimsoned, and then went pale. She was no longer, "your ladyship," and she had no house in

Park lane or elsewhere.

"No," he replied, with a laugh that

not likely to be; it is I who am 'fin gone out of me. But why did you

face in her hands.

send for me, cld man?" he broke off. "I've news for you." Cvril started.

"About-about her!"

EUROPEAN



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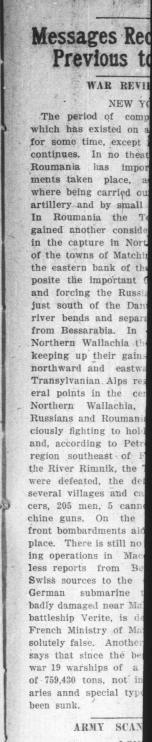
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LON An Army scandal, in ercise of influence ov by a prominent society scribed in the report Inquiry, issued to-ni wallis West, wife Cornwallis West and Princess of Pless a Westminster is se The late Sir Arthur Liberal, who died manded the inquiry into this matter and

Irish members, who

Irish officer's honor

has since developed

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Fusiliers. According

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"I-I should prefer an hotel," she changing greetings, and the former was looking at the latter earnestly. faltered. "Yes, my lady, and a quiet one There is no one near here—it's not lad," he said. "The picture finished?" very fashionable, but it is quieter and nore suited for a lady alone. But per-

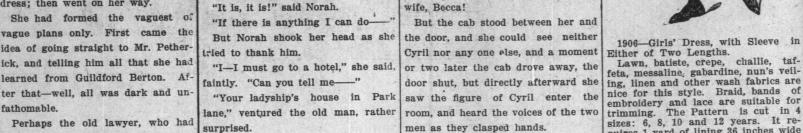
"No," said poor Norah, "I am quite ished.' All the pluck seems to have alone "Then Godfrey's might suit my

lady; it is in Winchester street. I'll tell the cabman, and I'll do myself the honor of calling to-morrow, in case

from Mr. Petherick to-night. Indeed,' he added, as he saw the perplexity did



(To be Continued.)



always been kind to her, and especialcape the scoundrel who thought that | ly kind and gentle of late, would show her some way of gaining a living. She thought of Lady Ferndale, as she had

Meanwhile, Jack and Cyril were ex-

"You don't look quite the thing yet Cyril shook his head.

had very little merriment in it, "and haps your ladyship is meeting some

I should be of any service. I may hear