


In every town and village may be had, the



Mica Axle Grease

that makes your horses glad.

NO RISK...

There is absolutely no risk in purchasing your watches, fine jewelry and silverware from us. We guarantee safe delivery; we prepay charges and cheerfully refund money in full if desired.

Our handsomely illustrated catalogue will assist you very materially and may be had upon application.

DIAMOND HALL,
Established 1894.

RYRIE BROS.,
Yonge and Adelaide Sts.,
TORONTO.

Carling's Porter

is the kind the doctor ordered.

He knows that he can rely upon the purity and thorough age of every bottle.



This Season's Fashions
are neat, but hard on the Laundress.
Help her by buying Bee Starch.
Saves work in mending—requires no boiling. Saves work in washing—gives splendid finish with very little ironing and positively prevents the iron from sticking to the linen.
Laundresses who know it, always use
BEE STARCH
FREE A set of three Patent Flat Irons highly nickled for 100 Bee Starch coupons.
BEE STARCH CO., 448 St. Paul St., Montreal.

We are Back Again to REGULAR PRICES
With the Best Work in the City. Goods Called for and Delivered.

Parisian Steam Laundry Co.
Telephone 20

Gibson

Finishes all this work on absolutely permanent paper which is of the highest Art value.

Studio 29 King St.

A GIRL OF THE PEOPLE

By Mrs. C. N. Williamson

"What were you going to say before Mrs. Jennett came in?" I curiously enquired, as he held out his hand for farewell.

He looked at me intently, in a characteristic way he had, that always quickened my blood a little. "Do you really want to know?"

"Very much, or I wouldn't have asked."

"And I very much want to tell you. But it's something too important to be told in a hurry. If you were offended I should not have time now to try and make my case good."

"Am I likely to be offended?"

"I can't tell. I hope not, more than I ever hoped anything."

"Dear me! And I must wait till tomorrow!"

"I had meant not to speak of this matter until you were out of this house and in those rooms of your own to which you seem so eagerly looking forward. But I'm not a very patient man, I'm afraid, where my own interests are at stake; and now that the subject has been broached—"

"To-morrow, then?" I broke in. "At half-past ten. It's an appointment."

"Yes," he said, slowly. "You shall hear what I have to say for myself."

All this time he had been holding my hand, and I had forgotten to draw it away, for the conversation had been very absorbing. Now I remembered, and gently pulled away my fingers. One more quick, strong pressure he gave them, and then, with an abrupt "Good-bye until to-morrow," he turned, and was gone without looking back.

"What can it be that he wants to say to me?" I thought. "Something so important that he is anxious about it—something he hopes may not offend me?"

That speech was puzzling, for it seemed that, if the mysterious "something" were the one thing I dared to hope it might just possibly be, there could be no idea of "offence." Still, the expression of his face more than the spoken words, perhaps, gave me a hope that went thrilling through my veins.

And when his tall, alert figure had passed out of sight I lifted the hand that he had pressed and kissed it.

Then, ashamed of what I had done, I hurried back to the typewriter, and began to work as if driven by a merciless taskmaster.

For half an hour there was no sound in the room except the tapping of the keys, the sharp "ping" of the bell which warned me when I reached the end of a line, and the rustle of the paper as I changed the sheet. I had just found out that absent-mindedness had caused me to make some odd mistakes, when I heard a ringing at the front door; but this was nothing to me, and I did not pause until voices in the passage outside the study sent the blood flying to my face.

"He's out, really, your ladyship," Mrs. Jennett was protesting, almost imploring. "He won't be back to-day, I do assure you."

"I am sorry," followed silver accents, which in the fraction of a second carried me back to another world. "I will write a note and leave it, if you will kindly let me go into the study, where I waited once before."

I sprang up from the table where I had been typing, and my heart was thumping against my side. Unless Mrs. Jennett somehow prevented her, in a moment more Lady Feo Ringwood would be in the room. She would see me, what would she think?

"What does it matter?" I said, angrily, to myself. "I'm Mr. Bourke's secretary. I'd rather this hadn't happened, but—there's nothing to be ashamed of. Anyhow, it's too late now. I can't run away."

There was only one door leading into the study, and my imagination pictured Lady Feo just outside.

"Oh, your ladyship," Mrs. Jennett was saying, "you don't need to trouble about writing a note. I'll give Mr. Bourke any message you may like to leave."

Her voice sounded troubled, and its note of distress added to my confusion. If she were so anxious to prevent Lady Feo Ringwood from seeing me, perhaps there were reasons stronger than I knew for concealment of my presence.

My face grew burning hot, and my hands trembled. I looked round the room, but no hiding-place offered, even if I could have humiliated myself to seek one. Mrs. Jennett was the arbiter of my fate. If she failed to keep Lady Feo out of the study I must be brave and make the best of it.

"I would really rather write, thank you. It is no trouble," said the visitor, every word coming distinctly to my ears. Then the handle of the door turned, and Lady Feo Ringwood swept silently into the room. I faced her, standing, my eyes unflinching, but my cheeks scarlet.

She started, and her beautiful face went from white to red. For an awkward instant no one spoke. Then Mrs. Jennett, quivering in the background, stepped into the breach. "Your ladyship, this is Miss Harland, Mr. Bourke's secretary."

"Ah, indeed?" said Lady Feo. "I believe I have met Miss Harland" (she spoke the name slowly and with emphasis) "before. Do you remember, Miss Harland?"

"Yes, I remember you very well, Lady Feo," I answered, and though I tried only to keep my tone steady, it sounded defiant.

"It is interesting to meet you again here," she turned to Mrs. Jennett with a smile, looking a very great lady, as indeed she was. "I will write my note, and perhaps, as Miss Harland is here, she will take charge of it, so I need not trouble you. I am in no hurry, and if she doesn't mind, I would like a little talk with her. We have, I think, some friends in common."

"If you are not too busy, miss?" the poor old woman said, anxiously, to me. Her eyes added, "Do forgive me. I did my best. I hope this won't vex you very much."

I sent a glance to reassure her. My spirit was roused, and I did not wish the visitor to go without some explanation; though I had arranged no formal interview with Lady Feo Ringwood, I returned.

Mrs. Jennett disappeared, closing the door.

"Will you sit down?" I said.

Although the medicine business should, above all, be carried on with the utmost conscientiousness and sense of responsibility, the unfortunate fact is that in no other is there so much humbug and deception. The anxieties of the sick and their relatives are traded upon in the most shameful manner; impossible cures are promised; many preparations are also utterly worthless, and some are positively dangerous to health.

As a consequence, all proprietary remedies are regarded with suspicion by many people, and the good suffer for the bad.

For these reasons we announce that our proprietors are the principal shareholders in

HIRAM WALKER & SONS LIMITED

which will, we are sure, be an ample guarantee of the truth of every representation made concerning

IRON-OX TABLETS

The Iron-ox Remedy Co., Ltd.
Walkerville, Ont.

"No!" Lady Feo ejaculated, her voice utterly changed in an instant. "No, I can't sit down."

Her tone was a challenge, and I looked up to meet it. Our eyes met.

"It's true, then?" she exclaimed. "I would never have believed it."

"What do you mean?" I asked, quickly. "Did you expect—were you told, that I was here?"

"Not that," she declared. "Not so bad as that. I was told that—someone was here."

"I don't understand you at all, Lady Feo," I said. "But, of course, it seems strange to you—"

"Strange?" It is incredible! It only appears so," I protested, hardly knowing whether I was supposed to be on the defensive or not. "I daresay you must have heard about it. I had a very great affliction, and, afterwards, misfortunes."

"Oh, I heard things, of course," she cried, with a kind of fierce impatience. "But nothing, nothing which led me to expect this."

"Yet you said a moment ago that you had heard—"

"I was not thinking of you then; I was thinking of Mr. Bourke."

I felt the blood which had burnt in my cheeks receding, to leave me pale. Still, I was at a loss to fathom her emotion. She had been on friendly terms with my adopted mother and me. The last time I had seen her she had been dining with us and some people Lady Feo had asked to the Savoy Hotel the Sunday night before my punishment. Did her excitement now mean surprise at meeting me again, and concern at seeing me so fallen in the world as to be earning my living as a typewriter, or was there something deeper than this, something which I should regard as offensive? I was only eighteen, and I did not feel sure of my ground.

"Mr. Bourke has been very kind to me," I said. "I am trying to help him as well as I can."

"Kind to you?" Lady Feo echoed, with a strange bitterness. "But what has he been to himself?"

"To himself?"

"For him this spells ruin. You talk of 'being kind'! Is it possible you are so blind as not to see that you are dragging him down—down to the pedestal his genius has given him?"

I stared at her in blank amazement, my lips apart.

"Don't look at me like that!" she cried, a sudden flame of anger leaping to her dark eyes. "I never thought that you were wicked or a fool, Sheila Cope. Now I believe you are both. Wicked for him. A fool for yourself."

"Lady Feo!" I exclaimed, indignant. "You are older than I am, but you must not speak to me like that."

She had been very pale under a faint pink tinge of rouge which I had not suspected her of before, but now her cheeks blazed and hid the hard line of

artificial color. "Older than you!" she repeated, intolerantly. "Three or four years, perhaps. But after this thing that you have done you can no longer pose as a guileless child."

"I have done nothing," I answered, hotly. "Nothing, except to lose all my friends and all my money, and be obliged to work for my bread."

"You look like a hard-working breadwinner, in that Liberty tea-gown!" she sneered.

Before any answer had come to me, she went on. "At least, I see by your face that you have the grace to be ashamed of yourself. Then there may be some hope yet."

"I have nothing to be ashamed of," I did find voice to say at last. "I think that you and I, Lady Feo Ringwood, must be playing at cross purposes. Did you come here to insult me?"

"I came to save John Bourke—if I could."

"To save him—from what?"

"To speak frankly, from great danger of losing all the fruit of his ambition. His seat in Parliament; his chance of rising higher still, should the Liberal party come to power."

For a moment, in the shock of hearing that the man I loved was in peril of such a disaster, I forgot myself and the part allotted to me in this strange scene.

"Oh, he must not lose it!" I cried. "Lady Feo looked at me with a curious expression. 'It rests with you,' she said."

"With me? Impossible!"

"But it is true. Listen, and I will tell you how. Mr. Bourke has enemies, as all strong men must have. It has got about that—that—well, that a mysterious lady is living in his house. All sorts of stories are being told—"

"They are lies!" I broke in, furiously, understanding her at last.

"Wait—if you really care for him. Hear me to the end. I am his friend. I believe in him as I have never believed in any other man. I would do anything to save him from the storm that is gathering. If you have any real love for him in your heart, any womanly unselfishness born of love, you will do the only thing left for you to do for John Bourke. You will leave his house."

"It is not his house!" I cried, desperately, scarcely able to speak for the sobbing breath that came pantingly with the wild beating of my heart. "It is Mrs. Jennett's house. He is not living here. He has been at an hotel ever since I came—"

"Oh, what sophistry! Even if I believed it, what good would such a story do him, when he came to defend himself from the accusations which will be brought against him? Sheila Cope, tell me, as woman to woman, do you love him?"

"He is my employer, my friend," I stammered, "not my lover. Never has one word of—"

"Answer my question!"

"I will not answer. You have no right to ask."

"You have answered. But I say to you you do not love him or you would leave this house now—this hour."

"I was going away in a day or two."

I said. "It is all arranged. My rooms are engaged. I have been ill, and—"

"I don't mean that sort of going away. You might as well stay here, for all the good you will do to Mr. Bourke my moving to rooms which he has taken for you—"

"Mrs. Jennett took them," I cut her short, obstinately, tears of shame and anger brimming over in my eyes.

"Oh, nonsense! It's all one. Don't play the child with me."

I adjured her with passion, "I swear to you by all I hold most sacred that you are cruelly wrong both me and the man you love!"

To be Continued.

HIGHGATE.

Miss Evelyn Garrett spent a few days with friends in Ridgeway last week.

Mr. Gammage, of Quinn, spent Sunday evening in the village.

Mr. W. McKerracher, of Hyde Park, is holidaying in the village.

Mr. Leonard, of Hamilton, is the guest of friends in the village.

Miss Mellis has taken charge of the post office after her vacation.

Miss Rita Griffin, of Bothwell, is the guest of Miss Queen Gosnell.

The Misses Russell, of Toronto, are guests at the parsonage.

Miss Clara Leitch, of Rodney, spent Sunday with friends and relatives in the village.

Mrs. and Miss Chellick, of London, are visiting relatives in town.

Mr. W. Russ, of Ridgeway, spent Sunday with friends and relatives in the village.

Dr. R. R. Reynolds, of Detroit, is visiting friends in the village.

The Feo Ringwoods have returned to their home after spending a few days with friends at the Eau.

TUPPERVILLE.

Farmers are glad to see fine weather again, but they had to use the old time cradle, as ground is wet still.

K. R. Reid received word from his brother at Oshawa, N. W. T., that they are getting fine weather, and crops in that district looks fine. This year will be a boom to the farmers there if a good year comes.

Tuperville people are glad to hear that the by-law was passed to raise the money to build a bridge here. Now council see that it is done.

Miss Bettie Davies spent Sunday at her home in Dresden Sunday.

J. C. Cooper was here on Monday, and finds things going splendid. He has a fine stock of lumber on hand for the public.

Mr. Robert Campbell was called to Dresden Saturday night, owing to his grandmother being sick.

Word was received from Amos Orms at Grand River, that he is about the same, but gaining slowly.

Mr. H. George spent Sunday at his home in Dresden.

Mrs. Harvey, of Melbourne, is visiting her son, Mr. John Harvey.

Miss Hoter left for her home last week after spending a month with her cousins, Mr. and Mrs. John Harvey.

Mr. Charles Hyatt spent a few days in Sarnia with Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Morrison, Jr.

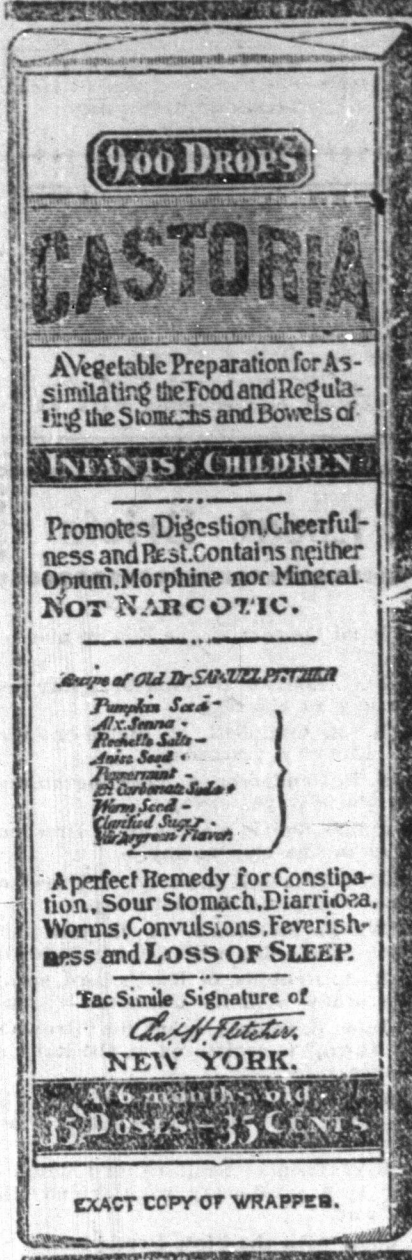
Carpenters came from Chatham Monday morning and put the new church will be pushed along.

Mr. Burk, of Stevens & Burk, Chatham, was here last week on general business for the firm.

SEE THAT THE FAC-SIMILE SIGNATURE OF

Chas. H. Fletcher

IS ON THE WRAPPER OF EVERY BOTTLE OF CASTORIA



Castoria is put up in one-ounce bottles only. It is not sold in bulk. Don't allow anyone to sell you anything else on the plea or promise that it is "just as good" and "will answer every purpose." See that you get C.A.S.T.O.R-I-A. The fac-simile signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* is on every wrapper.

"Let the GOLD DUST twins do your work."



Are you a slave to housework?
GOLD DUST
has done more than anything else to emancipate women from the back-breaking burdens of the household. It cleans everything about the house—pots, pans, dishes, clothes and woodwork. Saves time, money and worry.
Made only by THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY.
Chicago, New York, Boston, Montreal.

Geo. Stephens & Douglas
Hardware and Implement Merchants

We Are Saving Money

For nearly every thrasher in the country, but there are a few others for whom we would like to save some.

We have a complete line of thrasher's supplies, Machine Oil, Cylinder Oil, Lace Leather cut and in the side, Leather and Rubber Belting, Endless Rubber and Canvas Belts, a good assortment of Thrasher's Mitts,

6 inch 4 ply Canvas Belt, 130 feet at \$26.00, Guaranteed
6 inch 4 ply Canvas Belt, 140 feet at \$28.00, Guaranteed

GEO. STEPHENS & DOUGLAS
General Hardware and Implement Merchants.

P. S. A splendid Map of Western Ontario given away with every purchase of "Our Superior" Binder Twine. No other twine at the price on the market works so satisfactorily.

G. S. &

Subscribe Now