

SISTERS THREE

(From Tuesday's Daily)

Gipsy could talk to the dreamy, gentle Allardye as she has not done even to her favorite sister Audrey, for she knew that, however sympathetic and understanding the latter might be, she would see that her eyes gleam deep down in her eyes which would prick and sting her shrewdly. Gipsy's own mind was in a very chaotic state where the Lebretons were concerned. She had no reason to champion the cause, but she had a hatred of injustice. Then of course that thing could not be set aside. Gratitude—ordinary gratitude—concluded that possibility. People might say that, if he had saved her, she had also saved him, and that the balance was even between them; but Gipsy knew that but for her appearance at that moment, Gaston would have shot the wolf without any of the dramatic subsequent happenings; and it was impossible for her to regard the matter as a casual spectator might do.

But in the garden that evening the sisters discussed all the home news together. Allardye, as usual, spoke least, but she told about Clumbermere and its beauties. They were enjoying luscious peaches and nectarines from Miss Willoughby's splendid range of glasshouses in the big walled garden; and then quite quickly the youngest girl discharged her small bomb in their midst.

"I have asked Miss Willoughby to come here to stay for a few days soon. I am almost sure she will come."

"My dearest child, you take my breath away! We have not made ready a guest chamber yet. I am not sure that the box room place would be good enough—certainly not for your Miss Willoughby."

"Oh, no! She will have my room, and I shall have a little bed put up in nurse's workroom. That will be quite easy. Miss Willoughby will have to come. She wants to see General Kildare; she knew his son."

Gipsy looked up, but she said nothing. She had not known or thought much about the case of Jim Kildare except as it affected the position of the Lebretons. She felt now as though she were treading the confines of some mystery. Allardye had been so much at Sunrise Reef, knew something which was a secret from the world, and Miss Willoughby was somehow mixed up in it; that was growing very plain.

But Allardye was not prepared to talk about it yet—not even to her sisters. They both saw this and respected her secret, and entered with eager zest into the thought of Miss Willoughby's entertainment. Their idea had been at the first not to attempt the entertainment of guests at their house, as any one entering this first summer; but they understood there was more in the coming of this friend or benefactor of their sister's than just an ordinary visit for curiosity or pleasure, and the interest of the situation grew upon them both.

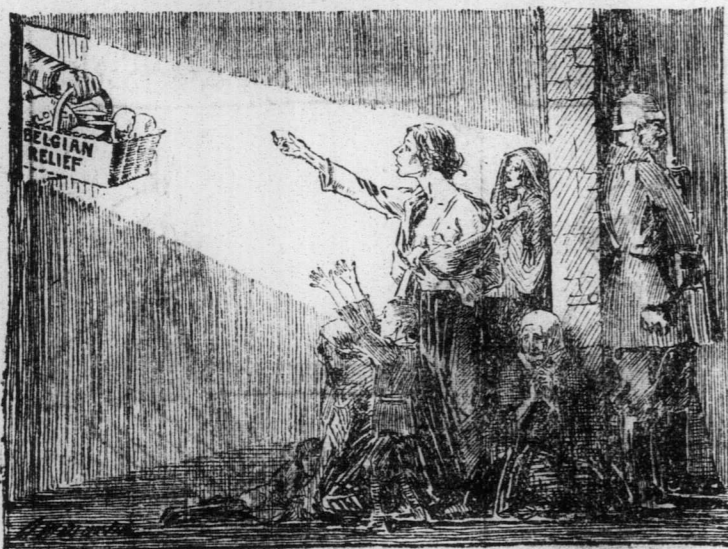
For once Gipsy was restless in her bed. True, since that adventure with the wolf she had known what it was to wake suddenly from a nightmare dream and to lie awake afterwards for a while, half afraid to let herself fall back into dreamland.

But to-night her restlessness was something new. It seemed to her as though she was approaching some crisis in her life and did not know either what was coming or how she was going to meet it. Old standards, old landmarks, old axioms seemed to be slipping from her grasp, leaving her foundering in a sea of speculation and wonderment. And the odd thing was that with all this sense of upheaval and bewilderment she felt no depression, no desire to go back into the unknown region that lay before her, a region that lay wrapped in mystery, yet was tinted by the roseate hues of dawn.

Although she tossed to and fro in her bed, rose half a dozen times in the night to look out of her window and slept less than perhaps any previous night in her life, yet she did not miss her sleep. Her thoughts, though strangely unformulated, were very happy ones, and she could not tell why. She seemed to be standing expectant upon the threshold of some half-closed door from behind which strains of music and rays of colored light issued.

And so she heeded not the passing of the hours. She lay wakeful, or sat at her window or slept fitfully with her face towards the open casement. And as the flush of dawn quickened

"The hand that feeds the Belgians"



THE WHOLE BODY NEEDS PURE BLOOD

The bones, the muscles, and all the organs of the body depend for their strength and tone and healthy action on pure blood.

If the blood is very impure, the bones become diseased; the muscles become enfeebled; the step loses its elasticity, and there is inability to perform the usual amount of labor. The skin loses its clearness, and pimples, blotches and other eruptions appear.

Hood's Sarsaparilla makes pure blood. It is positively unequalled in the treatment of scrofula and other humors, catarrh, rheumatism, dyspepsia, loss of appetite, that tired feeling. Be sure to get Hood's and get it today. All druggists.

"The hand that feeds the Belgians"



these fissures, where the cliffs hung threateningly, and below was a black hollow which might belong to some sea-cavern of unknown depth.

"Morwenna's boat!" exclaimed the girl, with a little catch of the breath which she did not understand. Gipsy knew that boat well; she had sailed in it many times. A curiosity hot and strong stirred the girl's whole being. Some impulse too powerful to be resisted urged her to her next action. She brought her boat cleverly alongside the one grounded against the shelving floor of the cavern, and having made it fast and safe, she lightly stepped in, which Gipsy found herself, and she felt glad that she had in her pocket a box of matches.

What a huge place it was—a regular smuggler's cave, as Gipsy thought! Any amount of property could be run in and stored in the many deep crevices which seemed its sides. Where was Morwenna? And what was her errand to this gloomy vault?

Gipsy's eyes were getting used to the darkness. She saw that she was in a great vaulted way, that stalactites hung suspended from a roof lost in shadows, and that already she had passed high-water mark and was treading a rocky floor over which the waves never washed, though the spray might dash in far higher yet. For the tread of the ground was uneven, the cavern running far before her, wide at first but gradually narrowing.

Gipsy turned to look back and saw the wide orifice open to the green, shining sea beyond. It was a few moments. Should she go on or return?

She turned back, looking up the dark passage, and gave a little start. Something had happened while her eyes had been turned away. Now a point of light shone in the dim recesses of the tunnel, and Gipsy stepped lightly and softly onward. The cave was always filled with the reverberation of the waves breaking along the rocks of the cliff's foot.

Quickly and stealthily Gipsy sped onwards. She found herself now gaining rapidly on the point of light, and very soon she had the satisfaction of seeing plainly whose hand it was that carried the torch which lit up the gloom of the tunnelled way. It was Morwenna. The girl held in her hand a smoking torch of resinous pine-wood, and she stepped along the passage with the leiscur tread of one who knows her way well. She seemed to be chanting snatches of some strange incantation. The words were half speech and half song; Gipsy could not catch their import. She thought they were in some unknown tongue, the sound was so strange and wild. She herself kept perfectly silent. She was doing something she had never done before—dogging the steps and spying upon the acts of a fellow-creature, and she half despised herself for it, yet still could not make up her mind to let her presence be known.

What was Morwenna doing beneath the cliff or Gaston's Keep? Gipsy felt that she must and would watch and see whether she was going and for what purpose.

To be Continued

IRISH PLAYED NOBLE PLAYED

Shared in Recent Fight, Being Prominent at Gimchy.

Appeal for Recruits to Keep Irish Regiments Irish.

By Courier Leased Wire.
London, Oct. 17.—(New York World cable)—London newspapers have received an enthusiastic letter from Major William Redmond, brother of the Irish Nationalist leader on the feast of arms of the sixteenth Irish division, first at Loos and later at the Somme, where they captured Gimchy and shared in the taking of Guillemont.

To prevent the division from losing its distinctively Irish character, in recruiting to fill up its depleted ranks Major Redmond appeals to Irishmen at home to enlist in order to keep this division primarily "the Irish division."

Those New "Bran Foods"—a new one is born every week—a recognition of the need of food laxatives instead of drug laxatives.

The problem of presenting bran to the human stomach in combination with a nutritious, easily digested food was solved twenty years ago by the invention of **Shredded Wheat Biscuit**, the food that supplies all the body-building material in the whole wheat grain in a digestible form, combined with bran, which is Nature's laxative. A body-building, strength-giving food. Serve with milk or cream or sliced peaches and cream or other fruits.

Made in Canada



NICHOLAS

The doll convention in the fairy forest had just been called to order when someone in the air called, "Who!" and then "Who!" again. There in the tree-tops was a sleigh made of ice and a pair of prancing horses who seemed to be made of snow. Certainly their harness was chains of icicles.

Everybody stared. Then out of the sleigh climbed a doll in a huge fur overcoat and cap, furlined gloves and top-boots.

"It's Nicholas!" cried all the dolls. "Nicholas, the doll from Russia."

Sure enough, it was Nicholas. Nicholas smiled and tried to raise his hat. And that was the beginning of all the trouble. It wouldn't come off!

Somewhat upset, Nicholas climbed down the tree and took his seat among the other dolls. They all stared and stared. No doll who is a gentleman keeps his hat on in the presence of ladies!

But presently the convention went on again. The doll from India told how she had been left outdoors one night in a dreadful rainstorm. It had washed one of her eyebrows off and someone had had to paint it on again.

It was at this point that Nicholas tugged at his hat again and found that it came off.

"It must have been glued on," he muttered. "Queer! And the girls

RIPPLING RHYMES

BY WALT MASON

UNRULING KIDS

I don't like little Albert Clarence, though he's a sprightly lad, because he won't obey his parents, his mother and his dad. This Clarence boy is strangely gifted, he is no person's fool and divers prizes he has lifted down at the village school. He knows what war or revolution distinguishes, and every king, and when it comes to cloution, he makes the welkin ring. It sends a sort of thrill and shiver all up my spine and neck when he arises to deliver "The Boy and Burning

SIDE TALKS

By Ruth Cameron

FOR JUST TWO MINUTES

How difficult it is to get even intelligent people to act together!

We had a little illustration of it that greatly interested me one day last summer.

A group of about twenty of us were having a camp-fire supper. We had supper, we had romped with the children, and finally we had gathered in a semi-circle about the fire.

"Sing a song," said someone.

"Of course Everybody Hung Back. Nobody responded. Everyone waited for someone else.

Then someone made a good suggestion. "Let's go around the circle and each start some song he likes."

"Fine!" said everyone, and after the usual discussion as to which end the singing should start, we got under way.

It was an excellent arrangement. It gave each person a chance to have his favorite song sung, it gave everyone an opportunity to contribute his share, it made it possible for each one to plan ahead what he should do when his turn came.

It should have worked perfectly, and it did for almost five minutes.

Someone Was Seized With An Inspiration Out of Turn

Then someone on the opposite side of the circle was seized with an inspiration at just the moment when

Newport.

(From our own correspondent.)
Rev. James Drew preached a good practical sermon on Sunday evening.

Master Arthur Higgins, city, spent a few days with Mrs. George E. Wood.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Tomlinson were Sunday guests with Mr. and Mrs. Ellis Coleman.

Mr. Thomas Awoock, of London, is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Phillips.

Miss Maud Mills of South Middleton, is the guest of Miss Grace Atkinson.

Miss Hislop attended the teachers convention on Thursday and paid a visit to London on Friday.

Master Ross and Harrow Sutherland, city, were the week-end guests of Mr. and Mrs. Fielding Emmott.

On next Sunday evening Rev. James Drew will preach at the Methodist church, Mr. Pleasant, and Rev. Mr. Ellis will preach at Newport.

Mrs. Henry Phillips spent a few days at Etona.

65 FIGHTS
Paris, Oct. 17.—(French official)—French and German aeroplanes yesterday fought 65 engagements in the region of the River Somme, says today's French official statement. The German machines brought down.

FALL STOCK NOW COMPLETE

New Suits, New Overcoats, New Underwear, New Sweaters and Wool Coats, New Shirts, New Odd Pants, New Hats, New Caps, for Men and Boys.

Men's Heavy Sox 15c. per pair
Men's Undershirts and Drawers at 65c., 75c., \$1.00 and up
See our Special at \$1.25 Suit, or 65c. garment, worth 75c. each.

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Early Fall Overcoats
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Best Values at Least Money.

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Ask for Dr. Cassell's Instant Relief.
Price 50 cents. from all Druggists and Storekeepers,
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are going away up in price, and before next season you will pay nearly double for some of the grades you are being offered now. Our lines are very complete, and the patterns are lovely.

For the Month of October

We are going to offer our entire line at extra special prices which will mean a big money saving to you.

Now, be wise, don't put it off—buy now.

Jas. L. Sutherland
IMPORTER OF PAPER HANGINGS AND SHADES.

AMOUNT PAID.
By Courier Leased Wire.
Hamilton, Ont., Oct. 17.—News leaked out to-day of the amount for which the celebrated action of Moodie vs. Hawkins and directors of the Dominion Power and Transmission Company was settled. The plaintiff in the action received \$185,770.

The Government aeroplane factory and training school to be located at Toronto will cost about \$1,000,000.

The taxation of London churches for garbage collection is valid, according to decision by Judge Macbeth.

Marley, the 9-year-old son of Peter McDonald, was drowned at Sarnia while catching minnows.

AFTER school the hungry boy
Calls for bread and butter,
Blythe remarks of ecstasy
He is sure to utter,
If the bread he joys to see
Was produced with Purity.

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