

Sunrise

GOLD MEDAL

JAMS & MARMALADE

The Story of 'Sunrise' Preserves Number 1.

ALL over the world it is known that the best preserves are English Jams and Marmalade. The finest English Jams and Marmalade are 'Sunrise'; these little stories tell how they are made and why they are so good.

FIRST of all, and most highly important, only the best and freshest fruit is bought. All the counties in Great Britain, and orange groves in Spain, where the finest fruits are grown, are visited by the buyers who make careful selection, and the gathering and packing is carried out under watchful supervision so that the fruit arrives undamaged at the factory.

THAT is the first step in the progress to perfection, and 'Sunrise' Jams which you will find in your stores are specially made for your country by the famous house of

E. & T. Pink Ltd.
LONDON, ENGLAND.

And MESSRS. BAIRD & CO., P. O. Box 157, St. John's, Newfoundland, are the resident wholesale agents.

'Atlas' Confectionery is also made in the same wonderful factory.



Little Miss Sunshine shows you the Orchard.

Lord Cecil's Dilemma —OR— The Picnic —IN— Woodall Forest

CHAPTER XXXVIII

"I am glad if I have been of service to you, Sir Charles," she faltered.

"Will you sit near me?" he asked.

"I want to say something to you, Ada. I want to show you that I am grateful for all that you have done for me."

She was beside him in a moment, and had seized one of his hands between her own. She bent her face over it, and he could feel her hot tears.

It was not till that instant that he remembered the passionate words she had whispered to him, the night that he was struck down. She loved him—But what a hopeless passion! She knew that he was not master of himself—even if he had no other love.

"No one knows that there was murder in the heart of the man who visited you that night," she said, at length. "He was allowed to escape. I would give no information to the police."

"Thank you; I am glad of this. That man came about the woman I am married to. He accused me of—"

His brows contracted, as though by a sudden spasmodic of acute pain.

"Do not refer to it again," she whispered. "You are thinking of the check you gave to me; you are wondering what connection that can have with this man's story. What I have done has only been done to help you. I will explain all to your satisfaction."

"I will trust you in all things," he said. "I can never do enough for you. You are one woman in a thou-

sand. I am not worthy of your regard."

He felt so grateful toward her in his weakness that he was ready to grant her almost any request she might make. He felt that his load of obligation was too great to be ever repaid.

His slightest wish was law to her. She deemed it heaven if he but smiled approval.

She told him of the visit of Herbert Gardner, and that he would come again soon; but she thought it best to forget the promise she had made to the young barister—to telegraph to him when his friend became conscious. She did not wish to meet Herbert Gardner again, at present. Even if he proved her enemy, she believed that she held the talisman that would win him to her side.

Weak as he was bodily, the mind of Sir Charles was necessarily feeble, and Ada Craythorne knew that this was the chance of her life. If she could get him to make some promise, he was naturally too chivalrous to ever draw back, even when he knew that Gladys Howard's was free. It was the all-consuming love that raged within her that urged her to throw every obstacle from her path to win the man she worshipped.

He had been silent for a little while, and she had just promised to send Lady Hastings to see him, when she hid her face from his eyes.

"I want you to forgive me one thing, if you can," she murmured.

"Anything," he interrupted. "But no—there is nothing which calls for my forgiveness."

She steadily kept her face averted, and continued:

"You must have thought me un-madly, Sir Charles, for—for saying things which I could not help."

He did not profess that he had forgotten, or that he did not understand her meaning, but replied:

"What is there to forgive? You confessed to a liking for me—"

"No, no!" Do not make light of my love—do not call it mere liking. It is life and death to me. There is no harm in telling you this—there is no shame! You must have seen it. It is love like mine that makes it heaven to be within sound of your voice. You do not wonder now why I have scarcely ever left your side! Whilst you were ill—unconscious—I could gaze upon you without fear of your displeasure. I found my delight and my joy in ministering to your every want! I was in a delirium of ecstasy when you murmured my name in your sleep."

She was weeping now, and Sir Charles wondered if he could ever repay devotion such as this. Had he spoken her name—had he mistled her when his mind was wandering?

"Poor little girl," he said, softly and tenderly. "It is a pity to waste the treasures of your love upon me. You know why, Ada!"

A fierce fire flashed into her eyes, and she dropped upon her knees, whispering, hoarsely:

"If you were free from that woman—if you were free, do you think that you could find one little corner in your heart for me?"

"Free!" he exclaimed. "I am not free—I never can be, only by the hand of death!"

"Answer me, my love; would you try and love me a little if you had no wife?"

She gazed at him hungrily; this hesitation was keenest torture.

"Yes," he replied; "if it would make you happy. I owe you something, Ada. Yes; if I had no burden upon me, I would marry you, if you wished it. I owe my life to you, and no one has an equal claim. I do not say that I could give you my first, passionate love—the love you might expect from me. I could not give you that, for my heart is dead—dead to love of that kind—to any but its first, fond object. I could give you my esteem—my gratitude. If you could be content with this, I would marry you, Ada—I would marry you if I were free."

"Oh, my love, I know that your heart was given to Gladys Howard. Honor you for your candor, but it makes my love for you none the less. I will be content with your esteem and your gratitude until you can give me something more. I am content to take even the smallest crumb, for I can win your love by a life's devotion!"

Weak as he was, he half-raised himself upon one elbow to look at her. She spoke as though he were free.

"Ada," he said, gently, "do you forget—do you forget?"

"No, my darling, I forget nothing! You have made me a promise. I am the happiest girl in the wide world—happy because you have no wife living—you never have had any wife!"

Then she poured into his ears the story told her by the woman who had called herself Agnes Matland. She read to him the woman's confession, and he listened mutely, and wondered if he were still in the grasp of the fever.

NO MORE PIMPLES

It is easy to have a fresh, clear, radiant skin free from pimples, blackheads and other blemishes. Just take two pleasant-tasting tablets of Ironized Yeast three times a day. Everyone knows how yeast clears the skin and makes it velvety and smooth. And the new secret 'Ironization' process enables the yeast to produce results twice as quickly. Get Ironized Yeast from your dealer today. You'll soon have a complexion that any school girl might envy.

FREE TRIAL To try Ironized Yeast send for **Parsons' 3-Day Trial Treatment**. Address: Harold F. Parsons & Co., Ltd., Dept. 20, Toronto.

**IRONIZED YEAST
Tablets**

THE ONLY YEAST THAT IS GENUINELY IRONIZED

PIMPLES ON FACE FOR 3 YEARS

Also On Arms. Very Sore.
Cuticura Healed.

"For three years my daughter was troubled with pimples on her face and arms. They were hard, large, and red, and some of them festered and were very sore. Her face was disfigured for a while, and she stayed in nearly all the time.

"She tried different remedies but they did not do any good so began to use Cuticura Soap and Ointment and after using three boxes of Cuticura Soap and two boxes of Cuticura Ointment she was healed." (Signed) Mrs. S. F. McElroy, 28 Franklin St., Boston, N. H., Dec. 21, 1920.

Give Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Talcum the daily care of your skin.

Always look for the name of Cuticura Soap and Ointment on the wrapper. Sold everywhere. Cuticura Soap always without soap.

NOTHING TO EQUAL

MINARD'S "KING OF PAIN" LINIMENT

For Sprains and Bruises.

The first thing to do when you have an injury is to apply Minard's famous Liniment. It is antiseptic, soothing, healing and gives quick relief.

"You now know why I borrowed the money from you; you know where it went. It was Spliers' plan to live upon your fears—now he must starve. When he feared that you had perhaps taken some kind of a fancy to this woman, who is his lawful wife—when he feared that you had taken a fancy to her, he was mad, and lived only for revenge. The check you gave me lent color to this, and he believed that you had put her out of his way. It was this I was going to tell you the night he came."

"Thank God that I am free!" the young man murmured. "At last the nightmare is lifted from me; you will tell my mother, Ada, I know that it will add a little to her happiness."

His face was flushed with excitement, and he lay, with wide-open eyes, gazing at the ceiling, but seeing nothing there.

Before his mental vision their came a glorious picture—a picture of blue skies, of golden sunshine and beautiful roses; green fields and verdant woods, the ripple of merry laughter, the rapture of lovely women, among whom was one, the fairest of all, a human flower with pansy eyes, and pines at her throat.

The mad rush of bitter memories turned him dizzy, and he moaned aloud. She was forever lost to him; she was to be the wife of another, and he—well, he had pledged himself very hour to one who had a great claim upon him—to one whom it was his duty to make happy if he could.

He felt her kisses on his brow, and shuddered. In his weakness he cried for Gladys, and the woman he had promised to make his wife smiled bitterly. Each cry was like the stab of a three-edged knife.

She clutched at the letter that was hidden in her bosom—the letter from the woman he loved!—from the woman who loved him!

But what was their love compared with the fire that consumed her heart and soul!

She waited until he slept again, then silently stole away; but her victory had brought her but little joy!

(To be continued.)

SPEAKING FROM
EXPERIENCE

THE DOCTOR: "It's just redness and feverish. Give him a Steedman's Powder and he'll sleep by all rights."

STEEDEMAN'S
SOOTHING POWDERS
Contain no Poison

Terrible Blunders.

Disturbing possibilities are opened up by remarks of Professor Rist, a French consultant, who told the British Medical Association that wrong diagnosis is a feature of medical work all over the world.

According to this expert, of 158 ex-service and insured London cases sent for diagnostic purposes in 1919 to Brompton and the City of London Chest Hospitals, 124 were not tubercular.

Many non-consumptive, he maintained, had been at perfectly useless expense submitted to hardships and sacrifices of tuberculosis patients, and had not even received the proper treatment which the real disease they suffered from required.

This is a matter of extreme gravity, which must not be allowed to remain uninvestigated.

It must be ascertained whether the cases in which these mistakes were made were diagnosed by one man only. If so, it should be made a rule that two or more doctors consult before a patient is told that he has fallen a victim to the terrible "white scourge."

Meanwhile, would it not be wiser for some of these experts who are devoting themselves to the search for a cure for consumption to turn their attention for a time to discovering some method of diagnosis which will leave the smallest possible margin for error?—Lloyd's Weekly.

MURPHY'S GOOD THINGS

Just read over this page, you are sure to need at least one of these. They are all genuine bargains in summer wear.

Misses' & Children's Summer Hats.

In Panamas, Sailors and many other styles; a Hat to suit every style.

Sale Price 1.98 & 2.49

Ladies' & Children's Jersey Bloomers.

Both Pink and White.

Per Pr., 29, 33, 39c.

Children's Middies.

In Saxe Blue, nicely trimmed; to fit from 6 to 12 yrs.

Each, \$1.98

Men's Tan Boots.

Only sizes 9 and 10; real beauties. Reg. \$11.00.

Now \$4.98

Boys' Pants.

Only small sizes; made of Wool Tweeds and Serges; some knickerbocker, others loose leg.

Each, 69c.

Ladies' Tan Shoes.

For Comfort and Service. This is an excellent Shoe for comfort, service and style; high heel.

Per Pair, \$3.79

Trunks.

That will stand the rough knocking about that it is sure to receive on train or steamer.

Each, \$2.98 to \$7.00

Ladies' Crepe-de-Chene Blouses.

Each, \$2.98

Men's Neckties.

Different lines of silk in many shades.

Each, 25 to 75c.

Ladies' Costumes.

We are now clearing a line of Ladies' Blue Serge Costumes. These are made of splendid Serge and were priced at \$48.00 each; some with fur collars.

Now \$14.98

Auto Strop Razors.

Safety Razor of the very best make; nickel plated handle; packed in case complete.

Each, \$2.98

Glaze Belts.

The season's latest Belts. Come in and see them.

Each, 20c. to 39c.

Smallwares.

Peroxide	15c.
Pepper & Salt Shakers	12c.
Nail Brushes	15c. & 19c.
Hat Dye	25c.
Tooth Paste	15c.
Baby's Rattlers	9c.
Colgate's Tooth Paste	45c.
Violet Talcum Powder	25c.
Bone Crochet Hooks	8c.
Handkerchiefs	8c.
Safety Pins	8c.
Bottle Beads	12c.

Palmolive Soap.

Per Cake, 17c.

Blue Denim.

The labor man will not need have the overalls if he had them made of this splendid material.

Per Yard, 44c.

Shirting.

Every mother knows how much Shirting she needs for the children. Buy a quantity now.

Per Yard, 25c.

Blue Flannelette.

30 inches; felt fleecy.

Per Yard, 19c.

Ladies' Silk Hose.

In Black, Grey, Brown and White.

Per Pair, 69c. & 75c.

Ladies' Strap Vests.

Cotton yarn; light; low neck with tape inserted, narrow straps.

Each, 25c.

Ladies' Hose.

Black, Brown and White.

3 Pairs for 49c.

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Soldie...
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