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The Fur that is always worn and which is at present at its lowest price. There is only one reason for Mink being so cheap, because of the European Fur Market being closed during the war. It being a purely Canadian fur, there is more in Canada than ever. Therefore we have first choice at reduced prices.



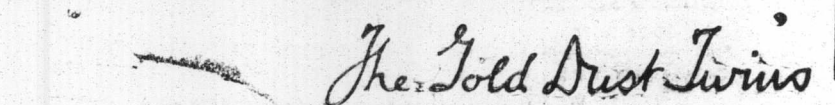
The Gold Dust Twins' Philosophy

If you have ever fumed and fussed, because of dirt and grime and rust, and said unto yourself, "Oh, dear! This household work will kill me!"—then it is time that you should find some other method far more kind.

Of all the woes a housewife bears, one always fills her day with cares: The kitchen after-meal-time muss, is quite enough to make one fuss. What, with the pots and pails and pans, the knives and forks and plates and cans, no task of man, however grim, the half as mean is handed him.

Two little willing workers aim to enter in this household game: their job, the lessening of work, a task that neither of them shirk. With active little hands and brains they grab the irksome household reins, till soon each kettie, pot or dish, is just as bright as you could wish. And not until the chores are done, from sink to silver, sun to sun, could anything inspire the two, to drop the tasks they have to do.

Therefore, if you have never known, assistance such as we have shown, your troubles end, where joy begins. Now, Mrs. Drudge, the Gold Dust Twins! Henceforth, as dishes congregate, and dingy pots that cannot wait; when cutlery, in sad array, awaits you at the close of day—"Cheer up!" Forget the labor planned: You have two aids at your command.



The Diamond From the Sky

By ROY L. McCARDELL

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At Mrs. Lamar Stanley's house that austere woman sat upon her piazza, rocking and waiting for Blair to return from inside the house. She had more to say to her son, and as she reflected upon the bitter phrasing of the words she would speak her heart ached dully.

What was the use? she kept saying to herself. What was the use, what use the ambition, the cold, calculating ambition that had darkened her life and had caused the tragic death of her husband eighteen long years ago?

What was the use to scheme and plot and hope and hate for a bauble that had disappeared—the diamond from the sky—and an erldom farther away than even distant Warwickshire?

The diamond from the sky and the erldom were not for her. They were never to be the possessions of her son either, it would seem.

Dead men lay between and a living man, a wanderer and a fugitive, and the earl, old and feeble, a helpless invalid for years, still lingered on. And Arthur Stanley, proscribed as a murderer though he was, bore a charmed life that stood between her son and the erldom and the diamond from the sky.

The diamond from the sky itself was gone, vanished from the sight of man. As for her son, that son was infatuated with a worthless woman. Virginia Marston would make a fit mate for Blair Stanley, son she had borne and reared!

But bitter as all these reflections were, the Stanley pride was strong in the breast of Blair's mother. Bad as he was, she thought, it were better he never possess the diamond from the sky at the Stanley erldom with such a woman to share these great possessions.

And then the judge's widow saw coming toward her Hagar Harding, the present mistress of Stanley hall. At the sight of Hagar Mrs. Stanley stiffened, and instinctively all the old hopes and all the old hatreds leaped again within her withered breast. She rose as if to enter her house and ignore Hagar, but Hagar stayed her with a gesture.

"Do not go, Mrs. Stanley," said Hagar in even tones. "I have with me the proofs that your son and not Arthur Stanley is guilty of the murder of Dr. Henry Lee." And she indicated with a meaning gesture the flat black portfolio she carried, the same portfolio Detective Blake had brought from Richmond.

"Hush!" whispered the judge's widow tensely. "Come inside!" And she led her strange guest within the portals of her home and up to the living room.

Here Hagar without a further word showed her the photographs of the thumb prints left by the murderer in Dr. Lee's study and the photographs of the returned dishonored check, with the fatal inky thumb print of Blair Stanley resting against his signature, as though he had attested to it.

"I will get my son. He is somewhere about the house!" cried Mrs. Judge Stanley. "What is the price you ask for your silence? I cannot think you would come here except to bargain."

"My price is an easy one," replied Hagar. "I ask that you and all your friends receive my daughter Esther and myself in Fairfax. I have only this to say: Deem me who you may, my daughter Esther is of as high birth and blood as the proudest families of Fairfax."

"What you ask me to arranged, I feel sure," said the judge's widow, regaining her cold composure. "Wait here till I find my son."

Mrs. Stanley bowed and hurried down to the porch, where she called loudly for Blair, thinking perhaps he was in the garden or at the stable.

Meanwhile Blair in the "Tory hiding place" behind the chimney had heard every word that had been uttered in the room. In his hands he clutched a mass of bank notes. Thrusting them in his pocket, he touched the spring and pushed aside the swinging fire-place noiselessly.

Hagar stood by the table, her back to the fireplace, watching the door. In her hands were the incriminating photographs of the thumb prints of Blair Stanley.

As she turned at the sound of Blair's advance he struck her down with the heavy iron poker, and she fell to the floor as though lifeless, in a crumpled heap.

As Blair stooped to seize the photographs of his guilty thumb prints that had fallen to the floor a gleam of steel on the table caught his eye. It was the sheriff's handcuffs. The Virginia Marston had brought to the house with her and left for Blair, as she said mockingly, "as a souvenir of the white knight's leap."

Hagar moaned and stirred. Blair could hear his mother calling him in the hallway now. He seized the handcuffs and clasped them on the unresisting wrists of Hagar. Picking her up, he thrust her in the

SHARP ATTACK REPULSED

Dangerous Condition Relieved Just In Time By "Fruit-a-lives"



MR. F. J. CAVEEN
632 Gerrard St. East, Toronto.

"Tory's hiding place" and hastily swung the wall back in position, leaving the unconscious and manacled form of Hagar imprisoned by the broken open door in the darkened niche. At this instant he heard his mother on the threshold and turned and fled with the photographs and the stolen money by the door that led to the inner rooms and was gone.

Far away a colored boy, who had been driving a pig the day the gentleman of Fairfax held their vaunted tournament, is playing he is a hunter after eagles.

He has a wooden gun, this colored boy who herds pigs while gentle white folk ride to tournament and to chase the fox, and with his wooden gun he plays a part in the destinies of those concerned in this strange story.

For beneath a wayside tree he finds handful of feathers. "Owls up dar!" says the mimic hunter, and he drops the rude wooden gun and climbs the tree. An owl flies from its nest with a querulous screech.

That evening an obscure negrourchin, whose lot it is that he must attend to swine, leans over a noisome pen and dangles before an unappreciative pig, gorging at his swill, the diamond from the sky!

(To be continued.)

SUBSISTENCE PAY TO BE INCREASED

Additional Ten Cents Per Day Will be Paid Depot Recruits.

Toronto, Dec. 2.—A new scale of subsistence pay for men on the strength of the Toronto recruiting depot went into effect yesterday, and will result in an increase of ten cents per day in the pay of every man attested, thus giving an additional 70 cents per week for subsistence while unattached to a battalion. The new scale of pay means that married men will hereafter be better paid than at any time since the outbreak of the war, the original 75 cents per day subsistence which has been given them all along being raised to 85 cents, while unmarried men who since November 1st have been getting only 50 cents per day living expenses will now receive 60 cents. The increase, though small in itself, will make a considerable difference in the depot disbursements.

CHILD'S TONGUE BECOMES COATED IF CONSTIPATED

Children love this "fruit laxative," and nothing else cleanses the tender stomach, liver and bowels so nicely. A child simply will not stop playing to empty its bowels, and the result is, they become tightly clogged with waste, liver gets sluggish, stomach sours, then your little one becomes cross, half-sick, feverish, don't eat, sleep or act naturally, breath is bad, system full of cold, has sore throat, stomach-ache or diarrhoea. Listen, Mothers! See if tongue is coated, then give a teaspoonful of "California Syrup of Figs," in a few hours all the constipated waste, sour bile and undigested food passes out of the system, and you have a well, playful child again.

Millions of mothers give "California Syrup of Figs" because it is perfectly harmless; children love it, and it never fails to act on the stomach, liver and bowels.

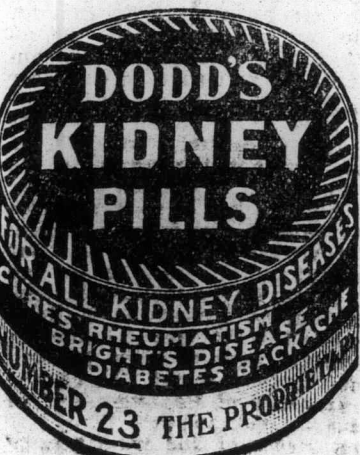
Ask your druggist for a 50-cent bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," which has full directions for babies, children of all ages and for grown-ups plainly printed on the bottle. Beware of counterfeits sold here. Get the genuine, made by "California Fig Syrup Company." Refuse any other kind with contempt.

W. C. Koehel of Jeanette, Pa. who has many relatives in the German military service, received news that twenty of his thirty-five cousins have been killed.

The nine year old daughter of Paul Richey, a farmer living near Prague, Okla., thirty miles east of Guthrie, was "drowned" in a pile of cotton in her father's field.

Ellis Buckner, a negro, was taken from the jail at Henderson, Ky., by a mob of about one hundred men and hanged from a telephone pole in the public square.

Morris Kanue warned the Pittsburgh Marine Corps not to "hire" his son, who had been shot, and told them if he applied to whale him within an inch of his life. Sergeant De Boo replied that the youth would not be enlisted, but told the father to "paddle his own Kanue."



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- Our "NEWPORT CAMELS," made from Pure Honey, Dairy Cream and G anulated Sugar, best obtainable, made in three flavors—Vanilla, Walnut and Chocolate. You can't resist them.

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