

SISTERS THREE

(Continued from Wednesday.)

"Gipsy is the one who makes people laugh," said Allardice. "Oh, there she is on the rocks waiting for us, and Keeper with her! I don't think Keeper ever lets her out of his sight except when we go to church, and then he holds all the time till she comes back. When he is properly trained to wait he can sit outside with Captain; but he would be sure to knock poor old Trevanna down and come stalking in if we tried now, or else around all the service with his wails."

Gipsy asked no questions when they drew ashore, but Allardice gave her a signal that all was right. There was a greater elasticity in Miss Willoughby's step as she mounted the rocky stair to the house. As the girls chatted to her of their new life while at breakfast together her face had a brightness that was new to it, and from time to time at some sally of Gipsy's her long-unheard laugh would suddenly ring out.

"Come and see our farm," cried Gipsy when the meal was ended. "And don't make merry at our expense because we have not the prize beasts of Clumbermere! Remember, please, that we are only just beginning, and that every month when I balance the books I find that we have a nice little balance on the credit side!"

"I wish I could say the same!" said Miss Willoughby, with another laugh. "By all means let me learn from you how to make farming pay!"

Chapter XXIX.

"We are together at Langham Hotel. Return in about ten days. Make known good news to our friends.—Kildare."

Allardice's hands trembled as she held the flimsy pink paper. The orange envelope fluttered to her feet unheeded. With a flush on her face and a great light in her eyes she ran up the stairs to the room which was hers, except when she vacated it of her own free will, and knocked lightly at the door.

"Miss Willoughby, may I come in?"

The lady was writing at the inlaid Davenport, and as she caught sight of the girl she rose quickly to her feet.

"Child, you have had news!"

"He is free! He is free. Oh, Miss Willoughby, read that! And you have done it!"

Scarcely knowing what she did, she flung her arms round Miss Willoughby's neck. The message was read by both as they stood side by side, and Allardice read the little thrill which ran through the fall frame she held so tightly.

"This is free! This is free!" she repeated between deep breaths; and she heard a whisper from the deep voice, like one she had heard before—

"Harold, am I forgiven? I have done it at last!"

With her hands pressed against Miss Willoughby's shoulders, Allardice gazed into her moved, almost stern face.

"I think he knows! Oh, indeed, I can never believe that they do not know—just a little—about those they have loved and left! I loved you; Jim was his friend. Oh, I am sure that he is very glad! Are you not happy yourself?"

"Child! I have known more of peace in these last few days than for the two years which had gone before. The iron had entered into my soul. Now, though the scar always remains, the pain of the wound is assuaged."

Allardice kissed her again and again.

"I must go and tell the others! Doctor Kingscote must be told, and the Lebertons—Audrey and Gipsy will do that—and everybody who cared for him in the past. Oh, what joy there will be! And they need only know that the truth has come out—nothing more. It has not got

into the papers; we should have seen it if it had. We have been watching every day. Oh, I must run and tell them!"

Mrs. Gosling was the first to meet Allardice as she was running down the corridor with shining eyes.

"My lamb, what is the good news?" she asked; and Allardice threw her arms about the good old woman's neck and whispered the wonderful tidings, adding at the end, with a little lilt of laughter—

"Oh, Goosey, dear, what am I to call him when we meet? I don't seem to know him by any name except just—Jim!"

The old nurse looked fondly after her as she ran lightly down the stairs. Never had she seen this youngest of her nurslings so moved and aroused as she had been during these last days. The sisters had no secrets from their faithful old servant, who was their truest friend, and who never betrayed a trust by the smallest indiscretion. She had heard the whole story from first to last in its smallest details, and with a knowing shake of her wise old head she murmured to herself—

"Bless her pretty face and tender heart! If men be not greatly changed from what they were when I was young, it won't be long before she will be calling him 'Jim' to the end of the chapter!"

The other sisters heard the news with eager excitement and delight. Audrey's eyes lighted from within, while Gipsy danced round the room in a fashion that set Keeper capering to the imminent peril of many cherished possessions.

To Be Continued

SCOTLAND

(From our own correspondent.) Mr. and Mrs. Robt. Taylor, of Brantford, spent Sunday in this vicinity.

Mr. Carman Baldwin is moving to Brantford this week.

Mr. Clayton Barber's are moving this week to West Virginia.

Mrs. T. Messecar spent last Friday in Brantford, visiting her son, Mr. Chas. Messecar.

Mr. A. Fiddlin and Mr. Mel. Baldwin have returned from the West.

Mr. Wm. Stuart spent a few days last week visiting his mother in Hamilton.

Mr. Robt. McCutcheon loaded a car of wheat last week.

Mr. Chas. Hall of the West, was visiting his uncle, Mr. Walter Hall last week.

LANGFORD

(From our own correspondent.) Rev. Mr. Cole had charge of the educational service here on Sunday.

One evening last week about thirty members and friends of Mr. Anthony Westbrook's Bible Class, accompanied by Rev. Mr. Pyrie and Mrs. Pyrie, took their baskets and spent the evening with Mr. and Mrs. Westbrook.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Whitfield and daughter, Miss Hazel Hamilton, with several other friends, spent Sunday afternoon with Mr. and Mrs. D. Westbrook.

Mr. Ed. Hunter has purchased a new car.

Mrs. Weatherall leaves on Tuesday to spend some time at Albion, in the States.

Miss Dolly Westbrook is spending three years in training at the Brantford General Hospital.

Mr. and Mrs. D. Stuart, attended the funeral of Mrs. W. Stuart, Hamilton, on Sunday.

Mr. Ed. Mulligan received word on Saturday evening of the death of his sister, in Brantford.

Several from here attended anniversary services on Sunday, held at Cainsville.

Mrs. M. E. Vanderlip was the guest of Mrs. Harold Howell, Otondaga, last Sunday.

SIDE TALKS

By Ruth Cameron

Two friends of mine took up the game of checkers a year or two ago, and have been having a kind of running tournament together ever since.

The other day, I asked one of them how the tournament was coming on.

"We've stopped," he said. "He's too far ahead. I'm not in his class now!"

"Why do you let him beat you like that?" I asked.

"Too Much Like Work," he replied. "He held out his hands in a movement of helplessness. 'Couldn't help it. He plays so many moves ahead; I won't do that. Too much like work—what's the use?'"

"I don't suppose there is any particular use. Games are a sort of mental gymnastics that do not accomplish anything except to train the muscles of the mind. If you cease enjoying them, it is time to seek some other exercise."

But the philosophy of playing a game so many moves ahead I like. Children Always Play a Move At a Time.

When children first play checkers, they play just one move at a time. By and by, one of them begins to plan a move ahead. At once he starts to win, and keeps on winning until his opponent also learns to play a move ahead.

One move ahead soon becomes two or three, and two or three soon become more.

The real checker player plays for the end of the game at the very beginning. Anyone who plays only a few moves ahead is wax in his hands.

"The world stands aside for anyone who knows where he is going," says David Starr Jordan.

"For anyone who plays several moves ahead," is another way of putting that.

Playing The Game of Life Several Moves Ahead.

One man who is going to buy a home studies the growth of the town, forecasts the development of the neighborhood, looks thoroughly into transportation facilities, and buys a home that grows in value and that fits into his own future.

One young man permits himself to drift into any business that offers an opening with reasonably good pay. Another studies himself, the field, and tries to find where he will fit best, and have the greatest ultimate opportunity.

Do you play the game of life one move at a time, or as many moves

ahead as you can play it wisely? Do you ever have quarrels in your mind? A woman said to me once that she found she was "wasting much energy carrying on imaginary arguments and quarrels."

This is the sort of thing she meant. She would have a certain favor she rather dreaded to ask of someone. She would be thinking about this matter and she would anticipate a refusal. Then she would become indignant at the very thought, and plan what she would say in such case. Next, she would supply the other party's answer, and her own to that, and so on.

All That Bitterness For Nothing.

"Sometimes," she said, "I would find I had been quarreling away in my imagination for ten minutes or so, and I would be really quite worn out and bitter about it all. And then, when I came to ask the favor, there would be no difficulty about it at all. And I would have had all that indignation and bitterness for nothing."

"It is a ridiculous habit," she continued. "I'm simply determined to cast it out of my mind. It's bad enough to get angry over the things that happen, but over the things that never come, why, it's perfect nonsense."

Is She Unique Or Not?

Now, perhaps, this woman's mental processes are unique. If they are, I am wasting words. She should be described in a pathological report, not in a column which is dedicated to everyday human nature.

But somehow I don't feel she is unique.

There is something disturbingly familiar about the habit of forecasting opposition, and then fighting with these ghosts of your own creation.

Anger Dries Up The Fountain Of Youth.

Everyone knows it is unhealthy for mind and body and soul to get angry. Anger poisons the system, interferes with digestion, makes wrinkles, and dries up the fountain of youth in one's heart.

Of course, this imaginary anger isn't as poignant and painful as the real.

But it's quite bad enough, and it is utterly futile. One can usually think up enough sharp retorts on the spot without planning them in advance.

Kelvin News

Rev. C. R. Morrow, of Hamilton, preached an anniversary sermon to a large congregation on Sunday.

Mrs. T. Cathwell, has returned home from the Brantford hospital, after going through a painful operation to one of her eyes.

Mr. T. Stewart Johnston of Vine-mountain, spent a couple of days last week with his sister in this section.

Rev. C. R. Morrow spent Sunday night at home of Mr. and Mrs. George Clarke.

Mr. E. Gilles had the misfortune to lose one of his horses a few days ago.

Mrs. J. Burton of Wiltonville spent a couple of days last week with her father here.

A few from this vicinity attended the Simcoe Fair last week.

Mr. Donald McIsaac is quite ill at present. We hope for his speedy recovery.

Mr. Kendrick of Brantford, was through here on business one day last week.

A number from this way attended Mr. Elba Johnston's auction sale on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Poole, of Norwich, were calling on friends in this section a few days ago.

The sick ones in this vicinity are all slowly recovering at the time of writing.

The potato crop, we understand, is very poor indeed, in this locality. The majority of the farmers will not have enough for their own use.

RANELAGH

From our own Correspondent. Mrs. Bowman of New Dundee was the guest of Mrs. Thos. Wood on Tuesday.

Mr. James Hoggard spent last week at Simcoe.

Mrs. James Shaver of Hamilton and Mrs. J. A. Jull and Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Wood took dinner at Mr. P. Winkell's on Sunday.

Mrs. Walker and Miss Terryberry took a trip to Tillsonburg on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Wright and children of Hatchley were the guests of Mrs. S. Cooper on Sunday.

Quite a number from here attended the anniversary at the Gore on Sunday.

If you want a good time come to the social at Mr. John Hyndman's on Thursday evening.

MOUNT ZION

(From our own correspondent.) Quite a number from here attended anniversary services at Cathcart on Sunday last.

Mrs. Olive Ryder was the Sunday guest of Miss Gladys Swears.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Mason of New Durham, spent Sunday with their daughter, Mrs. E. Dawes here.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Hanson, of Northfield, spent Sunday with the former's uncle, Mr. Thos. Hanson, here.

Mrs. Wm. Coakley has returned home after a week's visit with her daughter in Brantford.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Swears were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. Fred. Hammond.

We are very sorry to report the serious illness of Mr. David Secord's

oldest son, of Toronto, who is home, sick with mumps and diphtheria. We hope for a speedy recovery.

This community extend their sympathy to Mr. H. Pamplin and family, in the loss of a wife and mother, who passed away on Saturday last, at noon.

BURFORD

From our own Correspondent. Misses Wills and Hammond of New Durham were week-end visitors at the home of Mrs. McClellan.

Miss Chilcott is visiting her sister Mrs. W. Darby, Welland.

Miss Nellie Gorry of Hamilton is the guest of her friend, Miss Myrtle Henderson.

Mr. H. Stuart has returned from a stay with Mrs. Smart at Battle Creek, Mich. He reports Mrs. Stuart is feeling much better.

Lieut. Flowerday spent over Sabbath in the village.

Mr. Kelly has been confined to bed for several days.

Mr. and Mrs. Searles of Waterford were guests of Miss Bertha Searles this week.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Park were in Woodstock on business last week.

Mr. Frank Lewis had quite a bad fall while working on the farm at Mr. J. Teller's farm. Mr. Lewis left on Saturday to consult a specialist in Hamilton.

Mr. Pettit captured a fine pheasant in a peculiar way last week. The bird smashed its way through one of the windows and was about to make an exit in the same fashion when it was caught.

Mr. N. Wingrove is excavating for his new house on Maple avenue.

WATERFORD

(From our own correspondent.) Sergts. M. Matthews and J. S. Walters of the 133rd Battalion, Camp Borden, spent the week-end in town.

Mrs. W. T. Nash of Detroit, is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Joyce.

On Sunday union services of the Baptist and Methodist churches were held. Rev. Hassard of Toronto, spoke in the morning at the Methodist church, and at the Baptist church in the evening. He spoke in the interest of the Bible Society, and no one could help but realize what a vast work it is. Collections were taken at both services, also at Villa Nova in the afternoon, and over \$150 was realized against \$119 of last year.

The death occurred here on Sunday of Dr. Edward S. York, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. J. E. York. He was only about 25 years of age and was well liked by all. The funeral will be held on Wednesday afternoon from the home of his father. Besides his father and mother, he leaves one brother, Gordon, of Chicago, to mourn his demise. The sympathy of the community is extended to the sorrowing ones.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

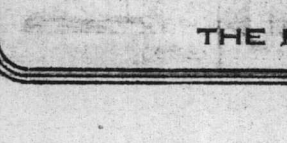
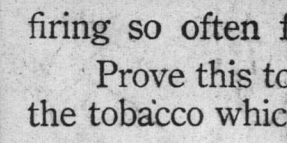
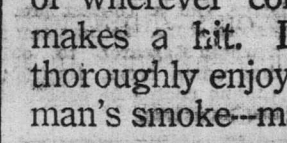
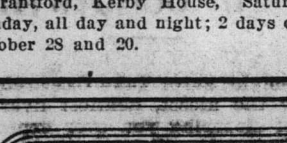
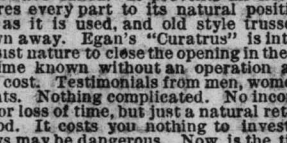


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