

24 Years the same
"good" tea

RED ROSE
TEA "is good tea"

Sold only in sealed packages

"THE NET"
By Rex Beach.

(continued from page nine)

"Then you have found your Italian girl?" queried Myra Nell, with flashing eagerness.
"Vittoria!"
"Vittoria!" Miss Warren shrieked.
"Vittoria—a countess! So, she's the one who spoiled everything?"
"Gee! You'll be a count," said Rileau.

There followed a period of laughing, incoherent explanations, and then the beaming bridegroom tugged at Myra Nell's sleeve, saying:
"Now that it's all over, I'm mighty tired of being a widower."

She flung her arms around his neck and lifted her blushing face to his, explaining to her half-brother, when she could:

"I don't know what you'll do without someone to look after you, Berne, but—it's perfectly grand to close."

Dreaux rose with a grin and winked at Norvin as he said:
"Oh, don't mind me. I'll get along all right." And seizing his hat he rushed out with his thin face all ablaze.

When Blake was finally alone he closed his desk and with a bounding heart set out for the foreign quarter. His day had dawned; he could hardly contain himself. But, as he neared his goal, strange doubts and in-

decisions arose in his mind; and when he had reached Oliveta's house he passed on, lacking courage to enter. He decided it was too soon after the tragedy at the parish prison to press his suit; that to intrude himself would be in offensiveness. Then, too, he began to reason that if Margherita had wished to see him she would have sent for him—all in all, the hour was decidedly unpropitious. He dared not risk his future happiness upon a blundering, ill-timed declaration; therefore he walked onward. But no sooner had he passed the house than a thousand voices urged him to return, in this the hour of the girl's loneliness, and lay his devotion at her feet. Torn thus by hesitation and by the sense of his unworthiness, he walked the streets, hour after hour. At one moment he approached the house desperately determined; the next he fled, mastered by the fear of dismissal. So he continued his miserable wanderings on into the dusk.

Twilight was settling when Margherita Ginni finished her packing. The big living room was stripped of its furnishings; trunks and cases stood about in a desolate confusion. There was no look of home or comfort remaining there, and the whole house echoed dimly to her footsteps. From the rear came the sound of Oliveta's listless preparations.

Pausing at an open window, Margherita looked down upon the street which she had grown to love—the

suggestion of darkness had softened it, mellowed it with a twilight beauty, like the face of an old friend seen in the distance, stirring the chords of motherhood in her breast and emphasizing her loneliness. With Oliveta gone what would be left? Nothing but an austere life, compressed within drab walls; nothing but sickness and suffering on every side. She had begun to think a great deal of those walls of late and—The bells of a convent pealed forth softly in the distance, bringing a tightness to her throat. In spite of herself she shuddered. Those laughing children's voices mocked at her empty life. They seemed always to jeer at that hungry motherlove, but never quite so loudly as now. She remembered surprising Norvin Blake at play with these very children one day, and the half-shamed, half-defiant light in his eyes when he discovered her watching him. Thinking of him she recalled just such another twilight hour as this when, in a whirl of shamed emotion, she had been compelled to face the fact of her love. A sudden trembling weakness seized her at the memory, and she saw again those cold gray walls, which never echoed to the gleeful crowing of babes or the thrilling merriment of little voices. In that brief hour of her awakening life had opened gloriously, bewilderingly, only to close again, leaving her soul bruised and sore with rebellion.

She crossed the room listlessly in answer to a knock, for the repeated attentions of her neighbors, although sincere and touching, were intrusive; then she fell back at sight of the man who entered.

The magic of this evening hour had brought him to her in spite of all his fears; but his heart was in his throat, and he could hardly manage a greeting. As he passed the threshold of the disordered room he looked around him in dismay.

"What is this?" he asked.
"Oliveta is going home to Sicily. It is our parting."
"And you?"
"To-morrow I go to the Sisters."

"No, no!" he cried, in a voice which thrilled her. "I won't let you. For hours I've been trying to come here—Dearest, don't answer until you know everything. Sometimes I fear I was the one who was dreaming at that moment when you confessed you loved me, for it is all so unreal—But

my love is not unreal. It has lived with me night and day since that first moment at Teranova—I couldn't speak before, but all these years seem only hours, and I've been living in the gardens of Sicily where you first smiled at me and awoke this love. You asked me to take no part—I had to refuse—I've tried to make a man of myself, and for my own sake not for what the world would say, but for you—"

In the tumult of feeling that his words aroused she held fast to one thought.

"What about Myra Nell?" she gasped.

"Myra Nell is married!"
The curling lashes which had lain half closed during his headlong speech flew open to display a look of wonderment and dawning gladness.

"Yes," he reiterated. "She is married! She has been married ever since the Carnival, and she's very happy. But I didn't know I was tied by a miserable misunderstanding, so I couldn't come to you honestly until to-day. And now—I'm afraid—"

"What do you fear?" she heard herself say. The breathless delight of this moment was so intense that she toyed with it, fearing to lose the smallest part. She withheld the confession trembling upon her lips which he was too timid to take for granted, too blind to see.

"Can you take me in spite of my wretched cowardice back there to Sicily? I would understand, dear, if you couldn't forget it, but—I love you so—I tried so hard to make myself worthy—you'll never know how hard it was—I couldn't do what you asked me the other day, but thank God, my hands are clean."

He held them out as if in evidence, then to his great surprise, she came forward and placed her two palms in his. She stood looking gravely at him, her surrender plain in the curve of her tremulous lips, the droop of her faltering, silk-fringed lips.

Knowledge came to him with a blinding, suffocating suddenness which set his brain reeling and wrung a rapturous cry from his throat.

After a long time he felt her shudder in his arms.
"What is it, heart of my life?" he whispered, without lifting his lips from her tawny cloud of hair.
"Those walls," she said. "Those cold, gray walls!"

A sob rose, caught, then changed to a laugh of deep contentment, and she nestled closer.

Children's voices were wafted up to them through the fragrant peaceful dusk, and the two fell silent again, until Oliveta came and stood beside them her face transfigured.

"God be praised!" said the peasant girl, as she put her hands in theirs. "Something told me I should not return to Sicily alone."

THE END.

BOOST FOR THE LOCAL PRESS

Massena, N. Y., Observer: The importance and value to the state of the local newspaper were emphasized in one exhibit of the State Fair at Syracuse recently. The persons who visited the exhibits were greeted by a placard, reading: "Has your editor doubled the subscription price and advertising rate of his paper? If not, he needs to." And this declaration was backed up by the statement that during the past four years 125 country newspapers went out of business in New York. Still another card pointed out that "if the folks of the town did half as much for the town as the country papers would go out of business." The exhibit was made by the State College of Agriculture at Ithaca, which explained on a placard that the college believes the local newspapers are making a real contribution to the life of their towns and may be ranked with the church, the school and the home and farm bureau, as factors in the life of a community.

ARE YOU LEFT-HANDED?

Can you cut bread with your left hand, mount your bicycle from the right-hand side of the machine, shoot from the left shoulder, or answer correspondence with the left hand?

The art of ambidexterity, or the usage of both hands, is an extremely practical accomplishment, and one involving not only mechanical skill, but a certain amount of will and brain-power.

A society for the cultivation of the left hand was started some time ago in London, but the scheme never had sufficient backing to flourish. Now the French Academy of Medicine are advocating that school children be taught to write with the left hand as well as the right, as a means of remedying the physical infirmities in which that country has been placed. One curious point concerns the culture of the left hand, an eminent physician having stated that it tends eventually to lunacy. This notion, has, however, been contested by other medical men, and the headmaster of Eton suggests that the further usage of the left hand develops certain organs of the brain which otherwise lie dormant.

"Do you think there's any chance for me to buy one of them tanks?" asked farmer Cobber.

"Why I don't know. What in the world do you want with a tank?"

"I'm tired of these road hogs—big touring cars crowding my flivver into ditches. I'd like to jog down the road a piece in a tank and see what would happen."



It is a National Duty that
all should

SAVE!

Decide how much you can afford to put by every pay day. Having determined the amount you can save, resolve that that amount shall be taken first from your pay and deposited.

OPEN AN ACCOUNT NEXT PAY DAY IN

The Royal Bank of Canada

Aylmer, Ontario Branch - H. E. Armstrong, Mgr.

Aylmer's Electric Shop

No need to go out of town for Electrical Goods as we have a full line of everything electrical including —

Toasters, Electric Irons, Electric Lights, Fixtures
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Come in and inspect our up-to-date stock. We also handle the Jewel Gas Range

Frank Light

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Mantles, Wicks Chimneys, Etc.

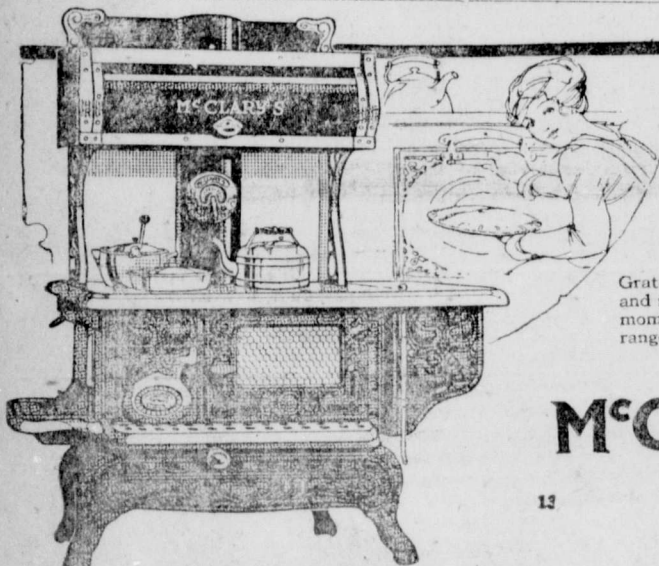
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Combina-
Coal
wood, gas
Heaters



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THE clear glass door is only one of the modern features of this dependable range. Its baking qualities you know.

The cooking top will take the boiler either across or lengthwise, making it easy to cook the regular dinner on wash-day.

Grates work smoothly. Hot water reservoir is enamel, and may be removed for cleaning. A dependable thermometer takes all guess-work out of baking. No other range will quite satisfy you once you see the Pandora.

McClary's Pandora

For Sale by
E. MILLER

McClary's

The Refinement of Purity

CAREFUL cooks know the value of purity. In the making of cakes or pastry they use those ingredients which they believe to be pure and wholesome.

To apply this "insistence on purity" to sugar, is no easy matter—for nearly all sugars look alike to those not expert in detecting variation. The safe course is to use a sugar that comes from refineries in which purity is a boast.

In the Dominion Sugar refineries the boast is backed by a standing invitation to the public to visit and inspect the plants in which Dominion Crystal Sugar is made.

In Dominion Crystal Sugar the housewives of Canada have one sugar that can be depended upon for that Purity which is so essential to successful culinary effort.

This is the only sugar that may be rightly termed "Canadian from the ground up." We do import the finest raw cane sugar and refine it—but our pride is in the product we make from Canadian sugar beets.

Dominion Sugar Company
Limited
Wallaceburg Kitchener Chatham



Canada at the National Chemical Exposition, Chicago.

The importance and magnitude of our Chemical Industries form a sensational chapter in the industrial history of Canada, that has become known the world over. Development followed development during the war with amazing rapidity and still continues. Some idea of the progress made may be gathered from the fact that up to a few months prior to the end of the war all Synthetic nitrates for explosives produced on this continent, were of Canadian origin. Our production of acetone was equally phenomenal. It is no wonder, therefore, that Canada occupied such an important position at the National Chemical Exposition recently held at Chicago, admitted to be the greatest industrial event in the history of that city.

In addition to the large attendance from Chicago, over twenty thousand members of various scientific societies, Universities, manufacturing concerns and others interested in commercial and scientific development, attended the exposition. These included, The American Institute, Mining and Metallurgical Engineers, American Electro-Chemical Society, Technical Association of Paper and Paper Industry and others.

The Government of Canada and the Province of Ontario, realizing the importance of this opportunity of telling abroad the story of our resources were represented by exhibits, and by some of their best men. The Canadian National Railways had an exhibit illustrating the mineral, forest wealth, water power and raw materials of the country.

During the Exposition two addresses were delivered by C. Price-Green, Commissioner, Industrial & Resources Dept., Canadian National Railways, on Canadian National Resources and the great field afforded in Canada for enterprise and investment of Capital, which were widely reported in the American Press and many scientific publications.

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Only
in Deep

but a beautiful skin is possible
and kidneys are active, and t
properly. The secret of beaut
is to maintain perfect diges

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Canadian National

HEY, THERE

you grouchy people
around and pout,
find you try to be cheerful
that mopin' out?

it's th' use in mounnin'
in 'your spirits halt?
laughin' and praisin',
always findin' fault.

you gloomy knockers,
a bit an' sing,
an' be good natured,
ere's fun in everything.

ere you sullen people,
up, and look above,
to be thankful you're livin'
how how to laugh an' love.

it's the use in mopin'
an' your weepin' eyes?
an' th' autumn sunshine
out in the azure skies.

ere, you crabbed creatures,
an' start up a song,
might an' love an' laughter
ushes the world along.

people who are always "stick-
their dignity" are continually
making and making enemies,
ring a spirit of unhappiness
lives.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

B. Kaiser, late of the City
of Utah, widow.

NOTICE TO Sec. 56, of Chapter
O. 1914, notice is hereby
given to all creditors and others
claiming against the estate of
Kaiser, late of the City of
the County of Weber, Utah,
on or about the 15th of
D. 1919, are, on or before
day of December, A. D. 1919,
7 post, pre-paid, to William
administrator with the will
of the said deceased, their
names and surnames, ad-
dress, descriptions, the full par-
ticulars of their claims, a statement
of the nature of the nature of
the claims, if any, held by them,
after the day last aforesaid
Administrator will proceed
to settle the assets of the said
estate, and a statement of the
among the parties entitled
having regard only to such
which notice shall then have
as above required, and
Administrator will not be
the said assets or any part
of any person or persons of
on or claims notice shall not
been received by him at the
of the distribution.

At Aylmer this 30th day of
A. D. 1919
JAM. WARNOCK,
Administrator,
Aylmer, Ontario

MILLER,
Attorney for the Administrator,
4 Talbot Street, West,
Aylmer, Ontario

30-27.