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TORONTO, ONT. MONTREAL

The Sound of Wedding Bells

Won After Great Perseverance!

CHAPTER XVII.

But she manages to smile, to smile and answer them in short monosyllables, her eyes wandering round the room still in search of that one loved face. Where has he gone? Why does he not come, if only with a frown?

She drinks her tea, and half a dozen hands are at her service to relieve her of her cup, the little thong grows close and thicker, the heat seems insufferable. With an effort she rises, and turns to Edie, who stands near her; she must ask some one.

"Is—is—didn't I see Sir Hugh in the room, Edie?" she says, with affected carelessness.

"Hugh? Yes, he was here just before you came down. I don't know where he has got to. He was talking to mamma a moment ago, do you want him?" For it seemed natural to Edie that if the queen of the evening should want any one that one should be fetched. "I will find him for you."

"No, not," says Dulcie, hurriedly, and detaining her. "I—I merely asked. Don't you think it is very hot, Edie?" in a whisper. "Come with me into the fernery," and she puts her hand on Edie's arm.

Wondering, Edie goes with her. "What is it, dear?"

But Dulcie stands, with a half flush on her face, hesitating. Then she screws up her courage.

"Edie, I do want to see your brother! I want to ask him—it doesn't matter. But," pleadingly, "if you could find him—"

"I'll find him if he's in the house," says Edie, cheerily. "You sit down and rest, dear," and with a smile she puts Dulcie into the chair which Lucy Fairfax had reclined in on the night of her arrival. Five minutes—an hour it seems to Dulcie—pass, and then there is the sound of a man's footstep on the marble, and Hugh stands before her.

She springs up to greet him with a sudden joy that casts out fear for the moment—joy at his nearness.

"Hugh!" she breathes, and she holds out her hands.

But they fall to her side, and she sinks into the chair again at the pale sternness of his face; and the cold,

almost haughty voice.

"You wished to see me, Miss Dorrmore?" he says.

The conventional question—the "Miss Dorrmore"—seems to fall upon her heart like ice. With a long-drawn breath she turns her head away.

He stands silent, looking down at her with the grim, stern, accusing frown on his handsome face for a moment or two, then he says again: "You sent for me, I think?"

Now, if she will but turn to him, penitent and loving, there is still a chance. A word of the right sort from her will melt him; but the defiant, rebellious spirit is rising within her bosom, and a patch of red shows on her cheeks that a moment ago were so pale and anxious.

"Did I?" she says, with affected nonchance.

He flushes, and his hands clasp each other behind his back with a convulsive grasp.

"I was mistaken, it appears," he says, "since it seems that you have nothing to say to me," and he moves slightly away.

She glances round at him.

"Have—have you nothing to say to me?" she says, in a low voice.

He smiles bitterly.

"Much," he says, "more than I can say—more than it would be wise to say, perhaps."

"What do you mean?" she demands.

"What is the matter? What have I done that—that you should speak to me like this?" and the thought of how little she has really done lends indignation to her soul.

He understands it as defiance and bravado, and his anger rises, but he struggles with it. He has vowed to himself that he will be calm, that she will not make him suffer more, than he has already suffered this evening, that there shall be no "scene."

"Do you ask me that?" he says, after a pause. "Perhaps you do not know that I arrived in time to witness your—triumph?"

"I saw you," she says, concisely.

"Yes, I saw you, Well?"

"Well?" and his passion seems almost to overmaster him. Ah, well! with a bitter sneer, "after all, that is the way you would take it. It is nothing to you, a solemn promise broken, a man's honest love toyed with, and dishonored!"

She turns her face to him, bitter as his own.

"What!" she demands, with an expression which perhaps only Dulcie can give.

He smiles sardonically.

"Permit me to remind you that the play is over, that there is no reason to act any further. I am too convinced of your histrionic powers to need further specimens."

At the blunt bitterness and the sarcasm, she seems to shrink into herself.

"Go on," she breathes.

"Is it for me to speak?" he says.

"Very good, I accept the challenge. Had it been possible I would have dispensed with words. Surely we understand each other by this time? At least, I understand too well that I have been deceived and duped, that you have succeeded in fooling me to the top of my bent."

He pauses for a moment, and she sits and listens to the low angry voice, the bitter words, made doubly bitter by his effort to remain calm, notwithstanding the fire of wounded love and jealousy that rages within his breast.

"May I ask," he says, with the air of a dispassionate inquirer, "why it was necessary to deceive me so thoroughly? Was it merely for amusement, to while away the tedious

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Thousands of families greet by its prompt results. Inexpensive, and saves about \$2.

You know that pine is used in nearly all prescriptions and remedies for coughs. The reason is that pine contains several peculiar elements that have a remarkable effect in soothing and healing the membranes of the throat and chest. Pine is famous for this purpose. Pine cough syrups are combinations of pine and syrup. The "syrup" part is usually plain granulated sugar syrup. Nothing better, but why buy it? You can easily make it yourself in five minutes.

To make the best pine cough remedy that money can buy, put 2½ ounces of Pinex (50 cents worth) in a 16-oz. bottle, and fill up with home-made sugar syrup. This gives you 16 ounces—more than you can buy ready-made for \$2.50. It is pure, good and very pleasant—children take it eagerly.

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of your constrained visit, or had you any deeper motive? Why did you swerve from your original intention, from your avowed dislike of me, to pretend—the word sticks to my tongue—love for me? Love! Heaven save the word! And yet I believed in it. You played your part so well, you were so great an actress, that I believed in it."

He pauses again; and she sits, her head drooped, her hands clasped.

"I believed in it so thoroughly that I would have answered for your truth with my life. I have hugged this belief to my heart all the while I have been away, like the fool that I was. I said—daily, hourly—'vain, fickle, variable as she may be, I have won her love!'"

A little sob, too faint to be audible to him, breaks from her.

"And with this flattering unctious laid to my soul I hastened home to find that I had been trusting to a reed, that I had been, indeed, fooled to the top of my bent, and that in a few days you had forgotten your false vows, your false promise. I came back to find you making an exhibition of yourself before half the county, in company with the man whose heart you had won before I saw you, and whom, no doubt, you will fling aside as you have flung me."

Silence, profound, broken only by the buzz of voices in the saloon beyond, and the soft twitter of the birds in the aviary among the ferns.

"At least," he says, "you might have spared me a little. You knew that I loved you—thank Heaven, I can say," with passionate intensity, "that I can say 'loved!' The scene I have just witnessed has cured me of my folly; I love you no longer!"

She starts, and her hands twist together as if with a sharp pain.

"You might have spared me, I think! If you had thought, if you had possessed a grain of mercy in your composition, you would have said: 'I will effect it gently for him, he shall not come home full of trust and love to find me in the embrace of his rival!' 'A stage play, only,' you would say, 'acting, merely.' And I say that no girl who loved one man, as you pretended you loved me, would suffer another man to clasp her in his arms, to touch her lips. If you knew aught of love, if you were anything more than a beautiful, heartless coquette, you would feel as I feel, that the mere thought is sacrilege—and dishonor!"

Still she sits like a carved statue, the beautiful face white and strained, her eyes fixed on the ferns, her brain struggling with that one sentence to the exclusion of all else:

"I love you no longer."

Of what use is any speech of hers in the face of that grave assertion of his? Love, once gone, cannot be conjured back by any excuses, any explanations. Of what use to tell him that it was an accident; that it was forced upon her; that his cruel words are like so many daggers in the heart that loves him with all its wild, wayward strength?

"I love you no longer!"

The words ring in her ears like the knell in those of a condemned man.

He puts his hand to his brow to wipe the beads of cold sweat that have gathered there, and looks down at her

sternly, passionately, for a moment, then his face changes suddenly. The silent beauty of the face, the forlorn, stricken attitude of the slim, girlish figure appeal to him and torture him. Unseen by her, his hands go out to her, her name trembles on his lips; but, as fate will have it, it is the moment when speech comes back to her, and, unconscious of the sudden tenderness that has sprung up within him, she rises and forces a smile.

"Have you quite finished?" she says, with a ghastly attempt at sarcasm. His hands fall to his side, and he turns his head away with a gesture of assent. "Quite? Are you sure? Is there no other cruel, unmanly word left?"

He puts up his hand.

"May I not even reply?" she says, with bitter irony, "or are you afraid that I shall put forward some excuse that may trouble you to go over it all again?"

He bites his lip. If she would but make some excuse! If she would but give him a chance!

"Do not be afraid!" she says, in a hard, strained voice. "I—I accept your dismissal—that is the word. Do you think I do not understand? You taunt me with not knowing what love means; how well you realize it, when you seize upon the first excuse to—to—her voice breaks, but she masters it in a moment—"to assure me that all is over between us! Do you think I cared for the wretched play? You know I did not!"

He smiles incredulously.

"I did not!" she says. "I—I hated it—"

He turns to her quickly.

"But that does not matter," she goes on, hurriedly. "You have spoken too plainly to be misunderstood. Try as you will to hide it, you know that you are glad it has come to this! From the first you—despised me—from the first! Why—why did you bring me here? You would not have done so if it had not been for this wretched money! You were happy enough with some one else—you will be happy enough with her when I am gone; and for the money—"

He turns deadly pale under the insult, and his hand trembles as he puts it to his mustache.

"Do not let us speak of that, or— if you will force me to answer the question, I must tell you—"

"Go on!" she says, desperately.

"You force me!" he says. "Heaven knows I have struggled against the idea, even when my mother has put it before me. But was it not this accursed money that tempted you to feign love for me?"

She shrinks, and puts her hand to her heart.

"What else could it have been?" he says, with the bitterness of self-torture.

She looks up with a hard laugh.

"What else, indeed!" she retorts, "seeing that from the first we two were against each other. Yes, with another smile, "it must have been that!" and she laughs again. "Well, it is all over, is it not? The experiment has failed and—"

She drops her hand and shrugs her shoulders.

He looks at her for a moment in silence, then he says, in a dry, cold voice:

"Yes, it has failed. Thank Heaven that we have learned the truth before it was too late. We—with a sad little smile—"we might have gone on deceiving ourselves until retreat was impossible. Now"—he pauses, and with a sigh of wistful mourning for the too short sweet past—"now it is all over!"

She does not speak, and for a moment silence reigns between them; then he says, in a low voice:

"One word more before we part"—she starts violently, but he does not notice her—"you will believe me when I say that I would have spared you—both of us—this scene. For myself I may say that it has been a trying one. I had intended writing you a line before I went—"

She sinks into the chair, and turns her face away; her lips are twitching, a cold hand seems closing about her heart.

(To be Continued.)

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Our New Autumn and Winter Goods just opened and ready for inspection.

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A Letter From Commercial School.

Springdale St. Commercial School, St. John's, Nfld., October 23, 1917.

Dear Sir,—We desire to advance education and the business interests of the city.

Possibly your readers know of several girls and lads who would benefit by taking advantage of the facilities afforded in our Business College evening classes.

We have gone to considerable expense in providing up-to-date equipment, electric light, steam heat, telegraphic and other commercial apparatus, superior teachers, including three Business College graduates, viz., (1) Mr. O. E. Bown, graduate of the Canada Business College, and a practical Accountant; (2) Mr. J. C. Barnes, expert penman and accountant; (3) Miss S. C. Harding, A.A., expert teacher and experienced speed stenographer and typist; and Miss

G. Freeman, an experienced telegraph operator.

The attendance, however, is not what it should be. We have an average of twenty students, where we should have sixty, at least, to pay expenses. The work will, I am sure, commend itself to you. Will you help us?

We do not ask for any subscription or financial aid. Will you speak to any young men and women of your establishment who would benefit by these classes, now, while they have the opportunity, and again on January 3rd when the shops close; and will you write or call to see us when you need office or shop help?

The hours are from 4.30 to 5.30 p. m.; or from 7.30 to 9.30 p. m., Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays.

Pupils prepared as you desire and furnished free.

Duty free. We think it in their duty to attend and "be prepared" to keep the business flag flying. May we hear from you?

Yours faithfully,
BUSINESS COLLEGE EVENING CLASSES,
per P. G. Butler, (of New York University, B.C.S.), Principal.

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War News

Messages Received Previous to 9 A.

OPERATIONS HIGHLY SUCCESSFUL.

LONDON, Oct. 22.—Highly successful operations in the neighborhood of Poelcapelle, in conjunction with the French, south of Houtholst forest, are reported in a statement from Field Marshal Haig to-night. The whole of the objectives, including many strong points, captured. The British carried out valuable positions southeast of capelle beyond their objectives to their north, co-operating with the French, they captured the defences of Houtholst forest and a series of fortified farms. The are established firmly well to the southern boundary of the line. The enemy by strong counter-attacks in the vicinity of the Ypres railway checked the British advance, but were unable to prevent progress. Heavy losses were inflicted on the enemy. Two hundred prisoners taken.

ENEMYS FEEBLE RESISTANCE.

PARIS, Oct. 22.—In Belgium the enemy during the day made feeble resistance with artillery against our troops, who organized the ground conquered of Veldhoek. Two field guns included in the material captured the attack this morning. On the Alsne front artillery action was lent. One of our patrols took prisoners, including an officer, the Verdun front spirited artillery. In Vaucourt Wood and of Bois le Chaumes a German plane was brought down in an engagement, and six others forced to land in a damaged condition inside their own lines. In the period of October 11th to 23rd airplanes and three captive balloons belonging to the enemy were brought down by our pilots or by the our special guns in addition to machines seriously damaged.

STORY OF THE MARY ROS.

LONDON, Oct. 22.—The British destroyer Mary Ros fought single-handed against German cruisers in the convoy in the North Sea, according to story ascribed to a British rescuer off Bergen, and transcribed by the Christiania correspondent of the Times. The other destroyer which should have been present appeared, and it is thought that it was destroyed at the beginning of the action. After fighting the