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WINDSOR, TORONTO, O.N.T., MONTREAL

Maddolena's Story
AND
The Cameo Bracelet.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

It was with some hesitation and inward reluctance that the baronet started on his journey, and it was only by reminding himself that Trizie could not be his till he was free, that he persuaded himself for the unpleasant task of confronting the woman who had so long avoided him.

Nothing was changed at the pretty cottage. The same elderly female he had seen there before rose to receive him when he was ushered into the parlor; but she was not alone this time. For Bessie, her cheeks glowing, her features no longer sad or thoughtful, came toward him with extended hands, and would not cease the embarrassment her changed manner occasioned her visitor.

"Sir Charles," she exclaimed, "I have been longing to behold you—longing to entreat your forgiveness for the injustice I have dealt you. Yes, for years I have regarded you and spoken of you as the cause of all the misery I have suffered. It was not till I came back to England with Madame Caspares that I was undeceived."

"I am desirous of having some conversation with Lady Ormsby," Sir Charles now observed. "Will you be my ambassador, my dear Miss Maddolena?"

"If you wish it, certainly; but if I may advise, I say by all means see her yourself. Without breaking confidence, I may tell you that she is inclined to like you, and is quite willing to end this long and foolish estrangement."

"She has come to this determination too late," he hastily replied. "I am here to entreat her to combine with me in taking measures to dissolve our marriage."

"That you may marry again? We heard that Lady Camilla Severn has returned to England," said Bessie, so significant that Sir Charles bit his lip.

"I have not seen Lady Camilla since the evening before Madame Caspares quitted the Amalfi Villa. I am never likely to see her ladyship again. But I will not trouble you any longer with my affairs, Miss Maddolena, if you will kindly apprise Lady Ormsby that I am waiting to see her."

"Willingly, I think we shall find her at no great distance," and, lifting a curtain that concealed an inner room, Bessie beckoned to some one who sat within.

"Sir Charles heard a sob, the rustle of feminine garments; a youthful figure glided toward him; Bessie Maddolena vanished, and Trizie was kneeling at his feet, exclaiming:

"Am I forgiven, my husband—my dear husband?"

"Don't speak again," cried the astonished but delighted baronet, raising her to his breast, and holding her there in a rapturous embrace—"don't speak, for fear you should tell me that I did not hear you aright; or, if you must say anything, repeat the words that have made me the happiest fellow on earth."

"Happy in the knowledge that your wife is not willing to resign her rights? It is I who have most cause to doubt my ears," said Trizie, smiling archly, though her voice was still low and tremulous. "Does Sir Charles Ormsby really mean that he is willing to put up with such a spouse as Lady Goldryng's miserable little niece?"

"My dear child," he retorted, putting his hand under her chin, and raising the blushing face that had been lying on his shoulder, "I very much doubt whether you have any claim to that name. You have been a witch ever

at the very time Edmund was accused of being engaged in an illegal transaction, he was actually in your society; and in the most urgent terms his own could employ, he entreated you to be at the court and justify him. You failed him, although he would have staked his life upon your friendship; and though he was acquitted for want of actual proof, he left the court with blighted prospects, and my parents refused to let him see me again."

"On my honor as a gentleman, Miss Maddolena, I am innocent in this matter," Sir Charles assured her. "I never received Ethrington's letter—never knew the position he was in."

"We know this now, my dear sir. Edmund's innocence has been proved. He has returned to his native country, and those who were first to accuse him are eager to prove their regret for the part by their good offices. The servant, too, who was entrusted with the letter to you has confessed that he never delivered it, and that his assurances that he put it into your hands were falsehoods told to cover his own culpable negligence."

"Then I am acquitted, I shall have the pleasure of congratulating my old friend. And you are not Miss Goldryng?"

Bessie laughed at this last query. "What made you think that I am your truant wife? Was it because, when I first discovered that Trizie was meeting you by stealth, I warned her that you were a married man?"

"Not for that reason; but because I could never comprehend how you learned the said fact. But perhaps you were acquitted with my bride, and had your information from—Lady Ormsby herself?"

"No. At the time that, in my weariness of the home where poor Edmund's name was tabooed, I engaged myself to the baroness, I had never seen Lady Ormsby. But my relatives reside in this neighborhood. The elderly female you have just seen is my old nurse; and from her I learned enough to interest me in the young creature who had taken up her residence in this cottage, and engaged Martha to be her personal attendant."

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since I have known you, a good fairy, and occasionally something more angelic still; and whether you will ever subside into the mere woman again, I'll not pretend to say. Only tell me what I am to call you, and give me some tangible proof that you are mine, and I shall be quite content, whether you are Trizie or something else."

"My baptismal names are Elizabeth Beatrice," she answered. "I adopted the latter because it was my mother's, and for her sake I liked it. My proof that I am the poor little neglected girl Sir Charles Ormsby wedded is here in this talisman I have worn ever since my bridal; and from the slender gold chain around her throat, she drew her wedding ring. "It has been my most precious possession," she murmured. "Even when I had but few hopes of ever teaching you to love me, I treasured the link that bound me to the handsome, generous son of the first person who ever spoke to me kindly—Sir George Ormsby. You will not take it from me now that you no longer loathe me, will you?"

"I was a brute in those days, my Trizie," the baronet exclaimed, as he folded her in a close embrace. "But you must acquit me of intentional unkindness; or, if you still retain any resentment at an unlovely speech—intended for your ears, by the way—tell me how to atone for it, and I will cheerfully do your bidding."

"Even if I say 'leave me,'" he answered, coolly. "because, so where I will, I am yours still by this token"—he slipped the marriage ring on her finger—"and this—"

"But Trizie drew her lips away from the shower of kisses that was falling upon them.

"You are too hasty, sir. Do you forget that I have long years of absence from your side to account for?"

"I forget everything but that you are my precious Trizie and my wife—a dual name that consummates my happiness. You will tell me all you wish me to know in your own time. Those dear eyes meet mine so frankly that I am sure you have nothing to conceal."

The eyes he praised now shone through tears.

"Ah! you do me more than justice. I was angry, and tried to hate you when I first fed my uncle's house; but I took care even then to put it out of his power to injure you or your father; and I—she drew herself up as she spoke—and remembered that I must do nothing to disgrace your name."

"But whether went you, love? You might have trusted me a little more. If I had no affection for my young wife, I had some sense of my duty toward her."

"I knew this; but I also knew the sad story my looking-glass told me," she answered, sorrowfully. "And so I made my way to an excellent woman, who is the matron of many charitable works in London. She found me a safe asylum, and asked no more of my story than I chose to tell her. After she had sufficiently tested me, she procured me a situation with some friends of her own at Frankfurt. It was before I travelled thither that I went to Kensington, and

saw you. I thought my heart would have broken when I hurried from your bedside, not daring to ask your love or your pity; and though bound to you by the holiest of ties, yet a death-bed-outcast."

Again Charles Ormsby's caresses testified his regret, and consoled her for all she had suffered.

"You know of the statement to my uncle when he was dying, and that in some degree he repented his former harshness to his orphan niece, and endeavored to atone for it. After that, you sought me, and my heart yearned toward you; but I was painfully conscious that, although released from my thralldom, better food and purer air had so developed my frame that I was no longer absolutely hideous. I was still ignorant and awkward. So I went abroad again, contrived to obtain an introduction to Madame Caspares, and I think you know the rest. To be near you, to win from you a kind look, a merry word, or to avert the consequences of your rashness—"

"Say folly, love," he interposed, "or give it a harsher name, if you will. I deserve it. Only remember that until very lately I believed Lady Camilla to have been forced into a marriage hateful to her, and to have been cruelly used by a tyrannical husband."

"To warn you when danger was near." Trizie went on. "I may have sometimes led you to think me—"

"But he would not let her finish. "I never thought you anything but what you are, my Trizie—a warm-hearted, pure-minded woman. But did madam, ma tante, know your secret?"

"Not till we were leaving the tower. Then she was shocked at my indecorous grief at your disappearance; and in self-defense I told her how I had to weep for you. Bessie had guessed the truth long before. Do you remember how she spoke of Lutford one evening when we were walking home from a farmhouse to the Villa Amalfi, and how abruptly you left us, as if the allusion to your despised wife angered you? It was then that, divining what I suffered in seeing you daily by the side of another, she wrapped her arms about me and, by her pitying tears, broke down my reserve."

"And so, in spite of all my faults, of Bessie's denunciations and the numberless proofs I gave you of my unworthiness, you love me, my Trizie. How was this?"

"Sure the explanation is simply enough," she answered, with a blush. "Are you not my husband? Could I remember how we stood at the altar together—break every vow I then made without first striving to win your affection? I have sometimes told myself that it was a wild dream I was cherishing, but it was not an unholy one."

"Ay, love, and you may add that you set yourself a still nobler task—the redeeming of a life that was being flung away. Heaven bless you for the patience and tenderness that clung to me when I was least deserving of it!"

There was a long but delicious silence, and then Trizie, aroused from her happy forgetfulness of all around her by voices in an adjoining room, whispered another secret; that Madame Caspares, who loved her as her own child, was there with Lady Ormsby, waiting to congratulate them on their reunion.

"Let us go to them," cried Sir Charles. "Ma tante will jest me a little, I dare say, on my new character of Benedict, the married man, and my dear, good mother will think I was very foolish to have so much happiness within my reach for years, yet never grasp it; but Trizie, love, there is one thing these friends of ours shall never be able to say again."

"What, dear Charles?"

"Why, that we are badly matched."

THE END.

Household Notes.

Season scalloped eggplant with a little stewed tomato.

Garnish tomato jelly salad with balls of cream cheese.

Season creamed celery with a little minced green pepper.

Lettuce should never be cut or shredded until just before serving.

Just before taking hominy grits from the fire add a few chopped dates.

If your bread is very slow in rising perhaps you use a little too much salt.

Serve codfish and potato balls with tomato catsup and crisp salt pork.

Baked apple dumplings are unusually good when served with lemon sauce.

To Look Young

is a valuable asset to women in business, social and private life. Nothing helps so much as a good digestion. Poor elimination causes one to look sickly and faded.

BEECHAM'S PILLS

sweeten the stomach, stimulate the liver, promote elimination. This helps purify the blood, improve the complexion, bring the roses back to the cheeks. To look and feel young—Beecham's Pills

Will Help You

Sold Everywhere in Canada.

Largest Sale of any Medicine in the World.

THE INCOME TAX.

It is a goodly thing, in sooth, a package from the bank to pull, and step up to the captain's booth, and pay your income tax in full. To step up to the captain's booth and hand out coin you cannot spare, and not as one with aching tooth, but with a large and princely air! This is the great and crucial test of love of country, I instantly, true loyalty and shows no breath of one who says and shows no pain. One patriot for battle begs that martial ardor he may show; he'd lose his shoulderblades, and less to vanquish any tithing foe. But when he's called upon to dig and help to make the wheels go round, he tears some oakum from his wig, and makes a sad and plaintive sound. One patriot will gladly run for any office in the land, to show his loyalty is spun of threads of silver, strand by strand. But when he's called upon to pay an income tax to Uncle Sam, he takes a moment off to say unguarded words that rhyme with jam. The true patriot is he who pays his tax without a sigh, and says he's mighty glad to see the country climbing hills on high.

WALT MATCH

Magical Beautifiers.

For Women.

Women everywhere are trying all kinds of beautifiers, only to find that their efforts are transitory. The first requisite of beauty is health. Without it the steps lag, eyes are lusterless, dark circles appear beneath them, the complexion becomes sallow, and almost invariably the underlying cause is some ailment peculiar to women. There is a very inexpensive remedy for this condition in Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, which for nearly fifty years has been relieving women from some of the worst forms of female ill-health. Why not let it restore you to health and beauty and the joys of living?

Just Folks.
By EDGAR A. GUEST

THE RED GERANIUM.

In a tenement window, dark and slum I saw a red geranium;

A touch of beauty shining there In a desert of anguish and bleak despair.

Dirty walls, and dirty the pane, Doomed to the smoke of the passing train;

And there by the blossom a woman stood, The dirt of the neighbour-hood.

Her face was stamped with the seal of care, Long had the lustre left her hair;

Long had the dreams of her girlhood fled, Beauty and hope were long since dead;

And I knew as I passed in that rushing train What the sunlight saw through that window-pane—

Dirty walls, and a barren room, And a red geranium come to bloom.

And I caught a look in the woman's eye Which seemed to say, as I hurried by: "Better the life that I live, and hard; I who once dreamed of a sunny yard With flowers to nod where the children play;

Now live in a tenement, drab and gray But out of my poverty, stark and grim I have snatched this scarlet geranium!

"Think what you will as you hurry on With a glimpse of me, and my beauty gone. But know by this bloom on my window sill That I loved the flowers, and I love them still."

And know as you pass through your garden gate Where the roses bloom and your children play, That the dream of a woman who loved has come To a single potted geranium.

BIG CLEAN-UP SALE
AT
BLAIR'S
Anticipating the Closing-out of Our Retail Departments

As we figure on closing out the Retail end of our Business this year, we shall be giving a series of Sales, that will mean much lower prices for goods specified, than you will get elsewhere. These prices are for Cash only. Buy early as many lines will not last long.

As a start for this month's Sale we offer:—

MEN'S STANFIELD HEAVY WOOL UNDERWEAR—Green Label at \$1.60; Red Label at \$2.45; Blue Label at \$3.00.

LADIES' STANFIELD WOOL UNDERWEAR—Also at cut prices, but styles too numerous to quote here.

LADIES' WHITE FLEECE VESTS and PANTS—Extra good weight, for only 65c. Garment.

LADIES' HEAVY CREAM and GREY FLEECE BLOOMERS—Regular \$1.30 for \$1.00.

LADIES' CORSETS—Extra good value at \$1.15 Pair.

LADIES' HEAVY WOOL SWEATER COATS—Our Special Price was \$3.50. Now \$2.95 each.

Ladies' Costume Skirts
in Navy and Black Wool Serges and Cloths; also Fancy Tweeds and Poplins; regardless of cost, every Skirt is now offered at only

\$1.75 each

LADIES' WINTER COATS—Newly imported this season, from only \$4.50 each.

CHILDREN'S WINTER COATS—All offered under Cost.

CHILDREN'S WOOL CAPS—Only 10c. each.

LADIES' WINTER HATS—Not a big lot left, at prices that will quickly clear same.

LADIES' BEST QUALITY SCOTCH WOOL GLOVES—All colours, at 60c. Pair.

SMALL CHILDREN'S SCOTCH WOOL GLOVES, at 10c., 15c. and 20c. Pair.

CHILDREN'S WOOL MITTS and RINKING HOSE, at Lowest Prices.

WOMEN'S BLACK FLEECE LINED CASHMERE GLOVES—Only 25c. Pair.

"CORTICELLI" and "RED ROSE WOOL," in Balls. Only 18c. Ball.

"MONARCH" High Grade Wool, in Balls. Only 15c. Ball.

Some Wonderful Values in All-Wool Dress Serges

Black and Navy English Wool Serges 40 inches wide. Only 85c. yd.

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Black and Navy English Wool Serges 56 inches wide. Only \$1.30 yd.

Cotton Serges, Double Fold; all Colors Only 35c. yd.

Dress Meltons, Superior Quality 42 inches wide. Only 85c. yd.

Heavy Brown Coat Material 56 inches wide. Only \$1.70 yd.

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BOYS' PULLMAN WINTER CAPS—Regular \$1.25 to \$1.40 for 90c. each.

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White and Cream Flannelettes

A Snap in Superior Quality English Flannelettes, in 36 inch wide cloths. Regular 50c. value for 33c. yard; Regular 60c. value for 39c. yard.

STAIR CANVAS—Splendid assortment of patterns, in good quality Canvas. Only 39c. yard.

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All these are offered at Prices Less than Half of to-day's Prices.

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