

Let *Redpath*
Sweeten It -



The mistress of the house is the nation's food dictator. Men wisely leave to her good judgment the selection of their daily food.

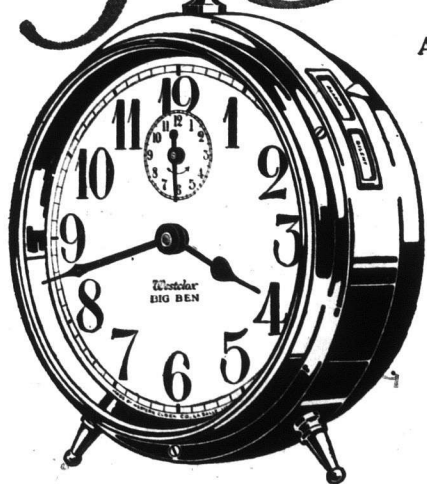
Redpath
SUGAR

appeals to her good judgment as a food product of undoubted purity—sold in a convenient series of protective packages, from the 2-lb. Carton to the 100-lb. Bag—and with a record for uniform quality that goes back over half a century.

CANADA SUGAR REFINING CO.,
LIMITED, MONTREAL 25

Big Ben

A Westclox Alarm



He Fathers Punctuality

A PROUD godfather is kindly Big Ben, when baby first peeps at the world. He shares the joy of mother and dad—and their new duties, too.

He lends two willing hands for molding little lives. He helps make better men for Father Time.

From the wee small hours of in-

fancy till twilight of old age, Big Ben is true to his trust. He's a faithful friend through life.

Big Ben of Westclox is respected by all—sentinel of time throughout the world. He's loyal, dependable and his ring is true—ten half-minute calls or steadily for five minutes.

Big Ben is six times factory tested. At your dealer's, \$3.50. Sent prepaid on receipt of price if your dealer doesn't stock him.

Western Clock Co.

Makers of Westclox

La Salle, Ill., U. S. A.

Other Westclox: Baby Ben, Pocket Ben, America, Bingo and Sleep-Meter

"Suppose I am arrested. You cannot divorce me, and I can make everything like hell for you when I return."

She clung to Coggs, trembling. "If there is a warrant for you, you will be arrested," said he comforting the girl with his strong hand. There was no trace of emotion; he might have been a professor elucidating a pet thesis. "No man who is known to the police can hope to escape. And if you are arrested you will be sent to prison."

Again a vague fear of a danger he could not foresee thrilled the Italian. This man spoke with such assurance. He spoke like one so certain of the outcome of this adventure that he could afford to play with the other.

"You desire to escape from England?" Mr. Coggs looked down at the girl meditatively. "My dear," he said, "would you face a court of law to rid yourself of this man for ever?"

"I would face anything," she said, in a low tone.

"If it meant a certain humiliation, though, thank God! no shame?"

She nodded.

"Go!" he said.

"But—" spluttered Festine.

a sensational story into a commonplace item of news.

A maid brought a card; she read it, and flew down the stairs to meet a gruff man who had just emerged triumphantly from a passage at arms with a cabman, and was still chuckling to himself, though he had paid more than his fare in the end.

"Well?"

"I've kept it out of the London papers," he said, "but I cannot influence the American press. Now sit down, I have a plan."

She seated herself on a settee, and he drew up a chair to face her.

"Cicely," he said, "I am an old man—oh, yes, I am. If you doubt me, I will tell you that I am three years older than your dear mother. Yet—"

"Yet I am going to ask you to marry me—Wait! In ten years' time you will still be little more than a girl; in ten years' time I shall have gone the way of all flesh."

"Oh, no," she protested.

"Well, in twenty years' time," he admitted grudgingly. "I want you to bear my name; that the sneers of people—and there must have been people who



This remarkable group, photographed on the front in France, shows several of the mightiest men of Great Britain and France. In the group are, from left to right: Albert Thomas, French Minister of Munitions; General Sir Douglas Haig, Commander-in-Chief of the British forces operating in France, and Marshal Joffre, hero of the Marne; and Lloyd George, the British premier, who is the directing genius of the British Empire in the world war. General Haig is shown telling Lloyd George of the progress of the war, and from the expression on his face and his gesture, it can be gained that he is speaking most optimistically. Marshal Joffre is ready to affirm any of the British general's assertions, for Joffre is, perhaps, better acquainted than any of the French and British officers, with the strategic moves planned and being carried out at the present moment.

"Go! You will not escape. Do you not remember me?"

Festine scrutinized the man before him with narrowed eyes; then he stepped back, his face livid.

"Yes, my lord!" he breathed.

The other nodded.

"I never forget a bigamist I have sentenced," said Mr. Justice Grilby quietly. "I think you had better go."

And Festine walked up the hill into the arms of two detectives who had arrived that morning.

* * * * *

The girl sat in the little drawing-room of her house in Mayfair. In an agony of apprehension she had searched the columns of the evening papers for her evidence, but the London reporters had shown considerable reticence, or perhaps it was that very frank letter which a judge of the appeal court had addressed to the editors which had had the effect of turning what might easily have been

sneered at your marriage and will be jubilant now—may be strangled at their birth. I ask—" his voice sank—"nothing more than that—that you share my name."

She had risen at his first words, and walked to the fireplace. She kept her face averted from him; he saw only the curve of her neck as she rested her head against the hand that clasped the mantelboard.

"I cannot accept the sacrifice," she said in so low a voice that he could scarcely hear her. "It would be unfair to bear your name, to take all and to give nothing—unfair to you—and to me."

She came to him and put her arms about his neck, and in that moment it seemed that thirty years of life fell away from him.

And the girl who was destined to be the wife of a Lord Chief Justice of England kissed him.

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