

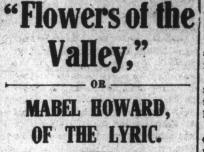
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CHAPTER XII. UNDER ARREST.

"No!" exclaimed Clarence, passionately: "Miss Iris shall not be subject to such an outrage! What-ask a servant such a question?"

"Servant, yes; but her mother's sister!" murmured the signor, smoothly. hidden. "It is a lie!" exclaimed Clarence.

The signor shrugged his shoulders. "His lordship has all the obstinacy her lips. of the English." he said, resignedly "You will not send for her? Then I will! I have borne much at his lordthough a mist. ship's hands, my patience is exhausted. I, Baptiste, have been called a liar! Good! I will prove that I have spoken the truth, and then"-he glanced darkly at Clarence-"then his lordship and I will settle matters!"

He glided to the bell, but Mr. Bar rington caught his arm "Wait!" he said; "I-I must have time to consider. I will not have this or not?"

woman sent for." The signor sank back into his seat

And shrugged his shoulders. "Good!" he said. "Then it shall be as I suggest. We will say no more

about this little romance. We will hush glance from his black eyes. it up. Eh? is it not so? Miss Iris shall take the gold and the lands, and my frey Knighton and this Floretta Cor-Lord Coverdale shall remain a pauper | sini man and wife, or-not?" as before. Is not that so?"

ence; then, before Mr. Barrington huge drops upon Clarence's face; the black eyes. "It was I." could speak the words upon his lips, old lawyer actually trembled. "Remember!" said the signor, shakthe curtains were drawn aside, and

"Ask her!" came the words again. and the beautiful girl looked terrible there," and she pointed to the inner in the loveliness of her despair. "Tut!" exclaimed Ricardo; "she is The detective sprang at the curtains right! She has heard all! It is useless like a hound unleashed. There was the to conceal anything! Let the truth be sound of a struggle, and in a momen known! Shall I ask her, gentlemen?" or two the detective appeared, drag-Mr. Barrirgton made a gesture of ging the signor after him. despairing assent. Clarence could Mr. Barrington and Clarence stared neither speak nor move; he could only in amazement. gaze with terror and pity on the beau-tiful girl who stood like a thing of the detective quietly, but flushed and

"I will ask her," said the signor. "Signor Ricardo!" exclaimed Mr. "Signora, your name is Corsini, is it | Barrington. The detective smiled The woman stood perfectly immov "That's one of his names. I dare say, able, her voice white and set, her eyes

They waited. No sound came from for one of my men tracked him an

tective had been none too gentle, and The signor glanced triumphantly at the signor's collar was hanging in a dilapidated fashion from his neck. "Forgery and embezzlement!" said

tlemen; you can comprehend how "Yes, sir; forgery of Italian bank much depends upon it? Tell the truth notes. They wired to us from the other said. She defended the authenticity likely the story as told by the auand shame the evil one! Is this young side. But we shouldn't have caught him and veracity of her source, and as I thor was perfectly true. lady the daughter of Floretta Corsini so easily but for information we got from a lady in this house—a Mrs.

Silence profound. "Answer!" came Iris' voice again.

Again the signor shot a malicious "Good! Now, then: Were Mr. Godit? It was you who set the bloodhounds of in her philosophy.

"Yes," she said, and a single glance The silence that fell was like that

ber! Tit for tat, ch? You can send me knowledge and experience, will still the average person's judgment of its ver or stamps. there stood Iris, white as death, her ing his forefinger. "Remember how to jail, Felice, but you can't put your say, "I don't believe it" (or think it if likelihood. If you read or heard a data, beautiful eyes glowing with much depends on your answer. Felice, dainty young mistress back in the they do not say it) when confronted thing and the person is reliable who

that was a very silly story to expect cently offered \$3,000 by a magazine me to believe, "I don't believe it," I which wished to steal him away. Very remembered we nearly came to blows Of course the well believe it" That Foolish Little Girl. Of course I have looked back many hinks it, he is establishing his nar-

Story.

row mindedness and ignorance just ed that there were more things in What A Wonderful Trademark it is

And yet how often folks who have would be silly. But neither is one to been taught their ignorance over and reject a thing because it does not fit of the skirt at lower edge is about There was a silence, an awful sil- of death. The perspiration stood in of hatred and revenge gleamed in her over again by finding how tiny an in with preconceived notions. The 2 yards.

by Ruth Cameron

"I DON'T BELIEVE IT."

"I don't believe believe it."

Once upon

time when I was

a little girl' an-

other little girl

man





being liable to taxation under the Income War Tax Act, who have not obtained an extension of time in accordance with the Act, are now noti-fied that if their returns are not on file in this department on or before November 15th next they shall be liable in addition to the penalties provided under Section Nine, Sub-sections (1) and (2) of the Act, to the negligence penalty of 5 per cent. of the Tax due, and interest at the rate of 1 per cent. per month from the date the return should have been sent in. This penalty shall be levied and collected in the same manner as Income Tax is now levied and collected.

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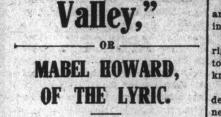
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and railroa

ors, said the

hind





stone in the doorway.

hot with the struggle.

sir. Yes, he's our man. Forgery and embazzlement is the charge, Mr. Barrington. I felt sure that he was here,

"Answer!" said Iris, and her voice hour ago." sounded as if it came from a distance, The sign The signor glared round, his fac white, all his teeth showing. The de-

"It is," was the response. the other two men. "Signora Corsini, you have heard the

story I felt compelled to tell these gen- Mr. Barrington.

Felice-she put us on the scent." The signor turned his glaring eyes

"She is," dropped like ice from the and gleaming teeth in the direction of times since and laughed at the pug-Felice, who stood with pale, set face nacity and the cocksureness of that the same. and downcast eyes, as if she had no part of lot in the proceedings. foolish little pril who had not learn-ed that there were more things in

on my track?"

alack eyes. "It was I." "Good!" he hissed. "I will remem- island is their knowledge and ex- source from which information comes A pattern of this illustration mailed perience, in the vast sea of possible is a better criterion of its value than to any address on receipt of 15c. in sil-

held by the arm in the tight, steel-like, young lady is not Mr. Knighton's lawgrasp of Iris' hand, was Felice. The apparition, for it seemed no- wealth, and is-bah!--a beggar!--a thing less, struck the three men with pauper! Reflect, and speak truly." dismay. Mr. Barrington sank back in Felice stood with downcast eyes and his chair; the signor half-rose, then set teeth. fell back with an imprecation: Clarence, after a second of stupor, rushed forward; but Iris' eyes. rather than hoarsely. any motion she made, stopped him, ed his gleaming teeth upon the other and rooted him to the spot. The signor was the first to recover two men. the power of speech. "Soh!" he said. "Who lies now?" "Peste!" he exclatmed, in Mr. Barrington moved toward the two women voice, "she has heard all." "Is what you say the truth-the "Miss Knighton-Miss Iris, I implore you ____ began Clarence, but truth?" he demanded, almost inaudibly "It is the truth!" said the woman, she silenced him with a glance. Like a ghost she opened her lins, doggedly, and the words came slowly, distinctly: Iris staggered and flung her hands

set lips.

"Felice is here! Ask her!" Ricardo's lips opened, and his teeth forward; but with a gesture Iris put gleamed, but Mr. Barrington started to thim back, and, with uncertain, falterhis feet.

SUFFERING OF YOUNG WOMEN

This Letter Tells How It May be Overcome-All Mothers

Interested.

Toronto, Ont. - "I have suffered since was a school girl with pain in my left

ear until I was a ar until a washe mdown. I washe oad at times that I unfit for work aral d the door.

Compound, and how hat I tried it. I am

anguish and agony. Beside her, and, if it should be found that this adorable place I have thrust her from, eh?" Felice's face remained set and imful daughter, then she loses all her "Take him away," said Mr. Barring-"Come along, Mr. Ricardo," said the detective. "I expect this is not the on-"Answer!" came Iris' voice again. ly thing you are wanted for!" "They were not!" said Felice, Signor Ricardo looked round with a nalicious smile. "Wait!" he hissed. "Wait and see! The signor opened his lips and flash-Santiste Ricardo will win the game

> d with this-enigmatical threat he as dragged off. CHAPTER XIII.

"OH, HEAVEN! IT IS TRUE!" The shadow that had darkened upon Iris' life had taken unto itself shape, and its form and name were-

Shame before her eyes, and, Clarence rushed ing steps, moved back, and the curtain

Felice made a movement as if to follow her, then stopped, and the dividng curtain left her in the library with the others.

"You-you say that this is true!" at her feet! . Some girls would have given way to emanded Mr. Barrington, scarcely tears and hysterics; Iris shed no tear, ove his breath. "You know that this uttered =no plaint. Slowly; and like will ruin—ruin—your mistress!" one moving in a dream, she went up "I know it!" she said, doggedly. to her room. As she passed through "It is a lie! I say it still!" exclaim-

the hall, she looked up at the long line ed Clarence. "This woman is an acof family portraits. How often she had complice of this man's! They are in stood and gazed at them, and gone eague together!" over in her mind the history of the Felice shot a reproachful glance past, in which so many of them had

rom her dark eyes. taken a great and noble part; how of-ten her heart had throbbed with the "It is an evidently obvious plot!" he tinued. "I say, send for the police! Yes, send for the police! Who is this man, and where does he come from? thought that she was one of them-a Knighton of Knighton and Beverley. It is a plot, a conspiracy. Let me go to Miss Iris!" and he turned toward imposter and usurper, and that one and all cried out

As he did so, and before he could each it, some one knocked, the door opened, and a thick-set man with a "You are none of us-you have no when she reached her roo teen, shrewd face entered.

she sank on to a cha There was a momentary confusion, and covered by it the signor rose softng her face with her ly and stopped behind the curtains; but before he could reach the door, ize the awful blow, w ice quickly locked it and steppe She did not d

(To be continu

tween him and it. do's statement; she knew that Fel "I beg your pardon, gentlemen," said the man. "I wish to see Mr. Bar ald have been only too glad to gi ie. No, it was true! S e daughter of shame and rep

"My name is Barrington," said the awyer, hurriedly. "But I am engaged hout name or abidin ing for the world to scoff at and con-mn; in a word-an outcast! -I cannot see you now."

I beg you'll excuse me, sir." said

with some fact or condition which said or wrote it, why not try to withdoes not square with what they hold judgment even if the thing runs know, or think they know. counter to your ideas.

The same little girl who said "I What a wonderful thing a reputadon't believe it" when she was told tion for reliability is, by the way, a of the deadly effects of electricity, sort of personal trademark copywas told some years ago of a cer- righted in the courts of character.

Alfred the Great Died.

ondly, he brought London into a flour-On October 28, A.D., 901, that being ishing state, and which has continued the festival of the Apostles Saint Siever since the capital of England. mon and Saint Jude, Alfred the Great, Thirdly, he assembled what may be

the English King, died. That descripcalled the first English Parliament tion or title given to him is in the English language the same as that of which was consisted of bishops, earls, aldermen, and thanes, who were called Peter the Great, Emperor of Russia, and of the Grand Monarque, as that twice a year to London, Oxford, or given to Louis the Fourteenth, King | Gloucester. Fourthly, he translated

Latin books into English, being himof Greece; and no sovereign was more She who had regarded herself as a self a scholar, to teach his ignorant worthy of such a distinction, if any Knighton, as one of the proud race subjects by their reading them. Fifthequally so, as Alfred the Great for which stood first and foremost in the several reasons. Born at Wantage, in ly, he founded the British fleet, which country, was a nameless orphan, Berkshire, in 849, he succeeded his fa- has since made the Empire so famous. against whom the world was free to ther, Ethelwulf as King of the West It is no wonder that by all this serpoint the finger of scorn—that world which had hitherto bestowed its hom-age upon her and, so to speak. knelt

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