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Canada Rug Co.

MAIN OFFICE AND FACTORY,
CARLING ST., LONDON, ONT.
Established 1909.

UNCERTAIN TINY

"Manister is out!" exclaimed the countess. "He has only made two or three."

"How fond she is of him," thought the girl, still watching her companion's face, which somehow softened Christina toward both mother and son; so that now it was with real sympathy that she remarked, "Poor Lord Manister! I am very sorry."

Some expressions of condolence from the seats in front threw the young girl's words into advantageous relief.

The countess said presently to Christina, "I am sorry it has turned out so dull a day; the ground looks really nice when it is fine and sunny."

"It is a beautiful ground," answered Tiny simply; "the trees are so splendid."

"Ah, but you're used to splendid trees."

"In Australia? Well, we are and we are not, Lady Dromard. I mean to say, there are tremendous trees in some parts; in others there are none at all, you know. Up the bush, where we used to live, the trees were of very little account."

"I thought the bush was nothing but trees," remarked Lady Dromard; and Christina could not help smiling as she explained the comprehensive character of "the bush."

"So you were actually brought up on a sheep farm!" said Lady Dromard, looking flatteringly at the graceful young girl.

"Yes—on a station. It was in the bush, and very much the bush," laughed Tiny, "for we were hundreds of miles up country. But most of the trees were no higher than this tent, Lady Dromard. The homestead was in a clump of pines, and they were pretty tall, but the rest were mere scrub."

"Then how in the world," cried her ladyship, "did you manage to become educated? What school could you go to in a place like that?"

"We never went to school at all," Tiny informed her confidentially. "We had a governess."

"Ah, and she taught you to sing! I should like to meet that governess. She must be a very clever person."

Her ladyship's manner was delightfully blunt.

"Now, Lady Dromard, you've laughing at me! I know nothing—I have read nothing."

"I rejoice to hear it!" cried the countess cordially. "I assure you, Miss Luttrell, that's a most refreshing confession in these days. Only it's too good to be true. I don't believe you, you know."

Christina made no great effort to establish the truth of her statement; for some minutes longer they watched the game.

But the countess was not interested, though her younger son had gone in, and had already begun a score.

"What were they?" she said at length with extreme obscurity; but Christina was polite enough not to ask her what she meant until she had put this question to herself, and while she still hesitated Lady Dromard recollected herself, appreciated the hesitation, and explained, "I mean the trees in the bush, at your farm. Were they gum trees?"

"Very few of them—there are hardly any gum trees up there."

"Do you know that I have a young gum tree?" said Lady Dromard amusingly, as though it were a young opossum.

"No!" said Tiny incredulously.

"But I have, in the conservatory; you might have seen it the other evening."

"How I wish I had!"

terest her more than the cricket."

"Oh, Lady Dromard, I can't think of taking you away from the match," cried Christina, while Ruth's eyes danced and the bonnets in front turned round.

"My dear Miss Luttrell, it will interest me more, now that Lord Manister is out."

"But there's Mr. Dromard."

"Oh, that boy! He has made more runs this week than are good for him, Miss Luttrell, am I to go alone?"

The bonnets in front knocked together.

CHAPTER XII.

If Tiny Luttrell suffered at all from self-consciousness as she followed Lady Dromard from the tent, she hid it uncommonly well. Her color did not change, while her expression was neither bashful nor bold, and unnatural only in its entire naturalness.

Considering that the conversation in the ladies' tent underwent a momentary lull, by no means so slight as to occupy a sensitive ear, the girl's serene bearing at the countess's skirts was in its way an achievement of which no one thought more highly than Lady Dromard herself. Christina had merely imagined that she was being systematically watched. No sooner were they in the open air than the countess wheeled abruptly, expecting to surprise some slight embarrassment, not unpardonable in so young a face; and this was not the only occasion on which she was agreeably disappointed in little Miss Luttrell.

The short cut to the house was a narrow path that crossed an intervening paddock. They followed this path. But now Lady Dromard walked behind, with eyes slightly narrowed; and still she approved.

Presently they reached the conservatory. It was large and lofty, and the smooth white flags and spreading fronds gave it an appearance of coolness and quiet very different from Christina's recollection of the place on the night of the dance, when Chinese lanterns had shone and smoked and smelt among the foliage, and a frivolous hum had filled the air. The gum tree proved to be a sapling of no great promise or pretensions. Nor was it seen to advantage, being planted in the central bed, in the midst of some admirable palms and tree-ferns.

But Tiny made a long arm to seize the leaves and pull them to her nostrils, setting foot in the soft soil in her excitement; and when she started back, with an apology for the mark, her face was beaming.

"But that was a real whiff of Australia," she added gratefully—"the first I've had since I sailed. It was very, very good of you to bring me, Lady Dromard. If you knew how it reminds me!"

"I thought it would interest you," remarked Lady Dromard, who was herself more interested in the footprint on the soil, which was absurdly small. "If you like I will show you something that should remind you still more."

"Oh, of course I like to see anything Australian; but I am sure I am troubling you a great deal, Lady Dromard."

"Not in the least, my dear Miss Luttrell. I have something extremely Australian to show you now."

Countess Dromard led the way through the room in which Tiny had dined. It was still carpetless and empty, and the clatter of her walking shoes on the floor which her ball slippers had skimmed so noiselessly struck a note that jarred. The desire came over Tiny to turn back. As they passed through the hall, a side door stood open; the girl saw it with a gasp for the open air. It was an odd sensation, as the march into prison. It made her lag while it lasted; when it passed it was as though weights had been removed from her feet. She ran lightly up the shallow stairs; Lady Dromard

was waiting on the landing, and led her along a corridor.

Here Tiny forgot that her feet had drummed vague misgivings into her mind; she could no longer hear her own steps, the corridor was so thickly carpeted. It was a special corridor, leading to a very special room of delicate tints and dainty furniture, and Christina was so far herself again as to enter without a qualm. But her quains had been a rather singular thing.

"This is my own little chapel of ease, Miss Luttrell," the countess explained; "and now do you not see a fellow-countryman?"

She pointed to the window; and in front of the window was a pedestal supporting a gilded cage, and in the cage a pink-and-gray parrot, of a kind with which the girl had been familiar from her infancy. "Oh, you beauty!" cried Christina, going to the cage and scratching the bird's head through the wires. "It's a galar," she cried.

"Indeed," said Lady Dromard, watching her; "a galar! I must remember that. By the way, can you tell me why he doesn't talk?"

Christina answered, in a slightly preoccupied manner, that galar's very seldom did. She had become quite absorbed in the bird; she seemed easily pleased. She went to the length of asking whether she might take him out, and received a half-hesitating permission to do so at her own risk, Lady Dromard confessing that for her own part she was quite afraid to touch him through the wires. In a twinkling the girl had the bird in her hand, and was smoothing its feathers with her chin. The sun was beginning to struggle through the clouds; the window faced the west, and the faint rays, falling on the young girl's face and the bird's bright plumage, threw a good light on a charming picture. Lady Dromard was reminded of the artificial art of her young days, when this was a favorite posture, and searched narrowly for artifice in her guest.

Finding none she admired more keenly than before, but became also more timid on the other's account, so that she could fancy the blood sliding down the fair skin which the beak actually touched.

"Dear Miss Luttrell, do put him back! I tremble for you."

Tiny put the quiet thing back on the perch. Then she turned to Lady Dromard with rather a comic expression.

"Do you know what we used to do with this gentleman up on the station?" said Tiny, shamefacedly. "We poisoned him wholesale to save our crop. But this one seems like an old friend to me. Lady Dromard, you have taken me back to the bush this afternoon!"

"So it appears," observed the countess, dryly, "or I think you would admire my little view. That's Gallow Hill, and I'm rather proud of my view of it, because it's the only hill of any

"END YOUR RHEUMATISM

Like I Did Mine" Says
Pastor Reed; Wife Also
Rid of Neuritis



Emphatically asserting that thousands of unfortunate sufferers have been led into taking wrong treatments under the old and false belief that "Uric Acid" causes Rheumatism, Pastor H. Reed says: "I am one of our highest medical authorities. I now know that 'Uric Acid' never did and never will cause Rheumatism! But it took me many years to find out this truth. I learned how to get rid of my rheumatism and recover my health and strength through reading 'The Inner Mysteries of Rheumatism,' a work written by an authority who has scientifically studied the cause and treatment of rheumatism for over twenty years. It was indeed a veritable revelation!"

"I had suffered agony for years from rheumatism and associated disorders, and Mrs. Reed was tortured with the demon neuritis almost beyond endurance. We had read and talked so much about 'Uric Acid' that our minds seemed poisoned. But the 'Inner Mysteries of Rheumatism' made it all clear to us and now we are both free from the suffering and misery we endured so many years. I believe I was the hardest man in the world to convert! For me to discard the old 'Uric Acid' theory, and what I now know to be absolutely false for the new scientific understanding of the cause and cure of rheumatism, was like asking me to change my religious beliefs. But I did change, and it was a fortunate day for me and mine when I did so."

NOTE: "The Inner Mysteries of Rheumatism" is referred to above by Pastor Reed and its bare facts about rheumatism and its associated disorders overlooked by doctors and scientists for centuries. It is a work that should be in the hands of every man or woman who has the slightest symptoms of rheumatism, neuritis, lumbago or gout. Anyone who sends name and address to H. P. Clearwater, 555-P St., Hallowell, Maine, will receive it by mail, postage paid and absolutely free. Send now, lest you forget. The address is not a misdirection, but the explanation and aid to some afflicted friends.

ROYAL YEAST CAKES

There is more energy in a pound of good bread made in the home with Royal Yeast Cakes than in a pound of meat. Bread making is a simple operation and requires no previous experience. Full instructions in Royal Yeast Bake Book, mailed free on request.

E. W. GILLET CO. LTD.
TORONTO

sort in these parts. Then the sun sets behind it, and these trees stand out so."

The History of Your Name

HEWITT.
VARIATION—Hewlett.
RACIAL ORIGIN—Norman French.
SOURCE—A given name.
The family names of Hughes, Hewson and Hughson, which have been derived from the given name of Hugh, already have been discussed. But there are two family names which come from this same given name through certain of its variations. They are Hewett and Hawlett.

The given name of Hugh was, of course, far more common in the middle ages than it is today; not so much among the Saxons, English, who got it only from the Normans, as among the Normans themselves and the peoples of the continent. The influence of religion in those days was very strong. Christian names were then truly "Christian." That is to say, they were names made famous by saints or martyrs of the church, and were given by parents to their offspring in a conscious religious spirit.

Among those who contributed to popularizing the name of Hugh was an abbot of Cluny by that name, whose date is given as 1109 A. D., and who later was canonized. A Vant Hugh also was bishop of Grenoble in the same century, and about the middle of the next century, according to popular fable, there was an infant martyr of this name, alleged to have been crucified by the Jews of Lincoln.

"Huet" was a diminutive variation of this name of Hugh which was widespread among the Normans, and it has come down to us as a family name formed from it in the regular manner, which has been described many times in these articles.

SAVING OF WORK IS MOTIVE OF UNUSUAL HOUSE.

To a housekeeper, a home that saves labor is primarily one that is easily kept clean. Designed by a woman, a house recently built in a northern Illinois town eliminates all of the ordinary household work by its curious construction as much as by its equipment. It is a stucco bungalow, roughly 58 ft. square, on a 4-ft. concrete foundation wall, with all its main rooms on one floor.

Living room, dining room, hall, and sun porch are virtually one enormous room, 42 by 54 feet, but the hall is two steps higher than the rest, a pair of bookcases separates the living and dining rooms, and a row of eight pillars marks off the porch, with its 16 windows. No plaster is used, all the walls and even the cabinet panels being of wallboard. Fancy moldings are also taboo, and casement cloths take the place of window shades. A built-in garage at the rear contains an electrically equipped laundry, and a dish-washing machine is permanently installed in the kitchen, while the gas range has an automatic timing attachment. The narrow superstructure that represents the second floor is planned to contain three bedrooms and an additional bath, but is used at present as a playroom.

Family Was Greatly Favored.

The angel of death visits households as a rule with strict impartiality. There are not many families as highly favored as the one referred to as follows in a U. S. newspaper. "Captain Benjamin Franklin, 81 years old, long active in the Republican politics of southern Rhode Island, died suddenly yesterday at his home in Westery, on the sixty-fourth anniversary of his wedding. He is survived by his widow, six children, and several grandchildren, no death having occurred in the family in sixty-four years.

Magic Carpet

Visits to New Worlds

THE BAKU DISTRICT.

The Government of Baku which has been held for some time since the armistice by British troops, but which Britain has been forced to abandon for a time under pressure of overwhelming Bolshevik forces, was under the sovereignty of the Czar before the Great War. It is situated on the Caspian Sea, and, like all other Governments and provinces of Trans-Caucasia, it contains a strange admixture of races, of which the Tartars are by far the most numerous. The total population of the Baku area is approximately 1,125,000 people, the population of the City of Baku itself being nearly 400,000 in 1914, in normal times. The Trans-Caucasian railway, which runs from Baku to Batum, a distance of 563 miles, did a large amount of business before the war, the company also owning an 8-inch pipe line which in 1913 delivered 1,500,000 tons of oil. Baku city stands on a crescent-shaped bay, which is seven miles wide from point to point, and contains 14 piers owned by various shipping companies. While there is a little agriculture in the outskirts of the Government, the chief source of wealth lies in the mineral oils found in such abundance. The Caucasus supplied 22 per cent of the world's oil output in 1908, and Baku is by far the richest producing area of the region. The first well was bored in 1871, and since then these wonderful fields have been developed largely by the Swedish firm of Nobel Brothers, by the Rothschilds and by British capital. In 1916 it was estimated that 50,000 workers were employed in the Baku fields, and the area seems to have escaped damage and pillage during the last three critical years. With the depletion of the American oil fields, the importance of Baku, on which Premier Lloyd George insists so strenuously, is not hard to appreciate.

A SMILE IN EVERY DOSE: OF BABY'S OWN TABLETS

Baby's Own Tablets are a regular joy giver to the little ones—they never fail to make the cross baby happy. When baby is cross and fretful the mother may be sure something is the matter for it is not baby's nature to be cross unless he is ailing. Mothers, if your baby is cross; if he cries a great deal and needs your constant attention day and night, give him a dose of Baby's Own Tablets. They are a mild but thorough laxative which will quickly regulate the bowels and stomach and thus relieve constipation and indigestion, colds and simple fevers, and make baby happy—there surely is a smile in every dose of the Tablets. Baby's Own Tablets are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

COW'S 42 TONS OF MILK.

Hedges Moss Rose, J. H. Bean's (Chambers) Corbett, Kidderminster) British Friesian cow, which gave more than 2,000 gallons of milk last year, has created a new record by repeating the performance this year. In the two years her output of milk amounted to considerably more than 4,000 gallons and weighs more than 18 tons. In less than six years Moss Rose has had seven calves and given more than 42 tons of milk. (The British ton is of course 2,240 lbs.)—(The Weekly Scotman).

Minard's Liniment Co., Limited.

Gentlemen—Theodora Dorais, a customer of mine, was relieved of rheumatism after five years of suffering, by the judicious use of MINARD'S LINIMENT.

The above facts can be verified by writing to him, to the Parish Priest or any of his neighbors.

A. COTE, Merchant,
St. Isidore, Que., 12 May, '98.

WONDERFUL DEVICE.

By a device recently invented an armless person is able to feed himself, write, light cigarettes or perform other duties. The device is operated by the crippled person's feet. A small bar inserted between the big and second toes enables the operator to direct the apparatus which consists of arms extending over a table, one for picking up food and other articles, and the other for holding a pen or pencil.

AMERICAN BREAKFASTS FOR DOUGHBOYS.

The French cooks could never get in line with the American breakfast which was demanded by the American soldiers and others from this country who were called to France during the war. The French breakfast consists of a roll and coffee, while Americans demanded eggs and bacon as well.