

Household Necessity

Make Gillett's Lye your household assistant. Use it for making soap, for washing dishes, for cleaning sinks, for washing greasy pots and pans. It cleans and disinfects.



The Broken Circle!

CHAPTER LIII.

"There is something strange in Miss Hatton's face to-day," said Leah's maid to her confidante, the housekeeper. "No one seems to notice anything wrong about her; but I am very anxious. She is so thin that I can never make her dresses to fit her now; and she is often so colourless that I have to use powder to make her presentable—she who had the loveliest bloom in the world."

"I see the change," returned the housekeeper, gloomily. "She thinks too much of other people. There is nothing like taking care of one's self. She has studied everything for Miss Hettie's comfort, but I have never heard her speak of herself."

"I cannot make it out," said the maid. "I am sure she has not been to sleep all night; she has sat up, I saw death in her face when I went into the room."

"I should think there is nothing wrong between her and Sir Basil," remarked the housekeeper.

"No, I am sure there is not," was the reply. "They are to be married when she comes back from France. Still I am unhappy about her; there is something the matter, I am quite sure. One night I had to go to her room, and she was moaning in her sleep like a dying child; and I have never seen such a face as she had when I went into her room this morning."

For the day and the hour were come. Sir Basil was to go with them as far as Dover, and see them safely on board. They were all four to start by the midday train from Arley to London. Leah had measured her strength that morning, and found it rapidly fading.

"I could not live through two more days of it," she said. "Thank Heaven, it is almost over!"

She was passive, while her maid took all the pains she could to hide the shrinking of the graceful figure, the pallor of the beautiful face. She must keep up appearances while she was in England, among those who knew her; but when she was across the sea, she could give way, she could

Any Touch of Indigestion

Your Food will Feed you more

Until your various digestive organs are in order your food, instead of properly nourishing you will be liable to clog and poison your system. Your blood will be poor and impure and your nervous system thoroughly run down. Take immediate steps to secure the healthy activity of stomach, liver, and bowels. To this end you should

Beecham's Pills

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droop and die as she would—but not here.

She bade farewell to the grand old home where she had been so wretched, but so falsely happy. She stood for some time on the terrace where the passion-flowers grew—the spot where she had seen her lover first, and where her heart had gone out to him. She kissed the bare brown branches. They would live again; they would be covered with green leaves and starry flowers when leaves and flowers should gladden her eyes no more. She kissed the pictured face of Ghone, recalling every word that had been spoken between Sir Basil and herself on that day when they had stood in front of it. It was like parting with a living friend. She stretched out her hands with a great cry when she took her last look round the room where she had spent such happy hours. All earth and air seemed burning fire. Oh for rest, for change, for the coldness even of the grave!

Those who saw Miss Hatton's face when she left Brentwood never forgot it.

It was a strange journey to Dover. Sir Arthur was the only one who talked. Hettie avoided either looking at or speaking to Sir Basil, and Leah could have laughed in bitter amusement at the scene. Sir Arthur spoke of his niece's return, of the marriage, of Glen, of Basil in Parliament, and saw nothing wrong.

They stood together on deck at last, a blue sky above them, the sun shining on the white cliffs of Dover and on the sea, which was almost as smooth as a mirror.

Sir Arthur took Hettie to the other side of the vessel.

"They will have so much to say to each other; lovers always have. We will leave them alone, Hettie."

So they stood side by side, the deathly pallor of Leah's face hidden by her veil. A terrible calm had fallen over her. She loved Sir Basil still with her whole heart; she could have knelt down there, and have covered his hands with burning kisses and burning tears. She held them for a moment in a close grasp, while she looked in his face for the last time. The solemn shadow of eternity lay over her.

He was telling her something about Glen and about Parliament. She did not hear the words. To her the moment was solemn, as though her soul were on her lips, and her eyes were fixed on his with a strained, lingering gaze. How well she had loved him! And he had cared nothing for her; he had preferred some one else.

He was asking her if she was sorry to leave him, and she was unable to answer him. The white lips were quite stiff and cold.

Then there came a shout from the sailors. All was in readiness; those who were for shore must leave. The moments were numbered; her eyes never left him, her hand still held his.

"I must go," he said. "Good-by, Leah."

He bent down and kissed her lips. He started to find them so cold.

"Good-by," he repeated. "A pleasant, prosperous journey, Leah, and a happy return."

"Good-by, Basil; good-by my love," she said; and the next moment she was looking over the waters alone.

The rest of the journey was like a dream to her, and she never awoke from it until she stood in the salon of the villa at Mentone, and saw the duchess regarding her with tearful eyes.

"Great Heaven," she cried, "this is not Leah; this is a shadow! I thought it was Hettie who had been ill!"

"So it was. I have not been ill," said a voice which the duchess hardly recognized as Leah's. "I am well; but my journey has tired me."

(To be continued.)

Lord Cecil's Dilemma

The Picnic

Woodall Forest

CHAPTER I.

The most beautiful thing under Heaven is a young and beautiful woman; the sweetest of music is in woman's gentle tones, the most odorous perfume lives and breaths in her presence.

Among the lovely women of England, Lady Gladys Howard was one of the loveliest, one of the sweetest—a human flower of rare beauty, whose atmosphere was incense, whose laughter was the ripple of a summer stream, whose smile was a gleam from golden, sunlit skies.

"She is the most peerless girl in all England!" her proud father thought, one happy July morning.

The birds were singing in the air and in the trees, the bees were booming among the flowers, the zephyrs whispered that earth was now a reflex of heaven, and my lord of Swinford was conscious of a feeling of sweet content. It was the first that he had known since the loss of his wife, long ago, when Gladys was a little child. She lived again in their beautiful daughter—the same graceful and delicious presence—the same happy, unclouded brow.

Why had he not noticed all this before? He had neglected his child for five years. He had forgotten the living while brooding over the dead, and Gladys had not seen her father for five whole years until yesterday! He had been abroad; no one knew exactly where, and very few cared.

Sometimes Gladys marvelled that the Earl should care so little for his child and his beautiful home, but these perplexities were only transient clouds, chased away by the sunshine that was ever in her heart. She had a sweet and careful protector in Lady Marcia Howard, my lord's maiden sister, and Marcia loved her niece with all the devotion of her soul.

The Earl of Swinford knew this well; his wife and Lady Marcia had been fond friends, and when the countess was dying she had mutely placed Gladys in Marcia's arms. Her lips were motionless, but her eyes were eloquent, and she knew that her babe would never want a friend while Lady Marcia lived.

Lord Howard saw little of his child; he seemed to be oblivious of her existence. She was in good hands, and he became a rover. He was miserable, disappointed. The only woman in the world for him was gone; cut off in the flower of her youth, and his glory in life was dead. They had met in a romantic fashion, and loved as but few ever love. They wedded life had been a summer idyl, broken until they should meet again in the great Beyond!

He forgot his little child and turned his face to the wall. He only remembered the joy that was past, and a touching verse, over which his dead love had wept, when there should have been no shadow upon the beauty of their lives, came back to him, a solemn knell in every line.

One of us, dear—
Will stand by the other's coffin-bier,
And, lock and weep,
While the marble lips strange silence keep—
He had read the verse to her, and she had clung to him in a sudden agony of fear. One of them must go but the end was far away! He laughed away her terrors, but within one week he stood—

"By the other's coffin-bier," and, oh, God of mercies, he knew which one!

Society knew him no more; he became a recluse, a misanthrope! He seemed to forget that he had a child; he only looked forward to meeting his love again! For years he lived almost in solitude, but at last he told himself that he could stand it no longer, that the associations which had been so dear to him had become hateful with bitter memories, and he left England hoping never to return again. He went away secretly, and not a dozen people knew that the Earl of Swinford was gone.

(To be continued.)

The new French suit models have loose unbelted coats, narrow shoulders and a flare about the hip line.

Stop Laxatives

Which Only Aggravate Constipation

Nujol is a lubricant—not a medicine or laxative—so cannot gripe. When you are constipated, there is not enough lubricant produced by your system to keep the food waste soft. Doctors prescribe Nujol because its action is so close to this natural lubricant. Try it today.



Drastic Laws in Florida

Through the efforts of Mrs. R. Fleming Bowden, president of the Jacksonville Humane Society, a bill was enacted in Florida, in June, prohibiting the exhibition, for pay, in this state, of any crippled or physically distorted, malformed or disfigured man, woman, or child, and also prohibiting the exhibition, for pay, of any crippled or physically distorted, malformed, or disfigured beast, bird, or animal. Heavy penalties are provided for those convicted of breaking this law.

Fashion Plates

A JAUNTY STYLE FOR THE GROWN-UP GIRL.

3917. Very popular is the blouse dress, and ever varying are its new features. This style will be pretty in pongee with boss embroidery or in serge with figured silk or crepe for trimming. The skirt is mounted on a body lining and the blouse may be made to slip over the head.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 8, 10, 12, and 14 years. A 12 year size will require 3 yards of 40 inch material.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. in silver or stamps.



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A NEW BLOUSE STYLE.

3903. Here is a model that is becoming so stout and slender figures. It has long, pleasing lines, and a pretty collar, that forms reverses over the front. Brocaded silk and broadcloth is here combined. This is a good model for taffeta, and for pongee, faille or Canton crepe.

The Pattern is cut in 7 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, and 46 inches bust measure. A 38 inch size requires 3 1/2 yards of 40 inch material.

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NOTE.—Owing to the continual advance in price of raw wools, we are compelled to advance the price of patterns to 15c. each.

Boom or Boomerang?

Apparently fearing lest the moving-picture devotees will rise in protest against those films in which animals are shown in unnatural roles, the producers of such photoplays are artfully attempting to explain that there is no cruelty whatever in the preliminary training of the animal actors; indeed, they would have you think that animals have a predilection for the stage and greatly prefer "life in the movies" to the freedom of their native wilds.

No normally intelligent person should be deceived or hoodwinked by any such insidious propaganda. Of course there will not be a semblance of whiplash, pistol, hot iron, electric shock, or other of the common implements of the trade. That would ruin the business forthwith. The performance looks innocent enough and the turn is soon over. No viable proof of any cruelty! Why be concerned about how the animals are obtained or captured, how they are trained, or how they live afterward?

The following description in the New York Tribune furnishes an illustration of the kindly (?) art of training animals. Can't publicity of this nature be of benefit to the film-producing interests?

"A scene in 'Nomads of the North' shows a puppy and a cub being going down the river and over the falls. It required a half hour each day of nearly two weeks for Mr. Hatford, the producer, to teach the little creatures how to do this particular stunt without drowning themselves, and it was accomplished in the following manner:

"The pup and the cub were lashed together with a yard of thong. They were then placed in a tub half full of water and splashed out into another tub completely filled with water. This was done a half dozen times the first day and was repeated for several days thereafter. When it became apparent that the tiny animals had accustomed themselves to spilling out of one tub of water into another, they were taken to the scene of a real waterfall.

"The first several days they were put through the same work-out, accepting that the animals were placed in the real river slightly above the falls and were caught in the tub which was held a few feet below them when they dropped over the falls. This was accomplished by building a light framework of rafters across the river.

"The important part of this training was to ascertain both animals to hold their breaths in their plunge below the surface. When Mr. Hatford had satisfied himself that both puppy and cub had learned to do this, the distance of the drop over the falls was gradually increased until after a week or ten days the animals were making the entire descent into the seething rapids of the river and emerging from the foaming torrent without the slightest fright or ill effect."—From Our Dumb Animals.

Economy Courts Abolished.

LONG TRAINS AGAIN FASHIONABLE.

LONDON, (Associated Press)—Economy is no longer to be the keynote of court functions at Buckingham Palace. No more "economy courts," as they were called, are to be held. These were established by their majesties after the war to set fashionable society a much needed example in curbing extravagance. The seal of royal approval has now again been bestowed on court trains. Indeed no women can be presented at Court who does not wear them. Of course as a man, the Lord Chamberlain cannot presume to be an expert on fashionable feminine dress, but it is one of his many official duties to lay down the rules and regulations to which women must conform at the most exacted of court functions. That is one of the things for which he is paid \$18,000 a year. He has to be a peer besides, to qualify for the exalted office, which is accounted among the political plums that the Prime Minister has to give away. The present Lord Chamberlain is in the top class of the peerage. He is the Duke of Athol.

Blessed by Court Dressmakers.

By restoring the court train he has earned the blessings of the fashionable dressmakers. But they would have lengthened their blessings if he had lengthened the trains. Before the war three yards was their regulation length, while Queen Victoria didn't consider four yards too long. By the new regulations they need not only two yards in length and should not exceed more than 12 inches from the head of the wearer when standing. To walk backwards before royalty in a train three yards long without getting tangled up in it, imposes a severe tax on the agility and skill of not a few socially ambitious women. Queen Mary is a very kind woman, and she would naturally wish to spare her sex making exhibitions of themselves. Hence she was in favor of the shorter length for trains.

Auto Top Dressing for Motor Cars and Carriages at BOWRING BROTHERS, LIMITED, Hardware Department.—may 18, 1922



Keep the Gold Out!

Gold and draft come in around your windows and doors, not through them. Install Ceco Metal Weatherstrips and actually save one-third of your fuel costs. At the present price of coal this means a substantial saving in dollars and cents.

Ceco Metal Weatherstrips are the most simple, most practical weatherstrips on the market. No weather conditions affect them; self-adjusting with the shrinking or expanding of the ash. They keep out dust, dirt, soot and draft, deaden outside noises, stop any rattle, and last as long as the window or door.

For new houses or old. Easily installed. First cost is only cost.



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It's Flavor that Makes the Meal!

And the sauces that the Libby chefs have adapted for you give flavor to the simplest dishes.

It may be eggs, or macaroni, or a cheap cut of meat—an unusual and delicious sauce will make it something you eat with delight and remember with pleasure—because of its flavor.

LIBBY'S CATCHUP and CHILI SAUCE are made from red, ripe tomatoes, grown in the fertile soil of Kent County, Ontario, picked when they are mellowed by the sunshine of long summer days, then rushed to the nearby Libby kitchen.

Here in sunny rooms the tomatoes are cooked with fragrant spices, onions, sugar and the best vinegar—cooked for hours until all the flavors are blended through and through.

Now the sauce is ready to give an appetizing relish to your steaks and chops, or a new piquancy to the meat gravy you serve with your roasts.

Your grocer has, or can get you, Libby's Catchup or Chili Sauce. Use it with your cold meat teas and note how quickly the second helping is necessary.

The delightful flavor of Libby's Beans is due largely to the wonderful Sauce prepared by the skilled chefs. Have you tried them?

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GENUINE KOTENASHI

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Just Arrived

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