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## DIAMONDS FOR THE BRIDE

Or, a Proposal by Proxy

### CHAPTER XVI.—(Cont'd)

The Welters' carriage, a big family omnibus, used for the conveyance of many daughters, was marshalled with the other vehicles in the drive, though the Welter family was staying to the last, as they had for guests Joan Winthroppe and the little bridesmaids. The sound of whooping in the garden had long ceased when Mrs. Winthroppe found the children at her elbow, Phyllis very grave, and Lilla, the younger, with her eyes full of tears. "Why," said the mother, "I had forgotten you. Are you hungry? Go, both of you, into the dining-room. Mrs. Hartopp is there still, and she will see that you have tea."

"Lilla isn't crying because of tea-time," said Phyllis, explaining in a hurried whisper, afraid that truth and politeness might be incompatible. "It is because Ernie is unkind. He has gone to hide, and we can't find him anywhere, and he does not answer when we call. Lilla thinks it is not fair, because of course, it is his house, and he knows all the hiding-places better than we do."

Cousin Joan dried the child's eyes and admonished her. Ernest would soon tire of hiding when he found they had given up looking for him, and then he would come in and have tea too. But the child bridesmaids had their refreshment and departed, and Ernest did not appear, even to say good-bye. The thought of her boy came suddenly to Mrs. Swayne as the Welters made their adieux. Ernest was hiding in the garden, Joan explained, and the children had not been able to find him. So the nurse was summoned and despatched to call him in. In the shock and dislocation of that day none of the domestics were attending to their proper functions. There was eager curiosity over the disaster in the servants' quarters as well as elsewhere.

Annabel, released at last, went in search of her husband. She found

him, as she expected, in the study, and, as she entered, Lord Swinton was just leaving for the station. "Here's your wife," he said, "and it will be well for you to talk it over with her. Let me know if you want me further, for I'll come down at any time, or give you the meeting in town." Gower was not there, nor was Margaret, and it struck her immediately that Colonel Swayne was looking very ill. There was a grey shade over his face, and he was drinking a glass of spirits and water, contrary to his usual habit. Annabel came forward, full of wifely concern.

"This has been a shock to you, it is a shock to us all. I know nothing yet, except the interruption. But you must not try to tell me until you are able."

Her cool hands came caressingly about him, but while he submitted to the touch, memory wounded his breast like an edge of steel. Was she loyal only in the outward show, having forsaken him in heart? Had this softness of hers which he loved been a deceit from the beginning, and was it needful for him at once to play the man and put the deceit away? But he was too weary and spent now to raise the question, to reject the comfort. For a couple of minutes he kept silence, and then broke out into the story that we know—Gower's loss of memory, the French marriage which Margaret had chosen to keep secret, undutifully, from her father.

"They have broken my poor little girl's heart between them," Colonel Swayne ended with a groan. "Swinton will tell you how she looks, and that she has shut herself in upstairs. She will never get over it, such a shock as this, to say nothing of the scandal." And then he groaned again, thinking of another scandal more vital than Dulcie's, and of the greater ruin of his own peace.

"It is very sad for her," Annabel agreed, "a terrible disappointment."

"Sad! It is enough to kill her. The man on whom she had set her heart!"

The stepmother had perhaps a clearer insight into Dulcie's character than her real parent. "She is very young," she began, "and perhaps, in time to come, a fresh influence—"

The suggestion was natural and consolatory, but Colonel Swayne broke out into unexpected anger. "Something fresh, is that what you mean? A new love, and the old love wiped out, sponged off the slate? Is that how you women look at things? I suppose it is. Frail, all the lot of you. How does the saying go?"

Annabel had no clue to the working of her husband's mind. She answered steadily, "I am not intending to make light of it. I only meant that at Dulcie's age we may have the greater hope."

Colonel Swayne gave another impatient groan. His own trouble began to drive this other into the background. There might be hope for youth, but none, at his age, for him.

"What will be done?" she asked. "I suppose it is a marriage, though George Gower was in this unnatural state, and is not able to remember."

"I shall take a legal opinion, of course, as to what Margaret's position truly is, but I don't believe there is a loophole by which it could be escaped; and, in any case, he could not marry Dulcie. He seems quite dazed—bewildered: he has gone across now to Hungerford, and to-morrow he will see some doctor in town, the doctor he consulted before. It was a distressing scene, and it has unhinged me—that and another trouble. Annabel!"

Her hand was on his shoulder, and he caught her by the wrist and held her, turning so as to search her face with his black, piercing eyes. She looked back at him, still unaware. The words were on his lips, were all but spoken, when a knock came at the door. It was the nurse who had been sent to call in Ernest.

"I beg your pardon, sir, but is Mrs. Swayne here? Ma'am, we cannot find Master Ernest. He isn't anywhere in the garden or the shrubberies, and we cannot make him hear. There was just his cap with the feather in it thrown down on the lawn."

This was the first note of the alarm, and it was remembered how, in the game of hide-and-seek, the little Winthroppes had sought for him in vain. The words on Colonel Swayne's lips remained unsaid—anything which concerned his boy touched him nearly. Presently he joined the searchers, though he began by protesting, even with anger, against the folly of his wife's panic. It was a childish trick the lad had played to scare them. He had climbed up somewhere, perhaps into some loft in the outbuildings, and there had fallen asleep, or found himself unable to descend. He went out and shouted in his strong voice, soldier-trained, a stentorian command which rang out and about the surroundings of the Court, a summons Ernest would not have been likely to disregard. But there was no thin treble answer, nothing but the muffled response sent back by the echoes, and that silence did appal the father. Was there to be no end to the calamities of this luckless day? And out of the storehouse of memory the legend of Ginevra rose up in in ominous suggestion, though this was not the bride who had stolen from them, but only one of the bride's train.

May went one way, Heathcliff, the bailiff, another. The servants were out searching, and under Colonel Swayne's own direction the stableman ransacked the lofts; every chamber of the house was visited. And in the midst of this, Hartopp, the housekeeper, came to Mrs. Swayne. A note was in her hand—another common, dirty little note, like the one sent by Vincy the day before.

"This came this morning, ma'am, and I have to ask your pardon that it was not given you before. But they make the excuse in the kitchen that it came when you were with Miss Dulcie, and the messenger was not asking for an answer. I hope it is not of importance."

Mrs. Swayne tore open the soiled envelope, and read as follows: "It is urgent about the money. We were disturbed yesterday, and I must see you again. For your own sake, come. I shall wait at the same place."

"It is of no consequence," she said indifferently to the housekeeper, and crushed the paper in her hand as she walked away. Had she let it fall Mrs. Hartopp would have gratified her curiosity, which so far had been baffled by the envelope, though it was closed only with gum. The steam of a teacupful of hot water would have revealed what she desired to know, but the old servant had never descended to such methods, and in her age she hesitated to begin. But one thing was certain; living as they

were under one roof, the note could not be from May.

Annabel was careful to destroy it as soon as she was unobserved, and then she went out into the garden, openly taking the way which led to the shelter. In that direction, as well as any other, she might search for Ernest. It must now be five or six hours since that missive was despatched—could Vincy be waiting still? But there was no one in the shelter, or behind it in the shrubbery which bordered the wood. Voices sounded from the park, but these were the voices of the searchers. Doubtless Vincy would have discovered that a party was gathered at the Court, and know it was an unfavorable moment for the mistress of the house to obey his summons.

Here, at the back of the shelter, the ground was trodden, but it was too hard to show distinct tracks of childish or other feet. The stump of a cigar lay there; no doubt Vincy had solaced himself by smoking while he waited; and here, too, was a flower, a made-up buttonhole.

She stooped and picked it up with a pang of recognition. It was the rosebud tied with silver which the little page had worn, which she herself had pinned into his coat in the morning. He had been here, that was certain, and, if so, might he not have encountered Vincy? The wildest apprehensions flashed

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"My wife and I find that 4 teaspoonsful of Grape-Nuts and a cup of hot milk, or some cream, with it, makes the finest night-cap in the world," says an Alleghany, Pa., man.

"We go to sleep as soon as we strike the bed, and slumber like babies till rising time in the morning."

"It is about 3 years now since we began to use Grape-Nuts food, and we always have it for breakfast and before retiring and sometimes for lunch. I was so sick from what the doctors called acute indigestion and brain fog before I began to use Grape-Nuts that I could neither eat, sleep nor work with any comfort."

"I was afflicted at the same time with the most intense pains, accompanied by a racking headache and backache, every time I tried to eat anything. Notwithstanding an unusual pressure from my professional duties, I was compelled for a time to give up my work altogether. Then I put myself on a diet of Grape-Nuts and cream alone, with an occasional cup of Postum as a runner-up, and sometimes a little dry toast. I assure you that in less than a week I felt like a new man; I had gained six pounds in weight, could sleep well and think well."

"The good work went on, and I was soon ready to return to business, and have been hard at it, and enjoying it ever since."

"Command me at any time any one enquires as to the merits of Grape-Nuts. You will find me always ready to testify." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. There's a reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

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### KEEPING IT DARK.

through the mother's mind as she stood stricken, holding the flower. Had he happened suddenly upon the stranger, and had Vincy silenced him lest he should give the alarm, so effectually that he was silenced for ever? Or had he destroyed the child in anger against herself, because the money was not forthcoming? Neither supposition was in the least probable; but in seasons of distress, when the true explanation cannot be found, every fear obtains a hearing. Her heart fluttered and sank with sick apprehension, and she turned back to the house with the rosebud in her hand.

(To be continued.)

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## Cuticura Soap and Ointment Entirely Cured Him of Itch

"I just want to say a good word for Cuticura Soap and Ointment. Four or five years ago I was in Port Arthur, and I had an attack of the itch. It certainly was an intolerable nuisance. The itching was principally at nights before I went to bed. The thighs were especially affected.

"I went to two doctors about it, and tried more than one remedy. I was beginning to think the complaint was incurable, when I was telling my trouble to a barber, and he said that he would guarantee Cuticura Ointment. I took his advice, and sure enough, the itch vanished. I had probably been troubled with the itch for two or three months before I tried Cuticura Soap and Ointment, and they completely cured me of that intolerable nuisance. After one warm bath with Cuticura Soap and use of the Cuticura Ointment I was never troubled with the itching again. Anything in this testimonial I would be prepared to swear to in a court of law." (Signed, J. E. Hooper, 268 Parliament Street, Toronto, Jan. 10, 1911.)

## His Skin Eruption Cured in Ten Days

"The Cuticura Remedies certainly did work finely, and I am thankful that there is such a remedy, and that I tried it. About three months ago a terrible itching commenced on my body. I could not understand it. It gradually grew worse and covered a large portion of my body. There was also a slight eruption of the skin, sort of a rash. I suffered greatly with the itching and at night time I had little sleep. I tried one or two remedies which did no good, and then I tried Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Resolvent. In about ten days I was completely cured." (Signed, T. Williams, 115 Pacific Ave., Winnipeg, Jan. 14, 1911.)



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For more than a generation, Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment have afforded the speediest, surest and most economical treatment for torturing, disfiguring skin and scalp eruptions, from infancy to age. Cuticura Soap and Ointment are sold by druggists and dealers everywhere, but in order that skin-sufferers may prove their efficacy without cost, the Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Dept. 53, Boston, U. S. A., will send post-free to any address, a liberal sample of each, with a 32-page book on skin health. Write for a set to-day, even though you have suffered long and hopelessly and have lost faith in everything, for, as Mr. Hooper's letter shows, even the first use of Cuticura Soap and Ointment may be sufficient to give instant relief when all else has failed.



\$3,600 in Cash Prizes for Farmers

## Your Photograph May Win a Prize

AMONG the prizes we are offering in our big Prize Contest is one of \$100.00 (Prize "C") for the farmer in each Province who furnishes us with a photograph showing the best of any particular kind of work done on his farm during 1911 with "CANADA" Cement. For this prize, work of every description is included.

Now just as soon as you finish that new silo, barn, feeding floor or dairy, that you've been thinking of building, why not photograph it and send the picture to us? The photograph doesn't necessarily have to be taken by a professional or an expert. In fact, your son's or your daughter's camera will do nicely. Or, failing this, your neighbor's camera will do just as well. In any event, don't let the idea of having a photograph made deter you from entering the competition. Particularly as we have requested your local dealer to help in cases where it is not convenient for the farmer to procure a camera in the neighborhood. By this means you are placed on an equal footing with every other contestant. Get the circular, which gives you full particulars of the conditions and of the other three prizes. Every dealer who sells "CANADA" Cement will have on hand a supply of these circulars—and he'll give you one if you just ask for it. Or if you prefer, you can use the attached coupon—or a postcard will do—send it to us and you'll receive the complete details of the contest by return mail.

If you haven't received your copy of "What the Farmer Can Do With Concrete," write for that, too. It's a finely illustrated book of 160 pages full of useful and practical information of the uses of concrete. Write us to-night, and you'll receive the book and the circular promptly. Do not delay—sit right down—take your pen or pencil, and fill out the coupon NOW.



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