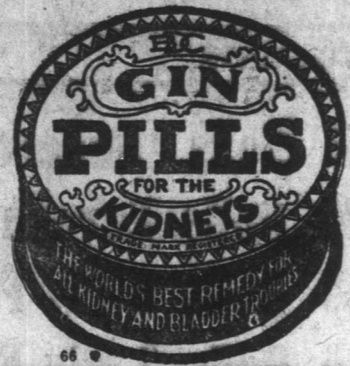


Bladder weakness remedied

"I suffered from bladder weakness and frequent urination. I had tried other kidney remedies, but got no relief. Was advised to take Gin Pills, did so, and after taking half a box noticed much improvement."
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Why suffer? Get a box of Gin Pills from your druggist to-day.

National Drug & Chemical Co., of Canada, Limited, Toronto, Ont. Gin Pills in the U.S.A. are the same as Gin Pills in Canada.



A QUEEN UNCROWNED

— OR —
THE STORY IN THE LONE INN.

CHAPTER XXII.

"Heaven be praised—yes! But, tell me, how came you to seek the stage?"

"It was my destiny, I suppose. I was made to be an actress, and not a countess. However, I suppose must submit. Captain Tempest cannot call him father, somehow—and I came to understand each other pretty well before our journey's end. Alfred, they say the demon is not so black as he is painted; and I found Captain Tempest anything but the ferocious monster he was represented. He saw we could not get on together, and he agreed to let me go through the world my own way. So we parted—he for Cuba, and I for France; and since then we have never met. I took my own name, and was successful, as you know. I met Lady Austrey abroad, and came with her to England."

"And that reminds me! How in the world came you and Norma ever to know each other?"

She laughed and her eyes sparkled. "What great stupid things these lords of creation are. So you really cannot suspect?"

"Upon my honor I cannot."

"Then I shall not tell you—perhaps Norma may some day. But tell me, Alfred, how is Augusta? I saw her in your box, looking like a living skeleton."

"Yes; she is dead in life."

"My poor, poor sister. Have they discovered the source of this mysterious sorrow of hers yet?"

"I have; she told me in confidence, and I believe it has no real foundation whatever; yet you see it is wearing away her life. What a pity we cannot all be happy in this world—as happy as I am."

"I don't know as you have any great cause for happiness after all. I am not much of a treasure for any one. But now you positively must go, Alfred; and listen; bring Orrie with you when you come to-morrow. I wonder if Mr. De Vere will give her to me now?"

"He shall. The Countess of Earnccliffe shall claim her own child. She knew you the moment she saw you, Jacquetta."

"I am glad!—I am glad! Oh, Alfred! how my heart has yearned for that child—almost as much," she said with a smile, half sad, half gay, "as it has for somebody else. And now, Lord Austrey, good-night; remember me to her ladyship, and tell her her prophecy has come true."

"What was that?" said Disbrowe, curiously.

"Never mind. I will tell you some day. Good-night, Alfred—good-night, my lord."

She turned to go. Disbrowe took a step after her.

"Not with this cold partying, surely, Jacquetta?"

"Keep the feast till the feast day," laughed Jacquetta. And with a wave of her hand and a bright, saucy glance, she was gone.

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"SALADA"

It will prove its superiority in the tea pot—Try it today.

CHAPTER XXIV.

It was a happy scene on which the glad sunshine streamed the next morning, as it came in long, slanting beams between the folds of the dark curtains, and irradiated the beaming faces on which it fell.

They were in Jacquetta's parlor at the hotel—Mr. De Vere, Augusta, Orrie and Disbrowe.

"Strange, strange—most strange!" murmured Mr. De Vere, as he listened to Jacquetta repeating the story Disbrowe had told him the night before. "Oh, Jacquetta! what an escape you have had. What an awful fate might have been yours—to be buried alive, the most dreadful of all dooms! What a debt of gratitude we all owe to Captain Tempest at last!"

"He was very kind to me; and I owe him more than I can ever repay, but to live on wealth obtained as his had been, I could not; and so we parted."

"I wonder he let you go," said Mr. De Vere. "He seemed bent on obtaining you that day—that terrible day. I will never forget."

"Do you think of it, sir? No; strange to say, he made no objection to my resolution. I believe he loved me in a sort of way—that is, he did not care, two pins for Jacquetta De Vere; but he still fondly cherished the memory of his lost Lelia. And seeing how desperately in earnest I was, he did not oppose me. And so we parted in Havre; he to go to Cuba, and I to go to Paris, under the name of Madam Lelia, and make my first appearance on the stage."

"What a strange life yours has been, Jacquetta!—a real romance in real life. What a brave, strong heart you must have, my dear child, to endure so much and make no sign! And all through me! Oh, Jacquetta, how, how can you ever forgive me?"

"Very easily, sir. You do not think me such a vindictive little monster, I hope."

"But you have been so cruelly wronged; so deeply injured—deprived of a name, of a home, of friends, of a child, of a father, all in one day. Oh, Jacquetta! you may forgive me; but I can never forgive myself."

"Dear papa," she said, calling him for the first time by the old familiar name, "why will you rake over the ashes of a fire that went out long ago. Let the dead past bury its dead, and remember nothing but that I am the happiest woman in all England to-day."

She looked at Disbrowe with a smile; and her bright eyes were full of love and trust.

"Now I must run away," she said. "I want to see Norma—I mean Lady Austrey—this morning. So, though it is yet unfashionably early, I will take the privilege of a friend, and dress immediately for the visit."

"By the way, Jacquetta," said Disbrowe, as she arose to go, "when am I to learn the mystery of this strange

intimacy between you and Norma? Austrey told me his wife fainted, or something, the moment she saw you."

"My dear sir, is it such a very unusual thing for a lady to faint suddenly, that I am to be brought to task for it? Lady Austrey might faint a thousand times, and Jacquetta have nothing to do with it."

"True! But when Lady Austrey immediately gets into a state of mind, and insists on seeing Jacquetta, surely that lady has something to do with it, then."

"Ah! you are dying to know, I see; but I shan't tell you—at least till Norma gives me leave. So, for ten minutes, au revoir." And the bright little vision was gone.

Half an hour later, the whole party drew up before the stately portal of Tremain House, and were ushered in to the drawing-room, where they found Norma alone.

"My dearest Norma!"

"My dear—dear Jacquetta!" And the two friends were clasped in each other's arms.

"So, my lord, the wanderer is found," said Lady Austrey, when the first greetings were over, turning, with a smile, to Disbrowe.

"Yes; and, if I do not mistake greatly, we have to thank your ladyship for it."

"How is this, Madam Lelia? Have you been telling?"

"Not I—though it was not for want of coaxing, I can assure you."

"No; we have been lavishing entreaties on her which, if she had not a heart as hard as the nether millstone, she could not resist. Will Lady Austrey be more merciful, and explain the mystery?"

She blushed and looked at Jacquetta.

"Shall I tell him?"

"Just as you like. He will die of a rush of curiosity to the brain, if you don't."

As she spoke the door opened, and Mrs. Tremain and her daughter entered. Cordial greetings were interchanged; and, finding the rest were in the midst of an animated conversation, Norma beckoned to Disbrowe and made room for him beside her.

"So you would like to know how Jacquetta and I came to know each other?"

"Really I must plead guilty, I fear. You knew her before you met in Italy?"

"Yes—let me see—nearly a year before."

"Why—how?"

"Well, you needn't exclaim in that way, and draw attention—it is simple enough when you come to understand it."

"But, my dear madam, a year before, she was in America!"

"I know it! So was I!"

"What!"

"Why, how thunderstruck you look! Is my visiting that country as well as other people, such an unheard-of thing?"

"But really—why, my dear Norma, I never heard you were there," he cried, completely astounded.

"Very likely—yet I was there, nevertheless. How is Captain Tempest, and my friend Grizelle Howlet, and Mr. Rowley, of the Mermaid Inn?"

She half laughed, yet there was an unusual flush on her pearly face. Disbrowe sat mute with amazement.

"Dumb, I see! By the way, my lord, have you heard of your Spanish friend, Jacinto, lately?"

A light broke upon him! With a half-suppressed cry he nearly sprang from his seat.

"Good heavens! were you—could you—? Oh, Norma, was it you!"

She was crimson to the temples, yet she met his startled eyes firmly, and said, "Yes!"

"And I never knew it—never suspected it, Norma—Norma! what an idiot I have been!"

"Hard words, my lord; but, of course, you know best."

"And you were—you followed me there! Did Jacquetta know it, Norma?"

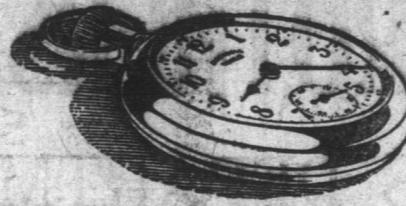
"Yes; her keen eyes discovered me at once; and I told her all. Do you understand, now, the scene in my room?"

"Oh! everything is as clear as day now! Good Heaven! how I should have been so blind! Does your father know, Norma?"

(To be continued.)

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SIDE TALKS.

By Ruth Cameron.

WHEN JIMMY FOUND OUT.

Jimmy Barter is 12 years old. His father is a very well-to-do merchant and the Baxters have a comfortable home in the city, an attractive summer cottage at the seashore and an automobile.

From all of which you may perceive that the Baxters are in a position to gratify almost any reasonable desire of Jimmy's.

It is not surprising, therefore, that some of the neighbors should have been interested when Jimmy was seen toiling several hours a week in a farmer's garden this summer for the meagre wage of 20c. an hour.

"It seems so queer," they said. "It isn't possible that the Baxters need the money, and yet it isn't because Jimmy likes to work if I heard him fussing about it one day, and his mother just laughed and told him to run along and not disappoint Mr. Hall. She said that she'd go swimming with him when he got through."

The Time to Learn.

Knowing Jimmy's mother I, too, was interested. I brought the subject round to Jimmy's job the other day and she explained with a reminiscent chuckle.

"I got just what I was after this summer. You see Jimmy was beginning to take things too much for granted. His father has been glad, of course, to give him the things other boys have: bicycles, balls, bats, catcher's gloves, hockey sticks, all that sort of thing. And Jimmy has been very careful about taking care of them. He left the tennis rackets out several times in the damp night air, library books were always overdue, he lost one watch and broke the mainspring of another, and he never had a pocket knife. So I make up my

mind that it was about time for him to learn at first hand a little about the effort that goes into the earning of a dollar. Especially after I heard him ask his father for some toy or other one day with a casual: 'It's only 25c?'

"It takes Two Hours to Earn 50c." So when I heard the farmer who brings us milk and vegetables complaining of how hard it was to get help, I suggested to Jimmy that he work for him a few hours a day. He fell in readily with the idea. Sure! It would be a snap! But after about an hour of steady weeding that first hot day Jimmy was ready to quit. I kept him at it, however, I laughed and shamed him into it. And toward the end of the season I overheard a conversation between Jimmy and another boy that just pleased me to pieces!

"There was to be some sort of excursion across the bay, and old Mike, the fisherman, would take anyone who wanted to go for 50c. It was the sort of thing to which Jimmy would have assented without question a year ago when it was just a case of asking Dad for the money. But Jimmy was earning his own spending money this summer you see. Fifty cents for a sail just over to Gould's Point," I heard him exclaim. "Well, I guess not! It takes me more than two hours to earn 50c."

The Only Way.

"Wasn't that great?" said Jimmy's mother, her eyes shining with amusement and satisfaction. "That's exactly what I wanted him to find out. Jimmy has a great deal of respect for a dollar to-day let me tell you, a respect he couldn't have gotten any other way."

Mrs. Baxter's story speaks for itself, doesn't it?

It would be a good thing for other Jimmy's if they had mothers as wise, don't you think?

ROSEWOOD—Ladies' why be troubled with dandruff when you can buy a bottle of Rosewood. A sure and positive cure, at W. H. BARTLETT, LTD.—nov.3.21

Shoreham's Mystery Tower

No more interesting or notable demolition job has been undertaken in recent years than the cutting down of the "mystery tower" in Shoreham Harbour.

One of the two towers built during the war was towed to a position about five miles east of the Isle of Wight to replace the Nab Lightship, while the other was cut down by oxy-acetylene torches and compressed-air tools.

These towers—begun by the Admiralty in 1918, for a purpose which has never been disclosed—were constructed on rather unusual lines that closely corresponded to those of a honeycomb. The steel superstructure was cut down by oxy-acetylene torches and the reinforced concrete was broken up by means of pneumatic tools.

To the layman, the tearing down of this structure might seem a simple matter, but such was not the case. The concrete proved to be exceptionally tenacious; and, piece by piece, it was necessary to cut entirely through both the cement and the metal all the way round in order to wreck the tower.

Altogether about seventeen miles of cuts had to be made in the floors and the cell walls, and all this work was done by compressed air equipment.

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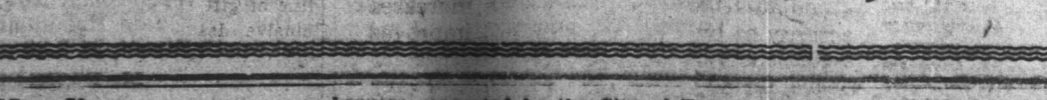
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The Hood's Beaver in the Zoo

LONDON, Oct. 22—(C.P.)—The

beavers presented by the City of Toronto to Vice-Admiral Sir Frederick Field on the occasion of his opening the Canadian National Exhibition when he was visiting Quebec with the Special Service Squadron, are now

entertaining visitors to Rensselaer Park. Sir Frederick presented them to the Zoo on the return of the squadron.

Pearline costs only ten cents a package.

In the high cut boots in the picture, New line made

Cool The bre Ar LAS

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