



BOVRIL is a food of such vital importance that no household should ever be without it.

Whenever a meal is a hurry is wanted, when someone feels tired or chilled, whenever a hot drink is required—give Bovril.

Always have BOVRIL in the House

Lord Cecil's Dilemma
—OR—
The Picnic
—in—
Woodall Forest

CHAPTER XLV.

"Yes, for the story must come out. I see no other prospect. Lord Cecil is playing against his father now; he will have nothing to do with him, and the explosion is certain. I have sent advertisements to all the big dailies for the rightful Lord Cecil and news of the nurse who changed the children. By Jove!" he added, with a start and vigorously slapping his knee. "I never thought of that!"

"Thought of what?"

"A remark that Miss Craythorne made to me just as the train was departing. She has heard of the Stanhope complications—from her mother, possibly, though I had no idea that Lady Craythorne knew anything about the matter; and the nurse who has been looking after you, Charlie, is the woman I am in search of! Miss Craythorne knows it, too!"

He was almost tempted to open this letter; he was burning with anxiety, but he could not bring himself to do it. No, he would wait until after dinner; he would keep his promise to Ada. He understood now what she meant by matters concerning himself.

It seemed to him it was the longest afternoon he had ever known, though Sir Charles never tired of talking of the wonderful events of the past few weeks; never tired of asking questions about Lady Gladys, and fuming with impatience. His proper place was by her side, to hear her troubles; to help Lady Marcia and the earl.

The dinner appeared almost interminable to both young men. They dared not discuss that which was nearest to their hearts, before Lady Hastings and the parson, who had called to congratulate the young baronet upon his marvelous escape from death—and to dine.

At last it was over, and Sir Charles went to bed, feeling very much fatigued. The parson and Lady Hastings retired to the drawing-room to gossip, and in his room, alone, the young baronist broke the seal that held Miss

Craythorne's letter, and read that which at first frightened him. He tried not to believe it—that it was some terrible mistake. But no—the nurse's confession was before him—and Ada Craythorne pleaded for him to be merciful to the misguided old woman.

There was no sleep for him that night, and his thoughts continually wandered to the stately Lady Stanhope—his mother! A thrill of joy shot through his heart. His mother! He had to search no further for the elucidation of the mystery of his own birth—or for the real heir to the Stanhope title and estates—he was Lord Cecil Stanhope!

He was at the little telegraph office in the village before opening time next morning, and waited in the cold December air without noticing that the wind was keen as the teeth of an Arctic fox. There was a fierce exhilaration in his heart, leaping through his veins, animating every movement, every thought.

At last the office opened, and he hastily wrote two telegrams—one to Miss Ada Craythorne, and one to Lord Cecil Stanhope.

They ran as follows:

"I have read your letter. Do not let the nurse leave your sight. I depend upon you also not to utter a word of what you know to any living soul."

"I can trust her," he thought. "Ay, with my very life."

He then wrote the second telegram: "I have found the man we want. He is a fast friend of yours. I shall not bring him until I hear from you. I am staying with Sir Charles Hastings."

"Poor fellow!" he thought. "It is an awful blow for him, but I honestly believe that misfortune will make a man of him. Now to tell Charlie the latest phrase of the case."

He went back and turned the matter over in his mind. He felt jealous of any eye perusing the letter that Ada had written to him; after all, there was nothing in it that a stranger might not see, much less Sir Charles, who had hitherto been an almost integral part of his being. Yes, he would give him the letter to read; it would explain everything far better than he could.

The young baronet was down early, and did not need much assistance. His eyes were full of expectancy, for he hoped to get a letter from Lady Gladys.

"I suppose that you have forgotten that it is Christmas Eve, Bert!" he exclaimed. "What glorious weather, and here I am cooped up, and all our grand holiday plans swamped! If there isn't a letter from Gladys this morning, I verily believe that I shall

been Lady Iris her idea had changed. There was one girl, at least, in the neighborhood, who was not to be won easily; there was one who would require as much wooing as any princess. Would her son, so flattered and admired, have patience to give that homage? That was the question which occupied her mind.

Lady Iris in the meantime thought quite as much of her old friends as they did of her. She had always liked Lady Clytarda better than any of the friends she had known. In her own mind she had felt some curiosity as to what Sir Fulke would be like. She had some vague recollections of having seen him when she was quite a child, and of not liking him very much. She was, on the whole, rather pleased with him. He was pleasant in his manner, good looking more than intelligent, and he had entered keenly and quickly into her ideas. It was true there had been in his manner once or twice something that had at first seemed like vanity or conceit, but she tried to convince herself now that she had been mistaken. A man could not be vain; vanity was assuredly a woman's weakness. She must have misunderstood him. For a vain woman she had the greatest possible contempt, but for a vain man she could have no toleration. She was thoughtful for some time after they had left her.

An old proverb came into her mind when she heard of the next arrival—"It never rains but it pours." A grand carriage with a pair of magnificent horses, the coachman and two footmen in gorgeous liveries suddenly appeared in the drive, and a few moments later a footman entered with a silver salver. Lord Caledon followed him into the room.

"Iris," he said, hurriedly, "you will have an affliction; the Bardon is here in full force—father, mother, daughter, and son. I am sure, my dear child, you will do anything to oblige me. I wish you most particularly to be civil to these people. Remember, although you are unwilling to allow it, money is a power."

"My dear papa," she said, smiling, "you need not give me a lecture on political economy; your wish is sufficient. If you desire that I should be both civil and kind to these good people, I will be so."

The result was that, when the Bardons, in a very flushed and agitated state, entered the room, Lady Iris received them with a smile such as she had seldom given to those whose friendship she desired.

Taxation and Expenditure.

(Farm and Ranch Review.)

A southern exchange has some sensible ideas on the subject of taxation, the chief grievance of the average citizen nowadays. It says:—

"What has been done cannot be undone, but we can watch our step in the future. Bond issues, notes, promises to pay, registered warrants, all must be met sooner or later, but we can pay as you go in a sound and safe rule for individual and private business, and it is equal so when applied to government. When our private expenses go too high our incomes are reduced, we readjust our affairs by doing without certain things and usually we find that we get along about as well as ever; just so our county, city, state and national affairs should allow for similar readjustment in times of depression. Separately and apart from the questions of equalization and proper distribution of taxes fundamentally the matter of reduced taxes rests upon our answer to the question, are we willing to do without? If our answer is yes and we so instruct our representatives, it would be but a short time before we would be breathing easier. If our answer is no, then we will have to look on the tax burden. Are we willing to allow it, money is a power."

"That precisely is the question: 'Are we willing to do without?' We stagger under a fantastic burden of public debt federally, provincially and municipally. But almost anyone can get a resolution passed at a meeting of citizens commanding the government to incur expense to provide some necessary service. We are cheerful voters! There can be no relief until we begin to 'find' ourselves and recognize our responsibility as citizens. Someone should set the fashion of voting down almost every resolution that involves new expenditure, no matter where presented.

CHAPTER V.

Dauntless as was Richard Bardon, much as he believed in the infinite superiority of wealth, good as were his notions about "self-made men," he was not quite himself when he entered that proud dainty presence. He thought to himself that he could manage men—more or less; his money influenced them all; but women were different. This one, with her quiet, well-bred manner and her refined accent, overawed him. Her dress seemed part of herself, simple and artistic; there was no display of jewelry—he sighed as he thought of his wife's sapphires—there was no profusion of ribbons. She wore a white gown, and her fair silken hair was simply arranged. Altogether she formed a picture of refinement, grace and delicacy that startled him. As she stood there, her fair shapely head erect, her graceful figure perfectly at ease, her dress falling in artistic folds, the word "patrician" seemed to be stamped upon her.

He advanced with some little trepidation; his hands seemed suddenly to have grown larger and redder, and to be very much in his way. He could only inarticulately murmur that he hoped her ladyship found herself quite well; and then he retired in signal confusion.

Laxatives Replaced
By the Use of Nujol

Nujol is a lubricant—not a cathartic or laxative—so cannot grip.

When you are constipated, Nujol is the best remedy. It is a natural lubricant and does not irritate the bowels. It is a pleasant taste and does not grip.

Nujol
A LUBRICANT—NOT A LAXATIVE

Household Notes.

Malaga grapes and tangerines make a delicious salad. Garnish with balls of cream cheese and finely chopped nuts. Serve with French dressing.

Buttons on children's undergarments may be made more durable by stitching around each one about a dozen times on the machine before garment is worn.

Instead of nuts, use canned pineapple cut into small pieces in fudge. Drain pineapple and add to fudge as soon as it begins to boil. Allow to boil longer than usual.

To remove yellow stains from ivory toilet articles, make a paste of whitening mixed with ammonia. This is not always successful, and should be applied carefully.

White marks caused by dampness may be removed from wood by sprinkling a few drops of ammonia on a cloth, rubbing spots with this, and then polishing with oil.

Cut left-over cake into small pieces and place in a mold with chopped cherries, raisins and currants. Pour over them a custard, bake, and serve with currant sauce.

HELPING OUT.

To-day I helped a pair of gent's whose sorrows made me sigh; to one I handed twenty cents, and for the other pie. When they parted from my home they smiled at me and said, "May blessings rest upon your dome until your days are sped." The blessings of a pair of bums may have no market price, and yet, when tranquil evening comes, they cut some little ice. For then I view the day that's spent, with retrospective eyes, and having helped a busted gent—the knowledge is a prize! When evening's priceless shadows fall it makes one's bosom bleed, if he, reflecting, can't recall one kind and friendly deed. One day I give a bo a cup of sparkling Adam's ale; the next I soothe a walling pup that has a wounded tail. To those oppressed by deadly fears my cheer-up rede I preach; anon I dry a widow's tears, if haply she's a peach. One cannot turn upon his heel, to view the day's parade, but he will see a chance to deal some little slice of aid. And when the gloaming starts to gloom, it rids your soul of care, to place your hands upon your dome—and paw the blessings there.

Cause and Effect.

The amateur dramatic society was preparing for a performance of "As you like it."

The dress rehearsal took place in a garden, that was overlooked by a building in course of erection. As the amateurs postured and chanted the bard's beautiful lines, bricklayers above them laid bricks, carpenters planed boards, and masons chipped stones.

Towards the end of the play, during a silent pause in the rehearsal, a voice from the building operation was heard to say gravelly:—

"I prither, malapert, pass me yonder trowel."

THREE E-E-E FOOTWEAR

EASE. ELEGANCE. ECONOMY.

Safeguard your feet from chill and discomfort by wearing Three E-E-E's Footwear. The smartness and individuality of the new heavier styles for Fall will be keenly sought after by Ladies who like a distinctive Footwear.

Archibald Bros., Ltd.
Harbor Grace.

Fashion Plates.

The Home Dressmaker should keep a Catalogue Scrap Book of our Pattern Cuts. These will be found very useful to refer to from time to time.

A FINE WARM WEATHER GARMENT.

4687. The sleeveless modes have invaded the realm of children's fashions. This little dress may be used as an apron if desired, or as a dress worn over blouses or bloomers. Satin, crepe or serge are good materials for this model.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 4, 6, 8, and 10 years. A 6 year size requires 1 1/2 yard of 27 inch material. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. in silver or stamps.

A PLEASING APRON DRESS.

3821. This model supplies the place of a house dress and is adapted for all house keeping activities. It is comfortable lined and ample pockets. Checked or striped gingham with pique for the facings would be good for this style. Yoke, percale, poplin, cotton crepe, chambray, linen and unbleached muslin are also good for this style.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: Small, 34-36; Medium, 36-40; Large, 42-44; Extra Large, 46-48 inches bust measure. A Medium size will require 5 yards of 36 inch material.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. in silver or stamps.

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Harbor Grace.

SWEATER WOOLS

25c We have now in stock a wide range of colors and shades in Corticelli Sweater Wools. These are put up in 1 oz. balls "full weight"; also a suitable Wool for Tams and Gloves. Please note the price. **25c Ball**

MAIL YOUR ORDER.

LADIES' BLOUSES.
A new lot just arrived, no two alike. These are salesmen's samples, about 10 dozen in the lot; some are slightly soiled, but every one a bargain. Your choice for **\$1.25 each**

LADIES' UNDERWEAR
A sample lot of Ladies' and Misses' Underwear, consisting of Chemise, Bloomers, etc.; Colors Black, Pink and White. Come and see these before the best are picked. **59c. each**

MISSIE'S WHITE CRUSHER HATS
A new lot just arrived, no two alike. These are salesmen's samples, about 10 dozen in the lot; some are slightly soiled, but every one a bargain. Your choice for **60c. each**

CURTAIN SCRIM
A Special buy in White Curtain Scrim, this is of good width, and worth in the regular way 20c. yard. Special price **15c. per yard**

Cotton Blankets
We have a good line of Cotton Blankets now offering. Now that the evenings are getting cooler, you will need a pair of these.
Large Size \$2.50 pair
Small Size \$2.25 pair

HOSIERY VALUES

LADIES' LIGHT AND DARK FAWN HOSE—All Wool Cashmere, extra Special value \$1.50 pair

LADIES' GREY AND BLACK HOSE—All Wool Cashmere, good value \$1.00 pair

LADIES' BLACK COTTON HOSE—Medium weight. Special for present wear \$2.50 pair

CHILDREN'S BLACK HOSE—Size 5 to 9 1/2 inch vamp, Extra Special value \$1.19c. pair

ALEX SCOTT, 18 New Gower St.

SLOAN'S LINIMENT

Bottled Relief
is the title thousands of people have given to

SLOAN'S LINIMENT
It is recommended as a counter-irritant. Its beneficial and soothing effect when applied to any painful part is immediate. It is highly sensitive, relieves pain quickly, is clean and easy to apply and will not blister or cause annoyance as is the case with mustard plasters.

Every drop in the bottle is medicinal. Try it and be convinced.

SLOAN'S LINIMENT
HERALD S. DOYLE, Distributor.

LADY IRIS' MISTAKE;
—or the—
Hero of 'Surata'

CHAPTER IV.

Such a wife as Lady Iris would make, would get all things right, she thought. She would have such influences over him that she would remedy the defects of his character as no one else could, and Lady Clytarda sighed as she wondered whether Lady Iris would ever love her son. The time had been when she would not have doubted it. Fulke was so handsome, he had a fine estate and a large income, he was a refined, well-educated gentleman. What could any girl want more? But since she had

Corns Go
Just say **Blue-jay** to your druggist

The simplest way to end a corn is Blue-jay. A touch stops the pain instantly. Then the corn loosens and comes out. Made in a colorless clear liquid. One drop does it! and in extra thin plaster. The action is the same.

Pain Stops Instantly

WASTE!

Just Received a Shipment of **White Cotton Waste**, IN BALES. **Finest Quality.**

JOB'S STORES, Ltd.

Don't Say Paper, Say The Evening Telegram

WASTE!

Just Received a Shipment of **White Cotton Waste**, IN BALES. **Finest Quality.**

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Don't Say Paper, Say The Evening Telegram