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A Child of Sorrow.

CHAPTER XLIII.

She was afraid to say anything of Purley's will and her prospect of wealth, for she knew Mr. Clark's pride of old. But her reticence was thrown away, for the door opened and in walked Heroncourt and Maida, and both of them with a look on their faces which made Carrie and Ricky open their eyes and mouths and stare. Then Carrie sprang to her feet, nearly upsetting Ricky, and rushed at Maida, catching her by the shoulders and scanning her blushing face eagerly.

"Maida—is it all right? You and Byrne—oh, it is all right, isn't it? I can see by your faces—"

"Yes, it is all right, Carrie," said Heroncourt, for it seemed as if Maida could not speak. "Mr. Purley has been one too many for us—Sir Jeremiah and he between them—and Maida has been obliged to capitulate. He is the dearest, the noblest fellow in the world, and will only consent to live on condition that Maida and you share his wealth. We made a hard fight of it; but it was of no use; he will have his way."

Ricky drew back, looking pale and disconcerted.

"Then—then—Carrie, you are rich!" he stammered.

Carrie turned on him, and, taking him by the shoulders, shook him. "And so, because you can't have that semi-detached villa and cold mutton, Mr. Clark, I suppose you propose to cast me off? Should I draw back if you'd come into fortune? Don't be silly—I mean, sillier than you can help!"

This solemn adjuration must have had its effect upon Ricky, for he put his arm round her and kissed her, saying, with a sigh of resignation:

"Well, it can't be helped."

The two happy lovers went off in two hansom cabs to Coleridge Street "to talk everything over," but the talking was not finished there, for after awhile Heroncourt whispered to Maida, and she blushed and nodded and ran upstairs to put her outdoor things on.

"Where are you two going?" asked Carrie.

"To Lady Glassbury's," said Maida, in a low voice.

Purley kept to his bond and did not die; but he got better but slowly, in spite of his own eager desire; for Heroncourt and Maida absolutely declined to be married until he was able to be present at the ceremony; but in the latter part of the merry month of June—all times are good for marrying, but is there any better time than glorious June?—the day was fixed. Then Carrie and Ricky sprang a surprise on the other couple.

"I'm sorry I can't be your bridesmaid, dear," she remarked to Maida, in a business-like tone; "I have a strong objection, one in which Ricky joins; in fact, I have another engagement that day."

"Carrie, what do you mean?" exclaimed Maida, with dismay, but beginning to smile for there was a twinkle in Carrie's eye which belied her air of gravity.

"Well, you see," she said, slowly; "I am going to be married myself that day. Oh, it's not my doing; it's more my misfortune than my fault. You see, I happen to be engaged to a marvellous young man who, alas! even before marriage, is playing the tyrant. I have a strong suspicion that before many months I sha'n't have a will of my own. I only hope he won't beat me."

"Oh, Carrie, how clever and good of him!" exclaimed Maida. "If I didn't love Ricky already, I should love him for this."

Once again the country was thrown into a state of excitement, not only with the news of the double wedding, but by the extensive preparations which were being made at both the Court and the Towers; for it was arranged that Mr. and Mrs. Clark should reside at the latter place.

Ricky declared that it was too splendid for "a simple cove" like himself, and was only resigned to its magnificence by the fact that it was within walking distance of the Court, so that the two sisters could still be near each other.

No such wedding had ever occurred and will probably ever occur in the county, and the church was crowded; while as large a crowd massed outside to see the two brides and the two fortunate men who had won them. Not a few of the crowd wondered who the little man was who gave both the girls away, but soon the truth leaked out; and for once the interest excited by the brides was shared by that usually unimportant and usually insignificant person, the "giver-away."

Long before the memorable day was over, the pale-faced little man with the shy, deprecatory air, but with the gentle smile, was popular with all, gentle and simple, and more especially with those who knew the story of his self-sacrifice.

Between Josiah and the Glassburys there had sprung up a great friendship; for Lady Glassbury was naturally full of admiration for him; and she stood beside him at the reception after the weddings and through the ordeals of the numerous introductions; for everybody who knew Heroncourt wanted to know this true friend of his; and it was she who, when the wedded couples were leaving for their honeymoons, led him in to the library to say good-bye.

There were tears in both the girls' eyes as that good-bye was said.

"But it is only for a month, Purley," said Heroncourt. "Remember you've promised to be here at the Court to receive us. Meanwhile—"

"Meanwhile," said Lady Glassbury, quietly but masterfully, "Mr. Purley is going to stay with us. It's no use refusing, Mr. Purley, for my husband insists upon it, and when he insists upon anything, not only the Foreign Office, but his wife also, knows that he has to be obeyed."

Purley looked around at them all, and stammered:

"You are all very good to me," he said, in his quiet, subdued voice.

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CHASE & SANBORN, MONTREAL.

"Yes, I'll keep my promise; I'll be here when you come back; and as her ladyship has been kind enough to ask me, I'll go and visit her—if Miss Maida—I beg her pardon—his face lit up with a smile as his eyes rested on Maida—"If Lady Heroncourt wishes it."

Lady Glassbury still stood beside him as they watched the two brides' carriages drive away.

"How happy they look!" he said, huskily, and to himself.

"Yes," said Lady Glassbury, her eyes dim, her lips quivering; and her hand stole to his and took it and pressed it. "And it is you who have made them so!"

(Concluded To-morrow.)

The Sound of Wedding Bells

Won After Great Perseverance!

CHAPTER I.

He is a tall, well-made young man, is remarkable. He is fair; his hair and moustache are as nearly golden as a man's dare be, and his eyes as blue as china. It is more than a light-hearted one, and as it is raised up now, with a smile of amusement at its owner's struggle to stop still in the surging crowd; it is very good to look upon.

The girl leans over the balcony, and returns his greeting with a bright nod and a frank smile of welcome.

"Is that, Sir Archibald?"

"What is left of me," he says, carefully refraining from using her name, which would be caught up by the crowd. Instantly, "I believe I'm in fact, except one coat-tail and the heel of one boot."

And she laughs.

And she nods with keen enjoyment. "How delicious it must be down there!" she cries.

She has to shout almost to make her voice reach him, near as they are.

"Oh, very!" he assents, with a little grimace. "Much better up there. May I come up?"

But she does not hear him. A pressure greater than usual has occurred in the crowd further up the street, and her attention has been caught by it.

He waits a moment, his blue eyes resting on her fact with something more than admiration in them; then he shouts again:

"You look very safe and comfortable up there. Might one crave for a moment's refuge from the storm?"

She withdraws her eyes from the crowd slowly.

"May you come up?" she says.

"Oh, yes, if you like. Wait, though," she adds, simply; and he turns and holds on for another moment. "Would you—do you think you would really mind going and seeing what that man is selling up there by the church? I think it is those delicious little lanterns! and if it is—"

He nods. "You would like one? All right!" and the next moment he is swept away.

"Men was that you were talking to?" inquires Mrs. Fernor, drawn to the window in sudden alarm, "not a stranger, surely, Dulcie?"

"No, aunt, though I feel myself quite capable even of that enormity to-night. It was Sir Archibald Hope."

"Sir Archibald Hope down here!" demands Mrs. Fernor, incredulously, "is it possible?"

"Yes, quite, where else should he be? He is not a girl—lucky for him—to be stood upon a balcony. Oh, its cruel, the advantages men have. I have often wished myself a man, but never so much as to-night, never."

On the average Dulcie shocks Aunt Fernor say fifty times a day, and she is nearly used to it by this time, but she emits the usual faint groan.

"And what is he doing down there?" she asks; "he is surely not dressed up."

"If you mean does he wear the costume of a page or is he clad in armour, he is not. It hasn't occurred to him, I suppose. No, he wears the regulation British garments, aunt. What he was doing I don't know, probably nipping with some of the pretty girls—and they are pretty!"

When I saw him: now he has gone to buy me a lantern."

"My dear Dulcie, you really should have some consideration; what on earth can you want with a lantern? And you should remember, Sir Archibald Hope is the representative—"

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lies; yes, do remember it, aunt. As to the lantern, I want it for the same purpose as the other people do, and as to him, well, he likes getting it. If you don't believe me, ask him when he comes back—if he ever does come back alive. I'm not sure of that."

Sir Archibald is not quite sure that he will reach the church alive; the sun is setting, the carnival is at its loudest and highest; the crowd, good-natured though it be, is so dense that well, accidents might happen in such a crowd, best regulated though it be. But he does get to the church, and is fighting his way into the eager ring of would-be purchasers, which surrounded the lantern merchant, when he feels a hand upon his shoulder and a well-known voice in his ear, and turns, copper in hand, with an eager smile:

"Hal—loo, old man! Why, who on earth would dream of meeting you here?"

The gentleman addressed is an Englishman. At the first glance at the tall, rather spare figure, with its square-set shoulders and upright bearing one would know him for a soldier. His face—a dark, handsome face, is slightly bronzed with travel; a thick moustache and a pair of grave, penetrating eyes, add to the distinguished look of the man, and it only needs to hear the voice, deep and full and slightly haughty, to recognize the aristocrat.

At the present moment the dark eyes wear a decidedly bored expression, and the voice sounds strangely grave, in contrast to that laughing voice of the great crowd.

The two men shake hands and look at each other as Englishmen do, meaning all sorts of kindly feeling, but characteristically speaking none.

"And what on earth brings you here?" demands Sir Archibald—by the way, we had better call him at once, as everybody else does, Sir Archie.

"The other looks around with a smile that is almost grimacing."

"I scarcely know,"—then, after a pause: "Can't you get out of this wretched crowd?"

Sir Archie, still keeping hold of his companion's sleeve, draws him toward the pavement.

"All right," he says; "I know a place where we can stand a minute or two. Keep close to me. Here, my good man, you can't push right through me; I'm not tissue-paper, you know." This, it is scarcely necessary to say, is addressed to one of the crowd.

Sir Archie, acting as guide, insinuates, pushes, struggles through the throng, his companion following him, until they reach a little corner of pavement formed by the angle of the Church. Here there is at least breathing space, and here, laughing and panting, he stands and chats to his friend, lightly.

"Awful squeeze, isn't it? But fancy you in Rome! Why, I thought you were in India with your regiment!"

(To be Continued.)

Everyday Etiquette.

"Should a man ever smoke when ladies are present?" asked Joe.

"Men who have good manners do not smoke in the presence of women, without their permission," answered his mother.

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For Swollen Joints and Ankles, Constipation, Headaches, Urinary and Bladder Troubles, and all irregularities of the Kidneys.

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As a rule, indigestion in the nursing mother is caused by such foods as heavy puddings or underdone pastry, doughnuts, fried foods soaked in fats, made such as croquettes or fritters, pickles and poorly cooked foods. But people differ in the power of digestion, and what will suit one person may upset the next. Overeating may also be a cause of indigestion.

"A mixed diet of such digestible and nutritious foods as are readily available, is desirable for the nursing mother. All foods are milk making foods. The foods selected will differ according to circumstances, but will usually include vegetables, ripe fruits, meat,aceous foods, of all kinds, breads, especially Graham, whole wheat, corn meal, bran, simple desserts.

Everyday Etiquette.

"What should be the size of a man's calling card as compared with that of his wife's?" asked Mr. Newlywed.

"A man's calling card is smaller and thinner than that of a woman, always with the prefix 'Mr.' before the name," instructed his father.

There is a decided vogue for black and white. Even women's handkerchiefs appear in solid colours.

3 SPECIALTIES.

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War News

Messages Received

Previous to 9

RIGA ABANDONED BY RUSSIANS

PETROGRAD, Sept. 3.—The Russian war office announced a statement says: An order has been given for the abandonment of the region, on account of the military situation.

CAPTURED BY GERMANS

BERLIN, Sept. 3.—A supplementary statement of this evening from General Frenkel, announces the capture of the city by the Germans.

KORNILOFF'S STATEMENT CALLED

LONDON, Sept. 3.—The evacuation of Riga by the Russians recalls the statement of Korniloff, Commander-in-Chief of the Russian armies, at a conference, that "if our army help us to hold the shore of Riga the road to Petrograd is opened wide." Few believe the Germans will undertake to open the Russian capital over an unpaved road 350 miles in length, bleak country almost impassable for armies. Nevertheless the move considered serious, for it betrays the Russian armies are far from recovery which has been predicted.

LENS.

Canadian Headquarters in London (by Stewart) correspondent of the (Canadian Press), Sept. 3.—The German Lens struggle doggedly to obtain constructive grip of our most important defences of the city, but they pass the construction is in progress instead of lessening. It is of the west fronts that the enemy's most unceasing. On the spot, protected by the flooded area of the valley of the Souchez and by portable artillery and machine gun positions on Sallan Mines Hill, the west the struggle is house to house. In that sort of fighting the initiative, have a distinct advantage and are making steady progress toward the heart of Lens. The city has been using gas when opportunities are favorable, to delay the advance but even in this form of warfare are no longer superior. This morning two hundred drums of gas were ejected by our motors into that part of the city in which the Germans are most numerous and the city has been very quiet since. To the north along the Cite St. Laurent, there is still a wide tract of ground between our most advanced posts, and the houses of Lens. In this direction the Germans are encircling attack and they are strong forces in the trenches, but any assault. On Sunday morning they twice tried to raid our lines, they did not reach even the trenches on either occasion. Another German nervousness on the eastern front is their incessant use of star shells at night to illuminate the trench area and replace heavy artillery and machine gun range in front of our trenches. The whole proceeding is an excellent example of locking the stable door when the horse is stolen. Sunday's splendid visibility to-day led to our artillery to shell the gas plant behind the battle front. The gas plant is the chief sufferer. The only victims, two school children, and the children of a day home for several hours and youngsters who were dismissed from school when the shells began to fall. The fortitude of these French children is an unflinching source of comfort to all who have seen them suffer. In one of the mining shafts near the front which has been

BUL