

SISTERS THREE

(Continued from Tuesday)

"My only feeble excuse was the rush and strain of those last weeks and the horrible fear that I might be left behind. However, all will be right now, and I think you will soon be able to reimburse yourself. And this has been such a lesson to me that I think you will never have to complain of my extravagance again. Perhaps when the war is over I shall settle in South Africa."

Allardye ceased reading. Deep silence fell on all the group; then Miss Willoughby slowly rose and held out her hand for the paper.

Allardye, who will go to-morrow morning early, and we will give that letter into the hands of Jim Kildare's father.

Chapter XXVIII.

Allardye took their guest an early cup of tea to her room together with a new-laid egg and bread-and-butter.

"I wanted to sail with you over the bay quite early," she explained; "we could get back by breakfast-time—unless we stay at the Reef. Have you looked at it with the morning light upon it? You can see it from the bed if I draw up the blind."

But Miss Willoughby slipped out of bed, put on her gown, and went to the window.

The black castellated rocks which had stood up against the sunset sky last night in inky silhouette lay bathed in a magical translucent radiance now. Coral, amethyst, emerald, opal—it was like something upon a castle of jewels set in a sky of mystery so ethereal and rainbow-tinted did it appear, rising above a sea of silver shimmer with the rose of the east.

"Sunrise Reef indeed!" said Miss Willoughby softly as she gazed. So that is the home of Jim Kildare, that is the home of Jim Kildare—that is the home of Jim Kildare—the place where his father waits and watches."

He was watching as the boat drew alongside the rocks. It was his hand that was held out to assist Miss Willoughby to step upon the stone steps of the jetty. All about them the sun shone with the glory of a mid-summer morning. The white head of the boat's soldier-bearer over the lady's hand as Allardye spoke her name; then his lips moved, his words came dreamily—

"Watch for the help that comes out of the east."

In the flush of the dawn's day—

Miss Willoughby uttered a little sound that was half a laugh and half a sob.

"This is the child of the sea and the dawn," she said, with her hand on the shoulder of Allardye. "And it is the work of this child that I am here to-day."

"I know it," answered General Kildare as he took Allardye into his embrace; but, turning once more to the child, he added, "For the child could not have prevailed save for the goodness of your own heart."

"Let me get the task over as quickly as may be. I have realized lately as I have never done before the nobility of your boy General Kildare. At the first I said that I had no proof it would have been absurd to try to drag in Harold's name; but I realize now that had he spoken it might have made his defence a different thing altogether. Many men must have seen him pass cheques over to my brother at supper that night. The man who was paid off might have been found and have given evidence that money was forthcoming, suddenly upon the day the cheque was cashed and was paid over by Captain Willoughby. And they would have adjourned the trial; they would have called on South Africa. The ship would have been met with inquiries about Captain Willoughby—"

"My dear lady, pardon me, but may I understand more of what you are saying? I thought that Captain Willoughby perhaps might have thrown light upon the matter."

"But you did not suspect that it was his hand—not your son's—that tampered with that cheque?"

There was a quick intake of the breath. They had reached the rocky terrace now. Allardye stood a little apart, gazing at the two whom she had brought together so strangely; and then she moved quietly away out of earshot and leaned over the terrace wall, gazing out to sea.

Her thoughts had flown to the convict in his cell as she pictured him, pacing wearily to and fro.

She knew from the General that he was not always thus injured, that he was much out in the air working at the hard manual toil given to the convicts, and that he liked this work and did it well. She knew all this, but the terrible fact always remained with her—Jim Kildare was a convicted felon. He was the victim of a cruel chain of circumstances and of his own chivalry towards a companion and friend. The end of the letter she had read aloud last night and had made allusions to the past. Miss Willoughby had explained them in part. There had been a time when her brother had rendered more than one very great service to young Kildare. Jim had not forgotten. When he was faced by that awful peril, and his only chance lay in throwing suspicion on his friend, he had refused to do it. Whether this act of chivalry was wise or right Allardye could not say. What she did understand was that Jim could not know that a Boer bullet would close Captain Willoughby's career before he could hear of his friend's peril. Probably he had reckoned that all would be put right somehow before very long, and then had come news which must have blasted this hope.

But there was the sister—the sister who knew all and held her peace. That was the puzzle to Allardye. Her voice could be heard telling over again that tale now thrice repeated.

How she must suffer in the telling! Allardye clasped her hands and closed her eyes. And yet how splendid it was to do right—to make a great sacrifice, to set free the innocent, to bind up the broken heart of that lonely old man!

Allardye started at a touch upon her arm. She faced round to see Miss Willoughby standing beside her, a flush on her face and tears in her eyes. Behind on the terrace, immersed in the contents of the papers he held, stood General Kildare, lost to every outward impression, but looking already, as Allardye was quick to note, like a man with a great hope and purpose before him.

The stoop of the shoulders seemed to have gone; he held himself erect like a soldier on parade.

"Oh, Miss Willoughby, you have made him young again!"

"Let us be going, Allardye!"

The girl would have liked to remain a little longer, but Miss Willoughby made no sign. Allardye went down to the water's edge and unlocked the boat. Soon they were sailing across the bay, a light breeze speeding them; and then they both looked back as by common consent towards the Reef still shining in the morning light.

"You were right, child," said Miss Willoughby, "with an abruptness which the girl knew as a symptom of emotion; "it had to be told! I am glad it is done!" She turned her head away, gazing out to sea, and some half-whispered words passed her lips—"Harold, are you satisfied now?"

When she looked again at Allardye her eyes were full of a light the girl had never seen there before. "It has been like carrying about a corpse! Why did I not understand before? And now the chain is broken!" She lifted her arms high above her head, stretching them upwards in a gesture of one released from a crushing burden. "Now I can breathe, I can live;

to see the tinge of healthy bloom in your face, to see your skin get clearer and clearer, to wake up without a headache, backache, coated tongue or a nasty breath, in fact to feel your best, day in and day out, just try inside bathing every morning for one week.

Before breakfast each day, drink a glass of real hot water with a teaspoonful of limestone phosphate in it.

After breakfast, drink a glass of real hot water with a teaspoonful of limestone phosphate in it. This is wonderfully invigorating. It cleans out all the sour fermentations, gases and acidity and gives one a splendid appetite for breakfast.

A quarter pound of limestone phosphate will cost very little at the drug store, but is sufficient to demonstrate that just a soap and water cleanser, sweetener and freshener the skin, so hot water and limestone phosphate act on the blood and internal organs. Those who are subject to constipation, bilious attacks, acid stomach, rheumatic twinges, also those whose skin is sallow and complexion pallid, are assured that one week of inside bathing will have them both looking and feeling better in every way.

perhaps some day I can laugh again! Ah, Harold, you have triumphed! Once I vowed my will should prevail always, but it has not been so!"

"Ah, and what will happen next?" asked Allardye.

"He will go to London to-day. I wrote him a letter to send to my lawyer, who will give him all the original papers and act on my behalf. My solicitor can be trusted to do the best for us—to give the best advice, to put the machinery of the law in action in the best possible way. It may be, as you once said, that Harold's name will never be made public. Jim Kildare's must be cleared that is the first necessary. But, if it can be done without the exposure of the name of the man he sheltered, I shall be thankful. General Kildare will do all he can. I think that the authorities will not desire, to smirch the reputation of a man who died for his country. You said that once, child; General Kildare repeated it. He is known in high military circles. The men he knows will use all their influence. Allardye—"

"Oh, Miss Willoughby, you have made him young again!"

"Ah, but he would understand—better perhaps than anybody else! Oh, Miss Willoughby, I am so happy! When will Jim come home?"

"Very soon, I think. It only needs for the proofs to reach the right quarter, and the free pardon—for what was never done!—will surely be granted. It is the only way, though somewhat a no-noise way, if it opens Jim's prison doors!"

Miss Willoughby turned and considered Allardye with attention.

"You have never seen Jim Kildare?"

"No, only the portraits his father has."

"A handsome fellow, is he not?"

"I think so. Like the General grown young, and with a laughing look in his eyes that makes you want to smile back at him. Oh, I hope he will not be much changed; I hope he will not have forgotten how to laugh!"

"If he has, little girl, you will have to teach him a lesson!" said Miss Willoughby, with her eyes on the sweet, sensitive face of the young girl beside her.

To be Continued

HARLEY

The Ladies' Aid met at the home of Mrs. G. Bawtineimer on Thursday last. A goodly number of ladies attended and a nice lot of work was done.

Mr. John Fox spent a few days last week at Canning.

Miss Louie Elliott has returned after a visit to Welland.

We are sorry to learn of the death of Mrs. David Shillingham, mother of Mrs. Harry Pamplin of Cathcart.

Born—On Saturday, Oct. 21, to Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Clement, a daughter. Congratulations.

Mr. and Mrs. G. Swears of Fairville and children and Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Radford spent Sunday at Mr. G. Bawtineimer's.

Mrs. James Radford spent part of this week at Mr. G. Hammond, New Durham.

Mrs. Archie Mills of New Durham, spent Thursday with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. Hammond.

We are sorry to report the illness of Mrs. Henry Ryder. Mrs. Ryder is at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Force of Woodbury.

Miss Dora Force of Brantford, spent over Sunday at her home here.

Mr. John Terryberry of Ingersoll, spent Sunday in the village.

Miss Olive Ryder spent Sunday with Miss Gladys Swears, Mt. Zion.

Mr. and Mrs. Percy Clement and children spent Sunday at Mr. S. Clement's.

Mr. S. Radford of Brantford, spent a few days last week at Mr. C. H. Radford's.

Mr. and Mrs. G. Weir of Paris, spent Sunday last at Mr. J. W. Marshall's.

Hon. Mr. Rogers promised a delegation of the Canadian Automobile Association that he would support a transcontinental highway.

ITALIAN ARMY WELL RATIONED

Soldiers Are Enabled to Save Almost All of Their Pay.

(Associated Press)

Headquarters of the Italian Army, Oct. 25.—The soldiers each month send home to their families out of their pay four and a quarter million dollars, according to the army office. This fact is attributed to the economic disposition of the individual soldier and also to the abundant army ration which makes it unnecessary for him to buy private supplies of wine, tobacco, or food.

"Why they wake up in the morning to drink a glass of rum," said one enthusiastic Alpine.

The total cost of the daily war ration is about 75 cents, according to the changes in the wholesale market prices. But the highest cost of living felt in the homes never affects the quantity allotted the soldier.

The total quantity of the ration is 1,860 grams, or slightly over four pounds, with an additional allowance of 300 grams during periods of hard work or fighting. The daily bread of the soldier weighs one and one-half pounds with two pounds of special occasions. His daily drink consists of half pint of wine, with a full pint in bad weather or during periods of hard labor.

The other items in his ration are meat, sugar, coffee, lard, potatoes, or beans, salt, pepper, cheese, figs, chocolate, dry figs and cake.

HOMESEEKERS EXCURSION TO WESTERN CANADA

The Grand Trunk Railway System issue round trip Homeseekers tickets at very low rates from stations in Canada to points in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, each Tuesday until October 31st, inclusive via North Bay, Cochrane and Transcontinental Route or via Chicago, St. Paul and Duluth and are good returning two months from date of issue.

Through tourist sleeping cars are operated each Tuesday for Winnipeg, leaving Toronto 10:45 p.m., via Transcontinental Route without change. Reservations in tourist sleepers may be obtained at nominal charge on application to any Grand Trunk Ticket Office. The Grand Trunk Pacific Railway is the shortest and quickest route between Winnipeg, Saskatoon and Edmonton, with smooth roadbed, electric lighted sleeping cars, through the newest, most picturesque and most rapidly developing section of Western Canada.

Before deciding on your trip, ask Grand Trunk Agents to furnish full particulars or write C. E. Horning, District Passenger Agent, Toronto, Ont.

Instant Relief for Biliousness

and other Liver Troubles

The astonishing efficacy of Dr. Cassell's Instant Relief is due to its toning effect upon the liver and bowels. It gives strength to the organs and helps them back to health and natural action. In other words it enables the system to cure itself. Don't weaken your liver with purgative pills or morning salts, don't get the salt-taking habit; let Dr. Cassell's Instant Relief bring you natural and thorough fastings.

Dr. CHAS. F. FOPHAW, D.Sc., F.R.M.C., well-known British Scientist, writes: "Never take Salines or Purgatives for Constipation to force Bowel action is to aggravate the trouble and create the Constipation habit. I recommend as a superior and convenient treatment Dr. Cassell's Instant Relief."

Price 50 cents from all Druggists and Storekeepers,

or direct from the Sole Agents for Canada, Harold P. Ritchie and Co. Ltd., 10, McCann Street, Toronto. War Tax 2 cents extra.

Dr. Cassell's Instant Relief is the companion preparation to Dr. Cassell's Tablets.

Sole Proprietors: Dr. Cassell's Co., Ltd., London, England.

Dr. Cassell's Instant Relief

HAVE ROSY CHEEKS AND FEEL FRESH AS A DAISY—TRY THIS!

Says glass of hot water with phosphate before breakfast washes out poisons.

To see the tinge of healthy bloom in your face, to see your skin get clearer and clearer, to wake up without a headache, backache, coated tongue or a nasty breath, in fact to feel your best, day in and day out, just try inside bathing every morning for one week.

ROOT OF EVIL

When I have got a goodly wad, I say that wealth's an empty gawd, a cheap, deluding snare; with fluent tongue and aspect wise, I stand around and moralize, and roast the millionaire. I look with sorrow and disdain on those who sweat and strive and strain to get another plank; I tell them money is but dross, a sordid dream, a total loss, a worthless lot of junk. But when I've had some small reverse, that makes my roll look sick or worse on lucre I am bent; I hustle till I melt my fat, and you may see me break a snot, to nail another cent. Forgotten all the platitudes that I dispensed in lofty moods, in times when I was flush; forgotten all the moral saws, and every text that ever was, as I pursue the crush. And when I've made a roll again, I sternly lecture, weary men, and chide them for their greed, for striving for the picaune, and say the trail behind them's strewn with morals gone to seed.

RIPPLING RHYMES

BY WALT MASON

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SIDE TALKS

By Ruth Cameron

COLD COMFORT

A letter friend has a point of view to present. "While on the whole this plea for cheerfulness and the making the best of things, is a healthy symptom," she writes, "don't you think it can be overdone? In some cases, it seems to me, it leads to selfishness. You do not think that some people, for instance, make a sort of shibboleth of 'Don't worry' and just use it to stave off a conversation which they think would bore them?"

"In fact, I often say that some people when they say 'Don't worry' really mean 'Don't worry me.' Admit They Have Something To Bear

"I do believe in helping people to be brave and cheerful, and happy if possible, but I want first of all to be sympathetic, and I think in many instances one can accomplish more by admitting that the complainant has some grounds, than by just saying some platitudes about looking on the bright side.

"For instance, is it not more likely to accomplish what is desired, if we say, 'Yes, it is a hard task, but you are equal to it,' or 'God will help you,' than if we just say, 'That is easy,' or 'You ought to see what some people have to do'?

Don't Talk Too Much About Other People's Blessings

"One of my strictest rules is never to tell a person she ought to be thankful, unless she has more than

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is the foundation of all successful enterprises—and a good advertiser recognizes the value of a good medium. Try

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For Infants and Children.

Mothers Know That Genuine Castoria Always Bears the Signature of

Dr. J. C. Hathorn

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THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

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