

"Ryrie" Rings.

We can only by illustration and a word or two of description in our catalogue, let out-of-town buyers know about our magnificent selection of rings.

All the gems are represented. All the good styles shown.

"Ryrie" Rings appeal to those who admire ring beauty, and the large number we sell enables us to carry a stock that allows a splendid choice.

CATALOGUE SENT UPON APPLICATION.

"DIAMOND HALL"

Ryrie Bros.,

Young and Adelaide Sts.,

TORONTO.

Carling's Ale

is good Ale—it's the "Ale that's always good."

Every dealer who sells good goods sells CARLING'S

CARLING
LONDON



This Season's Fashions are neat, but hard on the dress.

Help her by buying Bee Starch. Saves work in mending—requires no boiling. Saves work in washing—gives splendid finish with very little ironing and positively prevents the iron from sticking to the linen.

Laundresses who know it, always use **BEE STARCH**. A set of three Patent Flat Irons highly nicked for 100 Bee Starch Co., 449 St. Paul St., Montreal.

The Maple City Creamery and Cold Storage

For butter only. We have room for a few more crocks or tubs of butter. Our room is cold, clean, perfectly dry and free from any taint as we take in butter only.

We are Back Again to REGULAR PRICES With the Best Work in the City. Goods Called for and Delivered.

Parisian Steam Laundry Co.
Telephone 201

Increase Your Business By having EFFICIENT TELEPHONE FACILITIES. We will quote you rates on a Private-Branch Exchange System in your Office, Warehouse or Factory.

The Bell Telephone Co., Of Canada.

A GIRL OF THE PEOPLE

By Mrs. C. N. Williamson.

"Oh, it can't be the right Easel street!" I exclaimed, tremblingly. "Easel street, Commercial road. There isn't no other of the same name, miss. Shall I kn—?"

"If you please," I meekly answered. "And—don't take down the luggage yet. I'll wait and see if—?" My voice died. I did not finish the sentence.

There was no bell on the door, which stood ajar. The two upper windows the frowny heads of several children and a bold-looking young woman appeared. They stared with open-mouthed curiosity at me and the four smart new boxes heaped on the four-wheeler. I shrank back, and wound my fingers nervously together.

"What d'you want?" shrilly demanded the woman. "Miggits or Newlyn?"

I drew my breath in sharply. My mother's name! There was no mistake, then. The cabman turned questioning to me, and I realized that I must answer. "I want Mrs. Newlyn," I reluctantly thrust out my head to explain.

"Owh!" returned the dweller on the upper floor. "I'm Miggits. Newlyn's the ground floor. As my informant partially withdrew, a girl's face showed itself in the crack of the door; then the door was thrown wide open. She was about fifteen, with pale unwholesome skin, a pert nose, and an aggressive fringe of drab-colored hair. She fixed a pair of light blue eyes upon me, and slowly I descended from the cab, which seemed the only link left between me and familiar decencies of civilization.

"Is Mrs. Newlyn at home?" I enquired, in a voice which did not sound like mine, so dull and toneless was it. "Yes, ma's 'ome," (I started). "D'ye want to see 'er?"

"If you please, May I—may I walk in?" Already the cabman's popping population of Easel street had come to its doors and windows to enjoy the sight—such as it was.

I felt curiously eddy. The suggestion in one of the first three words this girl had spoken had caught me by the throat. I entered the narrow passage, having again bidden the cabman wait, and the close odor of the house added to my faintness. A door a few feet down the passage was opened, and I had a dim impression that my companion was bidding me follow her into a room beyond. I obeyed, and then almost recoiled as I passed the threshold.

The room could not have been more than twelve feet square. The boards of the floor were uncovered, and not too clean; the low ceiling was blackened with smoke, and the wall, destitute of paper, was decorated with a few glances of the chromo-lithographs, held in place with pins.

In one corner was a tumbled bed, covered, pillows and all, with a dark calico quilt. There was one uncluttered deal table, spread with a few common dishes and a tin or two; there were three or four rough wooden chairs; a big box, heaped with a strange medley of cooking utensils and women's outdoor wraps; a mantelshelf, littered with odds and ends; and a kitchen range, into which a woman, with her back turned to me, was throwing a few coals from a battered shovel.

"May, 'ere's a liddy to see you," brusquely announced my guide. The woman turned, showed in hand. My eyes sought her face wistfully, imploringly, for the one gleam of hope left. But the last flicker died as our eyes met. No subtle voice of nature cried in my heart: "This is your mother; you are of one flesh and blood." She was a tall, thin woman, who might once have been pretty, even ladylike looking in better days, but there was hardly a vestige of past beauty remaining, though in years she was not really old. Her scanty, grizzled hair was pulled carelessly back from a lined forehead. Her small mouth had a fretful drop; slightly open, it showed that one front tooth was gone. The cheeks were hollowed in, the well-cut nose sharpened, the complexion of the uniform, faded gray most fashionable in Easel street among those who were not overboard. She wore a rusty black dress, and a colored cotton handkerchief was tied round the thin throat instead of a collar.

My tongue clove to the roof of my mouth. It seemed physically impossible to tell her who I was, to ask her if she were not my mother. But they were both waiting for my explanation. I had to speak. "I—I hope—" A few lame words had come stammering, when the elder of the two broke in. "If you're one of those district visitors, why, I can tell you as I told the last one, that you ain't wanted here," she said, acidly, with a rather better accent than the girl's.

"I—my name is Cope," I stammered. "At least, I always thought it was until to-day."

Still she stared at me, with little, if any, awakening comprehension in her eyes. I blundered desperately on. "Perhaps, if you don't know what I mean I may be a mistake after all. But Lady Cope is dead. I was brought up to believe her my mother, and now—" Suddenly the woman's pale face changed and reddened with a vivid flush. The small fire-shovel she had been grasping slid out of her hand and fell to the floor with a metallic crash.

"My golly!" she gasped, "it's Jenny!" A faint shiver ran through me. I was not even "Shells" any more. I was "Jenny."

"I heard to-day that—that—" I faltered. "I could not go on. But she took up the words with a shy, awkward sort of eagerness as if she were half-afraid of me; while the girl stood by, wide-eyed and dumb in bewilderment. "Did they tell you the whole story? Did they tell you who I was, and all?"

"Sir Roger Cope told me that you were—my mother," I said, dully. "Well, I never. He told you that! And after Lady Cope making me swear I'd never breathe a word to a soul so long as I lived."

"Oh, ma, it ain't true, is it?" cried

Rheumatism...

is Uric Acid in the blood. Unhealthy kidneys are the cause of the acid being there. If the kidneys acted as they should they would strain the Uric Acid out of the system and rheumatism wouldn't occur. Rheumatism is a Kidney Disease. Dodd's Kidney Pills have made a great part of their reputation curing Rheumatism. So get at the cause of those fearful shooting pains and stiff aching joints. There is but one sure way—

Dodd's Kidney Pills

"Hold your tongue and mind your own business," was the sharp answer; and I felt, rather than saw, the founce of her poor skirts and the toss of her tousled head that the girl gave.

The woman looked keenly at me, her face still flushed and excited, half-suspicious; but she did not take a step nearer.

"I don't think Lady Cope meant me to be told," I answered, choking back a sob. "But Roger knew from the first. Moth—Lady Cope only died a few days ago, though it seems a long, long time."

"You heard to-day, and you came straight here to see me," said my newly-found mother, reflectively. "Well, that was very good of you, my dear, but why did you let me know a better house for you to come to. But I haven't had any luck. To-day, get the young lady a chair. Dear me, I wonder now if you'd let me make you a cup of tea."

She still spoke to me as to a stranger of another class from hers, a visitor who must be entertained. She was nervous, and suddenly she became a pathetic figure in my eyes, though I had no stirrings of love. Perhaps this was unnatural, hard-hearted. I can not help that, for I must paint the picture truly.

I could have screamed or broken into hysterics as To-day rather sullenly placed a chair for me; but I almost fell into it.

"Is it possible that this is my sister?" I forced myself to ask. "Your half-sister," was the quick reply, as if there were relief in responding to definite questions. "After Lady Cope adopted you—it was hard enough to part with my only one, I can tell you, my dear, but why did you let me know a better house for you to come to. But I haven't had any luck. To-day, get the young lady a chair. Dear me, I wonder now if you'd let me make you a cup of tea."

So I had been sold for a price! was the thought that darted through my mind. But I was silent, listening. As she went on there was a loud noise in the passage outside the door. The handle rattled. I started and turned round. What was to come now?

ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

Genuine Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of *Wm. Wood*

See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and so easy to take as sugar.

FOR HEADACHE, FOR DIZZINESS, FOR BILIOUSNESS, FOR TORPID LIVER, FOR CONSTIPATION, FOR SALLOW SKIN, FOR THE COMPLEXION.

CURE SICK HEADACHE.

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, etc.

in appearance, and she was so used to thinking herself pretty. No doubt she was a beauty—for Easel street.

"I didn't know there was company," she remarked, bridling. "It's a wonderful thing," happened. "Fan," said the mother of us all. "This young lady—I never told you before my daughter by my first husband was alive—but it's so. And here she is."

The poor, faded creature spoke as if she were half-ashamed, half-proud of the startling revelation. "Laws!" said Fan. Then, giggling: "She seems to have done pretty well by 'erself.'"

"She was adopted by a grand lady, a lady of title," answered the elder woman, with emphasis. "Things were different with me in those days. I was poor, goodness knows; but her father was a gentleman, if he had come down in the world, and he knew how to treat a woman. Yours brought me to this, as I was telling her when you came in."

"You never pride us a call before," said Fan, still laughing with a certain jealous defiance.

"She never knew who she was till to-day," said our mother, sharply, defending me from the innuendo. "I do hope, my dear," she continued, turning again to me, "that her ladyship left you well off! It's wonderful, but there, I shouldn't say it, it would be a comfort if you could feel inclined to give us a little lift from time to time. For that we'd expect you to come often, or—"

"I've just six pounds in the world," I interrupted, impulsively; "nor shall I have any more till I've earned it. And I've even lost my home."

For an instant nobody spoke. "That's bad; that is bad," said my mother, gloomily, at last. "What a shame. Can't anything be done? Can't you go to law?"

I shook my head. "Lady Cope's nephew comes into everything." He was her husband's cousin as well, and has the title. No will was made, and I have no chance at all. Besides, I wouldn't fight him for the money if I could."

"Well, I don't see why!" exclaimed my mother. "I'd fight him for all I was worth. Your friends—you must have a lot of grand friends—would pay the costs. You'd get something, but there, that's your father all over! It's wonderful how blood tells. He was on his beam-ends when he came to my mother's house to lodge, poor fellow, for he'd been unfortunate—everything had failed. But he was a gentleman. And he looked at things different from any man I ever saw. I didn't pretend to understand him. He had no relatives with some money; but when we were at our worst, and he'd try for lack of medicine and proper food, he wouldn't let me go to them. 'Let me die,' says he. 'I'm no more good to you or the baby. It's better I should die than they should know what I've sunk to.' Now, it's the same thing with you."

"What sort of fellow's the heir?" enquired Fan. (She pronounced it "hair.") "Is he young or old?"

"Over thirty," I answered. "Ow, not past the marryin' age. Couldn't you 'ave set yer cap at 'im? Then it would be bin all right. Jest like the stories in my 'Love' novelettes."

I shuddered. I fear perceptibly, for her face hardened and she tossed her head, with its wild profusion of dark locks. I had never before distinctly murmured something about "folks that were too stuck up to live."

"What are you going to do?" asked my mother. "I—I don't know," I almost sobbed. "Six pounds won't go far."

"No, indeed," I admitted. "You'll live with friends, I suppose, till you get something to do—governessing, or—or a lady's companion."

"I'm afraid I haven't anyone among the old friends who would take me in; no one, at least, that I would ask."

"There it is again. Just your father's pride. How it does bring back old times! I used to get cross enough with him till he'd fill the room, like a steam boiler, with his own ideas, like as not, and stop away for hours."

My poor father, whom I had never known! My heart warmed to him; and I wondered if he cared for me in his freedom from the bondage of this so-called world; if he could see and feel sorry for me?

Quickly my thoughts traveled on to possibilities. To stay with my mother and her two daughters did not seem to be among them. Yet, with six pounds between me and starvation, what other way was open?

To be Continued.

JINGLES AND JESTS.

The Wise Inhabitant.

It seems quite true.

That spring is here, with violets blue,

And yet 'tis best

To hold off somewhat from that linen vest

For thirty days upon my overcoat.

And make no note

Of shame a "duster" and palmetto fan!

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Cure For Dyspepsia.

"Troubled with dyspepsia, are you? Well, I can tell you how to cure it."

"It isn't necessary. I know how."

"You do?"

"Yes. All that is necessary is to eat nothing that one likes and pretty nearly everything that one doesn't like."

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"And will you wait for me," said she, "if I will consent to wed?"

He thought a moment earnestly.

"A year," she answered. "Yes," said he, "that shows there's something in it."

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