



GRACE

Grace is added even to a charming slight figure by the D & A Corset No. 624. Like all D & A's it is made in Canada and fitted on living Canadian models. It has the "chic" of the best French corsets but sells at half the price. There is a D & A to suit every figure.

DOMINION CORSET CO.

Makers also of the La Diva Corsets and the D & A "Good Shape" Brassieres 7,17

Ask your corsetiere.

NON RUSTABLE

D & A CORSETS

DOMINION CORSET CO., QUEBEC-MONTREAL-TORONTO

No. 624

The Sound of Wedding Bells

Won After Great Perseverance!

CHAPTER IV.

"Unlike the wedding-guest," he says, "I am more anxious to hear than you are to tell. Please go on."

She smiles a slow, thoughtful smile.

"Once upon a time—no, I don't think I can tell it that way. Sir! you see before you—no, that won't do. I am rather in a difficulty," she breaks off. "I wish to tell you a single incident in my life, and it is rather hard to do so without revealing the whole of my past history."

"I shall feel honored," he says.

"Thanks. Very kind of you," she breaks in. "I will spare you. Please imagine then an irreproachable and exquisitely-mannered middle-aged lady—Aunt Fernor is one of the best creatures in the world!" and she glances across the room to where that irreproachable and exquisitely-mannered young one, "Imagine this excellent lady having thrown upon her hands a young girl, being compelled to undertake the responsibility of bringing up this young girl, whose only characteristic is to leave undone what she ought to do, and to do those things which she ought not to do. Need I say that that young girl is myself?"

"I think you do yourself an injustice," he says, but rather doubtfully; from what he has seen he is rather impressed with the truthfulness of the description.

"Not at all," she says, with the greatest coolness. "No young girl was ever such a trouble to her guardian as I have been to Aunt Fernor. When I was young I was what is called a tomboy. I wouldn't learn music, I declined to take any interest in croquet, and insisted upon playing cricket and climbing trees. I was altogether about as troublesome a child as it is possible to conceive."

"A charming child, I am sure," he says, suggestively.

"Thanks. Not at all. Quite the reverse. Well, poor aunt endeavored to do her duty, but the result has not

meted out the reward which should have fallen to her. I have not exactly brought Aunt Fernor's gray hair in sorrow to the grave, but I am afraid I have ruined her nerves and impaired her digestion."

"At any rate," he says, as she pauses to gaze meditatively at the little patient figure at the door, "it is evident that she is very fond of you."

"Yes, we are very fond of each other," she says. "Women like Aunt Fernor get fond of anything that gives them a great deal of trouble, and I think she is very fond of me, and I am very fond of her, although I still continue to worry her nerves—and render her life an existence spent upon the crater of a volcano."

"There is no affection in this candor; it is as simple and straightforward as the confession of a child; indeed her tone is rather that of a person describing some other individual than herself."

"To make my case understandable," she goes on, "you must know that aunt and I am very poor."

He strokes his mustache as she speaks. The remark does not admit of anything less than the commonplace "I am very sorry," and he is not given to commonplaces.

"Disgustingly poor," she says; "we spend the time in cheap lodgings at the sea-side in the summer, and in cheaper lodgings in a genteel street in London in the winter. We have just enough money to be 'genteel,' and if that is not disgusting I don't know what is. But," with a sudden gesture, "all this is uninteresting. I only mention it that you may appreciate what follows. Upon this life to which we had looked forward as interminable, and were growing, is not resigned at least accustomed, comes an incident which promises, or threatens, to 'change all that,' as the French say. Are you listening?" for his eyes have wandered to his boots, though he is listening intently.

"With the deepest interest," he says.

In reality, he was conjecturing what that something might be. Was she going to be married?

"In addition to Aunt Fernor, I possessed a certain uncle—I ought to say rather an 'uncertain' uncle, because I had never seen him, and he existed merely in a vague sort of way—he was, I believe, what is called a 'merchant prince,' perhaps you know what that is; I don't."

"Go on," he says, almost curtly.

"This uncle dies. There is nothing extraordinary in that, I am aware, but the extraordinary thing is that, after most severely and persistently ignoring my existence during his life, he is seized with a sudden and remorseful remembrance thereof on his death-bed, and—" She pauses, smiling.

He looks up.

"Makes you his heir," he says, quietly.

She laughs, very much as a child would do who had caught an elder in an artful trap.

"I thought you would say that," she says. "Nothing of the sort; he doesn't leave me his money, which would be really useful and what we really want very badly, but he leaves me what I have no use for, and what I don't at all want. You can't guess?"

"I cannot," he says, his gray eyes fixed on her animated face, animated yet calm and self-possessed.

"You can't? No, and you would not, if you guessed all day—or rather all night. You wouldn't if you sat there guessing until doomsday—not then—he was kind enough to leave me a—husband."

He does not start, but he looks at her with a fixed intensity. Then his eyes wander to the room and come back to her face with a strange look.

"Then you are married?" he says, peculiarly.

She laughs and swings the fan to and fro, evidently enjoying his bewilderment to the uttermost.

"I don't say that," she says, "one is not bound to accept that which even an uncle leaves one; he might have left me a wild elephant, for instance!"

"I—I don't understand," he says.

"It does rather require a key, doesn't it?" she says, soothingly. "Well, this is the key of it. It seems that this uncle of mine had brought up a young gentleman in the full and confident hope of inheriting my uncle's wealth; and so he does, but it is only on condition that he marries me."

And she closes her fan with a quick, graceful sweep and touches her bosom.

He leans forward, his hands clasped, his eyes bent on the ground, a frown upon his face.

"This is a strange story," he says.

"And may I venture to ask the sequel?"

"His, or mine?" she demands with perfect composure. "His, of course, I don't know yet. It is probable that he will do what I should do in the case, politely, but absolutely, and emphatically, decline to accept my uncle's wealth at such an awful sacrifice."

"But—but," he says, leaning back, his head upon his arms, "suppose he was quite content to accept the conditions?"

"Thanks! Thanks very much for the compliment. You think that I should prove irresistible! My uncle evidently thought the same, for he distinctly enjoyed that the unfortunate man should not be apprised of the blow that had been dealt him until he had met me, until, in short, he had had an opportunity of judging for himself whether even the immense sum of money named in the will were worth accepting on such awful terms."

"And you have not met, then?" he asks.

She shakes her head.

"No, I have never seen him; but if all that I have ever heard—it has not been much, I will confess—be true, he will be certain to decline."

"For why?" he asks.

"Because he is just the sort of man to take an aversion to me."

He looks rather incredulous.

"Oh, yes, that is so," she says. "He is very strait-laced, and queer, and precise—a disciplinarian and all that kind of thing. I felt so assured on that point, that I have postponed the meeting."

"Postponed?" with a puzzled frown.

"Yes. It seems that he has been spending the last few years abroad, and the lawyer had written to ask him to come home to—It is shameful!—to see me! to expect me as if I were a horse or a piece of furniture! When I was duly apprised of the fact, I insisted upon flying the ordeal; and so I dragged—it is not at all a slang expression—dragged my aunt across the Channel, and—and that is all."

There was silence for a minute. He sits and looks at her, evidently deeply interested, evidently somewhat puzzled.

"Well!" she says at last. "If I remember rightly, the wedding guest has the politeness to offer some remark in return for the Ancient Mariner's story. Have you none to offer?"



The House-wife's Dependable Ally

Windsor Table Salt

THE CANADIAN SALT CO. LIMITED.

At least you might say it is a very pretty story."

"It is a very pretty story," he says obediently.

"Thanks," she says, cheerfully. "Now I will go and save my aunt from hysterics. I can see by her face that she is dreading that I am running about the streets again. By the way," and she looks down at him with a little rippling laugh of audacious merriment, "if my husband elect could be made cognizant of my exploit of this evening that would decide him once and for all. He would not even desire to inspect the lady who was so kindly bequeathed to him. Not certainly! Dulcè Dorrimore is not a fitting wife for Sir Hugh Falconer."

The name slips out unconsciously, and she does not even notice that she has said it until she glances at his face. He has not risen, has not moved, but his face has suddenly paled, suddenly grown rigid and fixed.

"What is the matter?" she says. "Has my story moved you so much, or has it simply exhausted you? Pray forgive me. I will atone for my cruelty by leaving you to rest and refreshment. Will you please take me back to my aunt?"

He rises slowly and stands beside her, looking at her with a strange fixed look, with a strange mixture of irony, and mockery, and amusement.

"One moment," he says; "I have something to say in return for your story, besides assuring you that it is a very pretty one. I have a little story to tell; I can tell it in a sentence. Miss Dorrimore, I am Sir Hugh Falconer?"

(To be Continued.)

Household Notes.

Egg stains on table linen should be soaked out in cold water, not hot, before washing.

Put a little vinegar in the water in which you boil fish and it will hold together better.

It is said that a raw potato rubbed on a griddle is as good as grease for frying cakes.

Add salt to starch water in winter and it will prevent the starch from freezing out.

If you dry peppers on a string, as in olden times, be sure to cover them with a cheesecloth.

Rag bags for all the different kinds of rags are a great convenience to the housekeeper.

It takes more time to make inexpensive foods palatable than it does to make fine foods.

Cheese, dates, lettuce with French dressing, and brown bread, make an excellent lunch.

Cover the shelf of baby's high chair with white oil cloth and it will be much easier to clean.

Renew the Joy of Living

Don't let ill health any longer rob you of life's pleasures. Get back your appetite, strengthen your digestion, stimulate your liver, regulate your bowels and improve your blood by taking

BEECHAM'S PILLS

Their action is prompt and thorough, and you soon feel their benefits. You will eat more, work better, sleep sounder, and feel new strength after a short course of these dependable pills. They restore healthy conditions, and

are worth a guinea a box

Directions of Special Value to Women are with Every Box Sold everywhere. In boxes 25 cents.

The Testing Time

The quickly changing temperature of the autumn season requires guarding against, or colds and sickness will result, so just at this opportune time, we draw your attention to the fact, that we are showing good value in

Men's Fleece Lined Underwear & White Cotton Blankets

THIS WEEK.

A. & S. RODGER'S

2.30 P.M.

Saturday, September 15th,

at 174 Duckworth Street, (OPPOSITE KING'S BEACH)

we open the doors of our New Store to the Public.

Come and inspect the cleanest, brightest and most attractive food store in your city.

Come and view the wide variety of Bakery Products which have been manufactured and will be displayed and sold to you under proper Hygienic Laws.

Don't Forget Saturday, 15th inst.

JOHNSON'S FANCY BAKERY.

The Edith Cavell Homes

The following letter has been received from Lt. Col. Sir Richard C. Temple in relation to the Edith Cavell Homes of Rest for Nurses, 25 Victoria Street, Westminster, London, July 10, 1917.

Mrs. W. G. Gosling, Patriotic Association of the Women of Newfoundland, St. John's, Newfoundland.

Dear Mrs. Gosling—We have to-day received the sum of £552.53 as a result of the collections of the Patriotic Association of the Women of Newfoundland on behalf of this fund. A room will be named the "Newfoundland Room," and this sum will be placed to the endowment of it. I renew the thanks of the Council for the very handsome manner in which Newfoundland is coming to front in helping our efforts, and I can assure you once again of our gratitude to your Association.

You will be glad to hear that our efforts are proving eminently successful. Our Home at Bridport is full to overflowing and we have more than enough applications to fill the Haslemere Home, which we hope will be open early in September, as well as a possible third Home of the same size; so that you and your friends can see that the work we are aiming at will supply a real need of the nurses, who have done so much for us in the war.

Yours sincerely,
R. C. TEMPLE,
Chairman of Committee.

At the Crescent.

Don't miss seeing the great weekend variety programme at the Crescent Picture Palace to-day. Little Mary McAllister and John Corrar are featured in a pathetic Essanay super-feature entitled: "Unto the least of These." The darling Helen Gibson features in "The Lineman's Peril," a thrilling episode of the "Hazard's of Helen" railroad series. An educational travelogue is presented in "Scenes in Alaska." The "Climaxed Noon Pictorial" is one of Wallace A. Carlson's funny cartoons and Bert Crapoe is funnier than Charlie Chaplin in "His Movie Mustache," a great Vim comedy; the usual classy musical accompaniment.

KEEP MINARD'S LINIMENT IN THE HOUSE.

Benedicts Beat Bachelors

IN YESTERDAY'S CRICKET.

In the cricket match played between teams of married and single men at St. George's Field yesterday afternoon the former put it all over the bachelors by a surplus score of 33 runs. The fathers and grandfathers, going first to bat, accounted for 80 runs, Mr. P. Wallace contributing twenty, not out, and Mr. R. Goodridge 17. Mr. Angus Reid, for the bachelors rolled up 27 not out, making the best score for the game. The bowlers for the singles were T. Ryan, P. Myler, A. Reid and F. Knight, and for the married Rev. J. Brinton and J. S. Ayre. Mr. Percie Johnson acted as scorer. During the game refreshments were generously provided by a number of ladies and greatly enjoyed by the players.

Millers Profits.

(From the Port Arthur News-Chronicle.)

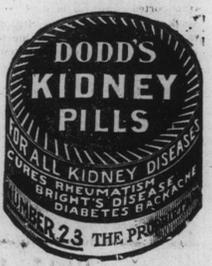
Call up your grocer this afternoon for a barrel of flour, c.o.d., and you will have to give the delivery man \$12.50 or \$12.60.

This represents a profit of forty or fifty cents divided between the grocer and the jobber who handles it on the way from the millers. The jobber pays the miller \$12.10. The grocer pays the jobber about \$12.50. But how much profit do you think there is in it for the miller?

Mr. N. M. Paterson, one of the leading elevator men and grain experts of the district, says that the miller makes five dollars profit on each barrel sold, or a percentage of more than seventy per cent.

Mr. Paterson gave these figures as to profit at a meeting of the Port Arthur Board of Trade last evening. They looked so startling that before putting the reporter's story into print to-day the News-Chronicle called up Mr. Paterson and asked about them. He confirmed the report of his statements as correct.

To blanch fruit for canning, place it in a wire sieve, lower into kettle of boiling water and let boil from 3 to 15 minutes, follow by a cold dip.



DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

FOR ALL KIDNEY DISEASES

RHEUMATISM, BRIGHT'S DISEASE, GRAVEL, DIABETES, BACKACHE

Prepared by J. C. Dodd, Lowell, Mass.

Grove Hill Bulletin

THIS WEEK. Wreaths, Crosses, Wedding Bouquets, Floral Decorations, tastefully made. Mail Orders promptly attended to. Terms: Strictly Cash. Phone 247. Waterford Bridge Road. **J. McNEIL**, Waterford Bridge Road.

The more you know about coffee—and the more particular you are about aroma and flavour—the more you will appreciate "SEAL BRAND" COFFEE. Once you have tried it, your choice will always be Chase & Sanborn's "SEAL BRAND" COFFEE.

In 1/2, 1 and 2 pound tins. Whole-ground-pulverized—also fine ground for Percolators. Never sold in bulk.

CHASE & SANBORN, MONTREAL.

War

Messages Received

Previous

KORNLOFF'S RECALL

PETERBORO

According to an official just issued, Kornloff's attempt to have collapsed, and longer any reason between the two forces. A. Alexoff had been contacted by telephone with information that the revolution later would be a prize.

WANTS TO SURRENDER

LONDON

General Kornloff's attempt to have collapsed, and longer any reason between the two forces. A. Alexoff had been contacted by telephone with information that the revolution later would be a prize.

FRENCH OFFICIAL

PARIS

In the region of Bascheo Belgian front, says an official issued by the war to-day, there was a violent bombardment last night. Guns checked infantry attacks of the district, says that the district German trenches were repaired.

AUSTRIA-HUNGARY'S

BRNOVA

The Freie Zeitung of Prague published an interview with an Austrian official who received from several sections of the country, in which the writer that Austria-Hungary can out the coming winter. Economic reasons, as Austria-Hungary will be starved. He says that the complete destruction of the richest regions of Hungary and heavy rain, with 300,000 Roumanian cereals could transported owing to lack of stock, which first of all is military purposes. He says he says necessary for life in the region of extraordinary prices.

THE SUBMARINE CAM

LONDON, S.W.

(Via Reuter's Ottawa, Canada.)—In a despatch from British naval authority, Reuter received the following: "Do talk in certain quarters, the reason to believe that there is no evidence that Germany is trying new tactics in the U-boat."

BULL

