



The All Weather Ignition Unit

THE Reliable Ignition Unit is the all weather ignition unit. Fair or foul,—the Reliable Ignition Unit will always supply the spark to take you there and bring you back.

The Reliable Ignition Unit is bedded in pitch and set in a caulked box. As long as the connections are dry, bilge water or flying spray will not stop the fat hot spark from the Reliable Ignition Unit. It is water-proof.

The Reliable Ignition Unit is made of Reliable dry cells, which are fitted with the Big Brass Cap that prevents waste energy, and are tested three times before being sealed in the caulked box. This assures you of Reliable quality.

Equip your engine with a Reliable Ignition Unit No. 8216, and put an extra one in your locker for emergency purposes.

Ask your dealer for a Reliable Flashlight—the handy, safe light for hunting engine trouble or to drive away the dark.

He also has a Reliable Battery No. 6—unsurpassed for your engine, bell, telephone or for any other battery use.



THE DOMINION BATTERY CO. LTD.
714 DUNDAS STREET EAST
TORONTO CANADA

"Love in the Wilds"

—OR—
The Romance of a South African Trading Station.

CHAPTER XL
"ALL IS SAFE—ALL MUST BE SAFE."

"Three, sir," replied the youth.
"Three!" repeated Reginald Dartmouth. "So! Are you aware, my young friend, that the punishment our law inflicts upon a runaway apprentice is a matter of twenty stripes and some years' imprisonment?"
The youth started and stared for a moment.

The captain went on:
"And that if I did my duty I should hand you over to the nearest magistrate to be returned to your unfortunate master?"
"Oh, sir, I implore—I entreat!" said the youth, piteously, dropping on his knees before the cruel face and holding up the small, brown hands imploringly.

"Well, well," muttered the good captain, with a smile, "I am too soft-hearted, my young friend. Get up! I am inclined to give you a trial. Will you show me a little gratitude?—you ought to be grateful."
"Oh, I will, sir—I will—I am!"

"Good!" nodded the captain, lounging to the table. "I will take you into my service, as you request, informing you as I do so that I never forgive any servant and never forget one—you understand me? Dishonesty, falsehood, bad faith—ay, one slip only is unpardonable. I never forgive. Should you repeat the mistake you made with your former employer I, unlike him, shall not rest until you are in jail. No words, please! Stand here. These letters require answering. The purports of their replies I jot down in the corner of each. You will amplify them as in the sample here in my hand, and leave them open for my signature. When this is done go into the next room and wait till I send for you."
The youth murmured a respectful assent, took his seat at the desk, and commenced his task.

Reginald Dartmouth leaned against the mantel-shelf—all carved and gilded in Louis Quatorze style—lighted a cigar, and for a few moments watched the apt fingers as they flew across the paper.

Then, with the one word "Remember!" and a glance from his dark eyes that said much more, to wit: "You are in my power—do not forget it!" strolled from the room.

The secretary waited until his master's languid footsteps died away in the distance of the huge marble hall, and then, with a suddenness that shook the gilt table, started to his feet, snatched off the disfiguring and disguising spectacles, and said, with flashing eyes and voice husked and intense:
"You deep-dyed villain, I will have you in my toils!"

There never was so discreet a servant as John Stanfield.

Vigues, the machine-like valet, could not be more noiseless, serpent-like, and silent.

The impassive, blue-spectacled secretary was more like a shadow than a human being—nay, more than once when he was seen, by mere chance, by some of the guests gliding noiselessly along to or from some mission of the all-powerful captain, the guests wondered, and jokingly asked, if he really were life and substance or shadow and phantom.

He seemed deaf and dumb as well as almost sightless, as he was supposed to be.

He turned his head neither to the right nor to the left if he was met on staircase or terrace, but was always to be seen, with lowered head, impassive, expressionless face, looking straight before him, as if the responsibility of the captain's correspondence, and the captain's secrets, perhaps, were weighing down or lifting him up and carrying him far away from this mundane world.

My lady, the countess, who was observant and quick, one day noticed this shadowy secretary and, turning to her devoted adorer and slave, Reginald Dartmouth, said, with that smile which always lighted up her face whenever she addressed him:
"Captain, have you a mute in your service, or is that a mystery?"
"Mystery, countess," repeated the captain, in the soft, gentle, love-accented tones in which he always addressed the beautiful countess. "No mystery, I assure you; he is very honest and a very good fellow. Rather quiet, perhaps, but it is an advantage to him. He has a great deal to do, and I must say, in fairness to him, he does it well."

The countess inclined her head. Before he had finished his reply the beautiful woman had lost all interest; had, indeed, almost forgotten her question.

The far-away, absent, dreamy look had settled upon her face again and brooded there, to torment and perplex the man by her side.

Mystery! Ay, he was almost inclined to turn round upon her and ask what mystery dwelt within her heart and shadowed itself through her eyes.

Mystery! Reginald Dartmouth was a clever man—a wonderfully astute, heart-reading man—but he had not read the soul of the beautiful Italian. As yet Lucille, Countess Vitarelli, was a mystery—a deep, unsolvable mystery.

"Countess," he said, anxious to retain and keep awake her interest even in his shadow secretary, "you shall satisfy your curiosity, if I dare call your passing interest by so strong a name. I will call him, John!"

The youth, who had reached the end of the terrace upon which the countess and his master were sitting by the time these words had passed, looked round with a start as the name reached his ears and, with a half bow, came slowly back and stood in front of his master.

CHAPTER XLII

"THERE HAS BEEN FOUL PLAY."
"Come, riddle me this riddle,
And solve this deep enigma."

"Well, Stanfield, are you taking your usual stroll?" said Captain Dartmouth, with his languid haughtiness, tinged with that indescribable insolence which a cruel, merciless man shows to the unfortunate being in his power.

The secretary glanced up through his dark spectacles at his master's face and, as he answered, carried his eyes to the beautiful ones of the countess.

"Yes, sir," he said in his husky voice, which seemed stifled and choked in his throat—"yes, sir, my evening stroll."

Captain Dartmouth turned with a condescending smile to the countess.

"Mr. Stanfield," said he, "is a machine as regards his peculiar habits."

"How is Sir Charles Anderson?"

"Mr. Stanfield," said he, "is a machine as regards his peculiar habits."

"Better, madam; but still ill," returned the secretary.

Then, after waiting a moment to see if any further information was wanted, he made his formal, methodical bow and trudged slowly up the terrace.

"Strange young man—very," murmured the countess, looking after him.

"Yes," drawled Reginald Dartmouth; "but invaluable. He is as quick as a needle—and as insignificant."

Meanwhile the strange young man gained his room, and, seating himself in the writing-chair, leaned his elbow on the table and seemed lost in thought.

Thought of a painful and exciting nature seemingly, for after a moment or two he rose and took a turn or two across the room, stopping his short-stepped pacing for a second to turn the key in the door, and murmuring, as he recommenced his promenade:
"Fox—sly, wicked fox! There has been some dark, foul play. I am sure of it—sure of it. Something within me"—and he touched his breast with his little, well-shaped hand—"tells me that Reginald Dartmouth has gained the Dale by some dark deed—some deep, well-executed plot. Day by day the certainty grows, and with it my hate. Hate? Let me think. Yes, hate; and yet there is something mingled with it."

(To be Continued.)

California Sunkist Oranges, all sizes; California Apples, Lemons, Walnuts, Hazel Nuts, Brazilian Nuts, Almond Nuts, wholesale and retail at GLEE, SON'S, 108 Water St.—Feb 13, 1911

THE MISERY OF BACKACHE

Removed by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Mesford, Ont.—"I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for backache, and I also had a female weakness. I felt dizzy and nervous, and was without energy. I had to force myself to do my work, and was always tired. Saw a Pinkham advertisement which induced me to take the Vegetable Compound, and my back gradually stopped aching and I felt lighter in spirits. I am recommending the Vegetable Compound with pleasure to all I meet who complain as I did."—MILDRED BROOK, Mesford, Ont.

Woman's Precious Gift
The one which she should most zealously guard is her health, but she often neglects to do so in season until some ailment peculiar to her sex has fastened itself upon her. When so affected women may rely upon Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, a remedy that has been wonderfully successful in restoring health to suffering women.

If you have the slightest doubt that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will help you, write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential), Lynn, Mass., for advice. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman, and held in strict confidence.

and ways of living. Every meal at its time, every particular walk to its particular day and proper hour.

"Method, you call it?" asked the countess, in her broken English, looking up with a smile to the pale face of the youth.

"Yes, method, madam," replied the youth, in a monotonous tone, but with a sharp, searching glance through the disguising spectacles that seemed to read the innermost soul of the beautiful woman.

"Method!" repeated the captain. "Mr. Stanfield is all method, countess. What I should do without him I know not. My correspondence is heavy, and grows heavier and heavier each day, and it says much for Mr. Stanfield's method and discrimination that no fraction of it is neglected."

The countess inclined her head gracefully and, looking up, expected to see a flush of pleasure upon the secretary's face at this unusual commendation; but the pale face remained pale and the well-formed lips never moved a muscle.

The methodical secretary might have been stone deaf for all the effect his master's praise had upon him.

"Have you heard—have you seen any one from the Warren as you passed?" asked Reginald Dartmouth, languidly.

"Yes, sir; Mrs. Lucas," replied the secretary, lifting his eyes as he spoke the name and noting the shadow of impatience, anger, and irritation that flashed across the captain's face as he heard it.

"How is Sir Charles Anderson?"

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Fashion Plates.

A STYLISH GOWN.



Pattern 3275 is here illustrated. It is cut in 7 Sizes—34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. A 33 inch size requires 5 1/2 yards of 44 inch material. The width of the skirt at lower edge is about 1 1/2 yard.

Embroidered voile is here portrayed. The style is also good for linen, foulard, printed voile, sateen, taffeta and serge.

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

A POPULAR MODEL.



Pattern 3128—Cut in 4 Sizes: 3, 4, 5, and 6 years—is here portrayed. For a 3 year size, 3 yards of 27 inch material will be required. Serge, khaki, gingham, linen, velvet, and corduroy are nice for this style. The blouse could be of different material than that of the trousers.

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

No.
Size

Address in full:—
Name

NOTE:—Owing to the continual advance in price of paper, wages, etc., we are compelled to advance the price of patterns to 15c. each.

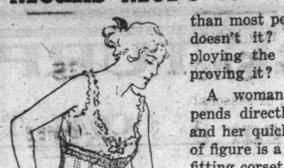
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Your Appearance Means More to You



than most people suspect. Now doesn't it? But are you employing the best means of improving it?
A woman's appearance depends directly upon her corset, and her quickest road to beauty, of figure is a well-designed, well-fitting corset.

Warner's Rust-Proof Corsets
are the choice of the woman who really cares about her appearance. Prices from \$3.00 to \$6.50 pair.

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Gifts for the Man WHO SMOKES.

High-Class Goods!

- Genuine French Briar Pipes in specially selected dark woods and nicely-cased.
- Silver Cigarette Cases.
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- Cigarette Holders in Pearl, Ivory and Bone. All sizes and many of them gold mounted. A very choice line.
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- MEN'S SERGE SUITS—Asstd. prices.
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 - MEN'S TRENCH COATS.
- Customers report making quick sales with "Victory Brand" Clothing on account of the good fit and finish of the garments.
WHOLESALE ONLY.

The White Clothing Manufacturing Co., Ltd.
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NEW CROP.

Just Arrived One Pound Cartons.
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