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For Cooking, for use in Coffee or Cocoa, it supplies the milk and the sugar you require.



N11-23

An Indispensable Favorite OR Wealth and Beauty at Stake!

CHAPTER XXXVI.

This feeling is tingling through him as, with haughty humility and forced composure, he apologises for his "intrusion," and asks Mr. Sarjent if he will kindly give him Mr. Dormer's address.

And Wilmot, usually one of the kindest and friendliest of fellows to be met with in a day's walk, meets Captain Glynn's mood by an equally stiff and cold. He does not notice the apology for the "intrusion."

"How do you do, Captain Glynn?" he says, in his briefest business manner. "Want Mr. Dormer's address? My view, of course."

"I thought that had gone abroad," Dallas remarks, a little staggered. "I suppose Miss Dormer and her brother are at home?"

"Yes, they're at home," Wilmot replies more curtly, looking at Dallas with eyes burning with displeasure. "You haven't seen them for a long time, I suppose?"

Dallas Glynn's gray-blue eyes begin to glitter dangerously. "He is going to bring me to book," he thinks, with pride and temper rising in flood tide.

"Oh, no—not for quite a long time!" Dallas replies, with studied indifference.

"Ah!" Wilmot Sarjent says, with all the vehement meaning he can convey by the elevation. "Well, they're there—if you've any business with them."

"Yes, a little business. I think I shall run down and see them if I can spare the time," Dallas says, in his coolest and most laconic tones.

At this moment his eyes fall on a freshly-written letter lying on the

TO EXPECTANT MOTHERS

A Letter from Mrs. Smith Tells How Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Helped Her

Trenton, Ont.—"I am writing to you in regard to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I would not be without it. I have taken it before each of my children was born and afterwards, and find it a great help. Before my first baby was born I had shortness of breath and ringing in my ears. I felt as if I would never pull through. One day a friend of mine told me what the Vegetable Compound had done for her wife and advised me to take a bottle home for me. After the fourth bottle I was a different woman. I have four children now, and I always find the Vegetable Compound a great help as it seems to make confinement easier. I recommend it to my friends."—Mrs. FRANK H. SMITH, John St., Trenton, Ont.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is an excellent medicine for expectant mothers, and should be taken during the entire period. It has a general effect to strengthen and tone up the entire system, so that it may work in every respect effectively as nature intended. Thousands of women testify to this fact.

writing table just beside Wilmot's head. The ink of the heavy broad businesslike writing is glistening yet the fourth page lies uppermost, and Dallas can read, nearly as plain as print from where he sits, the termination of the letter:

"And with love to aunt and uncle and to yourself, dear Yolande, I am yours most affectionately,

"WILMOT SARJENT." Dallas Glynn's brain seems to be suddenly set on fire as he reads it. Yolande's faithful and "most affectionate" cousin is doing his best to console her for her faithless husband! This is the secret reason of a great many things—he cannot quite tell what—her cold avoidance of him since the date of that hurried visit, her neglect to write a line to ask him how he was—ill, alone, desolate, almost destitute as he has been, while she was living in luxury!

He grinds his teeth as he thinks of it. And to think that he has never once suspected this; that all other women—false, selfish, treacherous creatures—she, gentle and meek and modest as she looks, has been as selfish and false as any one of them! His sight grows dim, his pulses are beating violently, heart and brain are raging like a volcano in the fury of wrath and grief and jealousy that sweeps over him.

Forgetting everything, but impelled by a fierce longing to be gone out of Wilmot Sarjent's presence, with his fleshy well-fed countenance, his snub aspect of respectable prosperity, and his intolerable assumption of superiority, Dallas rises hastily, and is blindly groping for his hat—not seeing it though it is on the table before him—when Mrs. Sarjent sweeps into the room, with the usual noisy rustle of her voluminous skirts.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

"You didn't send off that letter of mine to Yolande, I hope?" Mrs. Sarjent begins, and pauses, astounded when she sees who is confronting her. "Law bless me, Captain Glynn! Is that you?" she exclaims, sharply, somewhat amazed, for haughty Captain Glynn, who has never been more than coldly civil to her, is looking at her now with almost a pleading smile struggling upon his pale face.

"What's the matter?" she asks, with an odd convulsive laugh, while the moisture of relief and shame and excitement starts out on his brow.

"Law, yes," the good-humored lady replies, giving his hand a hearty squeeze—"but I've a good mind not to. Why, you're not looking the thing at all!" she adds, gazing at him concernedly. "Have you been ill?"

"Yes, Mrs. Sarjent," Dallas answers, with strange humility; for this vulgar, good-natured woman has suddenly appeared to him in the light of the best of friends, and released him from torture. "I have been very ill and in great trouble for a long time. Things are much better with me now."

"Glad to hear that!" Mrs. Sarjent rejoices, briskly, appraising his handsome, well-cut clothes and glossy hat with one keen glance. "But, if you were ill or in trouble, Captain Glynn—Wilmot, go and get a glass of sherry and some of them cream crackers you like so much for Captain Glynn—and Wilmot disappears in instant obedience—"why on earth didn't you let your friends and relations know it?"

"Who are they?" he asks, coldly, but smiling still, and his pale lips trembling under his mustache. "Well, I suppose your wife is a friend and relation, isn't she?" Mrs. Sarjent says, bluntly. "Your poor little wife!"

"She—she is not ill, is she?" he asks, huskily. "I have stayed away from her because I thought she did not want me, as she never writes—" "Indeed she did—twice!" interrupts Mrs. Sarjent, more bluntly. "I had it from her aunt; and, talking of her, I don't think she'll shake hands with you. She thinks you've spoiled Yolande's life, and nearly broken her heart—and so you have! Poor child!"

"I have been a fool and misled and mistaken, Mrs. Sarjent," he says, in a low, choking voice, "but not a knave. I never wronged my wife willfully; I never knowingly caused her pain—only once, through folly and thoughtlessness. I love her and I honor her."

"Well said!" exclaims Mrs. Sarjent, giving him a sounding slap. "Well, what are you going to do?" "Where is she?" he asks, sorrowful, thinking of the long miles, the

Though rainy or muggy The day may be— The Salt in your shaker Will still run free— IF YOU USE

REGAL FREE RUNNING Table Salt THE CANADIAN SALT CO. LIMITED

long days that may lie between him and the sight of her face, a touch of her hands.

"Where is she? That's a pretty question for a man to ask about his own wife!" Mrs. Sarjent says, sharply. "She is at home with her people of course! Where else should she be?"

"At Fair View?" "Fair View, of course," Mrs. Sarjent replies, beginning to stare. "Bless my soul, don't you know they've no place else now, and nothing else to live on, unless Uncle Silas's affairs are settled, but Yolande's money? And Aunt Keren won't spend a shilling of that without moaning about it, poor old soul! She does get tiresome, that's a fact. As soon as poor uncle was able to travel, they took him down there, you know."

"Was he ill?" Dallas asks, putting his hand to his head in bewilderment. "Was he ill?" Mrs. Sarjent repeats. "Don't you know? I'm sure I thought her ladyship would have thought it worth her while to tell you that! He had a fit the day the crash came in the city, and he was nearly twenty-four hours unconscious. It was enough to kill him, poor man! More than forty thousand went in a sweep in that blessed Pacific Salvage rubbish—I wouldn't have given 'em waste paper for their shares any day—and in other things."

"He was ruined, then?" Dallas queries, trembling and astonished, and, oh, so humbled and ashamed! "If he wasn't then, he is now," Mrs. Sarjent replies, dryly. "The most of that can be saved or scraped up of everything will be only a few hundreds a year, Wilmot says, so far as he can see. Of course he has had to do everything for them—he and poor Yolande; and, of course, being a married woman, the poor child couldn't do anything without you in the way of signing or settling. You haven't behaved well to her nor any of us, Captain Glynn, and I tell you so to your face!" she adds, determinedly. "All you've been to that poor child is a misery and a heart-break, and I don't suppose you'll ever be much else unless she learns how to manage you!"

"I'll try, with Heaven's help, to be very different in the future," he says, humbly; and Mrs. Sarjent gives him another slap in an extremely hearty and unrefined fashion, nods her head, and wipes her eyes. (To be continued.)

Equal amounts of ginger ale and grape juice and about one-sixth as much lemonade make a delicious punch. A partly used lemon, dipped into salt and powdered brick dust is excellent for cleaning tarnished brass or copper. If you stain your fingers with ink, moisten the end of a match, rub over the stain and wash your hands in cold water.

A FAMILY PROFESSION. The late Miss Letty Lind was one of five sisters all of whom have been successful actresses, and her death has drawn fresh attention to the fact that the theatre is a family profession. So strong, indeed, is the hereditary pull that it sometimes overcomes natural predilection for other work. This happened in the case of Mr. H. B. Irving, who was a man of letters and was called to the Bar, and became an actor, as it were, almost against his better nature. It was one of Sir William Gilbert's favourite contentions that anybody could be taught to act sufficiently well. If this be true, it accounts for the fact that acting runs in families, for it is obviously easier for the children of a successful actor to obtain the necessary training and experience. Moreover, there is no profession in which influence plays a greater part. The young lady who acts in the provinces is very often quite as talented (or maybe quite as without talent) as the young lady who acts in London, and who often owes her luckier fate to family influence.



Mothers Prefer Cuticura Shampoos For Children. Regular shampoo with Cuticura Soap and hot water, preceded by touch of Cuticura Ointment to spots of dandruff and itching, keeps the scalp clean and healthy. Proper use of the hair during childhood is the basis for healthy hair throughout life. See the Cuticura Soap advertisement in this issue. Cuticura Soap is sold in 5c and 10c boxes. Cuticura Soap is sold in 5c and 10c boxes. Cuticura Soap is sold in 5c and 10c boxes.

The Wheel of Life.

(John O'London's Weekly.)

PASTINES AND POLITICS.

It has probably not been forgotten that Mr. Lloyd George always took his golf clubs with him when he went to an international conference, and that on one occasion he played a round with M. Briand. The French newspapers were much disturbed by the idea that treaties might be discussed on the fifth tee and economic problems solved in a bunker. And I remember that one writer—I think it was the doughty Parnell—replied when M. Poincaré succeeded M. Briand, because he did not play golf. The game had its political importance centuries ago. When James II. went to Edinburgh shortly before his accession, while the four Covenanters regarded him with dislike because he was a Roman Catholic, the more worldly citizens were prejudiced in his favor because of his excellent golf, and in summarizing the many attractive qualities of James's grandson, Bonnie Prince Charlie, Andrew Lang declares that he was "a mighty golfer." Perhaps but for that fact the Young Pretender would never have attracted the devoted affection that eventually enabled him to escape to France after Culloden.

LET US BE ROMANTIC.

In an article in that admirable monthly, the Adelphi, Mr. Middleton Murray declares that the people of Great Britain are essentially romantic. The "romantics," according to Mr. Murray, are the individualists and "individualism is in our British bones." I wonder, in many respects, the French are far more individualistic than the English. Trade Unionism, for example, is the negation of individualism. It predicates that for the wage-earning class nothing can be gained except by combined effort, and it compels the more gifted workman to subordinate his own selfish interests to the interests of his class. It may be argued that this is by no means a good thing for society, but the principle cannot be called individualism nor can it be denied that it is accepted even more wholeheartedly by the efficient workman than by the incompetent. Trade Unionism is a British product and it flourishes here far more than in France. This is, of course, only one example, but it is sufficient to show the danger of basing any argument on the postulate that the English are hardened individualists.

HYMNS AND OLD AGE.

The Morning Post has discovered that the secret of longevity is to write hymns. The Rev. W. St. Hill Bourne, the author of "A Sower Went Forth Sowing," has just celebrated his Golden Wedding, and Mr. Baring-Gould, author of "Onward, Christian Soldiers," is hale and hearty at the age of eighty-nine. Mrs. Alexander, who wrote "There is a Green Hill," lived to be seventy-two; Isaac Watts, John Keble, Bishop Ken, and Bishop Walsham How reached seventy-four; Bishop Bickersteth, author of "Peace, Perfect Peace," died at eighty-one; Charlotte Elliott at eighty-two; Cardinal Newman at eighty-nine; Fanny Crosby at ninety-two.

CHILDREN'S WINTER COATS.

Full lined, in shades of Navy and Fawn, to fit children up to 4 years. Each \$1.25

English Melton Cloth. 40 inches wide, extra quality, in assorted shades. Per Yard 90c. to \$1.20

Girls' Fall Dresses. Of heavy weight cloth, silk trimmed, an ideal Dress for school wear, will fit up to 10 years. Each \$1.98

Ladies' Silk Hose. Ladies' full fashioned Black Silk Hose, second's. Per Pair 98c.

Men's Winter Overcoats. Splendid values in Men's Winter Overcoats. Men's Now is the time to secure a splendid Winter Overcoat at half price. These Overcoats are made of the best materials, many different styles. Each \$12.98 to \$24.98

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Canvas Mats. Each 20c.

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Murphy's Good Things!



Ladies' Tuxedo Sweaters. Of Pure Wool, in shades of Fawn, Torquato, Emerald and V. Rose; some with Yarns. Each \$6.49

Ladies' Pure Wool Sweaters. Ladies' Pure Wool Full-over Sweaters, in assorted shades. Each \$2.49 to \$2.98

Also Balhuan and Tie Back styles, in all the new shades. Each \$1.98

A few Slip-over Sweaters of pure Wool, some slightly soiled. To Clear At \$1.98

Boys' Separate Coats. Of heavy tweed, to fit children up to 4 years. Each \$1.98



Ladies' Hats. See our Basement offerings of Ladies' Hats, in Silks and Velvets, Reg. \$4.98. Now 98c. to \$1.49

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Enamel Aluminium and Tinware

2 Qt. Aluminum Water Jugs, each \$1.98

Aluminum Boilers, each \$1.09 to \$2.98

Aluminum Saucepan, each 49c. to \$2.98

Aluminum Colanders, each \$1.45

Enamel Kettles, each \$1.39 to \$1.98

Enamel Coffee Pots, each 69c. to 98c.

Muffin Tins, each 29c. to 49c.

Bright Loaf Tins, each 29c. to 45c.

Preserving Kettles, each 49c. to \$1.98

Galv. Chamber Pails, each \$1.49

Enamel Chamber Pails, each \$2.75

Bright Tin Mixing Pans, each \$1.10 to 1.98

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Smallwares

Clothes Lines, each 20c. Dust Pans, each 15c. Stove Lifters, each 19c. Scrub Brushes, each 8c. to 25c. Ball Fringe, per yard 12c. Rose Bud Trimming, per yard 45c. Souvenir Dishes 39c. Brooches, each 25c. to 59c. Ear Rings, per pair 49c.



Ladies' White Voile Blouses. Peter Pan Collar. Each \$1.49

Ladies' Shirt Waists. Ladies' Shantung Shirt Waists. Each \$1.98

Ladies' Georgette Blouses. In colors of Pumpkin only. Reg. \$3.49. Now 98c. and \$1.49

Girls' Middie. Girls' Shantung and Blue Linen Balkhan and straight middie, sizes up to 14 years. Each \$1.25

Men's Light Fawn Macintoshes. Genuine in every detail, full lined, shoulders double lined, all round belt. Each \$4.98

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Wool Nap Plaid Blankets. Size 70 x 90. Per Pair \$4.98

Gent's Hose. Just that good hose for men, splendid heavy All Wool Hose, some with silk stripes. We are now offering these hose at half price. These Overcoats are made of the best materials, many different styles. At 49c. to 98c. Per Pair

Alarm Clocks. Lord Baltimore 30 Hour Alarm Clocks. Each \$1.98

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