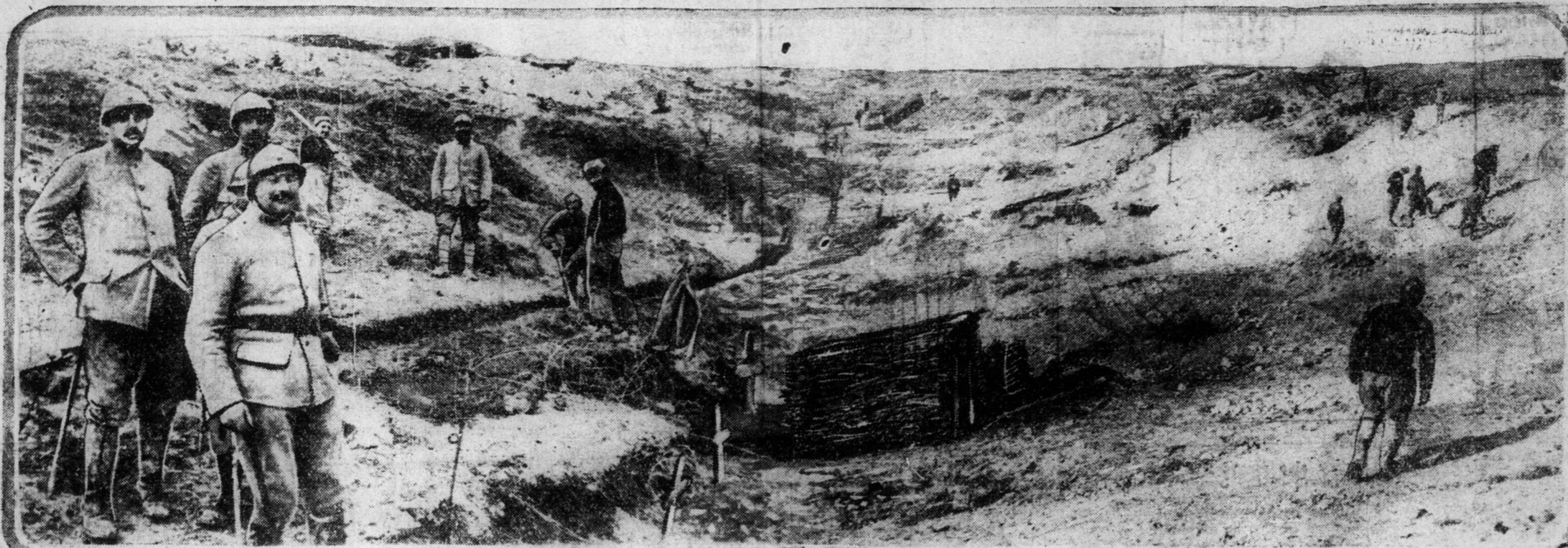


WITH THE FRENCH NORTH OF VERDUN, WHERE THE GERMANS HAVE BEEN BATTLING FOR WEEKS, TRYING TO BREAK THROUGH



This photograph was taken after the present German offensive northeast of Verdun was commenced, and gives an idea of the character of the terrain. French soldiers are shown repairing the trenches and underground shelters after a heavy bombardment. Note the crosses marking freshly-made graves.—(Exclusive Courier Pictorial Service, in conjunction with the London Daily Mirror.)

Elaine the Fair

A Serial Story of Absorbing Interest.

She felt quite excited, and thought to herself, "What a pity, he should have gone on a wild goose chase when if he had remained in London, he could have been with Lucy this evening!"

"Please give me the exact address of the school, Mrs. Beresford. Write it here!" And Elaine held out her ivory tablets and a little gold pencil. "You don't know the weight you have lifted from my heart, and I do think from Miss Latimer's too, for, though she has never seen her, she has an extraordinary interest in her. Thank so much. I shall drive there at once and bring her back with me to dinner. She shall not refuse me."

Mrs. Beresford went away almost immediately, and Elaine ran up to dress herself, first pausing to say: "I am sorry, Gracilia, but I must ask you to remain behind, as my dressmaker is coming at five, and I want you to give her these directions and also to keep her here, if possible, till I return. I miss Giulietta more than I thought I should. She took all this sort of work off my hands. But she tells me she may be able to get away from London this evening."

"I will do my little best," said Gracilia. "But I cannot hope to emulate Giulietta's taste. I always think of you as dressed in clouds and dewdrops, with flashes of rainbow light. I cannot associate you with dressmakers and yards of silks and cashmere."

"You are a dreadful flatterer! I should be quite vain if I did not know that all the credit lies with Giulietta; she is a perfect treasure, and such a dear, dear girl! There is nothing she would not do for me. But I will bring Lucy back with me."

She looked a vision of beauty in a dress of fine silky white material, trimmed with thick rich embroidery and lace. Her plumed white hat was set off by her exquisitely-arranged hair. Gracilia gazed at her with open admiration as she passed out to the carriage.

She heard her cousin give the address of the school to the coachman and the carriage rolled out of sight.

It was past four, and she determined to spend the time waiting in writing to Lisabel. She was very obstinate—she always was—and would not consent to leave the school at once; it

would put the principal in a difficulty or some such nonsense of that sort, as if there weren't hundreds of poor creatures waiting and anxious to get the position. She will not be free to leave, the foolish girl insists, until the end of next term."

"Then she is coming back to you? She consents?"

"I had trouble enough to persuade her, but I think she has had about enough of a life of dependence. Poor thing, we must do all we can to make her forget the past and be happy! Oh, Gracilia, wasn't it lucky we came down to Brighton?"

"And met Mrs. Beresford?"

"I went into several places on my way home and bought a few things that I thought Lucy would like. Just look at this! Isn't it sweet?"

She opened a velvet lined case and showed a magnificent pearl ornament.

"I saw this and could not resist it. She held the ornament to her cheek as if she loved it. It will look lovely in dear Lucy's hair!"

Gracilia privately thought that it would look very much out of place there, but she had faith in Lucy's common sense.

"Now I must order a room for Lucy. It must be near mine. You won't mind, will you, Gracilia? Lucy is an old, old friend, and she has been lonely and miserable, and we must make up for it."

"No indeed," said Gracilia, laughing. "I am very, very glad that Miss Carden is found, but you need not hope to keep her long. Your pearls will make a very nice wedding present."

"Oh," cried Elaine, with a half-comic look of dismay, "I had forgotten Sir Everard! Oh, dear, that spoils everything! He will insist on carrying her off as soon as he can arrange it."

"Did she tell you what made her hide herself so long?"

"She was very naughty. When she found her uncle had quite left her out of his will she was proud and jealous. Besides, the shock of her uncle's death drove her half crazy. But it is all over and done with, and she is eager to be back among her own friends again."

Gracilia rather wondered at the way in which Elaine had prevailed on Lucy to return. She felt a little disappointment, and she wished with all her heart that Sir Everard had been present when the discovery of Lucy's whereabouts was made.

There was a pleasant fuss all the evening in making preparations for her coming. Quantities of beautiful flowers were ordered in, and the room set apart for her was made bright by every device that Elaine could think of. When the drawing room clock pointed to the hour of ten, Elaine was standing, a crimson spot of excitement on her cheeks, making her dress brilliantly beautiful, though her dress was simple.

"We must not put dearest Lucy out of countenance," she said, laughing nervously. "You, Gracilia, though you are as severe in your dress as a nun, always look a grande dame; but such a little person as I am must take pains to set off any advantage she possesses, and I confess I do love pretty things."

"That reminds me that I never told you that your dressmaker did not turn up."

"How annoying. And you had to stay in all the afternoon for nothing?"

"Oh, it did not matter in the least. I was glad to have the time for letter writing. I wrote to Miss Beresford, as I knew she was dreadfully anxious about Miss Carden."

"I am so glad you did! I quite forgot Lisabel—so very thoughtless of me! But what keeps Lucy? It is nearly half past ten."

"Is that all?" asked Gracilia. "Then my watch is wrong—glancing at a tiny gold timepiece set in a slended bracelet. 'It is eleven by my watch.' 'It cannot be so much as that. This clock keeps excellent time. Those toy watches cannot be depended upon.'"

"I never knew this to go more than a few minutes wrong before. Perhaps it wants to be cleaned."

"Oh, do you know," cried Elaine suddenly, "Giulietta found one of the old photographs of Lucy and me when she was packing up? I quite forgot about it till now. I put it in my dressing case, intending to show you. Come up with me and I will get it. Lucy is very much changed; she has lost her childish look. I am quite hideous. You must not look at me."

They went to Elaine's room and on the way peeped into the apartment prepared for Lucy. It was the abode of comfort—a bright fire sparkled in

the grate, a cosy chair stood invitingly near, with a pretty dressing gown hanging over it and a pair of velvet slippers in front.

"I hope she will like it."

"She is sure to like it," said Gracilia, "if only because of the contrast with it and a bare school dormitory."

Elaine lingered to rearrange some hot house flowers in a bowl before going on to her own room. Here she produced her dressing case and opened it.

"Now for the photograph! I put it here along with the mirror."

She put her hand into the pocket at the back of the class.

"It is not there," she cried in a startled voice, "and yet I saw it not an hour ago."

She pulled out the contents of the dressing case hastily and searched the box thoroughly, but there was no photograph.

"What has become of it?" she exclaimed. "It was certainly there! I could not be mistaken!" She began to open cupboards and ransack drawers, but after a considerable time she turned with a look of vexation to Gracilia. "It is lost! How very, very provoking! However, it will turn up perhaps to-morrow. But surely Lucy has come by this time!"

She took Gracilia's arm and left the disordered room.

No Lucy was waiting for them, and Elaine rang sharply.

"I expected a lady at ten, and she has not arrived. Will you please make inquiries and find out if there is any letter or message for me?"

The man returned in a few minutes to say that there was nothing.

"It is eleven by this time."

"It is exactly eleven-forty-five," said the man, glancing at the clock.

"Did she tell you what made her hide herself so long?"

"The offices are all shut, ma'am."

"What shall I do?" cried Elaine, on the verge of tears. "I must drive over and see what is wrong."

"It is too late for that," said Gracilia. "Miss Carden was detained unexpectedly and had no means of sending a message. You will have one in the morning. It is very disappointing, but it will be explained to-morrow. The best thing to do is to go to bed now."

With some coaxing she got Elaine to agree to this, but the maid was earnestly enjoined to carry up any letter or telegram without delay that might arrive.

Gracilia herself rose early, and was on the watch for the post, but there was nothing for Elaine that could by any means have come from Lucy.

Elaine ordered a carriage about six, and she and Gracilia drove to Hypatia College. Elaine alighted, saying—

"I shall bring her back with me dead or alive."

But she emerged in ten minutes looking very dejected, her eyes "She has gone!" she explained.

"She deceived us all. She promised to come in order to make me feel secure, yet I had not been gone an hour when she packed her trunk and went away without a moment's notice. The schoolmistress is very angry."

Gracilia thought she now understood Lucy's easy compliance.

CHAPTER XV.

Lucy Carden stood on the platform in Brighton waiting for the train which was to take her to London. Driven forth again from friends and shelter, she did not know where to turn. Through the recommendation of a chance acquaintance to whom she had rendered a service she had obtained the post she was leaving. Now she was debarred from giving her late employer as a reference, there was not much money in her purse, and her chance of employment was small.

However, she had sufficient on which to subsist for a few weeks, and the first step must be to cover up her traces. She decided on going to London and inquiring for a quiet hotel near the station in which to pass the night. The next morning she would look for a cheap room in a quiet central locality, and after that endeavor to find work. She spoke French and German like a native, and had travelled much on the Continent. She might get a situation as companion to an elderly lady or as lady courier to a family. The great difficulty was want of references, for she intended the breach with her old life to be complete. She was stiff and crowded. She took her seat in a third-class carriage. It was stuffy and crowded.

and one man was inclined to be quarrelsome. The woman beside her was flashy and overdressed, and tried to begin a conversation, but Lucy was too sad and troubled to respond, and by-and-by the woman turned away, tossing her head and muttering something about beggarly pride.

"At length London was reached, and with a feeling of relief Lucy stepped out of the carriage. It was nearly midnight, and she felt very forlorn. Friends were meeting friends; footmen in smart liveries were running up and down attending to the wants of others. Busy porters hurried by, too intent on big tips to listen to Lucy's timid request for attention. She must find her trunk in the cloak-room before she could seek the shelter of an hotel. She had never travelled so late by herself before, and was a little frightened and uncertain of her course.

She had made several attempts to attract the attention of a porter without success, and was beginning to despair of making herself heard, when a tall gentleman-looking man, who had been observing her for a minute or two, said in a pleasant, refined voice to a porter who was collecting his belongings—

"Attend to the lady first. I am in no hurry."

She turned a grateful glance towards him, and he felt a sudden pity for the owner of the dark, sad eyes with the long, curling lashes. He stood back however, while the man said a little unwillingly—

"What name, miss?"

The gentleman could not hear her low answer, but the porter said—

"Carden? Here you are, miss! Want a cab called?"

"No, thank you. Will you take it to the cloak-room, please?"

(To be Continued.)

SAVE YOUR HAIR!  
25 CENT BOTTLE  
STOPS DANDRUFF

Thin, brittle, colorless and scraggy hair is mute evidence of a neglected scalp; of dandruff—that awful scurf. There is nothing so destructive to the hair as dandruff. It robs the hair of its lustre, its strength and its very life; eventually producing a feverishness and itching of the scalp, which if not remedied causes the hair roots to shrink, loosen and die—then the hair falls out fast. A little Danderine to-night—now—any time—will surely save your hair.

Get a 25-cent bottle of Knowlton's Danderine from any drug store or toilet counter, and after the first application your hair will take on that life, lustre and luxuriance which is so beautiful. It will become wavy and fluffy and have the appearance of abundance, an incomparable gloss and softness; but what will please you most will be after just a few weeks' use, when you will actually see a lot of fine, downy new hair—growing all over the scalp.

Danderine is to the hair what fresh showers of rain and sunshine are to vegetation. It goes right to the roots, invigorates and strengthens them. Its exhilarating and life-producing properties cause the hair to grow long, strong and beautiful.



With a view to impressing the British people with the idea that the best and biggest toys ever made can be made in the British Empire, there have been several shows held in various parts of the Empire, including some cities in Canada—to indicate what can be done by British workmen. The picture shows three jolly lasses enjoying a ride on a particularly big jumbo "Made in England."—(Exclusive Courier Pictorial Service, in conjunction with the London Daily Mirror.)

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"About two years ago, I found my health in a very bad state. My Kidneys were not doing their work and I was all run down in condition. Having seen 'Fruit-a-lives' advertised, I decided to try them. Their action was mild, and the result all that could be expected. My Kidneys resumed their normal action after I had taken upwards of a dozen boxes and I regained my old-time vitality. Today, I am as well as ever."

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50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size 25c.

At dealers or sent on receipt of price by Fruit-a-lives Limited, Ottawa.

**MT. VERNON**

(From our own Correspondent.)

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Boughner attended the funeral of her brother, Mr. John Kearney at Hamilton recently. Deceased was in his 24th year and was the son of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Kearney of Hamilton. He was a member of St. Mary's church, where he was a faithful worker. He was employed in Donahue's Tobacco factory up to the time he was taken ill with pneumonia which caused his death. He had won many friends by his cheerful and bright way, and his many friends will regret his early passing. He is survived by his father, of Hamilton and a wife and two children, Thelma and Laurietta; four sisters, Mrs. Landreth, Mrs. Wilson, Mrs.

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