

WE buy and sell on a gold basis. Each day in the week is the same for getting always the best value for your money. It's all in the buying—you cannot give the best value if you are not careful to get the best value. Living in an age of humbug and misrepresentation it requires a skillful and competent expert to meet present-day conditions. A flaring advertisement, as the late P. T. Barnum said, "may humbug all the people some time and some of the people all the time." Always remember there is no humbug at

SPECIALS

60-INCH CREAM TABLE DAMASK—Well made, extra quality. Regular price 45c. The price is **33c**

AT KINGSMILL'S

SPECIAL IRISH HUCK TOWELS—Hem-stitched, the proper article to circulate the blood, Size 22x42 inches, all pure flax. The present value is \$3.00 per dozen. KINGSMILL'S price **\$3.00**

SPECIAL 66-INCH BLEACHED DAMASK—Made from pure flax; warranted all linen. Regular price 75c. KINGSMILL'S price **60c**

SPECIAL MANUFACTURERS' CLEARING IRISH LINEN TABLECLOTHS—Bleached 8-4x8-4, worth \$1.50, for **\$1.25**

8-4x12-4, worth \$2.50, for **\$2.00**

HAND-MADE HAMBRO—Very heavy, pure flax, dice pattern and small broken checks. Clearing out at a very low price. 54-inch, **55c**; 60-inch, **65c**; 72-inch, **75c**.

ABSOLUTELY TRUE THE LARGEST CLOTH DEPARTMENT IN CANADA, FILLED WITH ALL THAT IS UP-TO-DATE AND DESIRABLE IN TWEEDS AND CLOTHS, SUITABLE FOR CHILDREN'S, BOYS', MISSES', LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S WEAR AT SUCH PRICES AS YOU CAN GET ONLY AT KINGSMILL'S.

SPECIAL MADE-IN-IRELAND DOUBLE DAMASK—Satin-finished, Bleached Table Damask in four beautiful designs, with high-class border, 72 inches wide. Today this Damask is worth \$1.75. KINGSMILL'S price **\$1.25**

SPECIAL 1/2 IRISH LINEN NAPKINS—Pure flax, worth \$1.60. KINGSMILL'S price **\$1.35**

3/4 same make, a little heavier, for **\$1.75**

FOR LADIES' and CHILDREN'S WEAR—Scarlet, grenat, cardinal, burgundy, smart finish, well made, pure wool beavers; 54 inches wide. Prices **\$1.85, \$2, \$2.25**

Colors of hair brown, cinnamon brown, seal brown, myrtle, coachman's drab, dawn, ether, fawns, olive, navy blue, marine blue, prune, purple, petunia, black, in all fine wool; made in England and France; 54 inches wide; perfect smooth, soft finish; good weight. The price **\$1.50, \$1.75, \$2, \$2.25**

And when will you get such a variety, or where will you get such value as AT KINGSMILL'S?

IF YOU DESIRE TO ECONOMIZE—And get something that will give you satisfaction in the wear and repay you for your trouble, get a BUTTERICK'S PATTERN, which is reliable.

Get one of those REMNANTS which are selling so cheap. Have a home-made garment that will be worth looking at. For little money all can be had AT KINGSMILL'S.

BUTTERICK'S PATTERNS are always reliable.

The greatest 15c worth of literature you can possibly get is the Christmas number of the DELINEATOR **15c**

Which tells you of a great many subjects worth knowing. Can be had AT KINGSMILL'S.

Bid good-bye to prejudice. GO WHERE YOU CAN GET THE BEST GLOVES, THE BEST HOSIERY, THE BEST CORSETS, THE BEST KNITTED UNDERWEAR—AT KINGSMILL'S.

KINGSMILL'S

SCARCE GOODS WHICH ARE WANTED—Ladies' White Felt Hats in various shapes outside the ordinary. Fine tints in Felt Hats for Ladies' and Children's wear; ether Copenhagen, pearl, burgundy, apple, cinnamon, rose. Not only the colors but the quality. THE PRICE **\$1.75, \$2, \$2.25**

TRIMMED CAMELSHAIR SCHOOL HATS for children. Regular \$1.00. KINGSMILL'S price **.25c**

One thing that you cannot get at Kingsmill's is German-made Valenciennes Edgings.

OH, NO! While France, which is noted all over the world for Val. Laces of all kinds, whose superiority is recognized a well-known fact, no other make will wear anything like as well; and the best in quality comes the ENGLISH IMITATION VAL-ENCIENNES LACES which you can get from 25c dozen upwards AT KINGSMILL'S.

THE GUARDED SECRET

"Aline, you are exhausted," he said, reproachfully.

"Yes, I am tired," she answered wearily. "I should like to go to sleep."

"They kissed her and went away, softly, but Aline did not go to sleep. She lay, broad awake, in the chilly rainy dawn of the new day, looking drearily into the future.

"I have lost my life," she said, mournfully, to herself. "For, if I live it down, I shall be old by then and nothing but the grave will lie before me."

She recalled some verses she had read in a book at Delaney House.

"Rudderless, we drift athwart a tempest, And when once the storm of youth is past, Without a life, without love, or love, Death, a silent pilot, comes at last."

Death! She gave a shudder in spite of herself. She had always had the keenest love of life, the greatest enjoyment of its pleasures. She was sanguine, ardent, impetuous. Even now, when she looked at death across a bridge of sorrow, she felt a little afraid of it. She bewailed her blighted life, her irrevocable folly. She would have to pay the cost of her girlish willfulness by the sacrifice of all that was best in life. Bitterly she bewailed her fault and Oran Delaney's hard heart, that had brought this doom upon her.

"If I had known the cruel price I must pay for my silence, I would have died before I would have pledged myself to it. But Mr. Delaney must have known. He is older than I am—he knows the world. How cruel, how wicked he must be to doom me to such a fate!" she said to herself indignantly.

Moved by a sudden impulse she slipped from the bed, threw a light shawl about her shoulders, and went over to the window. She peered down through a crevice in the curtain at the wonderful garden whose blooming beauties had lured her so innocently to her fate.

Oh, how changed was the scene as she gazed upon it now! The roses all were dead, the leaves were blown from the trees, and lay in golden drifts across the path. Some late autumn flowers—chrysanthemums, asters and others of their kind, were breaking into lavish bloom in their neglected beds, but the rain and storm had beaten them down, and they lay prostrate on the earth. All was dreariness and desolation, and the gray-stone towers of grim Delaney House seemed to frown more darkly than ever now that she knew what influence potent for evil pervaded its gloomy interior.

She gazed wistfully at it through the fine impalpable mist of rain that obscured all things. She saw a figure emerge from the gloomy portals into the deeper gloom of the rainy dawn. It was Mr. Delaney. He walked slowly with downcast head and his hands behind him, smoking a cigar, and she gazed after him, his fiery spark gleamed fitfully in the dull light, and the fine blue smoke curled upward and lost itself in the mist.

Drawing the curtain closer, Aline watched him, herself unseen. She found a singular fascination in doing so, and when she saw his glance turn musingly once or twice up to her window her heart beat strangely—with anger, she thought.

"He has spoiled all my life, but does he realize that he has done so?" she asked herself, musingly. "Could he be so deliberately cruel?"

It almost seemed to her that he would not have done so could he have known.

DRUGGING WON'T CURE CATARRH.

All the medicine in the world taken into the stomach won't cure catarrh, and it's useless to squander money on tablets, bitters and liquid remedies. Catarrh is a disease of the nasal passages, throat and bronchial tubes. Stomach medicines can't reach them. It's only fragrant, healing Catarrh-Phonon which is breathed all through the air passages that is sure to reach the seat of catarrh. No failure ever known if Catarrh-Phonon is used. It heals and doesn't irritate; it soothes, kills the germs and therefore cures. Use only Catarrh-Phonon the one certain cure. Two months' treatment \$1.00; trial size, 50 cents.

"Could anyone be so hard, so cruel, as to willfully blight a young girl's life?" she asked herself, with a sort of wonder, as her eyes followed Oran Delaney in his dreary saunter along the wet, gravelled paths. "He saved my life once. Why should he make it valueless to me?"

As she gazed at the dark, grave face under the brim of the wide slouch hat, it seemed to her that it was not hard nor cruel, only profoundly grave and sad. A longing came over her that he should know all that had transpired that night since she came home.

"If he knew, he might perhaps relent and release me from my vow of silence," she thought, eagerly.

She remained at the window watching him thoughtfully until he disappeared from view in a turn of the path, then she turned aside to her writing-desk and drew out pens and ink and paper. She wrote hastily, and almost incoherently:

"Mr. Delaney—They are all very angry and surprised because I would not tell them where I have been. Papa says people will think strangely of me if I do not tell. He says they will think I am guilty of something—I do not know what—and that they will not associate with me, and that I shall never have any more peace or pleasure in my life. You did not know these things when you bound me to silence and secrecy. Did you, Mr. Delaney? I feel quite sure you did not. You could not have been so heartless as to ruin all my life like that! But now that I have told you, will you not have pity on me? Release me from my promise and let me speak, I pray you.—Aline Rodney."

She put the poor little appeal into an envelope, and when night came she tied a little weight to it and threw it far into the garden.

Mr. Delaney would find it there the next morning.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Aline's return to her home created quite a little stir of pleasant excitement in the town of Chester.

The friends of the Rodneys vied with one another in the speediness of their calls upon the young lady.

They found her pale, calm and more beautiful than ever, for she had gained a certain quietness and repose of manner that became her to a charm. There was a softer tone in her voice, a gentler light in her eyes. She seemed eager to please and divert all who came.

The good townspeople came all agog with curiosity. They expected to hear all manner of romantic stories from the returned girl. They piled her with all sorts of curious, not to say impertinent questions.

They were astonished and indignant when they heard that they were not to learn anything. To each and all Aline returned the same reply:

"I prefer not to discuss the subject with anyone."

This refusal, when spoken so gently yet firmly, and not without a certain aristocratic silence, further curiosity with her. Indeed, it would have been the height of rudeness to have persisted.

But, baffled with Aline, they turned to Aline's family. Everyone felt that her strange story belonged most naturally to the public. They were astounded when they found the Rodneys uncommunicative on the subject. No one could understand such strange reserve. Every question, every hint, was met by a quiet evasion that effectually silenced curiosity. The social world of Chester woke up gradually to the fact that the Rodneys meant to keep the cause of Aline's absence a dead secret.

Popular indignation was roused to fury. Mr. Rodney's prophecy did not prove itself a dead-letter by any means, for the loud tongue of scandal was not lacking to add its quota to the tumult. The worst things poured out in the circles of Mme. Rumor. Sible were hinted, and then spoken.

The whole family were socially ostracized in less than a month. Each member came in for a share of the obloquy that had fallen on Aline's head. The silence each was compelled to maintain was held in the light of crime. From being prominent members of the most select circles in Chester they were coolly dropped by all. No one left their cards, no one sent invitations.

Everyone turned the cold shoulder. There was only one friend who remained faithful to the Rodneys in their troublous time. This was Effie's noble and handsome lover, Dr. Anthony.

While the town gossiped and sneered,

ed, his neat buggy was seen before the Rodneys' door more frequently than ever. Effie, Aline, or Mrs. Rodney were often seen driving with him through the wide, pretty streets, and people were fain to acknowledge that "that girl," as they contemptuously called her, was prettier than ever in spite of the cloud of mysterious disgrace that clung about her. She and Dr. Anthony had become great friends. He could not help admiring his betrothed's young sister even while he deplored the silence she maintained at so bitter a cost to herself and her friends.

And while the weary days waned and faded, Aline was waiting with a breaking heart for some sign or token from Oran Delaney.

It was many days now since the little white-winged prayer for mercy had fluttered from her hands down into the garden of Delaney House.

She had watched and waited, she had hoped and prayed, but no answer had come to her frantic appeal. Yet she knew that he had found it and read it.

She had been watching through a tiny rent in her curtain which she had made expressly for that purpose. She saw him tear it open and read it, then slowly walk away without even glancing up at her window.

Days went and came. There was no day in which Aline did not watch that tall form pacing up and down, though sensitively shrinking from observation herself. She spent many hours alone in her room, and it became insensibly a fascinating occupation to watch for his appearance as he came out for his daily walk, which he did whether it was gloomy or bright.

There was one thing which inspired her with a feeling of pique. It was that he never turned his eyes up to her window, never by any chance gave a sign or token that he was conscious of the wistful blue eyes watching him behind the white lace-bordered curtains.

Of what was he thinking? Why did he so persistently ignore her prayer? Had he really forgotten her? She asked herself these questions over and over, but no answer came from the silent lips of Oran Delaney as he walked up and down his lonely garden.

One day her father came home to dinner with a rather excited look upon his face.

He glanced across at the beloved daughter whose willfulness had brought such sorrow upon them all. She sat in her place as usual, but she scarcely tasted her food, only toyed with it while her thoughts seemed far away, and her long lashes drooped against her pale cheeks.

"Aline," he said abruptly.

"She started like one in a dream, and dropped her fork. The blue eyes looked quickly at him with a startled expression.

"Yes, papa," she answered, in the low, sad voice that had grown habitual with her since her return.

"Mr. Linton called upon me today," he said.

"Mr. Linton?" she repeated, blankly.

"Mr. Linton was a banker and quite an important personage in the social element of Chester."

"He brought me something for you," continued Mr. Rodney, and he reached across the table and laid a small folded package in Aline's hands.

She looked at it in wonder, without touching it.

"What is it, my dear?" inquired Mrs. Rodney, with womanly curiosity.

"Open it, Aline," said her father.

What Joy to be Freed From Piles

It is not only the intense itching and stinging that causes such great suffering from piles, but only the dread of a surgical operation, with its pain, expense and danger, but the whole system seems to be undermined, and as the ailment drags on from day to day and year to year one becomes discouraged, despondent, and in despair gives up all hope of cure.

The joy which cured ones experience on being freed from itching, bleeding and protruding piles is told in the thousands of letters which we have received from time to time.

You need not tell the writers of these letters that there is a case which Dr. Chase's Ointment will not cure, for they will not believe it. They alone know how they suffered, and also know that Dr. Chase's Ointment cured them. In many cases the cures were almost miracles, so little ointment was used. In others, while relief came quickly, cure was only effected by the persistent use of several boxes of the ointment.

Dr. Chase's Ointment is the only positive and guaranteed cure for every form of piles, 60 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

"Is it a letter, papa?" she asked, and the note of keen eagerness in her voice did not escape his alert hearing.

"Were you expecting a letter from anyone, dear?" he asked, pointedly.

"Yes—no," she answered, dejectedly, and a scarlet flame leaped up into her cheeks, then faded out into deathly white.

"Why don't you open your package, Aline?" said her sister.

"Yes, why don't you?" echoed Max, in a voice of lively curiosity.

She did not touch it still—she only looked at her father.

"Do you say it is not a letter, papa?" she asked.

"It is not a letter," he replied.

To Be Continued.

Advertiser Patterns

DESIGNED BY MARTHA DEAN.

4260

A SHIRTAUST COSTUME FOR A MISS—4260.

A serviceable shirtwaist gown is a desirable acquisition in any feminine wardrobe, and the young girl finds it no less necessary than the older woman. The model illustrated is a new and pretty one, developed in one of the many charming plaid wools of the present season, white serge banding used for the yoke-plastron, collar, cuffs, belt and trimming band. The latter may be omitted if desired. The skirt is built on straight lines, the fullness being evenly disposed in side pleats, which are stitched to hip depth, and below fall free to the hem. To model this becoming costume will require 9 1-8 yards of 27-inch material for the 6-year size.

4260—14, 15, 16, 17 years.

The price of this pattern is 10 cents.

PATTERN DEPARTMENT OF THE ADVERTISER.

Please send the above mentioned pattern, as per directions given below, to

Name

Street Address

Town

Province

Measurement: Bust Waist

Age (if child's or miss's pattern)

CAUTION: Be careful to inclose above illustration and send size of pattern wanted. When the pattern is bust measure you need only mark 22, 34 or whatever it may be. When in waist measure, 22, 24, 26, or whatever it may be, if a skirt, give waist and length measure. When misses' or child's pattern, write only the figure, representing the age. It is not necessary to write "inches" or "yards." Patterns cannot reach you in less than one week from the date of order. The price of each pattern is 10 cents in cash or in postage stamps.

Address

PATTERN DEPARTMENT, LONDON ADVERTISER.

Feather Beds, Pillows and Mattresses renovated and sterilized; also manufacturers of Mattresses, Feather Pillows, Cushions and Spring Beds, Brass and Iron Beds, Stoves, Furniture, Camp Beds, at the Feather Bed, Pillow and Mattress Cleaning Factory, J. F. HUNT & SONS, 593 Richmond Street, Phone 27.

5 or 500 or 5,000,000

—they are all alike.

Each biscuit as light as air made by fairy hands.

Baked to a golden russet brown.

So fresh, and crisp, and tempting, that just opening the box is teasing the appetite.

And you find a new delight in every one you eat.

Mooney's Perfection Cream Sodas

Had a STAB-LIKE PAIN THROUGH THE HEART.

MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS CURED HER AND SAVED HER LIFE.

There is no one, we imagine, sets about deliberately to do injury to the heart, yet in the excitement and excesses of present-day living, the nervous system is done violence to, and the heart and nerves being so intimately bound up with one another, disorganization of the one means disease and disorder of the other.

When you find your heart the least bit out of rhyme, your nerves unheeded, don't wait until you are prostrated on a bed of sickness. Take Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills. They'll put you in such condition you'll never know you have a heart, make your brain clear and active, your nerves strong, your blood rich and pure, and your whole being thrill with a new life.

Mrs. John C. Yensen, Little Rock, N.B., writes: "I was troubled with a stab-like pain through my heart. I tried many remedies but they seemed to do me more harm than good. I was advised by a friend to try Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, and after using two boxes I was completely cured. I cannot praise them enough for the world of good they did me for I believe they saved my life."

Price 60 cents per box or 3 boxes for \$1.25, all cure heart or heart disease direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

PLAIN TALK FROM THE DOCTOR

A prominent physician, famous for his success in the treatment of kidney and bladder troubles, stated that to the following prescription is due a great deal of his success:

One ounce fluid extract dandelion; One ounce compound salutaria; Four ounces compound syrup sarsaparilla.

Mix and take a teaspoonful after meals and at bedtime, drinking plenty of water.

This mixture will, he says, positively cure any diseases arising from weak, clogged or inactive kidneys, and will assist these organs to cleanse the blood of the poisonous waste matter and acids, which if allowed to remain, cause lumbago, lame back, rheumatism and sciatica, and at the same time will restore the kidneys to healthy normal action.

The ingredients, which are purely vegetable and entirely harmless, can be procured from any good druggist and mixed at home at very little cost.

This advice will undoubtedly be much appreciated by many readers.

Can you suggest a line to complete this LIMERICK?

IF YOU CAN, and wish to win a cash prize, buy any current copy of

The Mail and Empire

This Paper is Offering

\$150 Cash in Prizes

For the Thirty-five Best Lines

The writer of the cleverest line gets \$30 in cash; 2nd, \$20; 3rd and 4th \$10, and so on down to \$2. Everybody may try who complies with conditions, you don't have to be a subscriber. For full particulars see current issues, Daily or Weekly

Mail and Empire.

N.B.—This competition closes December 2nd.

Read Conditions Carefully Before Sending Answers.

Take Care of the Dollars

And the Pennies will take care of themselves.

It's all very well to save the pennies, but get into the way of saving the dollars. They count up faster. Consistent saving will place you beyond the grasp of need.

DEPOSIT YOUR SAVINGS HERE. Interest is paid quarterly upon deposits, and Huron & Erie Debentures earn 4 per cent. per annum.

AN INDICATION OF STRENGTH.

Cash Value of Mortgages \$10,050,973 25

To all Assets 11,103,214 92

Paid-up Capital 1,900,000 00

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There is no stronger Company with which to do business in Canada. Correspondence gladly entered into.

Huron & Erie

Loan & Savings Co., London, Ont.

For a small kitchen

THE SOUVENIR STEEL RANGE

has many advantages over the common cast iron range.

Requires only half the room, and yet possesses the same capacity.

Aerated oven-roasts meats perfectly without impregnating with smoke and impure odors.

Easily kept clean. It has a solid steel unbreakable base, and is very durable.

Every Souvenir is absolutely guaranteed by the makers.

THE GURNEY-TILDEN CO., Limited

HAMILTON, WINNIPEG, MONTREAL, VANCOUVER

McMurtry Hardware Co., 236 Dundas Street, Local Agents.

"This power bill," says Larry O'Shea, "Will sure turn my auburn hair grey; For with all their discussing, And figures, and fussing,

Can you suggest a line to complete this LIMERICK?

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Mail and Empire.