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"LOST-A PEARLE"

(Continued from page 6)

man's evident enthusiasm in the cause of his mother's governess. "We will go immediately to Vannes—go and get a time-table at once," he said to Richard, who instantly darted away. "My lord, let me speak with you privately a few moments," he added, drawing the young man further into one corner, for several gentlemen had just entered the room, and there he conversed with him in quiet but earnest tones until Richard returned, his face, which had so lately been anxious and sad, now animated with something of hope. "A train leaves for Dover at mid-night to catch a steamer that leaves early in the morning," he said to Sir Harold. "Then we will go at once," he answered, rising, "for, of course, I go with you." And, shaking hands with the young lord, they quickly left the place.

**CHAPTER THIRTY
Lady Fennelsea Surprised**

Lady Fennelsea and her family were most comfortably and pleasantly established in a first class hotel (which was also partially a medical establishment where many invalids resorted for their health) in the suburbs of Vannes.

It was fast becoming a noted place, this little spot of beauty, with its health-giving breezes, its charming scenery, and inviting quiet, so near the city, and yet upon the very verge of the sea.

Lady Fennelsea, Camilla and Francis occupied some rooms upon the second floor, while Pearl and Amy, with the two children and maid, had cheaper, though not less pleasant, apartments directly above.

They were all charmed with the place, and found Sir William Warner and his beautiful but delicate wife a very agreeable addition to their party.

The hotel was situated upon an abrupt eminence and surrounded by lovely grounds, while at their feet, and not more than three or five minutes' walk from the door, was the smooth, gleaming beach, where invalids could be wheeled in the smooth rolling chairs provided for that purpose, and where children and visitors could play and promenade at their pleasure.

It had been long since Pearl had had a sight of the sea, and she seemed actually to revel in the pure bracing air, and the beauty which everywhere surrounded her. Every day, accompanied by the children, she strolled upon the beach, spending a couple of hours in the most delightful manner to both herself and her little charges. The place was so quiet and so retired that her fears that Adison Cheetham would follow her

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seemed to vanish as if by magic. "He surely will never find me here," she thought, and all unconscious that her enemy was following her as fast as power of steam could convey him.

One day they wandered further than usual from the hotel, and came at length to a charming grove of pines, where enticing little rows of seats had been scattered in every direction to tempt the weary to rest. It was so shady and inviting here that Pearl sat down to rest; but the children, never weary of playing upon the beach, where they gathered pebbles, shells, and sea-weed, begged that they might be allowed to remain there.

She gave them permission, and then, feeling delightfully indolent and carefree, leaned back in her chair and looked over the broad, gleaming waters, and listened to the music of the breeze in the feathery pines overhead.

She had not been sitting there long before the sound of wheels attracted her attention.

Looking up she saw a young man wheeling a beautiful lady of perhaps twenty-two or three years of age, in an invalid chair.

They were accompanied by an elderly woman of about fifty, and from her resemblance to the gentleman, Pearl concluded, must be her mother.

The face of the invalid—the young man's wife Pearl supposed her to be—was exceedingly beautiful, save for its marble whiteness, and a strangely vacant expression about the eyes, which betrayed at once an intellect impaired.

Tears involuntarily sprang to the fair girl's own eyes as she looked upon this trio and realized the nature of their trial.

"How much sorrow there is in the world! She cannot be much older than I, and how fearful to lose one's mind, and still have to live on indefinitely! I have much to be thankful for, even in my own deep trouble," she thought, with a long-drawn sigh of mingled pity and gratitude.

The wind took up that sympathetic sigh and wafted it to the ears of the gentleman wheeling the invalid. He turned toward her, and something in

her pitying glance, and the sweet tremulous expression of her lips, must have impressed him, for he lifted his hat and bowed slightly as he passed by.

Pearle colored, not realizing, until this act convinced her of it, how patient her sympathy must have been to him.

"I wonder who they can be, and what has caused that terrible misfortune!" she said to herself, feeling a deep and sudden interest in them.

At the request of the children she went to the grove again the next day where she met the stranger a second time. Evidently the cool shadow of the fragrant pines was a favorite resort of the invalid as well as of herself and her charges.

Again the young man lifted his hat and bowed slightly, and his earnest glance to-day betrayed a feeling of interest on his own part as to who this stately, beautiful girl might be, with her sad, gray eyes and high-bred bearing.

The next day Amy was not well, and Pearl was obliged to leave her in the care of the maid while she went out with Master Fred and Miss Clara.

Thinking she would avoid meeting the strangers again, lest they might deem her unduly curious regarding them, she took another path leading from the hotel and turned her steps in a different direction.

The children started to run down the hill, while she followed more slowly.

Half way down the path there was a beautiful yew tree, and sitting alone in the shade of this was the lovely invalid that Pearl had seen twice before. Instinctively she slackened her pace as she came near, wondering why she should be left alone, when suddenly a gust of wind took the dainty hat from the stranger's head and sent it flying into a clump of bushes near by.

It was but the work of a moment for Pearl to secure it, and going to the invalid's side, she was about to hand it to her, when, with a trusting smile into her face, she bent her head forward to have it replaced.

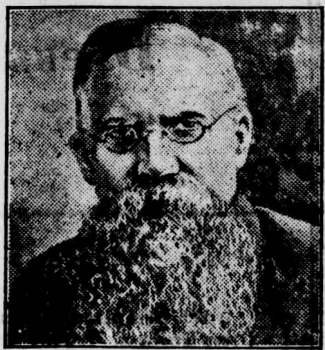
"Shall I tie it on for you?" she asked, returning the smile, as she gently placed it upon the soft, clustering hair; and her heart was more deeply stirred than ever by her sad infirmity.

"Yes, please," and the sick one lifted her chin to have the strings tied beneath.

Such a pretty chin it was, so fair and round, and such a witching dimple in it. The lips also—how sweet they were! the nose small and straight, with the exception of a little coquettish inclination to turn upward at the end; and the eyes! a thrill shot through Pearl as she met those large dark eyes, fixed so trustfully on hers—something in them moved her strangely. Where had she seen such eyes before.

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Helpless In Bed With Rheumatism
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MR. ALEXANDER MUNRO

R.R. No. 1, Lorne, Ont.
"For over three years, I was confined to bed with Rheumatism. During that time, I had treatment from a number of doctors, and tried nearly everything I saw advertised to cure Rheumatism, without receiving any benefit.

Finally, I decided to try 'Fruit-a-tives'. Before I had used half a box, I noticed an improvement; the pain was not so severe, and the swelling started to go down.

I continued taking this fruit medicine, improving all the time, and now I can walk about two miles and do light chores about the place."

ALEXANDER MUNRO.

50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size 25c. At all dealers or sent postpaid on receipt of price by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

"Have you seen Ad?" she asked, in sweet, flute-like tones, when Pearl had finished tying the hat ribbons into a pretty bow.

Supposing she referred to some one who was attending her, Pearl replied in the negative; and the girl, heaving a deep sigh, said:

"Well, perhaps he will come tomorrow—I must be patient."

The tone, the sigh, and the look of almost heart-broken sadness with which it was said, brought the tears involuntarily to Pearl's eyes.

"Are you alone," she asked gently. The girl seemed not to have heard, but sat looking absently off into the water.

A step sounded upon the gravel behind her, and turning quickly, Pearl stood face to face with the gentleman whom she had always seen with her before.

His hands were full of flowers, which he gently laid in the lap of his charge then lifting his hat he again bowed to Pearl.

"Thank you," he said, turning from her to the hat she had captured and replaced. "I should not have left her, but she asked for the flowers, and I do not like to refuse her anything."

"She does not know where Ad is—will he come to-morrow?" the sick girl asked, fixing her eyes wistfully upon him.

"Perhaps he will come to-morrow," he replied, gravely, though he sighed as he noted Pearl's pitying look, and then with another bow he passed on with his charge, and she hastened to join the children.

It made her very sad to see one so fair and lovely in such a state, and her heart ached for that unhappy husband, as she believed him to be, who was so devoted and tender to her in her helplessness.

Whether she was oppressed by this, or whether her anxiety for Amy, who seemed quite unwell, caused it, she could not have explained, but a sense of dreariness, loneliness, and impending evil settled down upon her, and before the day was half over she had grown so nervous that the slightest noise startled her and made the tears spring unbidden to her eyes.

During the afternoon, while she was sitting in Lady Fennelsea's room, reading aloud to her ladyship and Francis, a servant entered, bearing a card upon a silver tray.

Lady Fennelsea took it and read the name inscribed upon it, and her brow contracted with a look of perplexity.

Turning it over, she read a few words penciled upon the back, when she immediately arose and left the room.

Going below to the receiving parlor she found a stranger—a gentleman—awaiting her. He arose as she entered and bowed low before her.

"I crave your ladyship's pardon," he began, in insinuating tones, "from seeking this interview, being an entire stranger to you, and only the sternest necessity would have compelled me to do so."

Lady Fennelsea bowed somewhat coldly in reply to his speech, and then invited him to be seated, while she also settled herself comfortably in an easy chair.

"I understand," the stranger continued, with a keen glance into her face, "that you have a young lady in your family who calls herself Miss Melfert."

"Yes, that is my governess' name," Lady Fennelsea replied, bridling, and wondering what possible interest this

man, who wrote his address "Adison Cheetham, Pelham Pines, Aylebury, Bucks County," could have in her governess.

She devotedly hoped he was no aspiring "follower," for she did not relish the idea of being obliged to give up Pearl's valuable services, even in the indefinite future. She would be glad to keep her as long as Freda and Clara should need instruction at home.

"Ah!" Adison Cheetham said, with an accent of satisfaction at her reply, "you will excuse me, I trust, but it is my duty to tell you that Miss Melfert is a name that the lady has assumed—it is not her real name."

"Not her real name!" repeated the woman, drawing a startled breath, while thoughts of what Camilla had hinted and suspected began to flit through her head.

"No, your ladyship," he answered, with his sinister smile.

"How do you know?"—what is her name?—who is she?" she demanded, her usual self-possession somewhat shaken by learning anything so suspicious.

"I know from a personal acquaintance with her. Her name is—Mrs. Adison Cheetham; and she is—my wife!"

For a moment Lady Fennelsea looked the consternation and astonishment that she could not give utterance to.

"This must be some miserable practical joke—there can be no truth in what you affirm," she retorted, frowning, and without considering that she was giving the lie direct to this stranger.

Adison Cheetham flushed hotly at the imputation cast upon his veracity.

"Madam, you will have the goodness to read this," he said, with offended dignity, as he passed her the same paper which he had so recently shown her son.

She took it and read it.

"Do you mean to tell me that Margaret Radcliffe and Margaret Melfert are one and the same person?" she asked, severely, a fiery gleam in her eyes, which plainly said that if Miss Melfert had thus deceived her she should surely suffer for it.

"Yes, your ladyship—one and the same."

"Did she voluntarily marry you?"

Adison Cheetham colored at the blunt question, but he answered:

"We were married in church before hundreds of witnesses, and by the clergyman whose name you read there."

"Radcliffe—Radcliffe—that is a good name," said Lady Fennelsea, musingly.

"Yes, madam: my wife is most respectably connected," Adison Cheetham replied, with a stately manner.

Lady Fennelsea flushed; she knew there were people by the name of Radcliffe who stood very high in the world, although she was not personally acquainted with them; and she did not like to think that her governess, whom she had patronized and tried to put down and browbeat on account of her position, was in any way connected with them—it would not be pleasant to remember, if, at any time in the future, she should happen to meet either her or her relatives in the proud circles of the bon ton.

"I think you must be mistaken—I cannot believe that Miss Melfert is the person whom you believe her to be," she said, uneasily.

"I think I can prove to you what I have asserted," he answered, with a slight smile, as he read her annoyance. "You doubtless remember the holiday and picnic which your children enjoyed with their governess and their brother a few weeks ago."

"Yes," Lady Fennelsea returned, flushing at the stress he laid upon two words—it was as if he placed the governess and the young lord of Dunbarton Priory upon equal ground.

"I had an interview with my wife upon that occasion," her visitor continued, "during which I begged her to return with me to our home. Did not your son acquaint you with the incidents of the day?" he asked, with sarcastic significance.

Lady Fennelsea was almost boiling with rage, both at his insolence and at the thought that her son—one of the high and mighty ones of the earth—should have been in collusion with the governess—her servant and her dependent—deceiving her, and thus assisting the girl in her gross deception, if this tale was true.

Now she could understand Miss Melfert's sudden illness, that had necessitated her return from the picnic, now she could understand why Ambrose had hurried away from the mountains with such reckless haste. They had been in sympathy with each other: they had dared to have a secret in common, pulling the wool over her eyes, and making her tool to serve the purpose of an artful intriguing girl! She could see it all now, but she could not understand why, if Miss Melfert had woven such a spell around her son, he should choose to remain at home instead of accompanying them upon their travels, where he could still have enjoyed her society. Perhaps, however, this was also a secret between them.

All this flashed through her brain with the rapidity of lightning, and she was terribly angry, though her indomitable pride gave her a power to conceal it in a measure, but she resolved that if it was true, the girl should suffer for her audacity in no light degree.

Continued next week

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FIRE IS OUR MASTER

When prehistoric men lived in their caves, fire became truly their servant. In later times, however, when men forsook their cave dwellings and set up houses of wood for themselves, it became their master. The cities of the old world were devastated again and again. To mention only one—London was destroyed by fire or practically so, in 98, 992, 1087 (shortly after the coming of William the Conqueror) 1132, 1212, and culminating in the "great fire" of 1666. It has been said that no famous building in London—indeed in all of England—is as it was originally built. What is true of England is also true of other European countries, and to a great extent, of the cities of America. Kipling, in a message to his Canadian brethren, characterized the people of America as one "who by their haste and waste have so dissipated their own resources that even before national middle age they are driven to seek virgin fields for cheaper food and living." This is amply justified so far as concerns the great fire waste on this continent. The actual fire losses due to destruction of buildings and their contents amounted to an average over a period of the last ten years to \$230,000,000 a year. This is \$630,000 a day—\$26,000 an hour, or \$400 a minute. This is an equivalent of 4,000 homes destroyed every ten minutes during the year. Every day of the year there are nine schools, seven hotels, four hospitals and 1,600 dwellings entirely wiped off the map, and in this destruction is involved the loss of fifteen lives every day during the year. You have no doubt heard the story of the beautiful maidens in early times in far off Hawaii, one of whom was each year taken to the mouth of a great volcano and there made a sacrifice to appease the God of Fire. We consider this a barbaric custom and yet by our ignorance and carelessness in this country we are every day sacrificing the lives of fifteen people to this very God of Fire. If all of these people were destroyed in one day by some vast conflagration, as has recently happened in Halifax, N.S., it would cause a gasp of horror to go over the entire continent, and yet this gradual attrition of life causes no particular comment from our people.

Unless a man is polite to his wife he is not polite.

An egg is best when fresh, but it's different with an office boy.

Land Regulations

The sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years old, who was at the commencement of the present war and has since continued to be a British subject or a subject of an allied or neutral country, may homestead a quarter section of available Dominion Land in Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta. Applicant must appear in person at Dominion Lands Agency or Sub-Agency for District. Entry by proxy may be made on certain conditions. Duties—Six months residence upon and cultivation of land in each of three years.

In certain districts a homesteader may secure an adjoining quarter section as pre-emption. Price \$3 per acre. Duties—Reside six months in each of three years after earning homestead patent and cultivate 50 acres extra. May obtain pre-emption patent as soon as homestead patent on certain conditions.

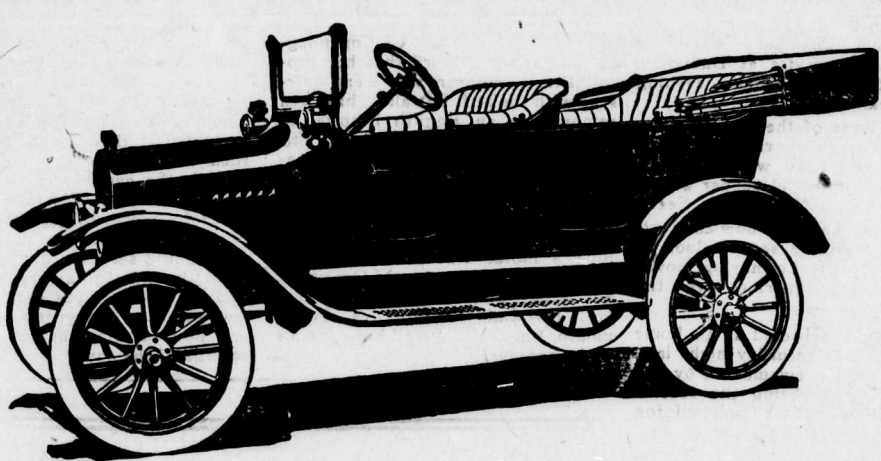
A settler after obtaining homestead patent, if he cannot secure a pre-emption, may take a purchased homestead in certain districts. Price \$3 per acre. Must reside six months in each of three years, cultivate 50 acres and erect a house worth \$300.00.

Holders of entries may count time of employment as farm labourers in Canada during 1917, as residence duties under certain conditions.

When Dominion Lands are advertised or posted for entry, returned soldiers who have served overseas and have been honorably discharged, receive one day priority in applying for entry at local Agent's Office (but not Sub-Agency). Discharge papers must be presented to Agent.

W. W. CORY.

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**Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA**