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The Mystery of Rutledge Hall

OR

"The Cloud With a Silver Lining"

CHAPTER IV.

"Will you come and speak to Dolly?" Stephen asked, gently, anxious to remove the anxiety from the fair young face; and Sidney turned her horse's head in silence, and then pulled up.

"I think—I think I ought to speak to Mrs. Rutledge," she said, hesitatingly, looking at Stephen with great pleading eyes.

"Yes, certainly," he agreed, readily, in an easy pleasant voice, and they rode across the field together.

Mrs. Rutledge's greeting was a very cold one. She did not put out her hand to Sidney, as she had done to her fiancée; she smiled coldly and bowed her head, and greeted Miss Arnold with a few languid words; and Stephen thought afterward that, if he had not loved Sidney already, he must have loved her then for the courteous, pretty grace of manner, so pleasant and cordial, which she showed.

"I have not seen you since your engagement, Miss Arnold," Mrs. Rutledge said, in her sweet but rather metallic voice. "I ought to congratulate you, I suppose, if marriage is a subject for congratulation, which I am inclined to doubt," she added, with a slight glance at her husband, who sat erect on his saddle, rigid and furious, gnawing at his stiff gray mustache.

"Whether it be so or not must depend upon circumstances," put in Frank, ironically. "Similarity of tastes, of pursuits, and suitability of age are generally considered—"

"Ah, spare us a homily on marriage!" Sidney said, with languid deprecation. "Nothing warns people when they are bent on self-destruction, you know—neither advice nor threats—with a peculiar glance at Frank—"nor persuasion—with another glance at Stephen. "One wants to find out for one's self, and one forgets that, should the discovery prove an unpleasant one, it will be too late to undo what is done."

She ended with a little shrug of the shoulders and a slight careless laugh. Mr. Rutledge, who had with difficulty suppressed his impatience, said sharply:

"Are we going to talk nonsense all day? Daunt, are you ready? Hunting is a thing of the past, it seems to me now!"

"Ah, hunting is not what it was



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throb of anger at his heart against Frank Greville.

"I would have taken better care of her than that," he said to himself, as he rode off to fulfill his promise to her. "Poor child, she deserves a happier fate!"

And late that afternoon Sidney, watching at one of the windows of the Gray House, looking out into the street in which the lamps were lighted and shone through a gray misty drizzle, saw the two young men riding slowly side by side up the center of the wide thoroughfare. They glanced at the Gray House as they passed, and Stephen saw the little watching figure at the lighted window, and lifted his hat and smiled. Frank pulled up.

"I will go and ask Sidney for some tea," he said. "Will you come, Daunt?"

"Thank you, no. My mother will be uneasy; it is late already," Stephen answered, and rode away homeward in the wintry twilight, thinking how cheerily the fire would be blazing in the charming old drawing-room of the Gray House, and how Sidney's face would brighten into such sweet welcome of her lover. And, as he thought, he sighed.

CHAPTER V.

"Do you quite understand me, Sibyl?"

There was no answer. Mr. Rutledge, standing before the wood fire in his wife's room, looking, as his wont was now, angry and moody, repeated his question in a louder tone; but it was received with the same indifference and inattention. His wife never raised her eyes from her book.

She was lying back in a low, deep arm-chair drawn up near the fire, looking wondrously beautiful, queenly, and negligent, a book in one hand, a hand-screen, delicately painted and elaborately carved, in the other, shading her face from the fire. It would have been difficult to find a more exquisite picture; but the anger in the squire's eyes only deepened as he marked her beauty and felt that, although she was his wife, he was powerless to make the color deepen in her cheek or the light sparkle in her eyes, and reflected that during the three months of their married life she had always shown him the same negligence and indifference almost bordering on contempt—she, the poor homeless governess, without connections or position, whom he had made mistress of Rutledge Hall, and to whom he had given his name—one well known and respected in the whole county.

It was entirely owing to his high position, he told himself, indignantly, that she had met with such a reception in the county. He had an uneasy feeling that he was not a popular man himself; but he had been generally respected as a good landlord and an honorable gentleman, and his wealth was great, his position undeniable.

All the county people called upon Mrs. Rutledge, and came away impressed not only by her wondrous beauty, but by her perfect ease of manner and self-possession.

(To be continued.)



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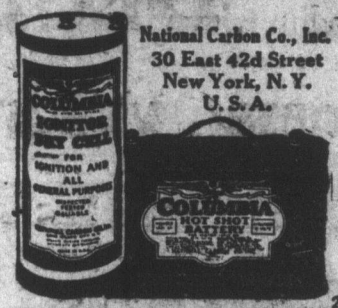
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Move to Ban Horses in London

There are said to be indications that a move is in progress to ban horses in some of the streets of London.

Sir Walter Gilbey, chairman of the National Horse Association of Great Britain, in a protest against the "unjust" accusation that the cause of the present congestion of the London streets rests with the horse-drawn vehicles, mentions that proposals have been formulated to withdraw or curtail the use of the horse in London.

He protests against such a proposal "unjust in its incidence and of serious importance to thousands of firms and small owners.

"No official steps have been taken to restrict the number of horses on the London streets yet," said Sir Walter Gilbey to a newspaper representative. "Any such move will be quickly nipped in the bud by our sending a strong deputation representing people with interests in the horse.

"The introduction of legislation in Parliament, obviously on the part of people interested in other forms of traffic, will not, in my opinion, stand a chance of going through if it aims at the complete elimination of the horse from the streets.

"It is an impossible idea, and this is realized by a large number of the more sensible people interested in motors and motor production. They themselves have told me that it would be impossible for certain classes of traders to carry on without employing horses.

"The idea suggested in one quarter, of getting over the alleged difficulty of the horse by licensing these animals and as they die off refusing to renew the license, is too preposterous for words. A refusal to license certain forms of mechanical transport on our streets would certainly be more to the point, in my opinion."

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The Pope and Girl Guides

Cardinal Bourne, Archbishop of Westminster, has received a letter from Cardinal Gasparri, Secretary of State at the Vatican, conveying the Pope's blessing on Roman Catholic Girl Guide companies formed by the Catholic Women's League.

Cardinal Gasparri writes: "The Holy Father has learned with pleasure that under the auspices of the worthy Catholic Women's League new companies of Girl Guides are being formed in your city side by side with the troops of Boy Scouts already flourishing, with the object of giving to the young girls a definitely Christian training. And as these new forms of inducement to do good, which at the same time stimulate sentiments of honour and loyalty in all human affairs, may well appeal to the special needs of that ingenious and generous age, the Holy Father with benevolent condescension gives his blessing to the timely spread of these organizations in your country. At the same time it is his wish that they should have deeply impressed upon them the special seal of Catholic faith and piety, preserving always their entire dependence upon the superior ecclesiastical authorities." (Output papers please copy.)

Add a few chopped apples and walnut meats to the filling for lemon pie. Mashed sweet potatoes can be shaped like apples, with a leaf in one end.

Beauty Treatment Improves a Black Dandy

A clean shave with a chip of broken bottle-glass was an important part of the toilet of an aboriginal beau, in far-northern Australia, as described by Capt. G. H. Wilkins, who has been collecting specimens in that region for the British Museum. The New Zealand Herald quotes Captain Wilkins as follows:

The young man Yarra, who had until now been sporting a pointed beard, pendant from his chin, while the rest of his cheeks were shaven, decided to attend to tonsorial matters, so he uncovered a broken bottle from the sandy floor of the cave, and chipping small fragments from it with his tomahawk, he dry-shaved his cheeks with the sharp-edged pieces that were no bigger than a threepenny bit. This was done without the aid of a looking-glass, yet he miraculously escaped from cutting his skin. He felt his smoothed cheeks and stroked his beard, and then mixed a little of the white clay used for their drawings and painted an oval mark about his eyes and eyebrows.

While this was drying, Yarra sat up with his back against a stone while two other men pulled each joint of his arms and produced a cracking noise. First the shoulder, then the elbow—this was done by swinging the arm sharply downward—then the wrists, and every joint of the fingers. The men on each side endeavored to pull the joints so that they cracked in unison, and it is this happened there were bursts of laughter.

When each joint of the arms and hands had cracked, the attendants transferred their attention to the legs. Knees and ankles were twisted until they snapped, and then each toe in turn was pulled. In order to get a better pull, the attendants placed their feet against the patient and pulled for all they were worth. With this semi-dislocating process finished, Yarra seemed quite content and lolled about in the manner of a duff fresh from a Turkish bath.

But he was not long contented. He decided to be clean-shaven, or at least clean-faced, and, after a short consultation with his attendants, they collected some of the beeswax he had gathered and rubbed it on his beard. Then one of them sat astride him and they called in the services of a third man, who held Yarra's head upon the ground. The other man rolled two or three hairs of the beard together with the wax and plucked them out by the roots. Each time required a considerable effort to remove it, and one would have thought it a most painful process.

The operators certainly enjoyed it, and Yarra kept up a stammering chant of "Jesus Loves Me," half-English, half-native, his voice smothering each time a jerk by the barber closed his lower jaw. The whole effect was most ludicrous, and every one, including Yarra, laughed heartily. The operation was completed in about twenty minutes. Yarra's chin was free from hair, and his mustache had been plucked from the ends until only a "Charlie Chaplin" effect was left. The attendants massaged the newly plucked skin, and the process was over.

The men then settled down to various occupations. Some painted designs on sticks, others smoked, and one man started to make a belt by spinning human hair on a primitive form of spindle.

I spent several days with these people. Each day we hunted "sugarbush," and ate the heart of palm-trees, but gathered no other food, and then Yarra and his friends accompanied me to within a mile or so of the mission station.

I was well pleased with the trip. I had gained the confidence of the natives so far as to be accepted into their camp and to meet and photograph their women. So far as I know, it is the first time that a white man has lived in the camp of Groote Eylanders, who had their women with them.

No Limit to Upward Tendencies of Life

LONDON, August 27.—(Canadian Press Cable)—A startling view of the future of mankind was expressed by Professor W. A. Parks, of the University of Toronto, addressing the Geological Section of the British Association for the Advancement of Science to-day. Prof. Parks said that earthquakes were really a blessing in disguise, for if the earth's crust were rigid enough to resist earthquakes, a universal deluge, geologically speaking, would be within sight as the power of erosion is great enough to reduce the land to sea level but for the opposing rejuvenating forces.

Upward Tendency of Life.—Prof. Parks was confident that there was no limit to the upward tendency of life. He said that the future variation in climate would probably greatly affect human activities and that it was not impossible, within a measurable number of years, that the present sites of civilization would be buried under glaciers and that a new civilization would occupy the Polar regions under a genial climate.

Sir Archibald Denny, President of the Engineering Section of the Assoc-

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