



**Corsets!**  
The new black-boning "Durabone" is a feature of the D & A Model 231, and adds another reason for the purchase of this D & A.  
"Durabone" preserves its shape almost indefinitely and assures to the corset a long life and to the wearer, both comfort and absence of wear.  
Number: For slender to medium stout figures.  
All your corsetiers  
Made in Canada's leading corsetry  
**DOMINION CORSET CO.**  
MONTREAL QUEBEC TORONTO  
Makers of La Diosa and Goddess Corsets

## The Broken Circle!

CHAPTER IV.

Leah looked out at the golden sunshine and the bright blue sky. How fair the earth was! It seemed hard that every one could not be happy, that hopes must perish, love be wrecked, life all spoiled. Then she began to write. That moment presented the supreme temptation of her life. She longed so intensely to tell him that she knew all, to reproach him that he had preferred another, to tell him that it was the knowledge of this fact which had killed her. She longed to say this to him. It seemed so hard to die and make no sign. He would live and be happy, and no one would ever know what she had suffered or why she had died. She sat for some time with the pen in her hand. It was the one great temptation of her life. Should she tell him or not? When she came to die, should she feel any happier that she had left him with this sting in his breast, this memory which would always be to him one of bitter pain? It would be ample vengeance. If he knew that her unhappiness had killed her, he could never be happy again. He was honorable and sensitive; the chances were that if he knew the truth he would never marry Hettie. He was not one to build his happiness on the grave of the woman who had loved him so well. She judged him rightly. If ever he knew or suspected the truth, he would never have another happy moment. It was a great temptation. Her heart throbbed with it, her whole frame trembled; and then with a supreme effort she conquered it. They—may, even he whom she loved, when he heard her story—had pronounced her selfish. She could prove now that that was untrue. She could make the greatest sacrifice that any woman could make, all the more noble that it would remain for ever a secret between Hettie and herself. She would not tell him one word. If in that past life of hers she had been selfish, her selfishness would be atoned for now. She could write a simple letter, saying nothing of love or reproach, nothing of life or death, but telling him that she had found the wedding-ring broken. "My very dear Basil: To my surprise this



**Corns?**  
—just say  
**Blue-jay**  
to your druggist  
**Stops Pain Instantly**  
The simplest way to end a corn is Blue-jay. A touch stops the pain instantly. Then the corn loosens and comes out. Made in two forms—a colorless, clear liquid (one drop does it) and in extra thin plasters. Use whichever form you prefer, plasters or the liquid—the action is the same. Safe, gentle. Made in a world-famous laboratory. Sold by all druggists.  
Beware: White Sugar & Black, Toronto, Canada, are the valuable marks. "Correct Care of the Foot."

morning, on opening my jewel-case, I found the wedding-ring broken. I enclose it. You know better what to do with it than I—  
Swiftly, suddenly, as had been foretold, death came to her, without pain, without bitterness, without agony. The pen dropped from the white fingers; her head fell upon the paper. She died with a smile on her lips. There was not even a spasm of pain, no faint murmur or cry. The throbbing, laboring, broken heart had stopped at last. With the wind that chanted a requiem among the great trees her soul rose to heaven, and the body left behind grew cold and beautiful in the embrace of death.

So they found her, dead, with the half-written letter and the broken wedding-ring.

The duchess was almost frantic. She refused to believe that Leah was dead. It was utterly impossible, she declared. She called for brandy, wine, hot water—every possible restorative. She would not see the mark of death on the beautiful face. She sent for doctors, and one of the first was Dr. Evan Griffiths.

He recognized her at once. This was the despairing girl who had come to him long ago with her whole heart to die; and the longing had been granted. He was accustomed to many a sad sight and scene, to every kind of sickness and distress; but he had seen nothing which touched him more than the dead face of this hapless girl. Tears came into his eyes.

The duchess told him of the broken wedding-ring; she thought it a most marvellous coincidence. And the little story conveyed to the doctor almost all that he wanted to know. Of course there was nothing to be done. Dr. Griffiths said that there was no need for an inquiry; the cause of death was heart disease—there was no doubt of it.

The duchess raised her hands in astonishment.  
"Heart disease!" she cried. "I have never heard her complain of her heart!"  
"I have," sobbed Hettie. "I have frequently heard her complain of a sharp, strange pain, and of her heart beating slowly."  
(To be continued.)

## Lord Cecil's Dilemma

—OR—  
The Picnic

## Woodall Forest

CHAPTER III.

Swintford Park was one of the most beautiful stretches of wooded land in England. It was densely stocked with trees of many kinds, but the sweet-smelling lime and fragrant fir predominated. There were magnificent oaks, under which the Roundheads had held high revelry after the ancient castle of Dudley had been bombarded and cannonaded by Cromwell. There were caverns where the unhappy royalists had secreted themselves, glades of deep, velvety grass, fairy dells, and valleys of flowering moss.  
Beyond the ancient park were hundreds of rolling acres of meadow land, and it was in one of these fields

under the shadow of a belt of lindens, that the flower shows, bazars, and fetes of Swintford were usually held. The flower show and bazaar in which Lady Diana Howard was so interested was favored, by queen's weather. There was not a cloud in all the blue sky, and just breeze enough to temper the heat of the sun and gently ripple the gayly colored streamers that floated merrily from the centre-poles of the pavilions, where tea and other refreshments were to be sold.

Workmen had been busy since early morning, but by midday all was in readiness for the visitors, and at three o'clock the gates were opened, and people began to arrive in carriage and on foot. The vicar had spared no pains to advertise the bazaar, and had secured for the flower-stalls half-a-dozen ladies of title, all young and lovely, and full of a bountiful harvest when his eye fell upon the picturesque and animated scene.

The highest and the poorest of several parishes were mingling together, all dressed in holiday attire. There were ladies wearing rich silk and costly lace, and ladies in print and calico. There were men in showy blazers and flannels; men in morning dress, as though just fresh from Piccadilly, and men in fustian coats. But all were happy and smiling, and impressed by the beauty, the sunshine, the rich coloring, the fragrance, and music about them.  
Until four o'clock the flowers were on view, after that hour the bazaar began. Besides the flower-stalls, there were stalls where trinkets, laces, and knick-knacks of all kinds were to be sold. All these things had been presented to the bazaar by the well-to-do people of the parish.

There was a private pavilion set apart for the use of the ladies and their friends who were to preside at the various stalls, and long before four o'clock this shelter for the beautiful was surrounded by a crowd of fashionable young men.

As the ladies arrived, there was a great flourishing of hats and caps, hurried introductions, glances of admiration, and amiable whispers.

"Here are the Craythornes, Charles," cried a fair-haired, blue-eyed young girl. "The two girls, Ada and Flossie, and their mamma, Lady Craythorne! Do you know them?"

"I think I have heard of them, Cecil, and remember meeting Lady Craythorne in London some time ago, but I never had an introduction."  
"Then come along; they are going in at the other side. The girls are fine!"  
Lord Cecil seized his friend's arm, and in another minute was introducing Sir Charles Hastings to Lady Craythorne and her two dashing daughters. Both favored the young baronet with their most bewitching smiles, and hoped that he would patronise their stall.

Sir Charles bowed his handsome head. He had no particular use for any of their trinkets, but he promised to buy some flowers.  
"You must spend all your money with us!" said Ada, coquettishly.  
"But that would scarcely be fair," Sir Charles laughed. "I understand that the vicar has artfully created a friendly rivalry among you ladies."  
"That is just the reason why I make the request, Sir Charles! Our stall is Number Seven."  
"What a splendid fellow!" she whispered to her sister, and Lady Craythorne resolved to make some inquiries about him. It would never do to allow an "eligible" to escape her. Ada was not yet provided for, and Flossie did not appear to be able to bring Lord Cecil to the point.  
(To be continued.)

## Children's Bloomers.

Elastic at waist and knees, in Pink and White.  
White, per pair . . . 29c.  
Pink, per pair . . . 35c.

## Braces.

Men's Work and Dress Braces for only 25c.

## Poplin.

In Black and Navy; a splendid material for ladies' dresses or costumes. Come in and get your share before it is all gone; Black 36 ins. wide, Navy 44 ins.  
Per Yard, \$1.45

# NOW! A MONEY-SAVING CLIMAX.



**Boys' Pants.**  
Just what every boy needs to wear with his summer blouses to save his good suit.  
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In Navy, White, Black, Navy and White, Fawn, Fawn and White and Red and White; all have long streamers; to fit all ages.  
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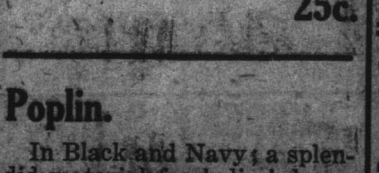
**Ladies' Crepe-de-Chene Blouses.**  
In Fawn, trimmed with a neat lace collar or bow, and square necks, long sleeves.  
Each, \$2.98 & \$3.2



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Elastic at waist and knees, in Pink and White.  
White, per pair . . . 29c.  
Pink, per pair . . . 35c.



**Braces.**  
Men's Work and Dress Braces for only 25c.



**Poplin.**  
In Black and Navy; a splendid material for ladies' dresses or costumes. Come in and get your share before it is all gone; Black 36 ins. wide, Navy 44 ins.  
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## Yes--The very Limit of Value Giving!! Bargains, Prices--Truly Sensational.

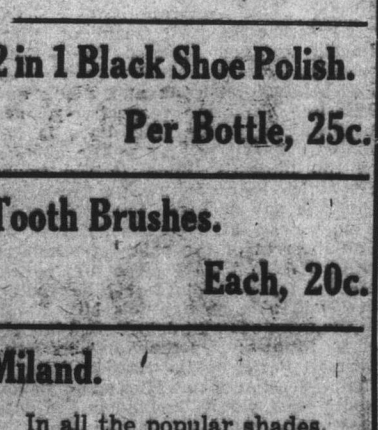
Gathered here on this page is the most wonderful array of genuine bargains that has ever confronted the readers of this paper. But just to say that they are bargains is leaving half unsaid. They are unmatched—the very limit of value giving.



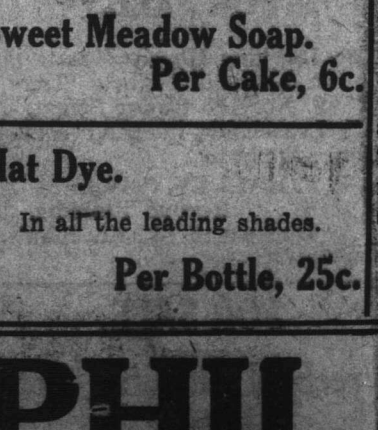
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MEN'S BATHING SUITS.  
Made of a splendid Jersey cloth in Navy Blue; all sizes.  
Each . . . . . \$1.98  
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Each . . . . . \$1.79  
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Each . . . . . 79c.  
BOYS' BATHING PANTS  
Of Navy Blue.  
Per Pair . . . . . 49c.



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It is now you need a good scrub brush for house cleaning, and we can give you one for 12c.



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With two bands of elastic; made of Pink Sateen, ribbon straps.  
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The Bloomers are just the right weight for summer wear; elastic at knee and waist.  
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**Ladies' Pink Bloomers.**  
The Bloomers are just the right weight for summer wear; elastic at knee and waist.  
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**Scrim.**  
A double width Scrim with fancy border, some in White and Cream.  
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In light and dark colors.  
Dark Brown, per yard . . . 29c.  
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Per Tin, 25c.

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Save your dimes.  
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**Embroidery!**  
Embroidery!  
The variety of styles and patterns is unlimited—all marked at prices for final clean-up.  
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Turkish Towels of medium sizes. Regular 70c.  
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For Morning and Time Needs. In the loveliest designs, in every practical tint to please your fancy; sizes for all.  
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This is a splendid opportunity to get the prettiest of any of our remaining millinery; in summer's most pleasing styles at prices cut to the mere cost of the materials.  
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For every day wear; made with a yoke, nicely bound neck and sleeves; to fit from 1 to 6 years.  
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Made from White Nubuck; to fit from 1 to 6 years.  
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In fancy stripes; they can be worn without a coat in hot summer weather.  
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Made of a splendid White Cashmere; to fit from 1 to 6 years.  
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