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CHAPTER XI. WHEN LOVE ENTERS.

"So you have come back?" I remark, without looking round, picking up my papers as I speak, with the reflection that I have written quite enough for the present, judging from the way in which my head is aching. "What do you suppose I have been doing all the morning? Guess!"

No answer. The problem is rather too much for him, I suppose.

"But, of course, you couldn't guess if you tried for a month; and, knowing that you are just ready to die of curiosity, I will take pity on you and relieve it at once," I add. "Don't let me take your breath away, dear boy, but I'm writing a novel!" I continue, making the startling announcement as cautiously as possible. "It is only just commenced yet; but don't laugh, and I'll read you the opening pages. Listen!"

There is a little, stifled cough, a fresh puff of tobacco smoke, but Len neither speaks nor advances, as, turning to the first page, I commence the reading of "Dark Deeds."

It has cost me a world of trouble, and taken me a long time to accomplish these few poor, short little pages of manuscript; but, somehow, now that I come to read it over, I fail to find the result as encouraging as I hoped.

"There! That's all there is written yet; and, oh, dear! I am afraid it isn't so very wonderful, after all," I remark, with a sigh. "I had no idea the thing was so difficult! Heigh-ho! I wonder what authors were born for?"

"To write things for other people to pick to pieces, I presume," says my unseen companion, rather huskily. Evidently the tobacco is getting into his throat, for he coughs and chokes once more to such an extent that his voice is scarcely recognizable as Len's.

"I'm afraid you are right," I reply, rather sadly. "But you have not told me yet what you think of 'Dark Deeds' so far. Will it please an editor, do you think?"

"He must be the most stony-hearted

monster in existence if it does not," says a voice that certainly is not Len's; and, wheeling sharply round, in my astonishment, I find myself face to face with a perfect stranger.

I am not, as a rule, very easily embarrassed, or taken at a disadvantage, I think. But for once in a way I certainly am thrown completely off my equilibrium, as I find myself face to face with the stranger, who, with his feet firmly planted in the hillocky grass, and his back against the gnarled trunk of the old oak, stands looking down at me, a gleam of quiet but intense amusement in his laughing, gray-blue eyes.

He is a young man—a perfect stranger to me, and, I feel sure, to Hanbury. Moderately tall, well grown, with a pair of shoulders like an athlete; a splendid face, beardless save for a small mustache shading a mouth tender and sensitive as a woman's; and a careless abandon—an artistic ease in the style and fit of his dress that is certainly not English.

A frank, good-looking young fellow with a gay good humor in his honest smile and laughing eyes that would have put me at my ease with him in a moment but for the awkwardness of the circumstances under which we had met; but which, remembering my unlucky confidence about "Dark Deeds," renders me supremely awkward and ashamed, as, gathering up my papers with what I hope he will consider an air of the loftiest displeasure, I favor him with a little stiff bow and turn away.

CHAPTER XII. MY AMERICAN CRITIC.

"YOU are not angry with me, I hope?" he exclaims, as, lifting his hat, he steps to my side, and looks with half-pleading, half-mischiefous eyes into my face. "Don't make me feel that I have offended you past all forgiveness, by leaving me without a word."

"Pardon me," I return, in my feeblest tones, "I have not the honor of your acquaintance; you had no right to force your company upon me!"

"Hum! Do you think that quite a true bill?" he asked, still keeping by my side. "If you will just cast your memory back over the last half hour, I guess you'll find that the thing was—well, rather the other way. I did not speak first, you know."

"But I thought when I heard your

mer, as I turn to look into the pleasant eyes that are smiling at me with a gay good nature that might have disarmed the resentment of a harder heart than mine.

"I knew that you had mistaken me for some more fortunate mortal," he says. "And, however the error occurred, I have every reason to be thankful to it!"

"But why did you not move, speak, or do something to disabuse my mind of so ridiculous an error?" I ask resentfully, as I quicken my pace.

"Well, now, wouldn't that be too much to expect? Did you never learn that there are some temptations too great for resistance?" he asks. "Remember, if I had disclosed my identity, I should have lost 'Dark Deeds.'"

It is useless trying to be serious. The utter absurdity of the situation strikes me so forcibly that, bursting into a peal of mirth, in which I am joined by my companion, I laugh until the tears roll down my cheeks.

"You must have thought it so utterly ridiculous!" I exclaim. "It was my first effort in the literary line; and, do you know, I am beginning to doubt whether nature ever designed me for an authoress, after all, I dare say you thought 'Dark Deeds' the greatest rubbish you ever heard; but you are quite at liberty to laugh as much as you want to," I add magnanimously, with a rueful glance at the poor little roll of manuscript in my hand.

"Thanks," he replies; "but I have no particular desire to laugh. Your work was not addressed to the ears of the critical when addressed to me. But you don't mean to say that you live here—at Deepdene?" he asks, utterable astonishment in both look and tone, as, having reached the garden gate, I lay my hand on the latch, and turn to bid him good evening.

"Yes," I reply. "Why not? What do you know of Deepdene? Judging from your appearance, I should have taken you for a stranger in these parts."

"I am a stranger," he admits, a little regretfully, I think. "I only arrived in England from America a week ago; but, for all that, I have heard of the old house at Deepdene, and the little family of adventuressome spirits who have come, after so many years of ruin and neglect, to take up their quarters in that ghost-haunted abode. You must be very ignorant of country gossip if you think such an unheard-of proceeding as yours can escape comment in a place like Hanbury, Miss Kendrick. I know your name, you see."

"Which, considering that you are probably staying in Hanbury, is scarcely so very wonderful," I reply, with a glance at the shadows that are beginning to lengthen on the grass.

One after another the minutes are slipping away as I stand here at the gate, talking to this new acquaintance of mine with an enjoyment I have not felt in weeks—a reprehensible proceeding, for which my only excuse is that I have been feeling, very, very lonely of late. And, besides, it is nice to chat with such a good-looking stranger, in whose easy, careless manner lies a simple gallantry, a chival-

rous kindness, that impresses me greatly.

Recalled at last to a sense of the proprieties and the heinousness of my behaviour in thus talking to a man to whom I have never been properly introduced I call my dignity to my aid, and, with a final good evening, leave my acquaintance at the gate.

Addie and Mr. Warden, looking very love-like, are in the garden sitting in the shadow of the old cedar, a volume of Tennyson, from which Ernest has evidently been reading aloud, lying so palpably neglected on the grass at their feet, that I do not join them.

I have no wish to interrupt their tête-à-tête, nor do they want me very much, I imagine; and, with a sigh, I turn away from the sight of the happiness that makes my own lot look so dull and cheerless by the contrast, to enter the kitchen, where I am informed by Mrs. Martin, who happens to be at Deepdene to-day, that Leonard has not yet returned.

I go into the parlor and pick up a book of poems, then, seating myself in the window recess, I try to read. But in a little while the book drops listlessly from my hands, and my thoughts are straying so far away from my author and the dreamy old parlor at Deepdene, that it is with something very little short of a start that I am aroused from my reverie by the sound of voices.

Addie and Ernest Warden, pausing in their walk in the garden outside, have come to a stand just under the window.

"It is not the opinion of the world that I care for," Addie is saying, in reply to some remark of her companion; "but I should like to tell dear Len and Lesley. Why should we keep our secret from them?"

"Why should we take any one into our confidence, rather?" is the reply. "Mine is a love that will not brook no rivalry—not even a brother and sister!" I cannot spare one thought of yours, dear love. I want all there is of you; and I did think that you loved me well enough to trust me wholly and entirely," he adds, looking fondly, pleadingly, down at her, as she stands before him, her eyes still fixed with an expression of trouble on the flower she is picking to pieces.

"I do trust you, Ernest! How could I live if anything were to destroy my faith in you?" she replies, as she turns and looks at him with a mist of tears in her eyes. "But at the same time, I cannot understand the need of all this secrecy. Why should you wish for a private marriage? Oh, Ernest, tell me one thing: You are quite sure it is not because you are ashamed of me?"

"Ashamed of my own love, my heart's darling?" he replies, with an earnestness there is no mistaking; and, putting his arm about her waist, he draws her to him. "Ah! my darling, if you only knew all—if you could only understand how earnestly I feel that you are infinitely too good for a graceless fellow like me, who—except that I love you as few women were ever loved before—know myself so utterly unworthy of you that I am perpetually tortured by the fear that fate can never intend to bless me with so much happiness—a miserable, haunting dread that something is destined to come between us."

"But what can come between us, so long as we love and trust each other?" Addie inquires, a look of perplexity in the grave eyes she lifts to the face of her lover.

"I cannot tell you—I cannot explain what I fear," he returns. "But I am not what the world calls a good man, dear," he goes on, in a tone of deep earnestness. "There have been as many sins and follies in my past life as in most men's, more, perhaps; and if I were to tell you all—well, all my past life—you would send me away from you; and the end of it would be that I should either go mad or shoot myself!"

"I should never do that," she replies, with lips that quiver pitifully. "I shall never send you away from me, but for one reason—the knowledge that you have ceased to care for me; and if that knowledge ever comes, it will break my heart, I think!"

"That tender little heart is in very little danger, then, if it never breaks until I cease to care for you, Addie!" is the response. "But you have not answered my question yet, dear; you have not told me whether I am to be the most happy or the most miserable of men? Oh, my love, my darling, do not fail me now—do not refuse to trust me wholly and entirely."

(To be Continued.)

Fashion Plates

The Home Dressmaker should keep a Catalogue Scrap Book of our Fashion Plates. These will be found very useful to refer to from time to time.

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Waist—2500. Skirt—2504. Comprising Waist Pattern 2500 and Skirt Pattern 2504. Foulard, taffeta, batiste, dimity, dotted Swiss, organdy, slanting, crepe and satin are desirable for its development. The skirt may be made without the trimming. The waist is finished with shaped vest portions. The sleeve may be made in wrist or elbow length. The Skirt Pattern 2504 is cut in 7 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure. The Waist 2500 in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. It will require 6 1/2 yards of 40-inch material for the entire dress in a 38-inch size. The skirt measures about 2 yards at the foot.

This illustration calls for TWO separate patterns which will be mailed to any address on receipt of 30 cents. FOR EACH pattern, in silver or stamps.

FOR AFTERNOON OR CALLING.



2502—Here is a smart and pretty model, easy to develop, nice for soft batiste, crepe or foulard, and just as good for satin, gabardine, serge or linen. As here shown, white voile was combined with cluny insertion. The girde is of pale blue satin. The tunic is finished separate from the skirt, and could be made of contrasting material. White serge with braiding or embroidery would be nice for this model.

The Pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 18 will require 6 1/2 yards of 40-inch material. The skirt measures about 1 1/2 yard at the foot.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

No.
Size
Address in full:—
Name
No.

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Cable News

WAR REVIEW.

The Germans are employing fresh forces of reserves in efforts to hold back the Allied troops who are pressing them from the region of the Somme to the Oise where the American, British and French armies continue to make progress. Monday will need gains of ground at various points along the battlefield of big importance for the further prosecution of the endeavors of the Allies to drive out the Germans from old Amiens Mont Didier sector. After an extremely bitter contest the American and British have gained a foothold in the important little town of Bray-Sur-Home on the northern bank of the Somme. A short distance across the River to the south, the British have taken Froyart and midway on the line have pressed on east of Fonquesouin in a manoeuvre which has resulted in the further outflanking of Chauleux from the south, and of Roye from the north. On their part the French in the rolling country immediately north of the Oise River have captured Gury a position of great strategic value, lying S.W. of Lassigny, and at several points on the southward region of the Oise have advanced their line further toward Noyon. In Monday's fighting hundreds of additional Germans were made prisoners, and the enemy lost heavily in men killed and wounded. Unofficial reports give the number of Germans captured during the present offensive in the neighborhood of 40,000. The Germans at last accounts were still throwing in reinforcements east of the road running through Chauleux, Roye and Noyon, the passages of which by the Allies would seriously menace all the German forces inside the pocket formed by the Somme on the north and east and the Oise on the south. Not alone are the Allies endeavoring to press their advantage by frontal attacks, but they have drawn up to their back lines guns of medium and heavy calibre and with these are heavily shelling areas held by the Germans even as far back as Bethencourt, which lies on the Somme, seven and a half miles east of Chauleux. Meantime Allied airships continue to bomb the German positions and use machine guns from low altitudes on troop formations. Seemingly the advances by the French troops on the southern part of the line cannot but have an extremely important effect on the present battle. The hill positions they have gained alone dominate the Oise Valley running northwestward to Noyon, but around Lassigny, and also give them a sweep of the plains south of Roye from the Amiens-Mont Didier sector. Little fighting has taken place on any of the fronts along the Veale. The Germans again have delivered violent counter attacks against the Americans and French who are holding their ground on the north bank of the stream. As on previous occasions when the enemy attempted to dislodge Allied troops the counter attacks failed. British aircraft have brought down a German airship off the coast of Holland, according to announcement by the British Admiralty. An Austrian division is with the Germans but not yet in action.

FRENCH ADVANCE CONTINUES.

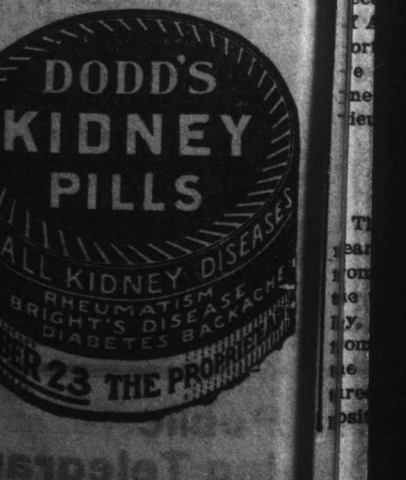
LONDON, Aug. 12. The French are continuing their advance between the Aisne and the Oise according to news received in London to-day, and have captured the town of Lechele-Staurin, three miles directly west of Roye. The line of the front runs from Lechele-Staurin southeast through Armancourt and Thillois, three miles southwest of Roye, and continues in a southeasterly direction through Gury, eleven miles southeast of Mont Didier. It then curves more to the east and passes through the Montigny quarry to the hill north of Antoval, just northwest of Ribecourt on the Oise.

HEAVY FIGHTING LOOKED FOR.

PARIS, Aug. 12. The Germans are reacting on the Allied left with a certain amount of success, having had time to get into the divisions rushed frontally from the north. German troops are being thrown in the light in a desperate endeavor to block the Allied advance toward Nesle. General Von Hutier, who received much damage from the Mont Didier pocket, is now trying to hold temporarily on the Roye-Noyon line. He is strong enough on the Noyon and where his flank rests on the Oise, but should the British succeed in driving back the Germans from the villages of Lihons, Dully, Franzart, Fresnoy and Mortain.

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