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For the Grown-Ups.

FOR SALE AT ALL GROCERS

The Mystery of Rutledge Hall —OR— "The Cloud With a Silver Lining"

CHAPTER XL

For many long weeks he had brooded over the thought that Sibyl Rutledge had much to do with the mystery of the murder, and his disappointment at the result of their search for her had been very bitter.

Now he felt assured that the mystery would be solved at last and Frank Greville's innocence proved; and, if it were not so, he was ready to believe in his guilt against all the most solemn protestations of innocence the unfortunate young man could make.

They had left the gay boulevards and shining cafes and glittering shops far behind them now and were making their way slowly through a part of the brilliant French capital where few visitors go, and where the working-class chiefly preponderates. Even here, though there was evident poverty, it was not such squalid and terrible poverty as that seen in many English great cities; many faces were gay and good-humored and smiling, and in some of the windows were white muslin blinds and here and there a flower.

They were going slowly now and stopping often, for the cocher did not know his way, and had to make many inquiries and to receive many varied directions, in pursuance of which they at length found themselves driving slowly down a long narrow street where the houses were less lofty than any they had yet seen. At one of these the facade was pulled up, and both young men jumped out. Almost simultaneously an elderly woman, wrinkled and worn, but bright and clean in her white cap and apron, appeared at the door and looked doubtfully at the two young men.

"There is an English lady here very ill," Stephen began, huskily, when she interrupted him saying, with a keen glance at his face.



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"Not an English lady, monsieur. There is a French lady ill here, who is expecting the visit of one English gentleman, but not of two, monsieur," she added.

"She is expecting me," Stephen rejoined quietly, hiding his surprise at the old woman's answer. "My friend will wait."

"Perhaps monsieur will step in here," she said, opening the door of a neat little room on the side of the passage, and civilly motioning to Lloyd to enter. "You, monsieur," she added, "will have the goodness to follow me, if, indeed," she glanced at him almost mistrustfully—"you are the person madame expects."

"I am the person, I assure you," Stephen answered earnestly. "I would not deceive her for the world."

"It would be cruel to do so," she replied, leading the way upstairs, "since she has been so anxious for your coming, and she was afraid she would die before you came."

"Is she so ill?" Stephen inquired, in a low voice.

"Ill, monsieur! She is dying!"

CHAPTER XLI

"She is dying," the old Frenchwoman had said, shaking her head as she preceded Stephen Daunt up the steep, carpetless stairs; and, as soon as the door of the room was opened, the young man saw that she had not exaggerated in thus speaking, for the face which met his eyes was the face of a woman whose days—may, whose hours—were numbered; and it was the face of Sibyl Rutledge.

She was lying wearily back on the pillows of the white bed, by far the most important piece of furniture in the room, which—although bare and poor-looking in the eyes of the young Englishman, who had been used all his life to luxury—was exquisitely clean and neat, while on a table by the bed a bunch of violets made a little spot of color and sent forth a fresh, sweet fragrance. Never again would Stephen Daunt see those flowers or inhale their sweetness without recalling that scene—the bare, cleanly room, the white bed, the beautiful, still face upon the pillows.

For Sibyl Rutledge was beautiful still; even now, when every shade of color had died out of her face forever, when the fair cheeks were hollow, the beautiful eyes sunken, when the golden hair, pushed back from the blue-veined brow and falling in matted clusters around her, was dank and damp with the great drops of agony. Yes, even now she was beautiful—such beauty as hers death itself could not destroy.

Here eyes were closed, and the long lashes rested on the colorless cheeks.

She did not move at sound of the opening door, she did not open her eyes; and, standing on the threshold, Stephen drew back slightly in sudden fear. Had he come too late? Was she dead?

The old Frenchwoman saw the movement, and gave him a little reassuring nod as she advanced to the bedside.

"She is often thus," she said. "She is so weak, the poor child!"

So saying, she bent over the beautiful still face, raised the heavy head on her arm, and gently forced through the pale lips a small quantity of some cordial which stood at hand. As it took effect, Sibyl moved slightly, and a distressed expression appeared upon the worn face; as if she were reluctant to come back to the life which meant only suffering; then the white lids were slowly raised, and the dim blue eyes which Stephen remembered as so lustrous, so glorious in their imperial beauty, opened and looked up with a vacant unseeing gaze at the kindly wrinkled old face bending over her.

Stephen's own dark eyes were dim and misty at that moment; thinking of Sibyl as he had so often seen her only too short years before, his heart ached for her with a keen sorrow. Standing there on the threshold of the little room where Sibyl Rutledge lay dying, there passed before him, swiftly yet vividly (other scenes in which she, in all her great and uncommon beauty, had been the central figure. He saw her once again at the meet at which she had made her first appearance in public after her marriage, radiant in her beauty, proud, almost insolent in her triumph, smiling and brilliant; he saw her moving in her queenly grace in her husband's stately rooms; in the rich costly draperies of velvet and lace which seemed so pre-eminently suited to her style of beauty; he saw her again as he had seen her on the night of the Hunt ball in her glittering bride-like attire, surpassing all around her by her loveliness; and he saw her now—and this was the end! No wonder that Stephen Daunt's eyes looked dim with pitying tears as he went softly to the bedside and looked down at the wreck of so much grace and loveliness.

Slowly, with the same vacant, sightless gaze, the heavy blue eyes moved from the old woman's face to his; and, as they rested there, there crept into them a look of recognition which might have been glad but that there was no strength for gladness, since, in the feeble attempt to raise herself from the bed and put out one thin hand toward him, she swooned and sank back fainting upon her pillows. But the swoon was of short duration; her nurse had restoratives at hand, and recalled her back to life; and now, as the dim eyes were opened, there was entire consciousness in them, and she drank eagerly—almost with avidity—of the cordial which the old woman held to her lips.

"Raise me a little," she said faintly, speaking in the attendant's own language; and, when she was propped up on the pillows she motioned to the woman to move away, and to Stephen to draw nearer the bedside. He did so, and gently laid his hand upon the white thin fingers which rested so feebly on the cotton quilt. "You have come?" she said, in a low voice.

"I am grieved to find you so ill," he answered, compassionately. "Why did you not send to us before?"

"Because I thought that the nearness of death would make you pitiful," she answered, faltering between each word, and raising her eyes to his face with pitiful entreaty, "and now—I almost fear—it is too late, I have no strength."

"You do not suffer?" he asked, gently.

"No; I have no strength to suffer," she answered, feebly. "But—I am dying."

"Can I do nothing—is there nothing to be done for you?" he asked, bending over her. "Have you had proper advice? Have you—"

He paused, gazing inquiringly round the room.

"I have everything I need," she answered, in the same faint halting manner. "I want nothing but rest, and I shall have that soon; meanwhile I must tell you—and it is hard—I am so weak."

She fell back upon the pillows with closed eyes for a few moments, her thin frail fingers still holding his, her breath coming quickly and unevenly. There was an oil-lamp burning on a side-table, and a wood-fire smoldering on the hearth; the room was not cold, but very cheerless, and the shadow of death hung over it heavily. Suddenly the dim blue eyes opened again, the white lips parting in an eager question.

"You are married?" she asked.

"Yes."

"To Sidney Arnold?"

(To be continued.)

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These Essences are made from the very best Chemicals that can be bought.

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Kingston Dean Commits Suicide

Rev. George Starr, St. George's Cathedral Ends His Life.

BOSTON, Nov. 29.—(A.P.)—The Very Rev. Dr. George Starr, Dean of St. George's Cathedral, Kingston, Ont., committed suicide yesterday at the Deaconess Hospital here, where he was a patient, medical examiner Geo. B. Magrath, said today. No details were made public.

The Kingston churchman, who suffered a chronic ailment, was admitted to the hospital Oct. 24. All inquiries regarding the manner of his death were referred by hospital authorities to the medical examiner, who refused to make any statement other than the admission that "Dean Starr died of his own volition."

voice hardly audible even in the quiet room.

"You knew that I would come?" he answered, bending toward her.

"Yes," she whispered, closing her eyes for a moment to hide the great tears which welled up in them and rolled down the sunken, colorless cheeks, "you were always good to me."

"I am grieved to find you so ill," he said, compassionately. "Why did you not send to us before?"

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(To be continued.)

BIOGRAPHICAL

Young Robert Clive, he sat alone, and said, "This life's a fake; man's function is to sigh and groan and weep, and no man is a hero. My hopes have flattered me by one, and I am sore distraught; so now I'll take my little gun and shoot my dome of thought." He aimed the weapon at his head and it refused to fire. "What beastly luck," the young man said, "I cannot even expire." Since suicide had failed he turned his thoughts to other things, and in a little while had earned a fame that jolted kings. All kinds of history he made, an empire was his own, and never shall his glory fade while Britain has a throne. He was his age's greatest man, a martial nation's pride; and once he was an also-ran who thought of suicide. His rusty pistol failed to fire when pointed at his dome; and then, with force that naught could tire, he brought the bacon home. The book of history we read, would be another tale, had that old weapon, in his need, been not disposed to fail. The maps that now are tinted red might well be green or dun, had not a bullet made of lead, got jammed in that old gun. They're celebrating Robert's birth in Britain's realm this year; from Birmingham to distant Perth men stand around and cheer. And all the time and everywhere his record should be read by down-and-outers in despair, who wish that they were dead.

WALT MATON

Ten cents for a big package of Pearlina—the best Washing Powder.

"Sacked"

(By KENNETH H. ASHLEY)

The Master hummed and hawed; his face turned red; "I'll have to stop you, John," the Master said, "You're past it, lad, and that's the truth of it."

John turned and shambled on his old, stiff legs.

And looked across the farm; plough-land and grass; at the sky.

And in that moment knew how all things pass.

He saw his life, the shining youth of it.

A mirage in the sun, and felt the ruth of it.

Scaring the flocks and taking peewee eggs.

Or scrambling with his milk pails through the snow.

Or carting turps to the upland fags.

Last week, or was it sixty years ago? John, gazing up the hill slope, did not know.

The falling years since first he was a lad.

Had thrashed his life and knocked out all he had.

The grain was gone, and now the chaff must go.

"I've had to stop old John," the Master said.

"He can't do any work at all to mention."

The Mistress acquiesced, nodding her head.

"He'll be all right—he'll have his old-age pension."

Like a Thief in the Night

The death rate among children of school age is still far too high.

One week the child may be at work and play, the next week life itself may be trembling in the balance.

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It wasn't the \$1.25 or so that the other people did them out of that mattered, it was the sense of injustice.

Perhaps I'm mean. But of course I don't think so. So that's that.

I sometimes wonder if I am mean. That is why.

I have such a devotion to the Dutch treat as applied to the settling of bills in a crowded pleasure outing. And I do so thoroughly believe in meticulousness in regard to small sums of money.

A friend of mine told me not long ago that she had a two weeks' quest for who constantly borrowed stamps for her letters. When she went down town she always forgot the existence of the postoffice and when she got back to her friend's house she always said: "Oh, bother, I meant to buy some stamps. Would you mind letting me have a couple?"

When she went away she said: "I know you wouldn't let me or I'd insist on paying for those stamps."

"Said my friend: 'Do you know I should have let her because I should have let that she did. And when she said that, it kind of took my breath away and left a little feeling of resentment. It wasn't that the 30c made the least difference to me, you know, but somehow her not being keen to pay it did. Do you think I'm mean or can you understand the way I felt?'

Maybe it's because I'm mean, too, but I could.

I believe in being meticulous about all small sums of money (here's hoping that someone who knows of something I have forgotten will tell me about it instead of telling the rest of the world) and I believe in accepting such payments without argument or fuss.

A Privilege To Pay.

If I ask a friend to let me use her phone for a pay call even if it's only a 5c one, I really want to pay for it. For a very selfish reason. So that I may feel free to use it again if it happens to be convenient and need not go out to the drugstore at great inconvenience—as I have sometimes done when the privilege of paying was refused me. So, if a friend wants to use my telephone and pay for it, I am quite willing.

If a friend does an errand for me that involves a 10c cartage or a telephone call I want the privilege of paying that cartage or that call. Perhaps she will say: "But you can do something for me sometime." All right, perhaps I can, but why not leave that as payment for doing the errand and let me pay the actual expense that she incurred?

As for Dutch treats (I am thinking now of members of the same sex) I believe in them wholly because everyone gets what he or she wants and pays for it. If one day I entertain, I feel obliged to urge you to have the more expensive things on the menu and if the next day you entertain you feel the same. Whereas if we both bought and paid for our own lunches we should get what we wanted and felt we could afford.

But It's Fair.

Another thing, when a group goes Dutch treat I think each should actually pay for what they have instead of simply splitting the bill into quarters or fifth sections. "But that is so petty," complains someone. Yes, but it's fair and the other way isn't and often leaves a rankle. I know of three couples who have never forgotten a dinner when the fourth couple ordered extravagantly while the others went lightly, and then suggested that instead of bothering to pick out the individual items the bill be split four ways.

That has rankled for years and I don't in the least blame them. It's an awful bromidium but like many bromidiums perfectly true; that

Just rub and it's ready for your pipe.

The Beautiful Woman

takes the greatest care to protect and nourish her skin and not to give the fatal wrinkles a chance to form. After cleansing her face she rubs in with an upward and outward motion a generous amount of Three Flowers Skin and Tissue Cream. The pure oils it contains are quickly absorbed by the tissues. The lady whose skin is inclined to be dry finds in this splendid cosmetic the means to replace the natural oil her skin lacks, while the woman whose skin is inclined to be too oily finds that a thorough cleansing with Three Flowers Skin and Tissue Cream opens the overloaded pores and helps them throw off the excessive oils. Thus does this beautiful cream benefit every woman's skin.—oct22,th,m,t

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Technical Schools GROWING IN FAVOUR WITH MEN.

TORONTO, Nov. 29.—(By Can Press)—More and more the Technical school is becoming a favorite resort for women of all ages and sorts of tastes. A punctured tire, some difficulty with the engine sends no problem to the woman has learned at the Central Technical School the why and whereof motor collapses and how to repair them. Again, in an age when we are doing men's work, it is not surprising to find them students of penmanship. Last year fifteen public teachers presented themselves for classes in manual training, and quickly did they progress that the night school term was over, proudly displayed a tea was constructed by her own hands, her carving attracts those of a more artistic bent, and a few very small girls have taken instruction in the lecture.

Classes in cooking, household management, dressmaking, and drafting and designing, and every one is always well patronized, not a few girls are interested in making of jewelry, and the art of photography. Many seek to improve monetary position by learning shorthand writing; some master the art of cleaning and washing different materials, also appeals to a good many of the electrical at present at the Technical school, 5 per cent are women and occasionally a female enlists in the chemistry class.

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