

**Borden's PURITY BRAND CONDENSED MILK**

It fills every milk need where the recipe calls for both milk and sugar.

It is an indispensable favorite.

**An Indispensable Favorite**

**CHAPTER XXVII**

We will wait and see if my prophecy comes true, Lady Pentreath, mademoiselle answers, graciously.

"I am to see Dr. Suthely Smith tomorrow, you know," Lady Pentreath continues, sighing, "and then there may be a consultation, and I may not be able to see any one; and I want to see Yolande Glyne first."

Hervoise trembles a little, for poor Lady Pentreath's doctors begin to speak of an operation as necessary to arrest the progress of a complaint from which she has undoubtedly been suffering.

"Then you shall see her, dear Lady Pentreath," Mademoiselle Isabelle says, with that quiet assurance to which a nervous invalid clings. "Make your mind perfectly easy. I cannot have you made anxious for any one; you shall see, Mrs. Glyne tomorrow."

And on the morrow mademoiselle's prophecy comes quite true. Lady Pentreath receives a note from Yolande just as Dr. Suthely Smith has taken his departure, begging to be excused from dining with her that evening, and adding that Lady Nora and she will call the next day to explain her reasons. "There is a hasty scrawled P. S.:

"I am so very sorry not to be able to come this evening."

"Yours very truly,

**YOLANDE**

"That," mademoiselle says, laying her finger on the postscript, "is genuine. The rest is made up and dictated by Lady Nora."

"You think so, Isabelle," the countess asks.

"I am sure of it," answers Isabelle, calmly. "But she will come, Lady

**MRS. MISENER'S ACHEs AND PAINs**

Vanished After Using Lydia E. Finkham's Vegetable Compound

"Branchton, Ont.—'When I wrote to you for help my action was mostly prompted by curiosity. I wondered if I, too, would benefit by your medicine. It was the most profitable action I have ever taken. I heartily assure you, for through its results I am relieved of most of my sufferings. I have taken six boxes of Lydia E. Finkham's Vegetable Compound Tablets and a bottle of Lydia E. Finkham's Blood Medicine, and I can honestly say I have never been so well before. I had suffered from pains and other troubles since I was fifteen years old, and during the 'Great War' period I worked on munitions for two years, and in the heavy lifting which my work called for, I strained myself, causing pelvic inflammation from which I have suffered untold agony, and I often had to give up and go to bed. I had doctored for several years without getting permanent relief, when I started to take your medicine.'—Mrs. GOLDWIN MISENER, Branchton, Ont.

Write to the Lydia E. Finkham Medicine Co., Colburn, Ontario, for a Free Copy of Lydia E. Finkham's Private Testimonial 'Allments of Women.'

Pentreath, if I can only see her for a minute."

"What a curious girl you are!" Lady Pentreath says, half envious, half admiring. "How do you make people do things, Isabelle?"

"I believe there is great truth in odie force, my lady," mademoiselle answers, with an aspect of meek self-abnegation.

Accordingly mademoiselle goes out, ostensibly to call at Rutland Gardens; but, instead of calling, she leaves a note for Lady Nora and one for Mrs. Glyne.

Then the clever young woman goes into a confectioner's and eats an ice and some strawberries and cream, and sips a liqueur glass of old cognac and eats a water-bleuet. Next she drives to Madie's and selects a new novel, and thence drives back to Harley Street, where the countess is staying. The new earl is too starchy to take a house in town, and he has let the family town residence long since on a twenty-one years' lease.

Mademoiselle has thus spent a pleasant afternoon, run no risks, and suffered no annoyances; and, just as she has removed her walking attire, a second note arrives from Yolande:

"Dear Lady Pentreath—Some three- some visitors we expected have not arrived; so may I come and dine with you, after all?

Yours in haste,

**YOLANDE**

"Voila, madam!" laughs Miss Isabelle, as the countess hands her the open note.

"You are certainly a wonderful woman, Isabelle," the countess says, smiling.

And yet the quondam governess' note to her former pupil has been only a little gush of ladylike regret at her refusal to dine with them. And her note to Lady Nora has been something of the same description.

"Dear Lady Nora—The countess is so much disappointed at not seeing Mrs. Glyne this evening. In her present state of health, any worry or depression of spirits is bad for her. Could you not kindly persuade Mrs. Glyne to alter her decision?"

Yours faithfully,

**ISABELLE GANTIER**

"P. S.—I obtained some views of Cheltenham a short time since when I should like to show you. I know you have very interesting associations with that place."

I G. Y.

"And, while you are receiving the confidences of the forsaken bride, Lady Pentreath," her companion says, in a businesslike way, "may I go out for an hour to see some of my relatives at Brixton? You know I told you I have a lot of poor music teacher cousins, and drawing-master uncles, and poor folk of that kind."

"Certainly, dear," Lady Pentreath replies, kindly. "You need not be back until ten, Isabelle. And, if there is anything you wish to take to a sick friend—any wine or jelly or fruit—order it, please, Isabelle."

"You are so generous and kind, my lady!" the quondam Miss Glover says, with a little gush of emotion; and she really does wipe one small tear away.

Mrs. Dallas Glyne does not come until five minutes before dinner time, and immediately after they have risen from the table, mademoiselle utters her advice.

"You will have gone before I return, I suppose, dear?" she says to Yolande. "I am sure Lady Nora and you will take a long time with your toilets. I am going to see a lot of my poor relatives and sick relatives at Brixton; and there is a curious glitter of humor in Miss Glover's eyes and certain queer curves at the corners of her lips."

Brixton does not lie anywhere near Rutland Gardens, Hyde Park, but certainly that is the destination of the cab that Miss Isabelle takes; and the cab stops at No. 9; and, when the footman opens the door and mademoiselle gives her name, Lady Nora's woman, Moodie, comes forward at once, and escorts her upstairs to Lady Nora's dressing-room.

**CHAPTER XXVIII**

Yolande and Lady Pentreath sit for some time, after mademoiselle has left the room, talking on ordinary topics.

"My dear," Lady Pentreath says suddenly, in a kind, persuasive voice—a vast improvement on her usual melancholy, cold, slow tones—"as your relative and your husband's relative, will you tell me candidly and frankly the reason why Dallas-Glyne and

**STEEDMAN'S SOOTHING POWDERS**

Contain No Poison

you have parted, it is not too painful for you?"

"Oh, no, not at all!" Yolande says, with a slight forced laugh. "It is quite a commonplace, everyday sort of reason, Lady Pentreath. My husband did not care for me."

"Or you did not care for him?" Lady Pentreath asks, quickly. "Which is the truth?"

"Oh, no!" Yolande says, bitterly, her fair, pale face one burning flush. "I fell in love with Captain Glyne, and, as he easily perceived the state of affairs, he decided on marrying me, particularly as I had money, and he wanted money."

"Then why did he leave you, and plunge into poverty, and refuse to share a shilling of your fortune with you?" asks Lady Pentreath.

"I don't know," Yolande replies, drearily, "except for the reason I gave you before. He cared so little for me that he would rather forego advantages than possess them shared with me."

"My dear," Lady Pentreath says, in her quiet, lachrymose, passionless voice, "do you know, I think you are wronging Dallas Glyne. He told Lord Pentreath he loved you."

"Who loved me?" Yolande asks, with a new light flashing into her face, the hot blood bounding in her pulses.

"Your husband," Lady Pentreath answers, with a faint, amused smile. "Don't give way to agitation, dear. Walk up and down the room slowly a few times, and drink a small quantity—say, an ounce or two—of cold water, and then—"

"When—did my—husband say he loved me?" Yolande asks, her lips quivering over the words, her face suffused with a soft warmth, as a shy maiden's at the first mention of a lover.

"He said to my husband, who took him to task because you left Pentreath so soon," the countess replies, in a cool, matter-of-fact tone, as of one who states an unimportant fact. "Lord Pentreath is the most rigidly correct of men with regard to a husband's morals and conduct, and he was afraid to say so. Captain Glyne had given you some serious cause of complaint, and in the course of the confidential talk between them," concludes the countess, smiling again in a half-amused, half-wondering fashion, "Captain Glyne said—"

"What? What?" Yolande asks, with a scarping spot burning on each cheek and her eyes blazing like stars.

"That he loved you," Lady Pentreath says, coughing a little, as if the expression were hardly delicate. "I told you what he said just now, dear. I love my wife," he says, "and my wife loves me." And then, of course, we were naturally surprised to hear he had gone abroad; and—Oh, pray don't give way to excitement, my dear!" Lady Pentreath exclaims, letting her air-pillow slip and jerking away her footstool as it dlistat.

(To be continued.)

**Dismemberment of Empire Seen.**

Danger of Recent Independent Treaty Signing is Hinted—European Decay—Action to Enlighten Public in Britain and Dominions Urged.

LONDON, Aug. 29.—(Star Special by Staff Correspondent.)—The Times publishes a very lengthy letter signed "Lionel Phillips" the theme of which is the danger to the Empire and Dominions contained in the recent drift towards independent treaty action. The most suggestive statements follow:

"Unless steps are taken to enlighten the public here and overseas of the trend of events it is possible that the Empire will dissolve into a number of independent states without the people being made aware of what has transpired. It is no exaggeration to say that without the Dominions the position of Great Britain in the world would be greatly weakened. Without Britain the Dominions will be in grave peril. The moral decay of the Empire is likely to mean the decay of European civilization and subjugation of the white races. In the realm of time their pre-eminence will have been brief, to-day the last shred of parental authority is in danger of being renounced—is it wise or necessary?"

"Great captains of the past would have been appalled as most thinking men to-day at the weakening ties. The explanation is given showing the Dominions as children, growing up daughters, being mistresses in their own homes, but the question is asked should they become mistresses in the parental household also? For that is the plain meaning of equality between each self-governing Dominion as units and Britain as a unit, the letter states.

**Lack Courage.**

"I am convinced," the writer says, "that an overwhelming majority of inhabitants of the Empire would be horrified at the idea of its dismemberment. If danger threatens the spirit of 'Civis Britannicus Sum' becomes very warm but in peace it becomes cooler, because the idea of the Empire tumbling to pieces has never been dreamt of. There lies the real danger."

The writer points to the Canadian-United States Halifax Treaty signing as an illustration of separatist spirit and adds "Something has got to be done, or the Empire will become disrupted, not of malice aforethought but because the Prime Ministers of the Empire lack the courage to face and settle awkward questions.

"A distinguished statesman said not long ago that we should make no effort to force one of our partners to stay in the firm if we wished to resign. Is that view sound or even true? If Britain acquiesced would the rest of the Dominions be equally accommodating. Carnation's dream of Imperial Federation is dead. An Empire Parliament is impracticable and a meeting of Premiers at rare intervals is inadequate. But something must be done, not merely discussed and shelved. An Imperial Council sitting permanently might be serviceable."

**A Hornet's Nest.**

PORT WILLIAM, Ont., Sept. 7.—A complaint was turned in to the City Hall recently which has kept City Clerk McNoughton guessing. The complainant set forth that a certain hornet had built itself a nest under one of the wooden sidewalks and proceeded to raise its rather large family, was now annoying the subjects of the King by prodding them with their stings. As a rule the City Clerk has difficulty in allocating complaints to their proper department, but here was a host of peevishities. Should the case be referred to the poundkeeper, as being one of purely animals running at large, or to the sanitary inspector, as a nuisance and a menace to health? Or would it be better to notify the chief of police, since the realm was being disturbed? Another thought was that it came under the department of the street commissioner, because they were obstructing the side walks but this was negated by the fact that they had built a house without a permit, so that the building inspector was clearly the man to interfere. Ald. Darrell's industrial and entertainment committee was well used to dealing with strange visitors, but it might come under the ken of the fire chief, since the place was evidently being made pretty hot, and again, if any damage had been done, there was the claims committee to refer to. So far the hornet's nest are still a position and the various departments are scrambling among themselves for the privilege of not monkeying with the nest.

**A Cool Fraud.**

There never was a time, I should suppose, when so many frauds were being worked off on the patient public. We have lists of addresses sold to shady company promoters and plausible second-rate going round representing themselves as detectives and taking away "spurious notes."

Now I hear of a new and more audacious fraud. A well-dressed man has been calling on all sorts and condi-

**Murphy's Good Things!**

SAVING MONEY—Thoroughly reliable merchandise is the best inducement we know of to bring people to this Store and make them lasting customers. Any reasonable person will agree with us when we say, getting genuine value in buying is the safest and most common-sense way to save money. We have proven our theory to thousands. Why not let us prove it to YOU?

**SWEATER SALE**

Now on sale 300 beautiful all-Wool Sweater Coats in the popular Tuxedo style in all the latest shades.

Each, \$6.49

Ladies' Slip-on and Pull-over style with fancy shallop edge of contrasting colors.

Each, \$2.98

Also, Balkan Jaquet and Tie-back styles in all the new shades.

Each, \$1.98

A Special Sale of Ladies' Tuxedo and Slip-over style Sweaters of pure Wool, some slightly soiled. Regular \$6.49.

To Clear at \$1.98

**Ladies' Costumes**

High class Tailored Suits; some Dark Blue Serges in this lot, values up to \$30.00.

Now all one price, \$9.98

**Children's Coats**

Of Serges, Lustres, Poplins and Jack Tar Reesters, trimmed with Sattor collar and brass buttons.

Each, \$1.98 & \$2.98

**Boys' and Girls' Raglans.**

Of excellent quality material. Will make an ideal School Coat; sizes to fit up to 14 years.

Each, \$3.98 & \$4.98

**RAGGLANS**

The biggest offer ever made at the lowest price. You can't afford to miss this. Ladies' Raglans in Light or Dark Fawn shades with pockets and belt. Easily worth \$10.00.

**Our Price \$4.98, \$5.98, \$6.98**

**Child's Vests.**

Buttoned front, long sleeve.

Each, 19c.

**Clearance of White Shoes**

White Canvas Footwear in exclusive models, centre strap with dainty cut-out effects; Oxford with Black and Tan leather trappings, rubber heel attached; all sizes.

Per Pair, \$1.69 to \$2.98

**Men's SUITS**

MEN'S SUITS.

Prices cut in half. You do yourself an injustice if you buy a Suit below the values we offer.

Men's All Wool Tweed Suits. Each . . . \$9.98 to \$14.98

Men's Blue Serge Suits . . . \$19.98 to \$29.98

**Boys' Shirts**

Of strong, stripe Percals, long sleeve, soft cut, collar attached; all sizes.

Each 69c.

**Boys' Pure Wool Pull-Over Sweaters.**

With buttoned shoulder; some with roll collar buttoned in front, in colors of Navy, Brown and Cardinal.

Each, \$1.49 to \$1.98

**Ladies' Pink Underskirts.**

Lace trimmed.

Each, \$1.25

**White Underskirts.**

10 inch embroidery flounce.

Each, 98c.

**Special Sale of Children's Wool Dresses & Sweaters**

Children's pure Wool knitted Dresses, assorted shades; sizes 2 to 10 years.

Each, \$2.49 & \$3.98

**Children's Pull-Over Sweaters.**

In shades of Saxe, Brown, Nile, Green and V. Rose.

Each, \$2.98

**Duchess Sets.**

Lace trimmed.

Each, 49c.

**Quilt Cotton.**

Floral patterns.

Per Pound, 48c.

**Damaged Cotton.**

Large pieces, 2 to 4 yards in piece, no patterns.

Per Pound, 55c.

**White Shirting.**

Large pieces.

Per Pound, \$1.00

**Phil. Murphy**

317 Water Street

Store Open Every Night and Holidays

**Tea Aprons.**

Of fine Lawn, lace trimmed; some with frill round edge.

Each, 29c.

**Ladies' Blouses.**

Of White Voile, with the popular Peter Pan collars.

Each, \$1.49

**Colored Voile Smocks.**

Each, 98c.

**Children's Pure Leather Scuffer Shoes.**

Sizes up to 11; easily worth \$3.00.

Our Price, \$1.49.

**English Melton Cloth.**

40 inches wide, in shades of Saxe, Brown, Fawn and French Grey.

Per Yard, 90c. \$1.20

**Dress Cashmere.**

36 inches wide, assorted shades.

Per Yard, 69c.

**Boys' Pants.**

Boys' strong Tweed Pants, to fit boys up to 14 years.

Each, \$2.00

**Wool Nap Blankets.**

Plaid Wool Nap Blankets; sizes 70 x 80; well made.

Per Pair, \$4.00

**Toilet Hints.**

A lotion for tightening the skin and removing wrinkles is made by pouring half a pint of boiling water and a teaspoonful of saw-dust-cologne into a tin over the juice of one lemon, a pinch of powdered borax, and two ounces of rose water. Bottle, and keep well corked. Rub into the skin frequently with the finger tips.

To remove sunburn, stir half an ounce of glycerine, same of carbolic soda, and a teaspoonful of castor oil into half a pint of hot milk and wash the face, neck, and arms at intervals with the mixture.

Half a teaspoonful of baking soda dissolved in a glass of lukewarm water is an excellent lotion for the eyes, as well as being an effective cleanser for the face.

To preserve the silvery color of grey hair add a little ammonia to the washing water; don't use soap, and rinse in clear water to which a little blue has been added.

**HEMORRHOIDS**

Do not suffer another day with itching, bleeding, or protruding piles or hemorrhoids. No surgical operation required. Dr. Chase's Ointment will relieve you at once and afford lasting benefit. Ask a box of Dr. Chase's Ointment, Bates & Co., Montreal, Toronto, Quebec, etc. Free.

**MURPHY'S LINIMENT FOR WARTS**