

SISTERS THREE

(Continued from Wednesday.)
So readily the atmosphere was changing. People were ready to see that it had been hard on young Gaston to credit him with his father's acts, although by the harshness of his outward aspect and the sly defiance of his mien he had rather courted than conquered this false impression.

Now his appearance at this small and very friendly gathering seemed to mark an epoch in his life: old friends met him with smiles, and he did not repulse their overtures. Madame Lebreton appeared to have come forth from that shell of silent reserve which had made her somewhat unapproachable to outsiders; by tacit consent the dead past was suffered to bury its dead. Here in the glow of the summer's afternoon, mellowing towards sunset upon Sunset Crags, there was to be nothing but cordiality and the healing of the old-time wounds.

Gipsy was in her element, making laughter and fun for all, showing off her dog, telling wonderful stories of his superhuman intelligence, which stores Gaston would bring toppling down to earth by some prosaic suggestion of mundane motive on the part of the dog which quite overrode her lofty theories. So they sparred together amid laughter and mirth, Mrs. Lebreton watching them with quiet smiles and an attention which presently arrested Audrey's notice, and she drew near to Gipsy's mother, who welcomed her with a smile of appreciative understanding.

"Somebody has achieved a triumph," she said.
"What do you mean?"
"I never thought to get my big, unsoberable boy here. He said, when I asked him, that it was 'out of the question.' But to-day he appeared to escort me. Who has worked the oracle?"

"I think Gipsy did for one; perhaps Jim Kildare for another; but I know Gipsy met him in the plantation and bullied him into coming."
Then they looked at each other and smiled, and Audrey, glancing towards her sister, whose bright face was the centre of a little ring of laughing listeners, Gaston being one of an odd little throng at heart. Of Allardyce and Jim Kildare she could see nothing. Suddenly it seemed to Audrey as though the old world were spinning very fast about her at this moment.

She crossed the lawn in the direction of Doctor Kingscote, who was examining some of his old friend's cherished rose-trees. He and Mr.

MEN! WHY SUFFER?

DR. WARD'S SPECIALTY IS DISEASES OF MEN! He treats every man who has given the best part of his life to his country. He has cured thousands of men of all diseases including America's most dreaded disease, Venereal Disease. He has cured thousands of men of all diseases including America's most dreaded disease, Venereal Disease. He has cured thousands of men of all diseases including America's most dreaded disease, Venereal Disease.

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Rickard had both been rose-fanciers, and had vied with each other as to who could grow the most beautiful of this queen of flowers. The riot of June was over; but even though July there were many splendid flowers to be found. Audrey stood beside him and laid a hand on his arm.

"Doctor Kingscote, I want to ask you a question. You know that letter our uncle wrote us? The charge he left us?"
"Yes, my dear. You have kept the charge. The old right of way remains as it was."
"Yes; but behind that definite charge lay something else. Uncle Rickard did not want us to be friends with the Lebretons. Was that not so?"

"That is putting the matter crudely; but there is a very real charge in your words. Your Uncle had a check; we all of us had that. He was General Kildare's friend. He felt very much. He had a bitter interview with Mr. Lebreton, and then they met no more; and in his heart there lurked the fear that a certain old proverb might prove true—like father, like son."
"Well what would he say to-day?"
"There he looked around into Audrey's inquiring face, catching something of the meaning of that shrewd half-whimsical, half-inquiring glance."

"My dear, I think and believe that if my old friend were here to-day he would be one of the first to say, 'Let the past be wiped out and forgotten; let the happy future drown all its bitter memories.' No man was less prone to cherish a grudge or bear ill-will without cause than my old friend Richard Rickard."
"Then I need not feel that we are doing wrong to our benefactor in our friendship with the Lebretons?"

"My dear, I am sure that you need not; Time the great healer, has done his beneficent work. We are all beginning to see that Gaston Lebreton is his mother's son as well as his father's—and a very loyal and good son has he been to both. Though he hated the thing his father did, he has born the obliquity of it courageously and without a murmur. Not graciously perhaps; the boy is very human; but he has been staunch and loyal all through. I am not entirely sorry for this ordeal through which he has passed, for a life without storm and stress is also a life without achievement."

Audrey drew a long breath, as though of relief.
"Thank's," she said; "that is just what I feel. But I wanted to know how it struck an impartial observer. I like to feel that I live at peace with my neighbors. And when you began to see—well there is no knowing what it is going to turn into—you want to be sure that you are not being disloyal in giving it an approving push forward. We owe so much to our uncle. Doctor Kingscote's face lighted up abruptly."

"My dear, nothing could possibly be better than that your young territorial magnate at Gaston's Keep should find himself under that very wholesome regime which is commonly known as 'petticoat government.' What a young man of the temperment, wants beyond all else is a wife to keep him in order."
"But that does not quite fit in with my idea, an looking out for a husband for my wilful and very dear sister who will keep her in order."
"Exactly; and on the principle of

"Set a thief to catch a thief! it will be a most improving arrangement to set these two strong natures to act and react upon each other."
"You don't consider it too much risk?"—and in Audrey's eyes was a touch of anxiety.
"My dear, these two young people are not likely to ask any third person to settle their affairs for them. But if you ask me, I don't think the risks too great at their ages. He is but a strong boy and she is a very charming girl with a sound sweetness of nature that will carry her through a great many worse troubles than she is likely to encounter at the hands of Gaston Lebreton. Her brightness will react on him, and he will keep her vivaciously from running away with her common sense."

Audrey smiled.
"Doctor Kingscote, you see and understand almost too much. But I am so glad for what you have said. As you say, I do not think what any third person thinks or says will make much difference with that pair. But I was reading uncle Richard's letter over again last night, and I wondered if I should show it again to Gipsy or should I?"
"Put it behind the fire? Well my dear, if my old friend were to be here to-day I believe that is what he would say. Never was a less bitter or hostile soul than he. It was his care for and love towards his sister's children that dictated it when a fear partly bred of illness came to harass him. That fear would have been in his heart to-day, of that I am very sure."

Audrey drew the letter from her pocket. Then Doctor Kingscote fulfilled in his for matches.
"I am not much of a smoker, but I generally have a box somewhere. Ah, here it is!"
He struck a match, Audrey held out the paper, and together they watched it slowly consume, the flame scarcely visible in the golden light of the setting sun.

"So ends the great feud!" said Audrey, as the last charred fragment fluttered to earth. "And now for the sequel!"
The guests were departing one by one. Gipsy ran to the gate through the plantation to let the Lebretons through. The sound of laughter came tripping back to the lawn where Miss Willoughby engaged General Kildare in talk—talk about that soldier brother of hers, whom Jim was never tired of extolling.

Audrey was seeing off the few guests who came in carriages. As she returned to the lawn, Jim appeared from the other side of the house leading Allardyce by the hand.
"Father," he said with a queer little throb in his voice, "I have brought you something you always told me that you and I were looking out for and did not have—a daughter."
Allardyce was folded in the old man's arms. She clung to him, hiding her face against his shoulder.
"My dear child," he murmured, "my very dear child!" Then as he saw that the others and most of all leaving him and Allardyce alone together, with Jim standing a little in the background, he held her away from him for a moment, looking into her sweet grey eyes with a certain gravity in his own. "Allardyce, my dear, you have considered everything? You must not forget that, however innocently, my boy has been a convict."
"Because he was too noble to betray his friend?"
"My child, the world does not always remember these things; but it remembers the crude, harsh fact."
Her smile was a beautiful thing to see.
"Does it matter to us on Sunrise Reef what the world says or thinks about us? Any world that could think ill of Jim would be no world of mine."
"I told her all that, dad—when I could think of anything except that she loved me. But nothing shakes her. Please Heaven I'll make up to her for everything any one can say of me. Allardyce, if all that which seemed so black once has been the worth five years of it instead of less than three. If it hadn't happened—if I had gone out with the Volunteers—I might never have come back. Now it's all over, and I've come back to this!"
To be Continued

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FELT LIKE A NEW PERSON

After Taking Only One Box Of "Fruit-a-lives"

Fast SUIR HARBOUR, N. S.
"It is with great pleasure that I write to tell you of the wonderful benefits I have received from taking 'Fruit-a-lives'. For years, I was a dreadful sufferer from Constipation and Headaches, and I was miserable in every way. Nothing in the way of medicine seemed to help me. Then I finally tried 'Fruit-a-lives' and the effect was splendid. After taking one box, I feel like a new person, to have relief from those sickening Headaches."

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50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size, 25c. At all dealers or sent postpaid by Fruit-a-lives Limited, Ottawa.

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SIDE TALKS

By Ruth Cameron

STEALING FROM ONE'S SELF

"How I envy you going off on that lovely trip!" one neighbor of mine said to another the other day.
"I know it's a lovely trip," said the other, with a worried expression, "but I almost wish we weren't going, it's so expensive. You know we decided to do it partly for the sake of business interests. We shouldn't have planned it at all, if it hadn't been for that, and I feel as if we were spending too much money anyway. I know it will worry me all the time."

Isn't that a healthy state of mind with which to start on a pleasure trip?
She was going to spend money and Refuse to Take Value
She was going to take the trip, she was going to spend the money, and yet she was going to refuse to take the equivalent in pleasure and mental refreshment.

That's what I call stealing from one's self. Stealing happiness, stealing peace, stealing health.
Every one who does not know how to put his misgivings behind him to accept philosophically all the drawbacks which any course he has determined upon involves, steals from himself.

NEWPORT.
(From our own correspondent.)
Rev. James Drew occupied the pulpit on Sunday evening and delivered an excellent sermon.
A number of the people of this vicinity attended the fowl supper at Burch on Tuesday evening.

Mr. Will Emmott returned home from the West on Monday night. The Misses Danby of Hamilton, are the guests of Miss Drew at the parsonage.

Mr. and Mrs. William Smith, Brantford, were the Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Phillips, at Master Cecil Wood, city, spent Sunday with Mrs. George E. Wood.

Mr. E. Smith was the guest of Mr. Robinson Smith on Sunday.
Mr. and Mrs. Charles Phillips and family were the guests of his brother, Mr. Thos. Phillips, on Sunday. Owing to the inclemency of the weather Halloween passed off very quietly.

Miss Hiclop spent the week-end in the city.
The inward effects of humors are worse than the outward. They endanger the whole system. Hood's Sarsaparilla eradicates all humors, cures all their outward effects. It is the great alternative and tonic, whose merit has been everywhere established.

Harold Kitchen of Brantford, spent the week-end with relatives and friends.
Miss Hazel Grey, of Brantford, was the week-end guest of Miss Lila Millard.

Mr. and Mrs. Shimson of Galt, were the week-end guests of Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Wood.

Mr. John Durham and Dr. S. G. Robinson, left for Muskoka on Saturday to deer hunt.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Cole and family, motored to Toronto on Sunday.
Mr. P. H. Bastendorff and family, of Milverton, were the guests of Mr. Chas. Gilbert on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. William Roseburgh, attended the funeral of the late Edgar Mulholland at Drumbo, on Sunday afternoon.
Mr. J. P. Bastendorff returned to Milverton on Sunday to spend the winter with his son, Mr. P. H. Bastendorff, after spending the summer with his daughter, Mrs. C. Herbert.

Mr. Chas. Nixon of Toronto, was the week-end guest of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Nixon.
Miss Edna Graham of Toronto is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Ellis.

Mr. Fred Miller spent the week-end with friends in Hamilton.
Miss Irene Connor of Galt, is the guest of her friend, Miss Bertha Nesbitt.

On Monday evening the members of the Mission Circle of the Baptist church, gave a Halloween entertainment in the school room of the church. The admission fee was from each girl a doll which will be sent to Rev. A. L. Brown, in Toronto, to distribute among the poor for Christmas gifts. The boys paid fifteen cents, which goes for missions. Two musical numbers were rendered by Mr. Joe Campbell and Mr. Leo Herberush. There was a progressive game of Halloween sports after which refreshments were served. A very enjoyable time was spent by all.

LANGFORD
Rev. Mr. Phyllis had charge of the service on Sunday morning and gave a very instructive discourse.
Several from here attended the concert last Monday Evening held at Cainsville.

Mrs. J. Brown, Mrs. Ed. Saylor and Missie Vanderlip of Brantford were guests of Mrs. M. E. Vanderlip last Tuesday.

Mr. D. Westwood pressed his hat one day last week.
Mr. and Mrs. Milburn, Brantford, were over Sunday guests at Mr. A. Westwood's.

There will not be any church or Sunday School on November 5th on account of the regular quarterly service at Cainsville.

Mr. and Mrs. Adams spent Sunday at Mr. A. Westwood's Sr.
Mr. A. Ludlow entertained company on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. James W. Westwood and family spent Sunday afternoon out of town.

Mr. and Mrs. Orvil Flanders spent last Wednesday with their Aunt Mrs. E. Vanderlip.

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DOOR MATS FOR MUDDY FEET

Why carry mud and dirt into the house, when you can leave it at the door, by using one of our mats?

- Cocoa Fibre, 15x30, \$1.25 and \$1.75
- Wire Mats, 18x28 \$1.25
- Wire Mats, 18x30 \$1.50
- Wire Mats, 20x28 \$2.75
- Wire Mats, 22x36 \$1.50



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Our 1916-1917 display includes all the fashionable furs made up in the best adaptable designs after the styles dictated by the most authoritative sources.

The pelts and skins used are guaranteed of select quality in every description, and the thoroughness of the workmanship is vouched for by our many years experience as furriers.

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Fancy Waste Baskets Fancy Work Baskets
SPECIAL AT 25c EACH