

MARKETS  
CATTLE  
PORK  
BEEF  
LARD  
WHEAT  
FLOUR  
RICE  
SUGAR  
COFFEE  
TEA  
CLOTH  
HATS  
SHOES  
GLOVES  
Hosiery  
Socks  
Underwear  
Trunks  
Suitcases  
Traveling  
Bags  
Accessories  
Toiletries  
Perfumes  
Cosmetics  
Nails  
Hair  
Shampoo  
Conditioner  
Deodorant  
Sunscreen  
Insect  
Repellent  
First Aid  
Medicine  
Band-Aids  
Bandages  
Tapes  
Gauze  
Sponges  
Cotton  
Tissues  
Napkins  
Paper  
Plates  
Cups  
Spoons  
Forks  
Knives  
Cutlery  
Dishes  
Trays  
Linen  
Towels  
Bath  
Towels  
Handkerchiefs  
Socks  
Shoes  
Gloves  
Hosiery  
Underwear  
Trunks  
Suitcases  
Traveling  
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Trays  
Linen  
Towels  
Bath  
Towels  
Handkerchiefs

# TWIXT LOVE AND PRIDE

CHAPTER I

"Of course, my dear George, if you wish very much to have these people here, they must be asked," said Lady Caroline, regarding her husband laconically through the hands of the tea-tray. The children had just left the room, so she thought it a good opportunity of finally learning his wishes on this subject without the intervention of Mildred's rather vehement opinions. "I don't suppose they are the very nicest people in the world for the girls to know, but if you see no way out of the difficulty, of course there is nothing more to be said."

"Nothing," it cannot be helped now, at all events," Sir George returned, running his eyes ruefully over a letter which he held in his hand. "He was an old schoolfellow of mine, you know, and when he expresses a wish to come and see, what can I do but write and say how welcome he and his family will be?"

"Exactly so," assented Lady Caroline, "but it is a horrible bore for all of that. And how they are to be amused is more than I can tell you. There is a son, is there not, and a daughter?"

"Yes, a son and a daughter. As to amusing them, the young gentleman will hunt, I suppose, and probably ruin one of my best hares before he leaves; and the girl—oh, I should think she will do very well," said Sir George, cavalierly. "Mildred will manage about that, and will get some fellows to meet her."

"How did he make his money?" Lady Caroline asked, presently, and then began to think with dismay of what the wide country-side would say. It was eminently aristocratic, the countryside, and never had it as yet introduced within the sacred boundaries of its circle such a horror as a family polluted by trade. Lady Caroline, it appeared, to her own discomfiture, was on the fair road toward being first to open the guarded gates to admit this horror, and very "hard lines" the poor woman felt it to be.

"Cotton," answered Sir George, briefly, and then indeed his wife felt that the cup of her affliction was full. "If it only had been wine," she said, hopelessly, "I am sure I don't know what the Deverills will think; and of course the girl will be unbearable. Besides," with a sigh—"it will be such an additional expense."

"True," returned her husband, and the lines laid by care became more clearly defined; but, as I said before, darling, cannot be helped, so we must only make the best of it."

But Lady Caroline could not make the best of it just then, and so went out of the room to consult with Mildred, of whose sympathy she was certain, the girl being more opposed to the coming of their visitors than even she could be.

About twenty-seven years before, Sir George Trevanion—then a young man of about twenty-one or so, only just fallen in for his title, and the paltry four thousand pounds a year accompanying it, by the death of his uncle—made up his mind to join a party who were off to the "Land of Cakes" for fun and grouse-shooting. Here he saw fit to fly at higher game than his companions did, having fallen in love over-ears in love with the second daughter of a poor Scotch lord, who had not more than a "bawbee" to divide between his seven girls, and endeavored manfully to induce Lady Caroline to forsake her native land and return with him to his Devonshire home.

Being handsome, tall, good-humored, and altogether as nice a young man as one could meet, it presently came about that Lady Caroline, in bed one night, under cover of the friendly darkness confined to her younger sister, although she had no hair, that in her opinion George Trevanion was the dearest fellow in all the world—the only man she should ever care for, that if he did not ask her to marry him, they might dig her grave in the nearest churchyard without any further delay, and that he had said to her that evening in the garden so-and-so and so-and-so, and ever so many other things.

Whereupon Lady Janet—who really was a most delightful girl, and fully deserved the man she got afterward—declared that there was not a doubt in the world but that George Trevanion wanted only one word from Carry to make him propose in due form, and that she—Lady Janet—had long seen how desperately in love the poor dear fellow was, and that she clearly foresaw how her darling Carry would come from her into a distant land, which might end in her prognostications only seemed to raise the spirits of the ungrateful Carry, who went to sleep immediately and dreamed all sorts of rose-colored dreams.

She acted on her sister's advice, however next day, and, having given young Trevanion the "one word" needed, was informed by him on the spot that she was the "light of his life" and the "darling of his heart"; he also afforded her the comfortable assurance that, if her father refused his consent—which was the usual thing for all fathers to do, he believed, being hard-hearted—he would certainly either run away with her in a coach-and-four in open daylight, or put a period to his existence.

It turned out that nothing so awful as the latter contingency was at all necessary, as old Lord Monkley was a shrewd old nobleman, and considered a bona fide baronet with four thousand pounds a year by no means "a thing to be sneezed at." So he gave his consent, after a decent show of hesitation, together with a very sincere blessing, and an inward prayer that Providence would very soon again throw just such another George Trevanion in his or rather one of his daughters' path. And so young Trevanion "won his Genevieve, his bright

and beautiful bride," and took her back with him a very willing companion, to King's Abbott, in Devonshire.

After a little time—as it appeared to her—there came a letter to Janet Monkley, telling of an heir born to the Trevanions. "He is the bonniest boy in all England," wrote his mother proudly. "I don't suppose they are the very nicest people in the world for the girls to know, but if you see no way out of the difficulty, of course there is nothing more to be said."

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### ROYAL YEAST CAKES

The best yeast in the world.  
Makes perfect bread.



MADE IN CANADA  
E.W. GILLETT COMPANY LIMITED  
TORONTO, ONT.  
WINNIPEG MONTREAL

man had need to be with seven growing-up children. But at that time he had put the evil thought behind him, and considered it no more, until about a year back, when several circumstances had happened again to force it upon his memory. Events somehow had begun to accumulate of late years, and now began to declare themselves with very disagreeable openness. The family lawyer shook his head solemnly; and Sir George in self-defence went home, and having sold two of his favorite hunting most disadvantageously, walked about his farm, doing gloomy penance, and was cross to his wife for the first time for a number of years.

But this state of things only lasted a very few days, and at the end of the time, his third hunter having been bought back again, at a very different price from that paid for it to Sir George, and presently the other fellow gave up the gloomy penance, to the great relief of the household at King's Abbott, who were considerably put out by it, and having kissed his wife, did not go round the farm for several days.

Lady Caroline, of course, soon discovered that they were in difficulties, and Sir George's face was incapable of concealing a secret—and then spent rather a low-spirited day, these two women, "mamma's" boudoir, discussing probabilities and improbabilities, and the selling of "papa's" hunters, until Mildred's length suggested that the annual visit to London should be given up—for this year at all events.

This was a severe blow to the mother. It was during a London season that Florence had managed her little affair so comfortably, whereby she had fallen into such a pleasant place as Ryelands—Florence, who was neither as beautiful nor as sweet as her Mildred, who might, the fond mother believed, marry a marquis if so inclined. Indeed, last season when Miss Trevanion made her second appearance, a desirable young baronet had laid his heart and a very respectable fortune at her feet; and, though Mildred had seen fit to reject both, on some very insufficient grounds, still that was no reason why this year another desirable young baronet might not do likewise and be accepted. It seemed quite dreadful to poor Lady Caroline that this golden opportunity should be thrown away.

"My dearest," she said, "I hardly think it would be my duty to retrench in that way. Consider what an injustice I should be doing you and Mabel."

"Never mind the injustice—I do not feel it," Mildred returned; "and, be honest, I think it unlikely that I should meet anybody there whom I could particularly care for. I fancy, somehow, I shall never marry; when Mabel is old enough to come out—in about two years from this, I suppose—perhaps papa will be better able to afford a London season."

"But I am not thinking of Mabel—I am thinking of you," Lady Caroline said, laying one of her hands tenderly upon the girl's clasped fingers. "Do not tell me, Mildred, that, with your beautiful face and affectionate heart, you are going to be an old maid. You have not seen 'him' yet, my dear, that is all; but you will, depend upon me. See how well Florence got off by going to London."

(To be continued.)

### TO TRIFLE WITH CATARRH IS TO RISK CONSUMPTION

Usually it comes with a cold being slight it is neglected—but the seed is sown for a dangerous harvest, perhaps consumption. To cure at once, inhale Catarrhoxone. It destroys the germs of catarrh, clears away mucous, cleanses the passage of the nose and throat. The hacking cough and sneezing cold soon disappear, and health is yours again. Nothing known for colds, catarrh and throat trouble that is so curative as Catarrhoxone. It cures by new methods that never yet failed. The one dollar outfit includes the inhaler and is guaranteed to cure. Smaller sizes 25 and 50c. Sold everywhere.

### THE KAISER AND THE WAR

(By F. A. Connors, Peterboro, Ont.)

Why will we ever know the reason Why the God of love and truth Has permitted so much evil To blight and blast our youth? Why so many hearts are aching, And this awful war now raging In the dawn of Heaven's morn?

Will we know in life's short season Why in sorrow here we're bent, With this crisis thrust upon us, And the very heavens rent? By the dreadful roar of cannon And the thunder of the shell, On our thoroughfare to Heaven, We should come so near to hell?

Yes, there's just one explanation, And I'll give it now to you, Though so many now profess Him, There are still a very few Who are seeking to exalt Him By a life of self-denial. But, instead, their whole attention With the world is occupied.

It's the law of cause and action, That's as old as man himself, And, instead of God being worshipped, It's a bowing to the self, And the lusts of men are fostered In a polished sort of war, Till hell is on the playground Of the school of Christ to-day.

Now to fret and stew and worry Isn't going to help, it's true, And, if you want the answer, I'll tell you what to do: Turn you o'er the pages of reason, And you'll find it there so plain, That for pleasure, wealth and honor This world has zone insane.

And the Kaiser is a sample Of this reckless, godless clan; He's despised the God of justice And ignored the rights of man; He's a liar and a traitor, And a monument of shame, He has outraged civilization And has cursed the nation's name.

He has plunged the world in sorrow By his treachery for gain, In his aim for exaltation He was reached to lowest plain; He's a stench upon the nostrils Of man and God himself, He's the emissary of Satan And the imp of hell itself.

Now, there's but one alternative That is left for you and me, And in the words of Jesus, It's as plain as plain can be, And to all who will accept Him, He has promised life and peace, But to those who still reject Him, Their sorrows shall increase.

For we're in the days of sorrow, It's the age of grief for self, Foretold by prophet, apostle, And the Son of God Himself, Now, as the day is approaching, And you see these things appear, Remember then His warning, "Know that the end is near," Matthew xxiv.

### THE CUTWORM.

(London Advertiser)

Soon we shall hear an enemy rhyme in Canada and the United States.

Count that day lost, Which with its scorching sun Sets no obstruction caused By poison of Hun.

Each day produces its burnings and excursions. It took lately published by W. H. Shaizes, entitled, "German Conspiracies in America," tells the story, from an emigrant in the republic from a German scene that long-remembered of Germany. It was a prophet no only in his all-nance but he foresaw a danger from the "measures of greater length" that he saw necessary in dealing with the "Germans," since "through their indiscretions used to liberty, they could not be made a modest use of."

Franklin put his finger on the crux of the matter, "not being used to liberty, there is a large number of the foreigners fit from foreigners or its effects to a free country, but not being ripe that others they can't break their fervor. They welcome the shelter themselves for hire or otherwise, to the great detriment of the state."

They are becoming a public enemy of the most perilous kind, a cut-worm, gnawing at the root of a great free state.

### A Preparatory Course.

There is a judge in Salem, Mass., who behind a benignant smile, hides an occasional surprise for persistent offenders. Not long ago there came up before him for sentence the young youths who have been guilty of a long sequence of misdeeds. Both were under age, each day having been caught with the goods. They had pleaded guilty in the goods hope of getting off with a light punishment.

The judge adjusted his glasses and through them beamed softly at the young lawbreakers.

"You two boys, he said softly, "I'm reforming for two years to the state, and you suddenly changed, and while you there you can be better by studying for a state penitentiary."—Saturday Evening Post.

### DISHONEST ADVERTISING.

(Buffalo News)

The day of lying labels and fake advertising is gone. No reputable paper will accept advertisements from factious firms for untruthful and torturing reaction upon the whole character of the publication.

She had rejected his offer of marriage. "Do you think you could marry me if I were rich?" he asked bitterly. "Well, I could try harder," she replied encouragingly.

## AID SET FROM THE COLONIES

### Overseas Britons From Earth's Ends Give Plans.

Little Known Places That Are "Doing Their Bit."

The Secretary of State for the Colonies intimates that the Overseas Club announces the following further gifts to the Imperial Aircraft Flotilla:

- No. 42—Pretoria, 70-h.p. biplane, costing £1,500, presented by the people of Pretoria, through the Pretoria branch of the Overseas Club.
- No. 43—Assanti 70-h.p. biplane, costing £1,500, presented by the Chief of Assanti through the Crown Agents for the Colonies.
- No. 44—Shanghai Race Club, 70-h.p. biplane, presented by the members of the Shanghai Race Club, through Mr. H. H. Read, Shanghai. Cost £1,500.
- No. 45—Accra, 70-h.p. biplane, presented by the residents of Accra through the Crown Agents for the Colonies. £1,500.
- No. 46—Akin-Abukwa, 70-h.p. biplane, presented by the residents of Akin-Abukwa Division of the Gold Coast, through the Crown Agents for the Colonies. £1,500.
- No. 47—Rhodesia, No. 3, 70-h.p. biplane, costing £1,500, presented by the people of Rhodesia, through the British South Africa Company.
- No. 48—Poverty Bay, New Zealand, Henn Farman biplane, costing £2,029, presented by the Poverty Bay district of New Zealand.
- No. 49—South Australia, 100-h.p. Gnome-Vickers gun-mounted biplane, costing £2,250, presented by the people of South Australia, through the clemency of the Governor, Sir H. L. Galway, K.C.M.G., C.B., D.S.O.
- No. 50—Nigeria, No. 2, 70-h.p. biplane, costing £1,500, presented by the people of Nigeria through His Excellency the Governor, Sir F. D. Lagard, G.C.M.G., C.B., D.S.O.
- No. 51—Lady Ho-Tung, Hong Kong, 70-h.p. biplane, costing £1,500, presented by Lady Ho-Tung, Hong Kong.
- No. 52—Sir Robert Ho-Tung, Hong Kong, 70-h.p. biplane, presented by Sir Robert Ho-Tung, Hong Kong. £1,500.
- No. 53—Shanghai Exhibition, 100-h.p. Gnome-Vickers gun-mounted biplane, presented by the residents of Shanghai, through Mr. H. H. Read, Shanghai. £2,250.

The Government of Grenada has notified to the British Red Cross Society through the Crown Agents for the Colonies, a further sum of £750 contributed to the society by private subscribers in the Colonies—British Exchange.

### WOMAN'S HEALTH NEEDS CONSTANT CARE

Work and Worry Leaves Her a Victim of Many Distressing Ailments.

Every woman's health is peculiarly dependent upon the condition of her blood. How many women suffer with headache, pain in the back, poor appetite, weak digestion, a constant feeling of weariness, palpitation of the heart, shortness of breath, pallor and nervousness. If you have these symptoms you should begin today to build up your blood with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Under their influence the nervous energy of the body is restored as the blood becomes red and pure and the entire system is strengthened to meet every demand upon it. They nourish every part of the body, giving brightness to the eye and color to the cheeks and lips.

Mrs. J. S. Francis, Oakwood, Ont., says: "I should have written long ago to tell what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills did for me, but I suppose it is better late than never. In June, 1912, I had to go to a hospital for an operation for my weakness. I was in the hospital for a month, before I was able to get home. Three weeks after this I started for a trip to the Pacific coast in the hope that my health would further improve. On the way I stopped to visit a sister in Southern Alberta, and on arriving at her home (after a 35 mile drive) I was completely done out. I found my sister ill, her baby having been born the week before. As there was no one to help, I had to take care of the child and do the household work, and in the three weeks that passed before my sister took charge I was completely worn out, and again nearly ill. However, I started on my westward trip, and decided to stop off at Banff, where I remained a week, but it did not seem to help me, and I resumed my journey. On the train I took sick, and could not eat, and I was alone in condition was pitiable. Finally the porter wired ahead to North Bend for a doctor to see me. The doctor wanted me to leave the train and go to a hospital, but I determined to continue my journey to Vancouver. The medicine and doctor gave me did not help me, and was getting worse all the time. And then a young man who had the opposite berth asked me if I would try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and gave me a box he had. I used those and the porter got me two more boxes, and by the time I reached my journey's end I was feeling some better. I stayed two months on the coast, and continued taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills all that time. I had gained in weight and appearance, and when I started for home I felt better than I had done for years. Now I always keep Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in the house, and my young husband and my young daughter have been benefited by their use. I bless the day that young man on the coast, and gave me a box of pills, otherwise I might never have tried them, and would have still been an invalid."

You can get Dr. Williams' Pink Pills from any medicine dealer or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

### SAVE \$3.10

## WALTHAM WATCH

In Standard Express Quality Case

\$12.00 VALUE FOR \$8.90

SEND NO MONEY  
Text is Yours Before  
You Pay

Waltham Watch Co., Waltham, Mass., U.S.A.

### Were a Boon to a Paisley Man

#### DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS CURED PAIN IN HIS BACK.

Mr. Jas. A. Bryce Tells Why He Recommends Dodd's Kidney Pills to All Who Suffer from Kidney Disease.

Paisley, Ont., Feb. 27.—(Special)—"I can highly recommend Dodd's Kidney Pills to anyone suffering from pain in the back," says Mr. Jas. A. Bryce, well known and highly respected in this neighborhood. "I had been troubled with a pain in my back for about a year."

"Reading the self examination page in Dodd's Almanac led me to believe that my trouble came from my kidneys, so I sent and got a box of Dodd's Kidney Pills. Before they were done I was feeling as well as ever."

"Dodd's Kidney Pills were certainly a great boon to me."

Dodd's Kidney Pills act directly on the kidneys. By putting them in condition to do their proper work, they accomplish the cures so regularly reported. Healthy kidneys make pure blood and the man or woman who has pure blood coursing through their veins can laugh at nine-tenths of the ills of life.

### Evening Coiffures.

They cling.  
Some are flat.  
Few are bouffant.  
The pasted look is "out."  
Clustered curls are charming.  
They may top a very simple coiffure.  
If you don't like curls puffs are to the rescue.  
Hair more or less wavy is practically a necessity.  
Ornaments are not generally worn in the coiffure this season.  
Wonderful combs are a feature, however, and bandeaux are seen.  
Of course, for wonderful occasions, special ornaments, great dinners and important balls, the tiara and kindred ornaments are the thing.

The Soubrette—Those quartette singers seem to get on well together, don't they?  
They represent a strange paradox. "What do you mean?" "Peace without harmony."—Youngstown Telegram.

These are our friends who represent us, not those who flatter us.—Pythagoras.