BARN

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single stalls and and three loose will accommodate horses are kept Payod.

are nine feet allow a division . stalls are preas of the box et six inches by d being ten feet and boxes are connected by

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of the stable is The fresh air inie corners of the stable. It is very

open into the loft ed when they are straw chutes, or em will not work Idian Countryman

N TABLETS TEN YEARS

ilwell, Winthrope, have used Baby's he past ten years em so good for my ways keep a box in nothing else. They from chiates and box from The Dr. Co., Brockville.



re fixed by bakers, a bun is still contrates. -Wall Street

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HER HUMBLE **LOVER**

"And he?" she said, with interest, Cairo, and she had kept it by her, lit-"does the rule apply to him? And the thinking that she should not wear which is he-good or evil?"

He was silent for a moment; then, as he was about to speak, Signa held up her hand.

"Stop!" she said with a smile. "They used to say that I had the gift of reading character in faces; let me see if I can read the present Lord Delamere's in his portrait."

And she went along the line till she came to the end. With an exciamation of surprise she

"Why, there was no portrait of him! ment save a pair of bangles, which There is the place left but there is no had been bought in Cairo with the portrait!

And she turned and looked at Hector Warren. He shrugged his shoulders and

smiled. "Perhaps he has inherited the ugly

disappointed.

CHAPTER VI. It is the evening of the dinner-party, and Signa sits at ease beside the open window of her little room, putting on her black gloves and listening absently to the hub and buzz of conversation that floats upward from the dining room. From her wincow she had watched with amused interest the arrival of the guests as the carriages drove round the drive, and deposited

their occupants just below where sne First came the modest brougham of the doctor and his wife; then the chaise of Captain Jenks and his son; the third to arrive was of a different order; a great barouche, drawn by a pair of huge chestnuts, came thundering over the gravel; and Signa, looking out, could see by the immense coat of arms lozenged on the carriage that it belonged to some one of importance. Presently she heard a gentleman's voice giving some orders to the powdered footman who had descended to

open the door, and the man's respectful "Yes, Sir Frederick." Who "Sir Frederick" might be she did not know, but she remembered Mr. Podswell's remark that he liked to meet new people, and concluded that he was of some consequence. A few minutes later a pair of dark roans came up the drive, harnessed to a neat brougham of Morgan's build. Altogether a tasteful and fashionable turn out, that attracted Signa's attention and excited her interest, which increased as she caught sight of an elaborate dress inside the carriage.

She heard an old woman's voice, thin, but clear as crystal, and heard the servant answer her as "My lady." "Lady Rockwell, the terrible!" thought Signa, with a smile. One or twa other carriages arrived-heavy, lumbering landaus, smacking a vast respectability and solid wealth; then all was still outside, the servants hurried up and down the hall, and she knew that dinner had commenced.

It was time for her to dress then, and she went to the wardrobe and turned over the few dresses she pos-They were all black, of course, and some heavy with crape, She chose one that was composed of had been woven in the East, and was as unlike the ordinary grenadine one buys in Oxford street as an Indian shawl is unlike a sack. It had been one of poor Jack Grenville's last pro- | Signa. "Won't they give you any more sents to her; he had picked it up in alimonds and raisins, Archia?"

it until the giver was lying asleep in his last slumber. She took it out with a sigh—a gentle sigh that was as full of love as unreasoning grief, and put it on over a soft cashmere, leaving the white neck and arms to gleam like ivory through the filmy, web-like tissue of the dress. Then she looked through the modest contents of her jewel-case, but closed it again, and took a white rose from a base, and put it where her brooch would have gone; and so, without any other orna-

dress, she had finished her toilet. The tiny glass gave back only portion of her tall, supple figure, and she did not study even so much or so little of it carefully. There was not much vanity in Signa, she must have known that she was beautiful, and that painted and placed in the rank and in no small degree, but the knowledge "Perhaps so," said Signa, laughing minds. She forgot it altogether for the most part, and valued her lovelinight, if she had known it, that leveliness is, as the rector would have termed it, "really extraordinary"; for the keen, sweet air of the sea has

brought a touch of color to her oval race, that was so pale and ivory like when she first came, and the prospect of a little amusement has bestowed a subtle light on the dark eyes that renders them as dangerous as the beacons that shine on the coast outside Northwell Bar.

But she is not conscious of, or thinking of coming triumphs; she is simply leaning back with quiet, calm patience, waiting for the maid who is to come and tell her that the ladies have gone into the drawing-room, and smiling with amusement at the reflection that she who, as Jack Grenville's daughter, had been used to the society of the highest in the land, should be scarcely good enough for Aunt Podswell's country guests. Here again a smaller mind would have felt and shown resentment at being excluded from the dining-room, but Signa only

felt amused and highly grafified; she could imagine a dinner party at a country rectory quite distinctly enough o prevent her longing to be one of it. One other thought she had-it was of Hector Warren; she had not heard

or seen him. Had he come or had he resented the cool insolence of the tardy invitation and stopped away?as they certainly deserved that he should A faint thrill of hope-too faint to raise a blush-agitated her at the thought. She would like to see him

again, she thought. And why n'? It was only natural. Since her father died, and she had come to this place, who, beside Archie, had spoken a kind, sympathetic word to her saving the handsome, distinguished stranger? With a warm gratitude she recalled the scene of yesterday-his close, devoted attention, the respectful tone of his voice, when he addressed her, the kind glow of sympathy in his magnificent eyes; she recalled them all and -yes, she was not so foolish as to be afraid of admitting to herself that she

should like to see him again. A knock sets her thoughts flying like a flock of wood pigeons, and she opens the door to find-not Mary, but

a soft grenadine—a grenadine that Archie—Archie, with a disappointed face and a lack-lustre eye. "Isn't it a beastly shame?" he says,

Illiming himself hat" way on the hed. "What's a beastly shame?" asks

'More!" he exclaims, with intense indignation. "I haven't had any. Mamma left word that I was not to go in to dessert, and-and, Signa, I shouldn't have thought Mr. Warren was a storyteller, should you.

"He did not strike me as being a particularly untruthful person, Arch-

ie," said Signa.
"Ah! I'm afraid he is, though," says Archie, with a strong sense of wrong in his voice. "Didn't you tell me, the other day, no lady or gentleman ever broke their promise?"

"I have a faint recollection of expressing such a sentiment," says Signa, with a smile. "Are you going to turn and crush me by proving that the sentiment is false. dear?"
"I don't know. All I can say is, Mr.

Warren hasn't kept his promise. I got away from Jane, and crept down the stairs, just as the dessert wine was being taken in, and I passed the door-three times; but he never took any notice. Then I waited and mewed oh, quite loud! But he never took any notice of that; and when I mewed again, papa said, Drive that cat away, Mary!' and I came upstairs. It's a beastly shame, isn't it, Signa? I thought he'd have kept his promise

like a gentleman." "Perhaps he didn't hear you. Did you see him?" Archie shakes his head, and kneels

on the chair at her dressing-table, to ransack her jewel-box. "No, I couldn't see him. I expect he

was behind the door somewhere. I saw Sir Frederic-him that papa says is so rich and so proud." "So proud, is he?" says Signa, amused; "and what is his other name?"

"Blyte-Sir Frederic Blyte," replies Archie. 'He is- oh, so rich insed! and that land you see over there"-and he points across the bay-"is his. "He's young and fair, with a big yellow mustache. I don't like it so well as Mr. Warren's, but Sir Frederic is very fond of it."

"Oh?" laughingly. "Yes," says Archie, shrewdly. "He is always pulling it and twisting it up, like this, and he always taiks about "my place, and my land, and my people, like-like one of the kings in the English History.'

Signa laughs, and Archie, encouraged, goes on: "Papa says he's the principal person in this part of the county, now that Lord Delamere never comes, and the Grange's shut up. I suppose if Lord Delamere came, Sir Frederic wouldn't like it. Then I saw Lady Rookwell-'old Rook,' papa calls her when she's gone—that's because she's got sharp

eyes and a nose like a bird." "That will do, Archie," says Signa, with a shake of the head. "But it's true. Well, I won't say it in you don't like, Signa dear; but she is like a bird, and she speaks sharp and quick like, and she doesn't care what

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she says. One day I heard her ask papa

why he preached the same sermons year after year, and he didn't know what to say. "That was decidedly rude," Signa, repressing a smile.

"Wasn't it? But papa does, you know. Then there was Captain Jenks. I heard him growling because Mary upset some wine on his back. And there was young Mr. Jenks, with such a big bunch of flowers in his coat! and I saw him wink at Mary, Signa dear. "I think not. You must be mistaken," says Signa.

"Then he must have got a crumb in his eye," suggests Archie.

"That is more likely." assents Signa. Mary's, only with more lace on it. Dr. Plumbe has got a red face, and he drinks a good deal of wine with papa after the ladies have gone-

"Upon consideration, Archie, I rather think your mamma is wise in declining to permit you to join in dessert," says Signa, significantly. "But I didn't see Mr. Warren,"

Archie sums up, with a sigh, when I do I shall tell him that he hasn't kept his promise." "Will you come down now, if you please, miss?" says Mary, appearing

at the open door. "Good -night, Archie," says Signa, stooping and kissing him. "Perhaps you will sleep better for your abstinence from the deleterious sweets of

dessert." "What big words you use!" he says, laughing. "You think I don't understand 'em, but I do. Kiss me again, Signa. I say, how beautiful you look to-night! More like a princess than ever!" and he regards her with wide open eyes of childish awe and admiration. "Signa, don't let young Mr. Jenks wink at you, will you?"

"Not if I can prevent him, certainly not," says Signa, going to the door. "And Signa, promise me you will come in and kiss me, as usual. I shall keep awake for you."

"I promise and, unlike Mr. Warren, I will keep it," she says, with a smile. "Good-night, and be a good

boy. "Good-night," he says, and he follows her to the top of the staircase. looking after her over the banisters,

wistfully. Signa descends the stairs slowly, and Mary, waiting to open the drawing-room door, looks at her with a woman's critical appreciation, and wenders how they will "take" this beautiful young creature who is about to swim into their midst, the picture

of youthful loveliness. "Your flower is falling, miss," she whitepers, earnestly, and she whites a away with me. But I didn't mean to

pin from some mysterious hiding hurt you or awake sad thoughts. And rlace, to readjust the blossoms—a you are Signa Grenville! I should thing she would not dream of doing have known it if I had met you anyfor her mistress; but Signa's beauty where. Why didn't you dine with us, and loveliness, and loving care of ch?" and the sharp eyes seem to Archie, have won Mary's heart long cleave through Signa's innocrat besom.

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lighter-and more cheerful. Cood

anything to have you sit at their

about your father just now. No-no; 1 |

and then I'll tell you about him. The

girls I know."

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gentler than when she speaks to her | Icdswell, hurriedly. inferiors, and Mary is fully repaid; she "Eh, my dear?" reiterates the teris also encouraged to add, hurriedly: rible old lady, taking no more notice "What a lovely dress, miss! Lor" of poor Mrs. Podswell than if she had -teuching it reverently—"it is like a not spoken. "Hem! I understand.

"I am glad you like it," says Signa, tien. If you had been amongst us, smiling, and not by any means of the meal would have been a little fended. "I am fond if it, too." Mary courtesies and opens the docr, heavens! Some people would give and Signa enters.

So caimly and quietly that for a dinner-table." moment the three ladies carcely | "I did not care to come," said Signa, granulated, and was made happy notice her entrance. Signa looks round. taking pity on poor Mrs. Podswell, many gifts and congratulations. Mrs. Podswell is at the tea-table, an now crimson and half choking with old lady with palpable paint and pow- nortification. der, and a very nice but also palpable | "Hem! Ah! Very nicely put. Bring front, is scated, half asieep, in a chair me a cup of tea, my dear. I want to Arthur Mozley, who, as will be reby the window. Signa guesses that talk to you." it is the terrible Lady Rookwell. And Signa rose to fetch the tea, which held livings in Lendon and Devonthe doctor's wife is talking to Mrs. Aunt Pedswell hands her with a glance Podswell; and smiling with all her of mingled dislike and deference. If teeth, like the good-natured soul she she could but have guessed is. Signa looks around, standing me- that Lady Rookwell would have descendants of the same family have tionless for a moment, then she goes taken to the girl as she has reached a centerarian age would up to the tea-table.

Her voice, low as it is, rouses the on the terrible old woman. Signa car-"Shall I help you?" she says. sleeper, and her ladyship swings round | ried the cup of tea to her ladyship. with a start and a stare. have you been here? I wish I'd known

Aunt Podswell coughs and signs as it, I'd have called. You can't talk those who are able to trace their anniece-Miss Grenville-Lady know. But you will be able some day, usual. "My

Rookwell. If you remember, I told

"Yes, I know," cuts in her ladyship, abrutly, still staring at Signa, who seems totally unconscious of her gaze, Mrs. Plumbe, with a big cap on -like | and is apparently absorbed with the tea things. "I know, but you didn't say-them!-we didn't expect-is the child deaf?"

"Deaf?" echoes Aunt Podswell, nervously. "No, dear Lady Rookwell." "No? Then I'd better not finish what I was going to say. I hate vain people too much to help to make one. Send her to me."

Aunt Podswell nods and smiles in a weak, feeble kind of way at Signa. "Lady Rookwell wishes to speak to

you, my dear." Signa, with a mischlevous impulse, looks round from Mrs. Plumbe to her old ladyship as if she did not know

where to go to. Her ladyship chuckles. "Vtry nice-very nicely done; and serves me right. Quite serves me right, my dear! I am an awfully proud old thing, but, like most bullies, I know when I have met my master.

Amelia, introduce me to the young lady in proper form, since that is what she wants.' Aunt Podswell snorts indignant anger at Signa-Signa standing with a teacup in her hand, as calm and

serene as a queen.

"Signa-Lady Rookwell," she stammers, awkwardly. "Lady Rookweil, this is my-my husband's niece." "You have no cause to be ashamed of her, my dear Amelia." says the awful old lady. "Now, come and sit by me, my dear; your aunt can pour out the tea. And so your name is

Grenville, is it?" Signa seats herself beside the fircelooking old countess, and inclines her

"Gren-why you must be Jack Grenville's daughter!" exclaims Lady Rookwell. "Handsome Jack! yes, yes, I know, my dear; forgive me," she adds. quickly, as Signa's face pales; and the old lady puts her hand on the gauze-covered arm affectionately. "I know my stupid tongue always runs

Aunt Podswell opens her eyes at "But there, I won't talk about him. Poor Jack!" and the old lady signs and dabs a lace pocket-handkerchief

against her eyes almost flercely. "Never mind. But, great heavens! how like you are to him! And you have buried yourself here!" Signa glances at her aunt, who has

turned almost livid with vexation.
"Hem!" says her ladyship. "Ah, I see! Never mind. Bless my soul, what foels people are!" she continues, in a voice which she flattered herself was quite inaudible, but which Aunt Podswell could hear with awful distinctness. "Talked to me about the girl as if she was a commonplace sort of governess! And here she is like a pearl or a princess!"

"Will you take some more tea?" says Signa, feeling for her aunt, and wishing to stop her ladyship's soliloquy. "No," says her ladyship, brusquely. The men will be here presently, and I like a cup then. You must come over and see me. I live at the great, gaunt house across the bay. You will be bored to death and glad to get away again, but come all the same. Great heavens! Jack Grenville's daughter! In this hole!"

Scientific Odds and Ends.

Chicago has a barber shop where patrons shave themselves. The implements are hired by patrons.

X-rays are now used by dentists to determine whether or not root canals have been properly filled.

A bronze paint has been made which will act as a conductor of electricity, serving in the place of lightning rods. Simultaneous tests are being made of the air of Chicago, St. Louis. Pittsburg and Cincinnati to determine

which is "the smokiest city." A motorcycle with side car attachment fitted out for fire department services, with axes, extinguishers and other similar apparatus, has been adopted by several municipalities for

quick response to fire calls. Approximately 1,000,600 barrels of lime are prepared in the vicinity of

Rockland, Maine, annually, In the construction of a California home, the pipes of an organ are hidden in the grill work of the room, so that only the console is visible, and this may be drawn about the room to any convenient location.

A small nocket light be no battery. The current is generated by a small dynamo concealed in the handle and worked by one finger.

COPPE INSTANT

RELIEF Paint or Putnam's Corn Extractor tonight, and corns feel better in the morn-Magical, tho ing. " Putnam's "

"Thank you, Mary," says Signa, in | "Will you have cream in your tea, eases the pain, destroys the roots, her sweet voice, never sweeter cr dear Lady Rookwell?" murmurs Mrs. kills a corn for all time. No pain. gentler than when she speaks to her Fedswell, hurriedly. "Putnam's" Extractor to-day.

Is Old Age Hereditary?

It is interesting to note that the centenarian Mrs. Arthur Mozley, who so recently celebrated her hundred and first birthday, spent her venerable birthday under felicitous circametances-in fairly good health, and in the society of her friends, by all of whom she was warmly congratulated, and was made happy by

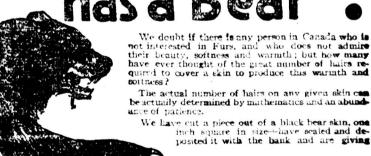
It seems that Mrs. Mozley's grandmother was also a centenarian, she three years age at Cheltenham.

The fact that two almost direct done, she would have had her seem to point to the inference that to dinner; but there was no counting | centenarianism is hereditary. Certainly observation favors the

idea that ordinarily longevity is here-"Sit down," she says. "How long | ditary. What a comforting thought for

He (reading the paper) -- There's a most charming and wonderful man I big flureback coming. She-Dear me! ever met: I'd have run away with him | And I was sure I saw where all the if he'd asked me; so would have the new skirts were to hang straight .-Baitimore American.

How many hairs? has a Bear?





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