TLY BENEFIT-

no more impressive little ceremony ener's routine nows ve the daily duties The fine martial nce so much prized tion indeed. On the battalions are diif the special aptiults for particular the the purpose of g for non-commis-

oor physique or g with the purpose before they shall as work of being in this regard accruing to many men have been in-

Workers, Solasants Act,

oport for the nment.

-Another proclaued on behalf of d Soldiers' Deleants' Congress. It cheidse, president orkmen's and Sol-Socialist memd is addressed to he army and the hat the revolution

and open treachys the proclamang Field Marshal offensive. The r army are opennemy for increasic and preparing poisonous seeds may come into an attack is bestrong Bourgekals and hyenas e howling," measures adopt-

nferred upon the ith the situation. tinues: our representa-

te appeal nary authority: ll submission of and peasants to democracy's maawaken enthusyour entire will,

All-Russian centhe country and on which creat evolution in the Il not perish."

ntroller Will Tices

of Prime ty.

Lord Rhondda outlining to-day to follow to reeliminate pronded to fix the of prime necesald obtain effectages, from the mer. Every efprevent specury middlemen xisting agencies the purpose of nse and under vision of local appointed by

made illegally, would press cases of suffiosed to eliming prices on the All flour mills and worked on the flour beuniform price. apected to sell at maximum lour at a cor-

purchased by ned log the e over the quarter. millers for wheat would the Governce would be from the exsubsidies was

ttle would be hundredweight gs in October. cember, and uld enable the hout serious prices to the

of the impos-

ucing the cost

profits would prices would ittees, and arde for equitaeal authorities pint food cong at least one and one wo-

he regulations

distribution. ld be put into ipaign would

HER HUMBLE = LOVER =

"Alas, yes," says the father, sadly. "And now I have to tell you of poor Lucia. Two mornings after the duel milord received news of her from her friends. It was bad news. The agony which she had undergone had proved too much for the poor child, and she had lost her reason. Yes, the pretty, innocent girl we had crowned queen of our simple fetes had gone mad!" & eigh of sympathy breaks from

dura and Lady Rookwell. She was not violent. they wrote. but what is called melancholy-mad. Melancholia' is the right word, is it Bot? All her mind was set upon the trouble she had gone through, and all her thoughts were of milord—the man who had rescued her. In her madness she had conceived the idea that what he had done on her behalf he had done from love of her, and she grew to regard herself as his betrothed. Her friends, who had her in charge, strove gently to disabuse her mind of this delusion, but she clung to it with the tenacity of the insane. She would sit for hours, silent and rapt, murmuring his name: then she would beg for writing materials, and write long letters to him. Poor girl! Milord did what any other noble-hearted man would have done: he humored her. and. while striving to dispel the hallucination, wrote her kindly, brotherly letters in response to hers. It was kindly meant. but it was unwise: they but

served to fan the flame and keep the idea alive, and one day she fled from Aletto on foot, and came here to seek him. He had returned to England by that time, and all that we could do. short of keeping her in bonds, did not prevent her from following him. Milord's generosity had provided a sufficient income for her, and thus, harmless but restless, she wandered from city to city in search of him. Milord wrote to her at last, promising that, if she would return home. he would come and see her, and with this, and the writing of many letters to him, she was content.

"The months passed: the poor child would come backward and forward from the great cities to Casalina, her home. Her father died, and left her his wealth, and we all hoped that she would recover her reason and forget milord, when Heaven ordained that a mountain torrent should compel milord to revisit this spot and meet her. What happened you all know. This is the truth, and all the door. truth," he adds, with simple, impressive dignity.

hand with tears in her eyes. "Will you ever forgive us, my

dear?" she murmure. "Yes-yes!" he says eagerly; "there is nothing to forgive. It is a miserable story, is it not? Forgive! It is I who asks Lady Rookwell. "Has anything ought to plead for forgiveness! Had I acted as I should have done, and told my darling all the father has now told you, this would not have happened. But I shrunk from it, and put it from me day by day, until it became impossible to tell her. Mine is the

"No! no! Mine!" says a horse voice from the shadow. Hector turns his eyes with a sad smile, and slowly, painfully, holds out

his hand to him. "Blyte!" he says, "this is hard upon you, but it was best that you should know what really occurred. Don't fret and worry over what has happened. We are all human, and you acted according to your lights. Will you take my hand in token that all ravine dead! In her flight she took

with his haggard face and mournful sistible power into the valley. Poor eyes, and takes the thin, wasted hand. For a moment his emotion is too I will go to her. Leave me to tell strong to allow him to speak; then, with an effort, he says:

"Delamere, I do not ask you to for- hat, he goes sadly out. give me. You have acted like a man

"How horrible!" exclaims Laura

all through this bitter business, and I

Derwent. "Poor girl! Aunt, is there

punishment for me. If you can forgive friend and servant. I don't believe he me, if in time you can bring yourself has tasted food this day? Let us do to think that I am worthy to be your friend, prove your forgiveness by giving me some chance of atonement. Let me be of some service to you, and I will thank you with gratitude of a remorseful man who sees some chance of retrieving himself. Delamere, is up her hat and cloak. "Anything there nothing, nothing Ican do?" he would be better than sitting here, breaks in with dull despair.

There is silence for a moment, then the sick man says, solemnly: "Yes: be a friend to her." and his eyes turn lovingly to Signa. "If—if anything should happen, be that friend which all who are in need require. See now! I place her welfare in your hands. I leave her worldly affairs in your charge. More -I take you at your word, you see!will you go and look up my steward, and see that things are going on right? I leave everything in your

hands my friend!" Gently, almost sweetly, his voice drops at the last words, and Sir Frederic, with the tears running down his face, clasps the hand in both of his, and with an imploring glance at Sig-

na, turns and silently goes out. There goes one whose generous mind risen from the mist of jealousy and self love, shines out in the clear light of true repentance," says the mild voice of the father. "My son, you did well to forgive and trust You have won a friend who

will be constant till death." "I-know it." breathes Hector, feeb-"Sir Frederic has a heart of gold; he was sorely tried and tempted, and was misled. Through the whole miserable business he has acted like an honorable man, impelled by a mistaken sense of duty to himself-and my darling here. It is not hard to forgive such a ese. Signa."

She does not speak, but her hand presses his, and he is satisfied. Then the doctor comes forward and looks at his patient rather grimly.
"Humph!" he says. "This has last-

ed long enough, Father Sebastion." The father rises and lays his hand upon the hot forehead, and with a solemn "Good-night, my son," goes out. Lady Rookwell and Laura each press the gentle hand, and follow, but Signa neither moves nor looks up, but remains faithfully, lovingly, at his side. "Heavens! how we have misjudged that noble fellow," sobs her ladyship, as she sinks into a chair in the par- girls!" lor below. He has behaved like a

"Like an honest English gentleman, "Like an honest English gentleman, "Hope!" he says, shading the canmy lady," murmured the priest, sadly. dle with his hand. "That is a big ian," says the old lady, "and all the I do not say that; but I do say that I

just discovered that?" he says, with a stairs again.

it?" she sobs. "He will die, and she it, and makes much of it. All along the news of Lord Delamere's recovery my poor Signa will not be long after he has fought the fight bravely—that him! Laura, my heart is breaking! terrible fight which the man of In all my life I have never met with science fights against the King of

he says, solemnly. that the world would hear it! That every inch with his foe. sin, like a upas-tree, will grow until it throws out branches which shall the doctor with the unshaven face and reach no man knows whither, bearing the dead fruit of sorrow and that his patient is a powerful English misery and even death! A hero! nobleman, and that if he recovers, Yes! There have been few heroes so the man who saves him will receive a brave as he who lies at death's-door great reward, and have a chance of to-night, for he braved shame and ill-report for mercy and honor's sake! mere is just an intensely interesting And yet he erred! There should be no case of stabbing, with great nervous concealment between man and wife! Had he followed his own instincts and love of the struggle, he has resolved told that beautiful girl, his wife, all to snatch him from Death's clutches. that I have this night told you, this if it be possible for mortal man to do would not have happened."

And Lady Rookwell, the hardened woman of the world, bows her head Hector lies motionless, and to all apin reverent silence. The servant enters with a warm

basin of warm milk, the simple fare which forms the Tuscan's supper, and sets it on the table, and the father is about to invite them to partake of it when there comes a knock at the ing; she shall not die, and not know-

He himself goes to answer it, and There is a dead silence; then Lady in their sadness, hear his voice min- ways of Signa-"How beautiful she Rookwell bends over Lord Delamere's gled with a gruff and coarser tone.

> happened? He stands at the table, looking down at them.

> "Yes," he says; "I have bad news! And yet—and yet terrible though it be, it is almost good news. A peasant has just come to bring me tidings of Lucia."

"That wretched girl!" murmurs Lady Rookwell. The father shakes his head sadly.

"Speak no ill of the dead, miladi," he says, mildly. "The dead!" with a start.,

"Yes," he says. "This man has come to tell us that my poor Lucia has been found at the bottom of the ill-feeling between us is past and bur- the Florence road, and in attempting to cross the stream, was caught by Sir Frederic comes forward elowly, the torrent, and whirled by its irre-Lucia is dead! she lies now at the inn. the sad news to milord."

And taking up his broad, clerical nothing we can do? Think of some-"That thought will prove sufficient This good man seems everybody's thing. What useless creatures we are! something, or I shall go mad!"

Lady Rookwell stares at her. "What can we do?" she asks, helplessly.

"Something-anything," responds Laura, desperately; and she snatches helpless and useless, while that good old man goes about his duty alone." And with flushed cheeks, and glowa herdship to walk through Regent chreet, hurries out of the house, and Lady Rockwell follows her.

Stumbling, and holding each other's hands, they make their way to the inn, and into the silent chamber where the innocent cause of all this sorrow lies wrapped in the last slumber, with a peaceful smile on her

The good father expresses no surprise at their presence, but calmly, solemnly points to the motionless

"Poor Lucia!" he says. "She has passed beyond the vale of tears. Poor child! she has found peace at last. We will leave her now. Mine shall be the task of telling milord. Come, now." and he leads them back to the cottage

agnin.

As they enter the little hall, doctor comes down the stairs. His face is as grim as usual, but there is face is as grim as work, an unwonted light in his eyes. "Hush!" he says, gruffly;

asleen.'

Lady Rookwell murmurs something about the poor girl found drowned. but it does not interest the doctor absorbed by his case. "Humph!" he says. "What I ex-

pected, but mind! no one is to go near my patient-not for all the drowned "Oh, doctor!" gasps Lady Rookwell;

"do you mean that we may hope?" "Yes, that is better, Father Sebast- word, even in your English tongue. time we in England were villifying have just a chance with him —just a "Have you lived so long and but a shrug of the shoulders he goes up-

Terrors. Even when there seemed no by foreigners of any kind. Neither Laura cannot answer for her tears, trace of hope, he fought for fighting's he nor the world at large will ever but Father Sebastian answers for her. sake, but now that he sees a faint "It is a bitter lesson, my daugh- glimmer of light in the horizon, he "Would stands squarely up, ready to contest

He has no thought of fame, this litshabby dress; it never occurs to him becoming famous; my Lord of Deladepression in addition, and for mere

It is a hard fight. For some days pearance lifeless; then a weak delirium sets in, and Signa, always near or Archie's. Once he fancies that he is eailing the boat to St. Clare; and mutters: "I will save her, my darling that I love her."

child! Where will it end?"

Signa sits beside him, listening always with white face and dark-rimmed eyes. The surgeon and she scarcely exchange a word; she knows what he requires of her without needing to speak-a glance, a look is sufficient for her. Never was man 60 watched and nursed since suffering humanity began to suffer.

So the days pass, until one morning there comes a change. Very feebly he turns his eyes to her and smiles; his brain is quite clear; there is a look of life in the dark orbs; life expressed by "The dead!" echoes Lady Rookwell, an intense expression of love and gra-

"Hector!" she breathes, kneeling beside him, her face to his, her bosom heaving. "Ah. Hector!"

"My darling- My darling!" he murmurs. "How you- have suffered! But -it is over, Signa! I feel that I shall dive! Tell him so!" and his eyes turn to the sturdy figure of the doctor with a grateful smile. "That's no news!" says the little

man, gruffly, but with a pleased, flickering smile about his lips. "I knew that days ago. I knew you'd live when you meant to! That is the best of having an Englishman for a patient. When he means to die he means it, and when he means to live he means it, too! Ah, yes, we have turned the corner, milord. But-" and he shrugs his shoulders significantly.

dwell wistfully on the pale but still levely face beside him-"I have some peal. thing to live for."

restful sleep now.

Little Son Was A Pitiful Sight

With Ringworm Which Turned to Eczema. Just One Mass. Cuticura Completely Healed

"My little son, three years old, took ringworm on his left arm, and he scratched it so that it turned to eczema. It then spread to his back, chest, arms, legs and head. It was just one mass of corruption and it made my heart ache to see him scratch; he would just tear himself. He was a pitiful sight.

"I read about Cuticura Soap and Oint-ment. By the time I had used the second box of Cuticura Ointment with the Cuticura Soap he was completely healed."
(Signed) Mrs. R. R. Peachey, R. R. 1,
Waldemar, Ont., December 30, 1916. Cuticura Soap daily for the toilet and Cuticura Ointment as needed prevent pimples, blackheads or other eruptions.

For Free Sample Each by Mail address post-card: "Cuticura, Dept. A,
Boston, U. S. A." Sold everywhere.

Not only to Northwell, but to London and Paris does the celegraph flash the news, for the story of Lord Delariere's illness and its cause have been a fruitful topic of conversation in both cities, and the world has shown more than its usual curiosity to know the "And now what will be the end of surly, gruff-voiced surgeon clings to of the Duke of Deerford, who received with a grunt of satisfaction, and the remark that he objects, on principle, to Englishmen being done to death

know the true story of Casalina. "And now, Laura," says Lady Rookgrowing well rapidly, and we are sometimes used.—Exchange.

rather-"Rather de trop-rather in the way,"

says Laura. "No, I don't mean that at all," reerts her ladyship, whose sharpness has returned with Hector's recovery.

at once. I'll come home with you-" "Thank you, my dear."

"-Without waiting for an invitation. And you and I will get the Grange aired for them. Signa told me last night that she would take him back to England the moment the doctor him, hears him murmuring her name promounced it safe for him to travel. She hates Italy."

"She has not much cause to love it," snaps her ladyship. "As for me, I con't want to hear the name of this place again as long as I live, excepting

The air is so clear that, standing on Northwell Cliffs, one can see for miles across land and sea, the latter glittering under the clear, keen sunlight like an opal set round in emeralds of the green fields. It is a morning when the blood, especially if it be young, runs freely through the veins and lifts the mind above sordid cares and petty troubles. It is winter, it is true but winter with a smiling mask on, his voice attuned to spring roundelays. his frosty beard shining with something

like a summer sunsnine. Floated into the clear, blue rises the smoke from the tall, fluted chimneys of Northwell Grange, as it has not floated for many a long year. There are fires all over the great place; there is stir, and bustle, and pleasant excitement, from cellar to attics; servants in the handsome Delamere livery are hurrying to and fro; grooms in the stables are putting the last polish to their horses; trim maids are hurrying about the bedrooms: signs of preparation are to be met with in every part of the house, for to-day my Lord and Lady Delamere are to arrive home.

Down below in the village there is already a crowd of expectant sightseers grouped round the pretty triumphal arch of holly leaves and ivy with its hackneyed but heart-stirring word—"Welcome." In the belfry the "It has been a near thing," says ringers stand with the ropes in their Hector, with a gentle sigh. "Yes, I hands—and a huge fug of homemeant living! You see" -- and his eyes brewed-ready at the moment of "their honors'" arrival to ring out a merry

It is no ordinary, stereotyped "com-Then he falls asleep-into sound, ing home" this; and there is real and genuine pleasure in the popular hearts, That night it is flashed by the electron for is not the Lord of Northwell retric wire to Northwell that its lord turning from death as well as from has returned to the land of the foreign lands? They have all read in ing eyes, the professional beauty, who living, and that death has been the local newspaper of that awful struggle between life and death and

all Northwell is full of sympathy for its lord and the sweet young wife, whom they saw married in their own Up at the Grange, flitting from room to room, is Laura Derwent, incessontly calling to Archie, who cuts after her, full of frantic excitement and im-

natience.

THE ODOR OF SPICES. Often Used by Writers to Stimulate Their Imagination.

On some portions of the globe spices are worth more than gold or silver. "In the arctic region spices are essential to health and happiness," writes an explorer. "A dash of pepper, a pinch of ground cinnamon, a little nutmeg or a pinch of ginger root revives the jaded appetite wonderfully in the north. I have seen shipwrecked sailors fight over an ounce of spices with more fierceness than they ever did for money."

The psychological effect of spices is of more importance than the physiological. Many writers have confessed their inability to write without the odor of spices in their rooms. One great musician composed his masterpiece under the influence of cinnamon and cloves steaming in a kettle of preserves in a neighbor's kitchen. Thereafter he composed only when steamed

"Do you think the train will be late,

(To be continued.)

Miss Derwent?" he demands.

cloves and cinnamon were on hand. The food of one man, however, very often happens to be more or less violent poison for another. In the annals of insane asylums there are many cases on record where the odor of cloves, cinnamon, pepper, allspice | where exhaustion will determine a deor ginger has driven patients into vio- cision.

lent paroxyms. Yet all the world loves spices. In the fear that the source of supply would eventually become exhausted chemists have sought to make spices synthetically. They have succeeded weil, two days afterward, 'what had in a number of instances to such an we better do? Lord Delamere is extent that cheap adulterations are

Helplets.

If wicks for c!l stoves are starched and fromed they can be fitted into the burners with less difficulty.

A wooden clothespin is good for hold-ing small pans on the stove while stir-

contents will not burn.

Kerosene is fine for cleaning a zinc or enameled bathtub.

Water bottles or vases with narrow tops can be easily cleaned if a handful of rice is dropped in, after adding a little ammonia to the wash water, and shaking vigorously. ing vigorously.

Use chalk and soap on mildew stains of the French and the British.

and hang in the sun.

Lemon juice and salt with the aid of

THE STORY OF THE STAIRS

Every time you go upstairs you can test your state of health—the condition of your blood.

Do you arrive at the top of the stairs breathless and distressed? the reserves; we measure it only to a Does your heart palpitate violently? Do you have a pain in your side? watery and your nerves exhausted, himself inflicting. you are losing the joy of an active life and paving the way for a further in Metz in a certain room when the break-down and decline. In this con- Staff came in after the repulse the dition only one thing can save you. army had suffered in front of Nancy You must put new, rich, red blood in- in the month of September, 1914to your veins without further delay, the first defeat for a hundred years. and so build up your health anew. To And I could have wished to have get this new, rich blood, give Dr. Wil- been at their headquarters in the late liams' Pink Pills a fair trial, and they afternoon of September 9th when the will give you new vitality, sound health, and the power to resist and L a Fere Champenoise and from the throw off disease. For more than a Ourcq and the order was reluctently generation this favorite medicine has sent that the armies should fall back been in use throughout the world and has made many thousands of weak, glish upon the Marne. But I could despondent men and women bright,

active and strong. through any dealer in medicine, or by lift our hearts. mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

UNIONIZING THE MAID. He printed on her lips a kiss-

Her "type" and "form" were fine— And then he just inserted this "To be continued" line.

He printed on her lips a kiss—
She thought he could do better
For lo, the criticizing miss
Perceived a wrong-font letter.
—Heading Man. He printed on her lips a kiss, But is it not surprising That this wee bit of spooning bliss Should need so much revising?

—Copy Helder.

When printing on her lips a kiss.

Why did he not invite her
To have a "mat" made of the job
By some good stereotyper?

—Printer's Devil.

He printed on her hips a min.

But, if he put no slug.

I challenge her to find the guy

Who thus defaced her mug!

—Galley Boy.

He printed on her lips a kiss,
As well as he was able,
And then to have and hold the miss
He used the union label!
R. J. Robb, Hamilton,
—Typographical Journal.

Artificial flowers for millinery are being made to inclose tiny incandiscent lamps, which can be supplied with current from storage batteries hidden inside the wearers' hats.

The Few Men Who See All

(Millaire Bellec, in Land and Water). There is a certain small number of men in Europe whose whole function it is to calculate with their staffs the

rate of loss. To these men, whether upon the enemy's side or upon our own, the great battle lies as really moving towards its completion, as do the manoeuvring troops upon the successive plans of a history book move to a decision before the eyes of a student. who reads. Weeks ago the Australians were pressing the outskirts of Bullecourt; many days ago they were still pressing upon either side of the ruins. To-day those ruins are in their hands. Some weeks ago the French stood just on the edge of Craonne. Many days ago they setsed the ruin of the once charming village on its height. Many more days may pass and they may yet be there. And the days pass, and the line still

stands, hardly moving. To one who should erreneously. judge by physical movement very little has happened in these places. in most other places upon the line, apparently nothing. But to the men who are in possession of all the obtainable figures and who, through those figures, see the real meaning of the fight. Craonne and Bullecourt and twenty other names of twenty other unhappy ruins means a certain calculable rate of approach not to at point in space, but to a point in time

these men who are watching in their rough rooms behind either line, not physical movement on maps, but figures pitted out day upon dem on the colored curves, it is those behind the German The that can best appreciate the inexorable character of the affair and the way in which it advances as the will of min. For upon either ers's own losses, while those of the has returned with Hector's recovery.
"I'm sure Signa is only too glad to have us, dear child, but I think we had better go."

A small bag of camphor inside the piano will protect the felt from moths.
Put salt under the baking dish and the soners, the capture of documents, soners, the capture of documents, etc. to a reasonable margin of certor: an ever stronger light than in those

These deminating facts are, first: Lemon juice and salt with the aid of the sun will remove rust stains.

Vinegar will remove fly specks from windows, picture frames and woodwork.

A little water boiled in the saucepan before putting in milk will prevent burning.

Ammonia brightens widow glass and mirrors.

That the Allied power or recruitment for them the German; and secondly, that the rate of logs upon the Allied side is and must increasingly be less than the rate upon the enemy's. That the Allied power or recruitment for then the Cerman; and secondly, that the rate of logs upon the Allies He himself goes to answer it, and the two women, sitting close together in their sadness, hear his voice mingled with a gruff and coarser tone.

Presently he re-enters the room, and then, looking up at him anxiously, they notice that his face is very grave and solemn.

Then again he is at Lady Rook-well's; but still dreaming of her—allooks! Beautiful and pure as a lily.

CHAPTER XXXV.

CHAPTER XXXV.

It is a bright morning in early wingrave and solemn.

Poor Lucia!" he murmurs "Poor Lucia!" count that he must know the nature of the end even better than we do. He has before him as a solid line the curve which is the master curve of information, the German losses. Our people have it as a dotted line. He sees and measures to a thousandth the decreasing belt between the rising line and the horizontal limit of

> rough estimate. Therefore it is that he has already Perhaps you even have to stop half asked for peace. Therefore it is that way up, with limbs trembling and he exaggerates for his public, and perhead dizzy, too exhausted to go fur- haps for his own comfort, the power ther without resting. These are un- -the menace-grave though the menfailing signs of anaemia. As soon as ace is—of the submarine to the comyour blood becomes impoverished or munications of the Allies; and thereimpure the stair-case becomes an in- fore it is said that he emphasizes an strument of torture. When this is so best he may, by vague phases and you are unfit for work; your blood is general statements, the losses he is

I could have wished to have been final desperate prayers came in from from before the French and the Enwish still more that one might have a vision at this moment of a little You can get Dr. Williams' Pink Pills room in Mezleres. I think it would

Force of Light.

Light has an actual mechanical pressure and can be measured in the laboratory. It has been found that the sun's light in itself presses against the earth with a force something like 70,000 tons. As the surface of a sphere varies as the square of the radius, and as the volume or mass varies as the cube of the radius, and as the mechanical pressure of light on the whole surface varies as that surface, and as the force of gravity varies as the mass, if a sphere is made smaller and smaller it is easily seen that the pressure of light does not decrease so fast as the force of gravity, so bodies beyond a certain minuteness could not reach the sun, but would be repelled by the mechanical force of its light.

Saving.

Some women formed a resolution to do something about the high cost of living. "Something," they insisted, with lofty courage, "that will count!" Accordingly they banded together and so perfected themselves in the art of making up their minds that whereas it had hitherto taken a salesgirl an average of two hours to sell a yard of ribbon she could now turn the trick in twenty minutes flat.

The economic saving, of course was in the aggregate enormous, making itself felt all down the line.

Poor tea that can be sold at a low No man likes to get hurt. Many a little good tea, like Safada, makes fellow feels like kicking himself if he many more cups; hence it's real price is most extravagant in use.



Made in one grade only—the highest!