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HER HUMBLE LOVER

"Alas, yes," says the father, sadly. "And now I have to tell you of poor Lucia. Two mornings after the duel Milford 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!"

A sigh of sympathy breaks from Laura and Lady Rookwell.

"She was not violent, they wrote. What is called melancholy-mad. Melancholy is the right word, is it not? All her mind was set upon the trouble she had gone through, and all her thoughts were of Milford—the man who had rescued her. In her madness she had conceived the idea that what she had done on her behalf he had done for her, and she grew to regard herself as his wife. All the time we in England were willing to do all we could to disabuse her mind of this delusion, but she clung to it with the tenacity of the insane. She would sit at her desk, silent and rapt, murmuring his name; she would beg for writing materials, and she would write to him. Poor girl! Milford did what any other noble-hearted man would have done; he humored her, and while striving to dispel the hallucinations, he wrote her kindly, brotherly letters in response to hers. It was kindly meant, but it was unwise; they, by serving 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. Milford's generosity had provided a sufficient income for her, and thus, harmless but restless, she wandered from city to city in search of him. Milford 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 health, and we all hoped that she would recover. Reason dawned that a mountain torrent should compel Milford to revisit this spot and meet her. What happened you all know. This is the truth, and all the truth," he adds, with simple, impressive dignity.

There is a dead silence; then Lady Rookwell bends over Lord Delamere's hand with tears in her eyes.

"Will you ever forgive us, my dear?" she murmurs.

"Yes," he says eagerly; "there is nothing to forgive. It is a miserable story, but not yours. If it is I who 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 blame!"

"No! no! Mine!" says a voice from the shadow.

Hector turns his eyes with a sad smile, and slowly, painfully, holds out his hand to him.

"Blythe," he says, "this is hard upon you, but it was best that has happened. We are all human, and you acted according to your lights. Will you take my hand in token that all ill-feeling between us is past and buried?"

Sir Frederic comes forward slowly, with his haggard face and mournful eyes, and takes the thin, wasted hand. For a moment his emotion is too strong to allow him to speak; then, with an effort, he says to her:

"Delamere, do not ask you to forgive me. You have acted like a man all through this bitter business, and I have behaved like a cur!"

"No, no!"

"That thought will prove sufficient punishment for me. If you can forgive me, it is in time for me to bring you 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 there nothing, nothing I can do?" he 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 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 Signa, 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 him. You have won a friend who will be constant till death."

"I know it," breathes Hector, feebly. "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 one, Signa."

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 scratch himself. He was a pitiful sight."

"I read about Cuticura Soap and Ointment. By the time I had used the second box of Cuticura I had used the Cuticura Soap he was completely healed." (Signed) Mrs. R. K. 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.

The Few Men Who See All

(Milaire 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 to the troops upon the edge of the covering troops upon the successive plans of a history book more to the decision before the eyes of a student who reads. Weeks ago the Australians were pressing the outskirts of Bellecourt; 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 setled 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 erroneously 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 events, Craonne and Bellecourt and twenty other names of twenty, not of unhappy ruin, means a certain calculable rate of approach not to a point in space, but to a point in time where exhaustion will determine a decision.

It is a paradox but a truth that of these men who are watching in their study rooms behind either line, not physical movement on maps, but figures plotted on day upon day, upon colored papers, it is those behind the German line that can best appreciate the favorable character of the affair and the will of man. For upon either side, great knowledge is confined to a few men, while those of the opposite are at first at a guess, then an estimate, and only after some time reduced by an examination of prisoners, the capture of documents, etc., to a reasonable margin of error; yet there are two dominating facts which either party possesses in common, and which must be appreciated together by the German bureau under an expert staff lighter than in those of the French and the British.

Those dominating facts are, first: That the Allied power or recruitment as yet remains greater by far than that of the German; and secondly, that the rate of loss upon the Allied side is and must increasingly be less than the rate upon the enemy's. It is therefore in the last analysis the enemy's rate of casualties which will determine the battle, and because the enemy knows that rate more accurately than we do, because he does not obtain it by calculation and estimate, but can plot it down every evening accurately—it is on this point 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 formation; the German losses. Our people have it as a dotted line. He sees and measures by a thousandth the decreasing belt between the rising line and the horizontal limit of the reserves; we measure it only to a rough estimate.

Therefore it is that he has already asked for peace. Therefore it is that he exaggerates for his public, and perhaps for his own comfort, the power which he measures through the communications of the Allies; and therefore it is said that he emphasizes as best he may, by vague phrases and general statements, the losses he is himself inflicting.

He could have wished to have been in Metz in a certain room when the Staff came in after the repulse of the army had suffered in front of Nancy in the month of September, 1914—the first defeat for a hundred years. And I could have wished to have been at their headquarters in the late afternoon of September 9th when the final desperate prayers came in from Metz. A few Champagne and from the Oruro and the order was reluctantly sent that the armies should fall back from before the French and the English upon the Marne. But I could wish still more that one might have a vision at this moment of a little room in Metzlers. I think it would fit our hearts.

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 lasted long enough. Father Sebastian."

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 remains faithfully, lovingly, at his side.

"Heaven's how we have misjudged that noble fellow," sobbs her, "as she sinks into a chair in the parlor below. He has behaved like a hero."

"Like an honest English gentleman, my lady," murmured the priest, sadly.

"Yes, that is better," Father Sebastian," says the old lady, "and all the time we in England were willing to do all we could to disabuse her mind of this delusion, but she clung to it with the tenacity of the insane. She would sit at her desk, silent and rapt, murmuring his name; she would beg for writing materials, and she would write to him. Poor girl! Milford did what any other noble-hearted man would have done; he humored her, and while striving to dispel the hallucinations, he wrote her kindly, brotherly letters in response to hers. It was kindly meant, but it was unwise; they, by serving 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. Milford's generosity had provided a sufficient income for her, and thus, harmless but restless, she wandered from city to city in search of him. Milford 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."

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Not only to Northwell, but to London and Paris does the "elegraph flash" the news, for the story of Lord Delamere's illness and its cause have become a fruitful topic of conversation in both cities, and the world has shown more than its usual curiosity to know the result; and many are of the opinion 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 by foreigners of any kind. Neither he nor the world at large will ever know the true story of Casalina.

"And now, Laura," says Lady Rookwell, two days afterward, "what had we better do? Lord Delamere is growing well rapidly, and we are rather—"

"Rather de trop—rather in the way," says Laura.

"No, I don't mean that at all," reports her ladyship, whose sharpness 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."

"Certainly," says Laura; "let us go 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 in the moment the doctor pronounced it safe for him to travel. She hates Italy."

"She has not much cause to love it," snaps her ladyship. "As for me, I don't want to hear the name of this place again as long as I live, excepting you connect it with that dear, good Father Sebastian. Oh, I wish we could take him to England—and keep him there!"

CHAPTER XXXV.

It is a bright morning in early winter—one of those mornings which England, perhaps, alone, can boast of. 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 blue of the sky. It is a morning when the blood, especially if it is 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 roundelay, his frosty beard shining with something like a summer sunshine.

Flouted into the clear, blue sky rises the smoke from the tall, fluted chimneys of Northwell Grange, as if 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 attic; servants in the handsome Delamere livery are hurrying to and fro; grooms in the stables are putting the last polish to their horses; "rim maids" are hurrying about, are to be met with in every part of the house, to-day my Lord and Lady Delamere are to arrive home.

Down below in the village there is already a crowd of expectant sight-seers grouped round the pretty triumphal arch of holly leaves and ivy, with its blackened but heart-stirring word—"Welcome." In the heifer the ringers stand with the ropes in their hands—and a huge jug of home-brewed—ready at the moment of "their honors" arrival to ring out a merry peal.

It is no ordinary, stereotyped "coming home" this; and there is real and genuine pleasure in the popular hearts, for is not the Lord of Northwell returning from death as well as from foreign lands? They have all awed in the local newspaper of that awful struggle between life and death, and

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 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 or ginger has driven patients into violent paroxysms.

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 in a number of instances to such an extent that cheap adulterations are sometimes used.—Exchange.

Helplets.

It wicks for all stoves are starched and ironed they can be fitted into the burner with less difficulty.

A woven cloth is good for holding small pans on the stove while stirring.

A small bar of camphor inside the pipe will protect the felt from rotting.

Put salt under the baking dish and the odor of the wash water, and shaking vigorously.

Kerosene is fine for cleaning a zinc or enameled bathtub.

Use chalk and soap on mildew stains and bottles.

Lemon juice and salt with the aid of the sun will remove rust stains.

Wine and vinegar remove spots from windows, picture frames and woodwork.

A little water boiled in the soap-suds before putting in milk will prevent burning.

Ammonia brightens widow glass and mirrors.

Wash oil cloth and linoleum with tepid water and wipe with cloth dipped in soda water.

Fingerprints on varnished furniture can be removed by rubbing with a cloth dampened with a mixture of white kerosene is better for oiled wood.

Brushes and whisks are stiffened and preserved by occasional dipping for a few minutes in boiling soap-suds.

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? Does your heart palpitate violently? Do you have a pain in your side? Perhaps you even have to stop half way up, with limbs trembling and head dizzy, too exhausted to continue without resting. These are unfaltering signs of anaemia. As soon as your blood becomes impoverished or impure the stair-case becomes an instrument of torture. When this is so you are unfit for work; your blood is wasted and your nerves exhausted, life and paving the way for a further breakdown and decline. In this condition only one thing can save you. You must put new, rich, red blood into your veins without further delay, and so build up your health anew. To get this new, rich blood, give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a fair trial, and your health will give you new vitality, sound health, and the power to resist and throw off disease. For more than a generation this favorite medicine has been in use throughout the world and has made many thousands of weak, despondent men and women bright, active and strong.

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

THE STORY OF THE STAIRS

He printed on her lips a kiss—
Her "type" and "form" were fine—
And then he put in medicine, or
"To be continued" line. —Make-Up.

He printed on her lips a kiss—
She thought he could do better
For in the criticizing miss
Perceived a wrong-foot letter. —Heading Man.

He printed on her lips a kiss,
But it is not surprising
That this hot spreading bliss
Should need so much revising? —Copy Holder.

When printing on her lips a kiss,
Why did he not invite her
To have "occasional" dipping for
By some good stereotyper? —Printer's Devil.

He printed on her lips a kiss,
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 incandescence lamps, which can be supplied hidden inside the wearers' hats.

No man likes to get hurt. Many a fellow feels like kicking himself if he wasn't afraid of stabbing his toe.



has never been offered as "just as good" as some more famous brand; for Sixty Years it has itself been that more famous brand—and deservedly.

"Let Redpath Sweeten it."

Made in one grade only—the highest!

2 and 5 lb. Cans—
10, 20, 50 and 100 lb. Bags.

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 where as 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 can be sold at a low price is most extravagant in use. A little good tea, like Salada, makes many more cups; hence it's real economy.