

mise by cutting off the victim's feet. There is no note of compromise in the Judge's letter, with which I otherwise entirely concur.

Allow me to quote Lloyd George on such matters: "If anybody promotes national disunion at this time, he is helping the enemy and hurting his native land. And it makes no difference if he is for or against the war. If you sow distrust, discontent or disunion in the nation, we shall reap defeat. If on the other hand we sow the seeds of patience, confidence and unity, we shall garner in victory and its fruits."

Ed. Harper Wade.  
Quebec, September 8, 1917.

\*\*\*

Out of the twilight of the past,  
We move to a diviner light.  
For nothing that is wrong can last;  
Nothing's immortal but the right.

## Nerves of the Stomach

Were Weak and Inactive as Result of Nervous Prostration—Lost Twenty Pounds—Had to Take Sleeping Powders to Get Any Rest.

St. Catharines, Ont., Sept. 20th, 1917.—Many people never realize that the movement and action of every organ of the human body is dependent on the energy supplied by the nervous system.

When the nervous system gets run down there is weakness throughout the entire body. You feel tired and languid and your stomach and other digestive organs are similarly affected. Appetite fails, digestion is poor, you do not get the good of what you eat and gradually grow weaker and weaker.

This process can only be stopped by such treatment as Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, which goes directly to create new nerve force and thereby to invigorate the whole human body.

Mrs. Geo. S. Ellse, 46 Davidson street, St. Catharines, Ont., writes: "My husband had an attack of nervous prostration, and, although he doctored for some time and tried different other medicines, he could not get relief. He had to resort to sleeping powders given him by the doctor to make him sleep. The greater part of the trouble seemed to be with the nerves of his stomach. He began to lose weight, and kept on going down until he had lost twenty pounds. We had read advertisements in the newspapers for Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, and noticed that it seemed to be doing a lot of good for people troubled with nervousness, so my husband decided to try it. He found benefit almost from the start, and continued this treatment until he had taken about twelve or thirteen boxes. The results were most satisfactory. He is now enjoying good health, sleeps well, and has gained back nearly all the weight he had lost. He also uses Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills occasionally, and thinks them an excellent remedy. I have also used this latter medicine for dizzy spells and liver trouble, and was completely cured of these complaints. We think a great deal of Dr. Chase's medicines, and cannot speak too highly of them."

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cents a box, a full treatment of 6 boxes for \$2.75, at all dealers, or Edmansson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto. Do not be talked into accepting a substitute. Imitations only disappoint.

## ROSE ISLAND

By Lilian Leveridge

CHAPTER XII.

Imp or Angel.

THE children did not go back to the island in the morning as had been planned. June was too weak and tired to rise, and Robin's feet were very sore. He could only limp about a little, and was glad to remain quiet. The Thompsons, knowing that Sammy and Ike had been to blame for all the trouble, were glad to keep the children for a few days, so Mr. Thompson went over to explain matters to Miss Sutherland.

Nothing ailed Brownie. He awoke as chirpy as a robin; and, having washed his face till it shone like a round full moon, Mrs. Thompson curled his hair in smooth, little ringlets all round his head.

"There! Ain't he a sweet little angel?" she said to Ruth when her task was completed. "I declare to goodness, he don't look like he's meant for this world."

"Hoos, Marthy!" her husband protested. "Ye'll make the kid as conceited as a turkey gobbler. I'll bet ye a fiver he's got his share o' old Nick. Hain't ye, sonny?"

Brownie nodded gravely.

"What nonsense, Amos!" cried Mrs. Thompson, reproachfully. "He don't know what ye mean no more'n Adam. This sweet child could no more think a wrong thought than you could fly to Heaven." Whereupon her plump arms enfolded the glowing little cherub in a protective embrace, and she vented her emotion in a motherly kiss.

Brownie did not mind being kissed—not a bit. "You're nice and soft to hug," he said as he returned the embrace, "jest like a apple dumplin'. Have you got any bones? Aunt Hilda has a norful lot."

This frank comment sent Mr. Thompson into a roar of laughter. "Come, sonny, come to breakfast," he said when his mirth had subsided, and the family gathered around the table.

The boys' appetites needed no urging, but Mrs. Thompson continued to press various articles of food upon her guests. "Have another egg, Robin. Take off some more bread, Brownie, and don't be afraid of the butter."

Brownie looked critically at the small bit of butter in the dish. All the members of the family had been wary of that butter, else the yellow bit as big as a hazel-nut would have been demolished long ago.

"Huh!" grunted Brownie, scornfully, taking the last mite on to his plate. "I aren't so easy scared; there's not enough to be afraid of."

Mr. Thompson again subsided into a fit of laughter, in which Brownie joined without in the least understanding the joke.

"I'll have to churn right after breakfast," Mrs. Thompson declared. "There ain't another scratch."

Brownie had never seen butter made, and was greatly interested in the process. Mrs. Thompson used a revolving barrel churn; and when Brownie saw how it was done, he was wild to help. Mrs. Thompson humoured him, knowing he would soon weary of the task. He was not tall enough to reach the handle, so she gave him a chair to stand on. Then, as she had other things to do, she left him alone at the job, looking as proud and as happy as a king. Brownie worked patiently for about five minutes; then, thinking the butter must surely be made, he got down and pulled out the plug to see.

There came a sudden whistling sound like an engine letting off steam; and at the very same instant a thick stream of cream spurted right into his face and all over the front of his sailor blouse. For a few minutes he was blinded and half-smothered; then, setting up a little, frightened cry, he ran out of the house.

Mrs. Thompson came running out in alarm, and Robin limped along behind. They were just in time to see Brownie fall headlong in the dust. When Mrs. Thompson picked him up he was a most pitiful object to behold. Cream and dust and tears were mingled on his face, and dust and cream were plastered all over his little brown suit. His appearance was certainly far from angelic at that moment.

"You poor child! Whatever happened?" cried Mrs. Thompson, taking him by the hand and leading him back to the house. "Come in and let me wash you off."

"Mercy! The cream!" she cried as she entered the kitchen. A great, white river flooded the floor from one end to the other and a thin stream was still issuing from the churn.

Mrs. Thompson looked wildly for the plug, and presently discovered it, floating like a buoy upon the foamy tide under the table. It was speedily replaced, and then the horrified housewife gazed distractedly at the weltering wreck, scarcely knowing which way to turn.

"If that's the best you can do, Brownie," said Robin in a tone of vexation, "you and me had better put on our hats, and get off home to Aunt Hilda."

At this suggestion Brownie dug his grimy fists into his eyes and howled with renewed vigour.

"There, there! He shan't take you away, so he shan't!" soothed Mrs. Thompson. "Come and let me clean you up. I guess there's enough cream left to make a Johnnie cake, and you can go to the henhouse and find me an egg."

Obediently, Brownie ran through the white puddle, but when Mrs. Thompson stooped to dip the washcloth in the water he threw himself into her arms. She comforted and petted him till he had ceased crying; then, with a rueful glance at her own smudgy dress—fresh from the wash that very morning—proceeded to bring order out of the chaos.

Presently, Brownie, with clean face and hands, and arrayed in an old out-grown blouse of Sammy's—much too large, but tied closely at the waist with a tape—was sent out to find an egg. With keen appreciation of this new trust, he sauntered away to the henhouse, a small, low building which had been pointed out to him.

There were about half a dozen eggs in the two nests near the door. One of these he put in each of his small pockets; but what should be done with the rest? His quick eyes soon fell upon the over-ample blouse. What luck! Here was pocket enough for dozens of eggs. The four were safely deposited; then over in a corner Brownie discovered a hen on another nest. Likely there were more eggs under her, and those eggs Brownie would have, whether the hen were agreeable or no.

The hen was not agreeable, and showed her resentment by an angry hiss as soon as he went near the nest. Brownie was not to be so easily deterred from his purpose. Seizing a garden rake that leaned against the wall, he made it so uncomfortable for the hen that, with many an angry protest, she was obliged to retreat through the open door.

Brownie's eyes snapped exultantly when they fell upon a whole nestful of eggs, and he quickly transferred them to his capacious pocket. Then he looked around for new worlds to conquer.

"Oh, goody!" he exclaimed, as in another dark corner he discovered another hen. The previous programme was speedily repeated; and then the cherubic little boy, grown very fat about the middle, took his triumphant way toward the house. "I guess she'll be pleased when she sees all these many eggs," he mused.

All the muss in the kitchen had been cleaned up, and no one was in sight. Brownie felt rather disappointed at this, as he was anxious to show Mrs. Thompson how well he had done her bidding. But, never mind; he had seen where she kept the eggs. She would be surprised when she found her bucket filled up. So he went into the pantry and relieved his blouse of its bulging burden, forgetting, however, the two in his pockets.

As he was turning to leave the pantry his eye fell on a roll of sticky fly paper. He remembered having heard Mrs. Thompson say, just after breakfast, that she must put that fly paper around; the flies were getting "dreadful thick." Having accomplished the egg business so satisfactorily, he was anxious to try his hand at something else; it gave him such a comfortable feeling to be useful.

(To be Continued.)

## The Bedroom Beautified



ARTISTICALLY decorated walls and ceilings in the bedroom are a certain aid to repose. And you can have beauty combined with economy, permanence and sanitation if you finish your bedroom with

**PEDLAR'S**  
PERFECT METAL  
**CEILING**  
AND WALLS

They cannot burn, crack or fall away. Joints are invisible. Repairs will never be required, as Pedlar's Ceilings and Walls endure as long as the structure to which they are attached. This feature makes them easily the most economical finish available.

Over 2,000 styles and Period designs give you a wonderful range of choice from the plainest to the most ornate patterns. Write today for Catalogue C.H.

THE PEDLAR PEOPLE  
LIMITED  
(Established 1861)

Executive Offices and Factories:  
OSHAWA, - ONT.  
Branches: Montreal, Ottawa,  
Toronto, London, Winnipeg,  
Vancouver.

**-CHURCH BELLS SCHOOL**

Ask for Catalogue and Special Donation Plan No. 70. Bells for Churches are DUTY FREE. The C.S. Bell Company, Hillsboro, Ohio, U.S.A.