

Shot Gun Cartridges

TO BE CERTAIN

that you have a genuine imported factory loaded Remington UMC cartridge examine the brass base of the cartridge for the company's own marking.







NEW CLUB black powder

smokeless powder

REMINGTON

THE Phantom Lover

REMINGTON

(By the Author of "A Bachelor Husband.")

CHAPTER XXIII. Micky turned up at Paddington the

following morning laden with papers and chocolates. Any one would think we were go-

ing to the other side of the world,"
June told him. "Do you know, my good man, that it's only a couple of hours' run to Enmore?" "Is it?" said Micky guilelessly

"Well, any way, I'm sure you won't be able to get De Bry's chocolates down there, so they'll come in useful." He looked at Esther. She was wearing the fur coat and a bunch of violets: "I think it's awfully exciting," she said, meeting his eyes. "We never thought about going till quite late last night, did we, June?"

I'Things done in a hurry are almost the most enjoyable," June answered sententiously. "I'm quite bucked at he idea of living the simple life for 2 Jow days."

Pity you haven't got a car down there," Micky said. "There ought to be some fine runs round about." I'So there are," said June promptly.

Her queer eyes twinkled as she looked at him. "Micky, would you like to be a perfect dear and come down in yours, and take us out? You can stay at the local inn and play the heavy

Micky flushed eagerly. That's a ripping idea," he said. He turned to Esther: "I'll come like a shot if I shan't be in the way." he add-

Esther smiled; she was surprised to find that the idea was not at all distasteful to her.

DOh yes: do come!" she said. June had got into the carriage, and

was busy arranging her various pos-"You'll be left behind. Esther." she

said warningly. Esther turned at once. "Good-bye, Mr. Mellowes."

Micky took her hand in a hard grip. "Good-bye-but only till to-morrow He stood back as the train started; the last glimpse the two girls had o

him was in radiantly smiling face. "Do you know," said June, settling herself in a corner, "I believe I'm half in love with that man, after all. Isn't he just a dear?"

"He's awfully kind," Esther agreed When the train drew into the little

station at Enmore June looked at Esther with a sort of apprehension.

THIS WOMAN'S. RECOVERY

Shows Remarkable Restorative Power of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable

Compound.

Chesley, Ont—"Before using Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I was a total wreck. I had terrible pains in my sides and was not regular. Finally I got so weak I could not go up stairs without stopping to rest half way up the steps. I tried two doctors but they did me no good. I saw your medicine advertised in the newspapers and thought I would give it a trial. I took four bottles of the Vegetable Compound and was restored to health. I am married, am the mother of two children, and do all my housework, milk eight cows, and do a hired man's work and enjoy the best of health. I also found Vegetable Compound a great help for my weak back before my bables were born. I recommend it to all my friends who are in need of medicine, and you may print this letter if you wish."—Mrs. HENRY JANKE, R. R. No. 4, Chesley, Ontario.

you know," she said. "I do hope you love-affairs. . . ." won't be bored to death. It won't be so bad if Micky keeps his promise and

sked quickly. "Oh, I dare say he will. I hope he

"I can amuse myself." June sniffed.

REMINGTON ARMS COMPANY, INC.

233 Broadway, New York.

There's only a church and a village nice, my dear?" inn and a handful of cottages. My June crossed the room and shut the ed-looking house in the village, and I little grimace. dare say you won't think much of

They were on the platform now, and June eyed their two suit-cases

said. "No porters or taxicabs here, my Esther came back. dear. Come along." She grabbed her own, and Esther

followed her out into the road. phere they had left behind in London. chintz curtains. Esther drew a deep breath.

"I've got the sort of feeling that some-thing is going to happen to me here." But there was something very old-

melancholia or something?". Esther laughed.

It was only a little way into the round.

son's Skin Beautifier." time to ring the hell the door opened i and a little lady with grey hair and a wonderful complexion very much like June's stood there with outstretched

"My dear! I never was so delighted! une-after all these months you realy have come to see me."

She kissed June heartily and turned to Esther. June introduced them. "My friend, Esther Shepstone-my

aunt, Miss Dearling. I don't know what you think of us for arriving on top of our wire like this," she said laughing. "But I like to do things in a hurry-so here we are, and we're just starving."

They followed Miss Dearling into a uaint little square room, where the table was laid for lunch, June talked way all the time.

"There's another member of the party coming down to-morrow," she said. "No; a man this time-Micky Mellowes! You remember him? Yes; I thought you would." She flushed a little. "He's going to bring his car down and take us all out for rides; so we're in for a good time."

"I remember Mr. Mellowes quite well," Miss Dearling said. When she was alone with Esther for a moment

"We all hoped June meant to marry im, you know, my dear. Perhaps she has changed her mind, as she is allowing him to come down. Such a very charming man—have you seen him?—

"Yes. I've seen him." Esther said "He is nice-very!"

"It would be the dream of my life ulfilled if I could see June married to him," the old lady went on. "June ants a firm hand. She is wonderfully ligh-spirited and clever, you know but I always feel that she would be so nuch happier with some one to look after her, and he is just the man take care of a woman.

"Yes," said Esther. She felt Miss Dearling glance at he

"Are you are you engaged to b rried?" she asked, after a mor Please forgive my curlosity, but I am

"It's a most awful one-eyed hole, always so interested in young people's

Esther coloured. comes home again."

Miss Dearling said that she hoped will, I'm sure; somebody has got to so, too; later, when she got a moment amuse you while I go and see to my alone with June she asked interestedengaged.

"Can you? Well, it's more than I anxiously. "Such a very charming Micky noticed that blush, too, as he could when I used to stay down here. girl! such a sweet-looking girl! Is he turned the car with a fine sweep and

aunt has by far the most distinguish- door; then she turned round with a of explanation "He's a pig!" she said.

Miss Dearling screamed. "Oh, my dear!" "He is," June maintained stoutly.

Esther woke in the morning with a pleasurable sense of something going It was cold but sunny, and the fresh to happen. She lay still for a moment well. Did you tell her I was coming?" air of the country was something quite looking round her at the heavy, old-

Miss Dearling's house was essential-"It's lovely," she said. "Do you ly Early Victorian, from its wool mats the winding road with a little frown— to the high four-poster bedsteads and cause, if not, what do you say to a run of breakfast foods there are some of those on breakfast foods there are some of breakfast foods the source of the source o

"Goodness!" said June. "Don't you world and charming about it too, in start having instincts too! It's bad spite of rather ugly furniture, and Esenough for me to have them. What can ther was just admiring the dressinghappen to you, pray, unless you get table, with its petticoat of spotted musopened and June thrust her head pinch, but it's much more comfortable

village; as soon as they came in sight | "Can I come in?" She did not wait of it June pointed excitedly to a red for an answer, but came in, her long gabled house just visible through the mauva silk kimono making a little rustling sound as she walked.

"That's where my aunt lives. She's | "I'm really dressed," she explained, an old maid, you know, and incidentaly sitting down on Esther's bed. "All but genius. She's nearly sixty, but I'll bet has just come, and a letter from anything you like she uses June Ma- Micky, I thought I'd come and tell you that he'll be down to-day-after lunch, She pushed open the iron gate of the and he wants us to meet him. I can't little garden, but before there was go, as I've got a business appointment

BABY SMITH

"Virol put new life into him.

Gentlemen,

Enclosed you will find photo of our baby boy. When 3½ months old he had a very severs illness which left him nothing but skin and bons. My friends said I should never rear him; then someone advised me to try Vicel, so I got a jar, and it seemed to put new life into him. He is now 13½ months old, and a bright healthy boy he is too, which is entirely due to Virol. It is a wonderful food, and I shall always recommend it.

Yours sincerely.

(Sg.) Mrs. C. SMITH.

three, so you must. He's going to ive up to the station and wait there one of us to come and show him ere we live." There was a little silence. Esther

hed beneath the elder girl's shrewd "I should have thought he could have found out where we live," she said rather awkwardly. "And it's such

Hittle way-June rose with a great show o

"Oh, very well, if you don't want to be obliging, but I do think you might. "Silly-of course I will." Esther aught her hand. "I'll go; the station

at three o'clock, and then what am I o do? Bring him here, or what?" "Do what you like, my childshan't be in till five. Don't let him be bored, that's all, or he'll go back to own—the one thing Micky cannot stand is being bored."

Esther made a little grimace. She felt nervous when at five min ites to three exactly she walked down he winding road to the station. June ought to have come herse

she argued; it was a most silly thing to send her-she hoped he would not come at all; but all the time she was listening for the sound of a car or a riage?" motor-horn. The sleepy-eyed factotum "Yes, I am engaged," she said. "But of the station walked up and stared at comes down, but if he doesn't. . . ." he is away just now—abroad. I hope her curiously. After a few turns he "Don't you think he will?" Esther we shall be married as soon as he ventured to ask if she wanted to go by

"No, I'm waiting for a gentlemanoh, here he is." "'Twas her young gentleman for

ly about the man to whom Esther was sure," the sleepy-eyed one told his colleague afterwards. "She blushed up "I do hope he is nice," she said like a rose when she saw him." came to a standstill.

> Esther greeted him with a torrent "June couldn't come, so she made

She would make me come!" "It's very kind," Micky said. "I'm later than I expected—the roads are "She doesn't think so, of course, but bad down in this part of the world. "We shall have to carry them," she he is, all the same." She broke off as | Well, and how do you like Enmore?" "It's very quiet, but I like it for a change, and June's aunt is ever so

"June did. . . . ' different from the chilly, damp atmos- fashioned furniture and flowered. His eyes swept her face anxiously. No trace of tears or sadness to-day,

"Yes, a dear old lady; I know her

kind."

for two."

at all events. "Are we supposed to go straight

Esther's eyes sparkled. "I should love it!" She got in beside him, and the car started away. "I only brought the two-seater," Micky explained audaciously. "I hate lin and pink ribbons, when the door a crowd. This will take three at a

> "It's lovely!" Esther agreed. She leaned back luxuriously. "It must be splendid to be able t have a car like this of your very own,"

> she said suddenly. Micky laughed rather ruefully. There are other things I would far "Are there?" She looked up at him

> Micky's hands tightened over the

"Am I really to answer that question?" he asked. "No." said Esther hurriedly. She could not think why she had

been so stupid as to say such a thing. She felt very vexed. They went some way in silence. Es ther glanced at the man beside her

Would he end up by some day marrying June? She wondered. Lucky June, if he did-lucky . . . she checked the thought with a little sense of shame. Only a few days ago she had declared that she disliked him. Perhaps it was the car that made her feel so suddenly envious of the woman who would one day be this man's wife.

Micky glanced down at her. "Are you cold?" he asked.

"I am a little"-she smiled up at him-"in spite of my new coat," she sald, "I think we had better go home." June came to the door to meet them. "I got home earlier than I thought,"

she told Esther, "Well, Micky?" "Are there any letters?" Esther asked. She felt a swift feeling of envy as she looked at these two, so openly and unfeignedly glad to see one another. "I suppose it's expecting too much though," she added with a sigh. June did not answer, and Esther

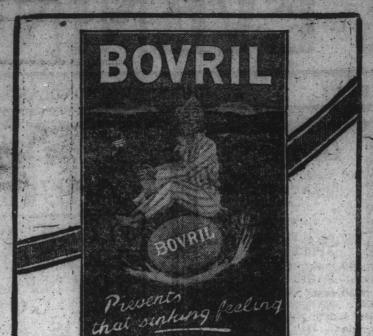
went on and up the stairs. "There is one for her,' June said in an undertone to Micky as soon as she had gone. "And one from Paris, toofrom that man! Micky, are you sure it isn't all a mistake about him being married?"

"Sure," said Micky stolidly. "Then shall I-what shall I d out that letter-it was sent on from London. Ought I to le: her have it?" Micky was taking off his coat, his "Oh, let her have it," he said casual

ly. "It may be the last she'll ever get." He turned swiftly. "Let me look at June took it from her dress and

nded it to him. He glanced at the writing and gave "Oh yes, I should let her have it," he

But June still hesitated.



"Oh, it would hardly be that," Micky

about-you know . . . about his mar- is, we must chance it." But his voice did not sound as if he were at all anxi-

Apparently our real pleasures are

selves.

a rainy afternoon? I do not neces

ject with enthusiasm, and by the na-

Aggressive Feminism.

Why not try something like this or



WHAT DO YOU LIKE BEST TO DO?

not necessarily costly ones. In a very chat- In Tolstoi's biography it is set down ty, delightful let- that when a new guest came to the ter from one of Tolstoi estate he was asked to fill out my most treasur- a blank answering various questions ed Letter-friends about his tastes and opinions, his faoccurs this para- vorite authors, his religious ideas, et cetera. That placed him and started "Don't you love the conversational ball a-rolling. to get into a big People Like to Talk About Them-

choir with a good book and forget cares, regrets SON CAMPOL and household jars? Oh I do, and after that I love sarily mean with pencil and paper,

but just inject this subject into the to cook a meal for a beloved guest." That started us talking about what conversation when it lags-What do we loved best, and we had a jolly you like best in the world to do? People always love to talk about their time about the dinner table classifying our favorite indoor and outdoor preferences. I have heard people

Things I Love-Do You? A horseback ride over a country ture of it, can hardly help saying road in early spring with a congenial something amusing and interesting. companion. Swimming-in decently warm wa-

An evening around the open fire with a group of congenial people, just enjoying a dish of talk. Listening to a contralto or baritone singer (I don't so much enjoy a so-

ioned melodies. ndy (not chocolates) and a first Maide class novel (in which one has already as a token of the new equality. The innocently. "What things?" she ask- made a start and got acquainted with

Writing-on the rare occasions when "genius burns."

Dancing with a good dancer The Heart of a Child.

A talk with a child in the propitious moments when you can get a child to talk freely about himself and the that or it will not be worth much. innermost-thoughts of him. A good game of bridge with companions who play well enough, but

note how few of the things we love to one teaspoonful doses it works best require any large financial out- marvellous results. Try a bottle

A woman's club in aWshington, D. C., has launched a Keep-Your-Maiden-Name movement. The purpose is to

create a public sentiment in favor of prano) singing the simple, old-fashstead of taking the name their hus A quiet evening with a box of band gives them. The Keep-Your-Mrs. John Smith is regarded as a sur vival of the benighted time when wive were held as chattels, whereas nov they are supposed to be partners, sharing equally in the property and political and social rights of their husbands. What's in a name, anyhow

Minneapolis News. Brick's Tasteless is the best preparation known for children It is rather interesting, I think, to who are delicate. Taken in half and convince yourself .- jan27,tf

Women's equality must be deeper than

Fresh Supply Pure Canadian Table Butter, Bulk and 2-lb. Slabs.

pples from 25c. doz. up. Finest Quality American Onions, per lb., 5c.; 10 lbs. for 45c.

8 oz. bottles Sweet Mustard Pickles, 20c, 8 oz. bottles Sour Mixed Pickles, 20c. 8 oz. btls. Chow Chow, 20c. Cream of Wheat, per pkt.,

Crescent Soap—One of the finest made, 3-12 oz. twin bars, 43c. carton. "Tally Ho" Coffee. Sunbeam Coffee. White House Coffee.

Safety Matches, 12c. doz. Rolled Oats, 14 lbs., 90c.; per lb., 7c. Finest English Cocoa, 1/4 lb. tins, 13c.

Lowney's Cocoa, 14c. can. Ham Butt Pork, 23c. lb. Finest Quality Fat Back, 20c. lb. Porto Rico Grape Fruit, ex-tra fancy, 15c.

8 oz. can Tomato Sauce, 8c. Apricot Jam, 16 oz. jars, Plum Jam, 16 oz. jars, 45c.

C.P. EAGAN, Duckworth Street & Queen's Road

Pure Geylon Tea,

SUNNY PEAK CEYLON BROKEN ORANGE PEKOE TEA, very fine, only

50c. per lb

MOUNT VIEW FINEST BROKEN ORANGE PEKOE TIPPED TEA, rich, fragrant, deicious; best value in town, only

65c. per lb. Put up in 1 lb. Sealed Packages.

Direct from the Hill Tea Gardens of Sunny Cevlon, where the

BEST TEA is grown.

For Mother's Birthday

All her life

That she never could

Afford to have music

Right at home

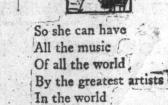
Mother's been a good pal Care of us and She sat up nights with us Spending all her When we were sick. Money on us Worrying about us She kissed our Bumps and bruises well. Petting us and Praising us



She washed and ironed And cooked and scrubbed. She helped us all-With our lessons And taught us manners And truth And courage



Mother likes music But she has been So busy taking





U.S. Picture & Portrait Co., Ltd.

Grafonola Department.

Mainly About People.

The ex-kaiser is "the only family in Germany that did not lose a son in the war." Frederic Wilhelm is an exile in Holland; Eitel Friedrich is a student in the State Agricultural College; Oscar is at the German republic's agricultural college; Adelbert, the sailor prince, is studying history and managing a health resort; August Wilhelm is an assistant in a private bank.

William A. Pinkerton, head of the Pinkerton detective agency, recently refused \$50,000 to appear in a moving forts to induce him to write a book of memoirs, and gives as his reason for refusing, the following: /If I wrote of the cases I have handled during my 55 years' detective work, the book would be full of "ghosts." Every place the book went would be some man whose forgotten crims would be raked over and whispered anew, visited perhaps on a wife or innocent dren. No matter how I would try to disguise names of characters and places there would always be som body to ferret them out and publi them to neighbors and friends."

A NEW NUMBER

Spare Moments" Just received

now at Byrne's Bookstore. Price 50c. Postage 4c

Secure your copy

Garrett Byrne, Bookseller & Stationer.

each on a slice of fried tomato. sprinkle with crumbs and brown in

Minard's Liniment Relieves Neurale

Stril

House of Nev U.K nade

--N THE S fort from th ple of Great already clos ed by the weather thro dom with co parently mu cerned in th hoping that involved in for nationa of by refus by the Trip

road and

the effect

volunteer

citizens

listment.

to-day tha

the other

anxious to

settlement

This desire

which wou

for their

already be

possible to So we're going to buy her wage questi tion of the A Columbia Grafonola Thursday n affair out ment, was bringing in was not likely to h

In the world For all the rest

night and at least an available greatly dep ment of th puzzled by available stood to drastic rat be additio

coming we the Admir coal from use and se factories a from the U ing of r to-day p less the ext Fr adjusted UCTI A DE LITTLE A rapi

which may sons injur yet unest tornado ti part of A urday mo

requested they may against against the reported ing to an