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eyes. The smallest objects were brought out in the dazzling white light of the moon with startling distinctness. There was not the faintest breath of wind. All was as motionless and quiet as death. The rough, yellow road that wound past the house, and uncoiled itself into the valley, showed not a single form upon its tawny length. There was something of solemn repression in the silence and the solitude.

Miss Buchanan rushed breathlessly to the other window that commanded the road till it disappeared in the woods, higher up toward the crest of the mountain. Her eye searched along its entire length. Not a creature in sight anywhere.

As she stood there marveling, from the woods below her belched forth another terrific explosion of musketry, the crashing din of the firing making her ears ache with its blatant fury. It was a salvo from a whole regiment's muskets, with not one living soul in evidence.

Then a thought darted into her mind—that wood haunted by dead soldiers! The persecuting one-legged ghost was playing his last card! He had marshaled the spirits of his comrades, and this uncanny cohort had made a united effort to down her courage.

As this conviction dawned in her mind the young woman felt herself tingle with a new thrill. She leaned from the win-

dow, waved her right hand gaily and shouted "Bravo," in mocking acceptance of the ghosts' "feu de joie." Then, standing erect, she set the butt of the rifle firmly against her shoulder, pointed it at the middle of the road and banged away in a derisive return fire.

Then she closed the windows briskly, as if the play was over, put the emptied rifle back in the corner, and sat down to her book again, her small frame trembling from the strain, but grateful that her fright had been so passing and her rally so complete. No sound but the roar of the logs came to her ears for the rest of the night.

"Mina," said Miss Buchanan to the gentle Gerner, when, on her return, she had finished telling her of this aggressive sortie of the ghostly regiment, "I told you that when the one-legged soldier had played his trump card and lost, it would end him. We will hear no more of our brother-boarder. I have laid that ghost."

"But—" began Miss Gerner.

"But nothing," cried Miss Buchanan with conviction. "There won't be any others. He will tell the rest!"

Whatever the one-legged soldier did, he walked no more at Paine's farm-house. Miss Buchanan is converted to a belief in ghosts, but she flouts at them more than ever. She has routed one

Found, a Purse

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Mrs. Nestor Noel

LENA Watkins was just as near starvation as anyone would care to be. She had tramped the Brighton streets for weeks, and now her shoes were all worn down at the heels and her black skirt had a bedraggled look about it.

When her father had died three months previously, and had left her well-nigh penniless, somehow she felt she could not endure the pitying glances of her friends in London, so she had left the great metropolis and had come to Brighton. The first few days gave her renewed courage; for the bracing sea air made her feel the joy of living. She was only twenty, and being strong and healthy, she could not mourn forever. Youth soon blunts the edge of grief. And so she started out to fight life's battle alone. And very brave she surely was, at the beginning. But how can a girl, accustomed to every luxury and not fitted in any way to earn her living, hope to compete with the working-girl who has thought of little else since her childhood?

And thus it was with Lena. She found that her knowledge was of no use, from a pecuniary point of view. She could play a little, as most society girls can, she could speak a little French and dance very well; but, of what use was all this? Then she was beautiful beyond the ordinary, and this, instead of being an asset, proved a handicap. If she tried to teach, she found that the jealous mothers of families did not want such a pretty girl around the place. When she tried to get into a shop, she could not bear the looks of admiration cast on her by the men, and the supercilious, jealous looks of the girls. Besides, the shop girls were so rough, and she did not know how to mix with them. Their common talk, their slang and their giggling hurt her so that she felt she would rather be a nursemaid.

This morning, she had paid her landlady and, having eaten a little breakfast, she had set off for the beach. Perhaps, if she paused awhile and considered matters over, before starting on her weary tramp of the streets, she might find some solution of the mystery of obtaining work. She sat gazing outward at the great waves, all unconscious of what a lovely picture she made as the morning sun shone on her rich clusters of curly, auburn hair, and her big, brown eyes looked so pathetically childlike. Her cheeks were a delicate pink, and her mouth was so adorable that it seemed just made for kisses. She had taken off her hat, so as to half lie on the sand, and the wind blowing her hair about her, and the very touch of the salt spray, which wetted her face, from time to time, was exhilarating. At least, it would have been once; but now, nothing seemed to matter any more. How often in the past, she had played as a child, on these same sands, making castles and surrounding them with the glistening, smooth pebbles of which there were so many.

She had on a costly fur, which she drew around her shoulders; for a person who has eaten very little is never too warm. She did not know that furs can be turned into money. She had never heard of pawnbrokers, nor did she know that she wore rings which could have kept her from starving for months. No, she did not know all this; but she did know that she had only sixpence left in the world, and she could not tell where to get her next meal, and she felt, oh, so hungry.

Surely the people of the upper middle class have much to answer for, when they bring up their children as useless members of society, accustomed to every luxury, and then leave them penniless.

Lena's dainty, white hands shifted the sand lazily through her fingers as a puzzled look passed over her face. She was sure her landlady would turn her out if she did not pay next week's rent, and she did not like to ask her for meals in advance. It seemed so dishonest when she did not know if she could ever pay. Poor Lena, perhaps she had read of unpleasant landladies, in her novels; and she did not realize that they are very human, and often conceal hearts of gold under their rough exteriors.

But in her idle shifting of the sand, Lena came upon something big. She dug it out, thinking it might be an uncommon kind of seaweed; but no! It was a purse, and what is more, a very heavy one. Quickly she put it in her pocket, and then, getting up and walking briskly along she came to a secluded spot where, under the shadow of a rock, she took out the purse and counted its contents. One, two, four, eight, ten, twenty pounds! Was ever luck like hers? She put the purse again, hastily, into her pocket. What a breakfast she could now have, and what a dinner, and many, many more meals! There was no card in the purse. She felt convinced that she would never find the owner. Then, surely, she had a right to it—the right of possession? But something seemed to tell her that it was not so. Was there not some way—oh yes!—she remembered now. Had she not read about it? She ought to take her "find" to the police station. Perhaps they'd give her something for doing so. They might give her sixpence or even one shilling. But that was awful! Here she sat, with twenty whole pounds in her possession, and was she to give them up, just for a principle? How careless of people to leave things about like that! Perhaps the owner was rich, and would not even feel the loss; whilst she, herself was starving. Then Lena realized, that if she kept this purse, she could never be happy again. Surely death was preferable to dishonour. Reluctantly, she rose and tried to find her way to the police station. Once she asked a policeman, and though he eyed her with surprise, he directed her.

Passing a confectioner's, her glance

wandered hungrily along the shelves of cakes, until it was arrested by something else. There, in large letters, it stood forth:—

"Lost a Purse"

She read the notice through and saw the address of a house in Hove. If she took the purse to this house, she would be rewarded. She wondered how much they would give her. Not much, she felt sure. At any rate, not twenty whole pounds! But she retraced her steps; for she had been going in the opposite direction. After half an hour's walk, she found the house, and, on being asked to wait in the drawingroom, she glanced around her. She had been accustomed to this style of room, and she did not need to be told that the owner must be rich. She leant back lazily amongst the soft cushions. O, how comfortable they felt, after the hard, unyielding furniture of her cheap lodging!

The door opened at last, to admit a young man of about thirty. He had kind blue eyes, thick fair hair, and was broad-shouldered and strong.

"I'm Doctor Smith," he said. "I think you asked for my mother. She's out now; but, as you said your errand was very important, perhaps I'll do as well."

Somehow, he did not feel very sorry that his mother was, temporarily, absent, as he gazed with pleasure at the beautiful girl facing him.

"I've just found this purse," said Lena, handing it to him. "I think it must belong to Mrs. Smith."

"O yes," admitted the man, taking it carelessly and dropping it into his pocket. "Thanking you very much for bringing it. Are you a stranger here?" he asked. "I know almost the whole town, yet I don't remember to have ever seen you before?"

"I came from London, a few weeks ago," answered Miss Watkins, handing him her card. "Yes, I'm quite strange now, though I used not to be years ago."

"And how do you like Brighton?" he questioned, just to make conversation, so as to detain his visitor longer.

But, instead of answering him, Lena leaned back in her chair, and a hazy look came over her face, then gradually, she turned ghostly pale and fell in a swoon on the ground.

"I expect my professional care is needed here a bit," muttered the doctor to himself, as he bent hastily over her, unloosed her clothes and felt her heart and pulse. Then he carried her gently to the couch. At that moment his mother entered. She was surprised to see a patient in the drawing-room, instead of in the consulting room. Briefly, Richard Smith explained the reason of the girl's visit whilst he tried to restore her to consciousness.

"Did you give her the reward I promised?" asked Mrs. Smith in a whisper. "Of course not. I forgot all about it. Besides, look at her costly furs. It would have been an insult to offer a girl of her class, money!"

Mrs. Smith bent over the girl and womanlike, she quickly detected many things which had escaped her son's observation. She noted the worn out shoes, the appearance of the skirt, and the mended patch on the blouse. A really rich girl would have given these things to her maid, long ago. Even the beautiful rings on the girl's fingers did not deceive her. She held her peace, and went softly from the room. Coming back in a short time, she placed a tray on the table. There was a steaming hot cup of cocoa, there were ham sandwiches, there was buttered toast and marmalade.

By this time, Lena was again conscious and she could not keep the hunger look from her eyes when they fell on the tray. "I'll come in again in an hour," said the doctor. "You need not hurry to go yet, Miss Watkins. I hope you'll stay with my mother and myself for lunch?"

Lena thanked him with her eyes, and, when she found herself alone with Mrs. Smith, it was not long before, hunger appeased, she poured out her tale to the kindly old lady beside her.

"I could never imagine you a shop girl," said Mrs. Smith. "Poor child, you'd not be happy for a moment."

"But I can't do anything else," pur-

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