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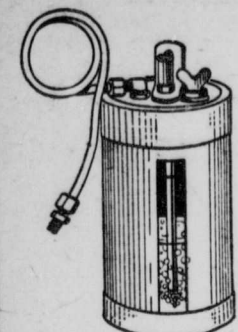
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AGENTS WANTED
At All Points in Ontario For the
NO-KNOCKS GAS SAVER
AND CARBON REMOVER



Saves its price many times each season.
Thousands of satisfied customers testify to its great merit, including the most prominent business firms.
Liberal commission to students and canvassing agents, selling direct to auto owners.

NO-KNOCKS GAS SAVERS LIMITED
102 West Richmond St., Toronto

Righted in Time

He stooped and caught her hands, and as quickly freed them, turning away.
"Oh, why did you say this?" he groaned. "Why did you not let me go without saying a word, as I was in honor bound to do? Am I such a cad that I can't control my looks and words? Oh, why do you tell me your life is aimless, empty, when I have tried to think it happy, full. And forced myself, even against my better judgment, to believe it so. Don't you know how I have felt from the first moment we met that we two were made for each other? And I could have taught you what life could be, I could have satisfied you, and filled your life. And now you wish I had not come. What do I wish, do you think?"

She gazed at him, her eyes wide, pained, and fearful. "Oh, I did not know," she whispered. "I thought—thought that if it was anyone it was Una."
"Una!" he cried, and laughed. "She is so much better and deeper-thinking than I. I am so frivolous, empty-headed. And then I thought oh, I thought your life was given entirely to your work, and if there was such a thing as love in your life it was in the past."

"Don't," he said abruptly. "This has been beyond us—we ought to have known ourselves better than to let it come to this. I at least, who am older and stronger, I shall go out of your life, and you will forget me. It's only a few weeks—easily wiped away."

A voice was crying in Moya's heart: "But I don't want to forget—what is it?"

O. McPherson,
Furniture Dealer, Undertaker,
Armstrong, B.C., June 11th, 1919.
Minard's Liniment Co., Ltd.,
Yarmouth, N.S.

Dear Sirs—Since the start of the Baseball season we have been hindered with sore muscles, sprained ankles, etc. but just as soon as we started using Minard's Liniment our troubles ended. Every baseball player should keep a bottle of your liniment handy.

Yours truly,
W. E. McPHERSON,
Secretary Armstrong High School,
Baseball Team.

the best part of my life." But no voice came to her lips.
"I ought to have known—and I did not know," said Guy sternly. "I cheated myself with the thought that you were but a child—and I was much older than you. Heaven knows I did not want to make you dissatisfied—anything but that. I wanted to show you, certainly, something of the mystery and wonder of life, the beauty even in its pain and suffering, th



FLEET FOOT
On The Farm

means the same attractive styles—the same easy comfort—the same sound economy—that Fleet Foot means in the city.
Have two or three pairs of Fleet Foot—brown ones for work about the farm—white ones when work is over and pleasure begins.
You can have several pairs of Fleet Foot for the price of one pair of leather shoes.

There are styles and sizes for men, women and children—for week-day and Sunday—for work and holiday time.

Ask your dealer for Fleet Foot



in the thought. But close behind the triumph came shame. She had sent him away unhappy, because he thought he had failed in honor, he who was the soul of honor.
She had brought pain to him, and she had not the courage to tell him the truth. He was so much above her—he thought her so much better than she was, or he would never have given her his love. And she felt she could not lose his love. To that she clung desperately. Strangely enough she felt she would rather lose happiness.

To this end had led that labyrinth which she had so carelessly ventured on the day when she suggested to Barry that pretence and mockery which was to have been such a good piece of fun. From that to earnest, it had been led on through misunderstanding, doubt and pain, to this!

She had won the love of the best man she had ever met. And yet she was powerless to take that love. Life with Guy Berkeley's inspirations, with his guidance, what might it not have meant? Moya had been frivolous and foolish, but she knew the best and highest when she saw it. A wide, splendid life had opened for her to enter—the life she had always unconsciously longed for, the life that alone could satisfy every ideal.

CHAPTER VI.
BARRY AND UNA.
The tea at the old country inn came up to Barry's expectation. Perhaps it exceeded it. Or else cream, and fruit, and jam, home-made and delicious, taste much more appetising in an old-world room which legend peopled with ghosts.

"The ghosts did not join us at tea-time," said the prosaic Barry. "Perhaps it is as well that they did not. Because if we had treated them someone would have had to go short. And I should have been sorry to be that one."

He was in high spirits, and the life of the party. Una was stirred out of her usual quietude to answer him.

"Did you ever hear of ghosts eating cream and fruit?" Barry shook his head.

"Some of these old legends are very creepy. I could believe anything after the stories told us this afternoon."

"Or nothing," laughed Una. "They would hardly have so many material guests if ghosts really peopled these old rooms. And they say one cannot get accommodation here during the summer months before."

She and Barry had wandered out into the garden. It sloped, winding, and thick with straggling, uncut bush and tree, down to the river that stole so quietly along in the sunshine.

"Are there any ghosts in the garden, I wonder?" said Barry. "I could imagine them far more readily than in the house. This garden would look ghostly by moonlight—unkempt and unweeded for, as it is, with the white, pale gleam of the river beyond under the rays of the moon."

"I like the garden," said Una. "It would be horrid if the bushes were trained and made artificial, as there's a charm about it now."

"I wonder who the old maids were?" mused Barry. His brief fit of high spirits had fallen from him like a cloak. His very voice was softened and lowered. And the faint lap-lapping of the river against the reeds could be heard. By common consent he and Una turned and walked towards it.

"Yes, I wonder," she said. "They did not tell us that legend, did they? Perhaps there was no story at all about them. I can fancy them, do you know. Very quiet, sweet, gentle old people. Who had never really lived in life at all. For nothing ever happened to them. They were really a ghostly existence—a shadow and phantom of life. Perhaps it was the only ghost that ever haunted there. They had no story, you see. They lived here—and died here. They had their garden, and their need, work, and perhaps a dog or a cat. No child or young life that would have made them alive, whether they would or no. I dare say, whether they would or no, so they had no story, you see. They never loved—or had love brought to them. No, I think theirs is the real ghost-story here. And it is the story of many lives."

She spoke in a dreamy undertone, and Barry, who always laughed away all sentiment, said as quietly: "How do you know that?"

"How?" said Una. "Because it is my own story, I suppose. I, too, shall be an old maid, you know. I expect I shall have just such a life. No, but just like that. For there will be plenty of children in it, I hope. I shall have all my nieces and nephews to love. But all the same, I can understand what those old maids felt—more than many a woman could do."

"You!" exclaimed Barry then. "An old maid! You, to have no story, no love in your life—you'll never expect me to believe that!"

They had paused by the bank of the river. It shone in the sunshine, slanting from the west. Very fair was it, deeply green and limpid under the drooping trees, and bright in the unshaded centre where a little fish or two jumped up every now and then as if to catch the sunbeams, and sank amid a widening circle of sun-jewelled ripples. The old-world garden, the gables of the ancient inn, half-hidden by trees, lay behind them. About them was a summer peace of day fading into eventide.

Una laughed softly. "You must believe it! There's nothing else to believe about me."

Then Barry laughed, too; but his laugh was not soft as hers. It challenged.

"Isn't there? I think there is. I think the principal thing to believe about you is Guy Berkeley."

Una turned quickly. She had been

HAVE YOU ASTHMA?
Do you endure the misery of Asthma with sleeping nights, difficult breathing and loss of strength? How ever bad your case, quick relief is guaranteed by the use of

TEMPLETON'S RAZ-MAH CAPSULES

This preparation is the result of years of experimenting and study. Thousands have derived the greatest benefit through its use. Write for free sample to Templetons, 142 King St. W., Toronto.

Sold by reliable druggists everywhere for \$1.04 a box. 64

watching those sun-ripples on the river. A peaceful mood had been on her, in unity with the peace of this summer day dying into even. But gentle as she was, she flushed now in sudden pride.

"What do you mean?" she demanded. "What right have you to say that?"

"Oh, no right at all," agreed Barry bitterly. "Only one can't help seeing—and drawing one's own conclusions—and—"

"Wrong conclusions then," flashed out Una. "How dared you think such a thing—and still less speak of it to me?"

The peace of the old-world garden was gone as far as they were concerned. The calm and seclusion which seemed to have nothing in common with modern, restless life only made now the contrast to these two, who faced each other in a roused pride.

(To be continued.)

"End Your Rheumatism Like I Did Mine"—Says Pastor Reed; Wife Also Rid of Neuritis



"Don't Believe That Old Nonsense About 'Uric Acid' Being the Cause of Rheumatism!"

Empathetically asserting that thousands of unfortunate sufferers have been led into taking wrong treatments under the old and false belief that "Uric Acid" causes rheumatism, Pastor H. W. Reed says:

"As do some of our highest medical authorities, I now know that 'Uric Acid' never did, and never will cause rheumatism. But it took me many years to find out this truth. I learned how to get rid of my rheumatism and recover my health and strength, through reading 'The Inner Mysteries of Rheumatism,' a work written by an authority who has scientifically studied the cause of treatment of rheumatism for over twenty years. It was indeed a veritable revelation.

"I had suffered agony for years from rheumatism and associated disorders, and Mrs. Reed was tortured with the demon neuritis almost beyond endurance. We had read and talked so much about 'Uric Acid' that our minds seemed poisoned. But the 'Inner Mysteries of Rheumatism' made it all clear to us and now we are both free from the suffering and misery we endured so many years. I believe I was the hardest man in the world to convert. For me to discard the old 'Uric Acid' theory, and what I now know to be absolutely false, for the new, scientific understanding of the causes and cure of rheumatism, was asking me to change my religious beliefs! But I did change, and it was a fortunate day for me and mine when I read 'The Inner Mysteries of Rheumatism' referred to above by Pastor Reed lays bare facts about rheumatism and its associated disorders overlooked by doctors and scientists for centuries past. It is a work that should be in the hands of every man or woman who has the slightest symptoms of rheumatism, neuritis, lumbago or gout. Anyone who sends name and address to H. P. Clearwater, 2514 Street, Hallowell, Maine, will receive it by mail, postage paid and absolutely free. Send now, but you forget the address and not a sufferer, but out this explanation and hand it to some afflicted friend."

PATHTIC MOMENT.
"Did she say she would be yours?" "I don't know what she meant. She merely said, 'Glub-glub!'"
"Good heavens! Were you choking her?"
"No I proposed right in the middle of a pathetic movie and discovered she was laughing at me."

TORONTO FAT STOCK SHOW
The 11th Annual Fat Stock Show will be held on Thursday and Friday, December 9 and 10, 1920, at the Union Stock Yards, West Toronto. The entries for this, the 11th Annual Show, promises to be unusually large.

Virtue and talents, though allowed their due consideration, yet are not enough to procure a man a welcome wherever he goes.—Locke.

Gunpowder.
Black powder is the original gunpowder. It consists of pulverized charcoal, sulphur and saltpetre mixed together. Both sulphur and charcoal are inflammable, and if they are ignited they will burn as fast as air can be supplied to complete the combustion. When saltpetre is heated it gives off oxygen. By mixing with charcoal and sulphur enough saltpetre to supply the necessary oxygen for complete combustion, we obtain a mixture that can burn without the aid of air.

As soon as sufficient heat is applied, the saltpetre gives off oxygen which burns the adjacent sulphur and charcoal, forming more heat, which decomposes the surrounding saltpetre, thus continuing the process. As the combustion does not have to wait for air to be supplied, it spreads through the mass with practically instantaneous speed.

WHEN BABY IS SICK

When the baby is sick—when he is cross and peevish; cries a great deal and is a constant worry to the mother—he needs Baby's Own Tablets. The Tablets are an ideal medicine for little ones. They are a genuine but thorough laxative which regulate the bowels, sweeten the stomach, banish constipation and indigestion, break up colds and simple fevers and make teething easy. Concerning them Mrs. Philippe Payen, St. Flavien, Que., writes: "Baby's Own Tablets have been a wonderful help to me in the case of my baby and I can strongly recommend them to other mothers." The Tablets are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, One.

"From Him That Hath Not—"

(Toronto Star.)
The pastor of a church is supposed to dress himself and his family decently, or whispers about "slovenliness" begin to circulate in his congregation.
He must keep his library up to date, or folk allege he is a back number.
He must see that his children get a fair education, or he is setting a bad example to other people.
His home must be maintained in good repair, or the Ladies' Aid will say that his wife is a poor house-keeper.
He must give liberally to all good causes, or be denounced as a hypocrite who does not practice what he preaches.
He must assist, out of his own pocket, those needy cases which require help, but dread publicity. Otherwise, his own conscience will accuse him.
He must house and feed all the visiting speakers who are not billeted elsewhere in his congregation, or the stigma of being inhospitable will attach to his church.
He must always and without exception "take delegates" when there is a convention, or his deacons will say that he lacks interest in the work of the denomination.
He must, if his congregation is scattered, keep either a horse at a car, lest he be accused of forgetting the sick and neglecting pastoral calls.
He must, of course, have a telephone, and in some congregations he is expected to supply a typewriter. If he maintains a machine for turning out the church's circular letters, there are many willing to forget that it costs him money.
Above all, he must be prompt to pay and accumulate no debts. If he should be accused as "bad pay."
He must never ask for an increase of salary. If he does, he is in the ministry for money. Or so, at any rate, will say some of the people.

World's Biggest Wireless Station

Japan is to have the greatest wireless station in the world, according to a report to the Japan Advertiser. It will be built in Fukushima prefecture, says the department of communications, and will cost 860,000 yen (420,000). The d-patch station will be at Hibiya-gahara, near Harajumachi and the receiving station will be at Hoso-ya-cho. Survey work has been started by engineers of the department.

The direct distance between the new office and San Francisco is 4,600 miles, while that between the Fukushima office and Honolulu is 3,250 miles. Service will not be opened for two years. The new office will communicate direct with San Francisco without relay in Hawaii.

PA'S DEFINITION.
(Boston Transcript.)
"Pa, what's I mean about it's being better to give than to receive?"
"It means, my son, that your mother finds more pleasure in lecturing me than I do in listening to her."

VERITABLY
Bob: Jackson's a friend in need.
David: It seems so; he's always trying to borrow something.

HOW TO POP CORN

It is done in different ways, but the most approved method is to pop your corns with Putnam's Corn, Extractor—corns pop out for fair, and stay out, too, when removed by "Putnam's." Try this painless remedy yourself, 25c. at all dealers.

LIKED THAT.
She: "Don't you think our minister preaches polished sermons?"
He: "Yes, I must say I like the finish to them."