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Agents, garages, repairers, and dealers. Write for wholesale prices, testimonials, etc.

Already on thousands of the highest priced cars as well as Fords, etc.

AGENTS WANTED AT ALL POINTS

Righted in Time

He tossed his cap up in greeting. "Coming down?" he asked. "I'll catch you, if you are."

"No, thanks," snapped Moya undeniably enough. "I'm not going to break my neck just to please you."

"Oh, if you jump into a hole," he retorted airily, "I'll pull you out. It would not be the first time you asked me to pull you out of a hole."

It was not the most pleasant memory to Moya. She winced. Barry had scored one.

"You're rather fond of holes," inquired Barry. "Aren't you? And dragging other people into them. I say, Moya, are you coming down the cliff, or shall I climb up?"

"I don't want you," she declared.

RELIEF AT LAST

I want to help you if you are suffering from bleeding, itching, blind or protruding Piles. I can tell you how, in your own home and without anyone's assistance, you can apply the best of all treatments.

PILES TREATED AT HOME

I promise to send you a FREE trial of the new absorption treatment, and references from your own locality if you will but write and ask. I assure you of immediate relief. Send no money, but tell others of this offer.

MRS. M. SUMMERS, BOX 8, Windsor, Ont.

uninvitingly. "I came out for a walk by myself."

"But that won't do," expostulated Barry with mock gravity. "Won't do at all. It will create quite a scandal if we go for solitary walks when we ought by rights to be strolling along arm-in-arm together. And I can't stand here shouting up to you sweet nothings that I ought to be whispering in your ear. It's most terribly unromantic, and it hurts my sense of the fitness of things."

"It's all so romantic," agreed Moya with a sneer, and added: "You've such a fine sense of the fitness of things. I've noticed that before."

Barry ignored that. "Oh, the place and time are all right," he said. "The sea and sky and sands, most romantic. What are you frowning like a thunderstorm for, Moya? You spoil the picture."

She did not attempt to enlighten him. He went on teasingly: "This is rather like Romeo and Juliet in the balcony scene, isn't it? Only Juliet did not scowl on Romeo as you do on me."

"Oh, go away," said Moya impatiently. She hurried on candidly: "I feel I hate you just now, Barry. Yes, I do. I know we were good friends enough once, and I was very fond of you. But now—oh, I feel I can't bear the sight of you, you irritate me beyond endurance."

He looked at her silently for a moment. Then he laughed.

"You're grateful," he commented. "Seeing how you asked me to help you out of a difficulty, and I did. And this is all I get for my generosity."

"I can't help it," cried Moya contritely. "And I daresay you feel just the same, only you won't own it. I feel as if I had lost all my freedom and liberty of action."

"You can get it back," he broke in quickly upon her. "Any moment you like."

"I dare not," she said, and her voice sharpened, there was a note of fear in it. "No, I can't. We must go on, Barry—must until Guy has gone away, at least."

"But why?" he demanded, pointing blank. "Because of your mother? She seems to approve of me more lately. I fancy she's not so keen on the estimable Guy now she's seen him. But why, Moya? It seems to me all the reason for pretence is gone now. There's no reason to keep it up any longer."

"Oh, there is, there is," she protested hurriedly, and still there was that fear in her voice.

"But why?" reiterated Barry.

She was silent. If there was a reason she did not own it to herself.

Strong Women

BY DR. VALENTINE MOTT.



Women and men too—are just as strong and healthy as their blood. Vigor and health come with good blood. Without good red blood a woman has a weak heart and poor nerves.

In the spring is the best time to take stock of one's condition. If the blood is thin and watery, face pale or pimply, if one is tired and listless, generally weak, a Spring Tonic should be taken. An old-fashioned herbal remedy that was used by nearly everybody 50 years ago is still safe and sane because it contains no alcohol or narcotic. It is made of roots and herbs and called Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. If druggists do not keep it in tablet form, send 50 cents for a vial to Dr. Pierce's Invalids' Hotel in Buffalo, N. Y.

grin, as if, far from being au revoir, he guessed she did not want to see him again. And Moya, left to the solitude of the cottage garden, frowned majestically. Barry was hateful! He had been delightful as a chum; he was detestable as a fiancee.

"Is it against etiquette to be alone when one is engaged?" fumed Moya. She was not even mollified by the sweet silence of the sunny garden. She felt out of heart. The song of the tide came faintly to her ears. Not much breeze found its way into the sheltered garden, but on the shore the most delicious life-giving breeze would be stealing up with the turning tide.

Yet Moya did not get up to go and see it. She sat back listlessly in the low garden chair, her dark head half-turned to that faint sea-song. It was calling her, and just now there was no response in her heart. "Come out to us," it sang, "and see how lovely life is. How this is just the sweetest hour of the day, and the incoming tide the most lovely thing in the world. The turn of the tide! Fresh hopes, new birth. A washing away

ASTHMA CURED TO STAY CURED

THOUSANDS TESTIFY TO THE LASTING BENEFIT SECURED FROM CATARRHOZONE CURES WITHOUT DRUGS

One of the finest discoveries in medicine was given to the public when "Catarrhozone" was placed on the market about fifteen years ago. Since then thousands have been cured of asthma and catarrh. An interesting case is reported from Calgary in a letter from Craighton E. Thompson, who says:

"Nothing too strong can be said for Catarrhozone. I suffered four years from asthma in a way that would beggar description. I went through everything that man could suffer. I was told of Catarrhozone by a clerk in Findlay's drug store and purchased a dollar package. It was worth hundreds to me in a week, and I place a priceless value on it. I have since derived it strongly urge every sufferer to use Catarrhozone for Asthma, Bronchitis and Catarrh."

The one-dollar package lasts two months; small size, 50c; sample size, 25c; all storekeepers and druggists, or the Catarrhozone Co., Kingston, Canada.

of old follies, old mistakes, a wiping out of faltering, straying footprints—a new, unmarked, untrodden path for the future to write what it pleases."

"I can't," Moya sighed as if in answer. "I've made foolish steps I can't retract—that nothing will blot out. I only wish it could. I've made mistakes that no breeze of the turning tide can blow away, but no crystal-clear little waves can wash away and erase. It's no use my coming."

"What did you say?" a voice asked. And she started. Guy Berkeley had come noiselessly over the thick lawn grass. Moya sat upright in her garden chair. "Did you say it was no use going? But I thought you had gone."

"No, I didn't go with the others. I had a headache, and wanted to rest. But I thought you had gone."

Guy threw himself down on the grass. "I went up to the station," he said, "to see about my train tomorrow. I wasn't sure as to the time. The trains were altered this month, you know, and I had not got the new time-table. They've struck off some of the fastest trains, it seems."

"Train?" echoed Moya.

"Yes," he answered quietly. "I'm returning to town to-morrow."

She made no comment, not even a politely-conventional murmur of regret. And he gave a strained laugh.

"You don't say you're sorry," he said. Then he took one look into her eyes. "I believe you're really glad!" he said, and his voice changed.

For in the first moment gladness had been her uppermost feeling. He was going! This mistaken, foolish chapter of life was closing. No more need for pretence, for the deception that started in joke but had become so irksome. Moya called up words to her lips.

"Oh, no I'm not," she averred hastily. "I'm awfully sorry you're going. We all shall be. Especially the boys. You're such a hero of theirs. Besides, I did not know you would go so soon."

She was painfully conscious that her sentences were jerky and unconvincing.

"It's not so soon," said Guy. "I've stayed here a long time—much longer than I intended. But now—it's no use my staying."

His voice suddenly sounded dragging and weary. Moya glanced at him.

"I don't think," she said abruptly, "that you've had enough holiday yet—that you're sufficiently rested. You look worn and tired. Not fit to start work again. Must you go?"

A strange flash deepened his grey eyes. "Yes," he said shortly. "I must—I must!"

He got up, and paced the small lawn, walking restlessly to and fro. Moya watched him. Usually there was a quiet, strong repose in his manner. It was lacking now. He

Minard's Liniment Co., Limited.

I was very sick with Quinsy and thought I would strangle. I used MINARD'S LINIMENT and it relieved me at once. I am never without it now.

Yours gratefully,
MRS. C. D. PRINCE.
Nauwigawauk, Oct. 21st.

CHAPTER V.

"No, I shan't come," pronounced Moya decidedly. "I've an awful headache. And it's much too hot for walking. And, most of all, I want to be by myself."

This last accompanied a flash of dark eyes Barry-wards. If he considered it his duty to stay with her, a broad hint would undecipher him.

"Unsocial thing!" he scoffed. "You'll be sorry you have not come with us. They give one ripping tea at the Old Maids' Inn—such cream and eggs and jam! No headache could be proof against it. You won't? Ah, well, the loss is yours. Au revoir."

He gave her a mocking, teasing

came back and looked down at her. "Work!" he said. "It's the one thing for me now. I always gave my life to my work. I found it easy to do so; it satisfied me. It must do so now."

"I know your work is everything to you," said Moya. "And it's such a splendid note in her voice now. He was going away, and she would hear no more of that work, have no more insight into this new stirring life, so full of all life really meant, or should mean—self-denial, upward and onward progress." She had just glimpsed this life, and it had opened to her a world of new things.

"Oh, I wish," she exclaimed involuntarily, "that I could do some such work, too. I feel my life so empty—so purposeless."

He stood there looking down at her, but he said nothing at once.

"Empty!" he said then, and there was an odd note in the word. "But your life should be full."

She suddenly understood his meaning, and her face flushed. How nearly she had betrayed herself! There was trouble in his eyes, she saw it, and turned away her own. He was questioning her silently. Did he, too, like Una, guess at misunderstanding between her and Barry?

"Your life should be full," said Guy. "Whose life, if not yours? You have everything before you—"

"Oh, I don't mean that," she interrupted. "But it's all so aimless. You have an aim in life. It means so much to you. Ah, sometimes I almost wish you had not come. Because you have made me see how petty and small and useless my own life is. You have made me dissatisfied with myself. And now you are going!"

He was going. He, who alone could teach her to make of that life, so aimless and useless, something full and satisfying. She had spoken impulsively, out of her inmost heart, without weighing her words. But she stopped at the look on his face.

"Yes, I'm going," he said. "Child—why do you say all this? You know why I'm going."

"No—why?" breathed Moya, but even as she spoke she knew. The real reason why Guy was going. It was written in his eyes, in their flash, and in their deepening, and, above all, in their pain.

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RHEUMATISM

This is just the season for Rheumatism with its grinding pain and stiffening of joints gets hold of you. Fight it with

Templeton's Rheumatic Capsules

Templeton's Rheumatic Capsules bring certain relief, and permanent results. They are recommended by doctors, and sold by reliable druggists everywhere for \$1.00 a box or write to Templetons, 142 King St. W., Toronto. Mailed anywhere on receipt of price. 65

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Poisoned By Gas While In a Well

FRANK CARLSON FOUND RELIEF IN DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS.

Saskatchewan Man Who Suffered All Summer Claims That His New Lease of Health is Due to Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Liveling, Sask., May 15th, (Special.)—Most enthusiastic about the benefit he has received from using Dodd's Kidney Pills is Mr. Frank Carlson, a well-known and highly respected resident of this place.

"I was gassed in a well on my farm 25 feet deep," Mr. Carlson says. "I was nearly dead. I was treated for a whole summer for my trouble, but did not get better."

"Then I read in a little almanac about Dodd's Kidney Pills. I had no idea they might benefit me, but was willing to try anything. To my surprise the improvement in my general health was so great, and my kidneys were so much better, that I feel like advising everybody to use Dodd's Kidney Pills. I would not be without them."

Dodd's Kidney Pills are a kidney remedy. They strengthen the kidneys and enable them to do their full work of straining the impurities out of the blood.

Ask your neighbors if Dodd's Kidney Pills are not the sovereign remedy for sick kidneys.

QUITE UNINTENTIONAL.

A tramcar collided with a milk cart and sent an after can of milk splashing into the street. Soon a large crowd gathered. A very short man coming up had to stand on tiptoe to see past a stout woman in front of him.

"Excuse me," he exclaimed. "What an awful water!"

The stout woman turned round and gazed at the little man, and said sternly: "Mind your own business!"

A Friend of the Policeman

Continually on their feet, the "Peelers" are invariably troubled with corns and bunions—but not for long, because they know of a quick cure, Putnam's Corn Extractor; it cures painlessly in 24 hours; try "Putnam's," 25c at all dealers.

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JUST HOW TRUE?

A girl and a man sat under the palm just outside the ballroom.

"Is your love true?" asked the girl.

"As true," the man answered in low, passionate tones, "as true as the delicate flush on your cheek."

"Oh—ah," the girl stammered hurriedly, "isn't—doesn't the band play nicely?"

NEW YEAR'S IN CHINA.

All Debts Are Paid and the Country "Painted Red."

New Year's is the national day in China. All accounts must be squared up at that time and the man who can't raise money enough to pay his debts has to go into bankruptcy. The laws are such that the creditor can enter the debtor's house and take what he pleases there—a no settlement. To prevent such action families club together and make all sorts of compromises to keep up the business reputation of the clan.

New Year's is a great day for the pawnbrokers. Their shops are crowded with people who want to redeem their best clothes before the new year. There are crowds, also, who want to pawn other things in order to get money to pay their debts. Pawnbrokers receive high rates of interest, in which they are protected by the government.

The Chinese paint the whole country red, figuratively speaking on New Year's day in more senses than one.

WOOD'S PHOSPHORINE

The Great English Preparation.

Tones and invigorates the whole nervous system, makes new blood in old veins. Used for Nervous Debility, Mental and Brain Weakness, Dependence, Loss of Energy, Palpitation of the Heart, Failing Memory. Price \$1 per box, six for \$5. Sold by all druggists, or mailed in plain pkg. on receipt of price. New pamphlet mailed free. THE WOOD MEDICINE CO., 379 N. 9th St., Ont.

Red is the color which with them denotes good luck and prosperity and all the New Year cards and invitations are on paper of that color. Every child gets its New Year's present wrapped in red paper, and red inscriptions are pasted over the doors of the houses. New pictures of Chinese generals are put on the front doors and the houses are scoured and made clean.

A MOTHER'S ADVICE

Once a mother has used Baby's Own Tablets for her little ones she is always happy to recommend them to others, her advice, given after a careful trial, can be readily followed with assured good results. The Tablets are a mild but thorough laxative which never fail to regulate the bowels and sweeten the stomach. They always do good—they cannot possibly do harm even to the youngest babe concerning them Mrs. P. Laforet, St. Nazaire, Que., writes:—"For three months my baby was constipated and cried continually. On the advice of a friend I gave him Baby's Own Tablets, and now at the age of five months he is perfectly well and weighs twenty pounds. I am delighted to be able to advise other mothers to use them. The Tablets are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

LONG BURIED STEAMER

Revealed By Dredging in the Mersey.

For some time past the Mersey docks and harbor board has been conducting dredging operations in the neighborhood of the Burbo bank, one of the large accumulations of sand which impeded the navigation of the Mersey entrance, and there have resulted in a "find" of remarkable interest.

It is the remains of a steamer which have evidently been embedded for generations. Her date is long on—prior to that of iron shipbuilding. Of sound English oak were her timbers and framing, to which circumstances doubtless is due the fact that they still retain cohesion and shape and have so wonderfully resisted the forces of decay as to supply an abundant quantity of material for the souvenir manufacturer. Her beams, in point of fact, are described as being as "hard as iron."

The machinery has practically perished, but the engine bed-plates and the funnel remain, and relics of pottery and other articles are plentiful. The vessel, cleared of superabundant sand, is not only visible, but accessible at low water, and has been visited and examined by many interested people.

The prevailing opinion is that she is the William Huskisson, a paddle steamer belonging to the City of Dublin company and trading between Liverpool and the Irish capital, which on the 12th of January, 1845, was wrecked on her passage to the Mersey. She had 120 passengers on board, of whom 95 were rescued by the ship Huddersfield, and the remainder perished. Captain Clerg of the Huddersfield subsequently received handsome presentations from the citizens of Liverpool in recognition of his good work. — Manchester Guardian.

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