

BOVRIL

is concentrated beef.

It gives strength and energy.

Take a cup at eleven in the morning or a dainty BOVRIL sandwich at afternoon tea. A cup of BOVRIL before retiring ensures refreshing sleep.

You Need This Light 'Most Every Night

Indoors—outdoors—in the stables and driving shed—hundreds of times—in dozens of places—you need the

"NINE LIVES" ELECTRIC FLASHLIGHT

with its bright but economical little Tungsten incandescent lamp. Compact, handy, and safe! Easily carried in your pocket or under your arm. Simply press the button and you have instantaneous flash. Can't set fire to anything.

We'll send you a "Nine Lives" Electric Flashlight, fully prepaid. Pocket type for \$1.50. Tubular type for \$2.00. It's too convenient to be without—write to-day.

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96 West King St., Toronto

Try a Change of Flavor

There are wonderful possibilities for delightful new desserts, puddings and sweets in

MAPLEINE

In every recipe that calls for a flavoring Mapleine can be used just the same as other flavors.

Mapleine also flavors white sugar syrup for the hot cakes.

Grocers sell it.

CRESCENT MANUFACTURING CO.
Seattle, Wash.

Wilson's INVALIDS' PORT WINE
(à la Quina du Pérou)

"Health is the vital principle of bliss."
Thompson

Doctors Know!

"Would the old feel young? Would the sad feel gay? Then list for a while; I'll sing you my lay—'Wilson's Invalids' Port' is the theme of my song."

I was weak and depressed, now I'm merry and strong; No enjoyment had I till I tasted this wine. It acted like magic—health and strength soon were mine. O, delay not an hour this great tonic to test.

Parsons, doctors and nurses pronounce it the best; It will give you much strength of a natural sort.

This wonderful tonic, 'Wilson's Invalids' Port.'

JANE M. TURNBULL,
St. George's Rectory,
Goderich, Ont.

Ask YOUR Doctor
Big Bottle All Druggists

right to try. What a time she must have had of it these two years alone with a demented man to care for! Among the women of the West who had borne much as their share in its development, here was one of the bravest. She herself was unusual.

When Freda Norton came to the door and beckoned to him, Mowbray went with set purpose and a great desire to aid her. The color had left her face now, and in its place was pain and anxiety.

"He was awakened," she said. "He is in the kitchen. Listen outside the door, and you will hear for yourself. I leave the rest to you. Break in on him when you think best."

Mowbray stepped into the house, through the living-room, and stood with lowered ear at the kitchen door, from the other side of which came the weird and labored voice of a man crying in the wilderness of despair.

"Oh, God of mystery and of pity, where shall I go? I have searched till I have wept, and I cannot find. I have looked long and deep, I have ventured into the realm of hidden things, I have agonized within the pale, and all in vain. I have found the marks of the Unusual, but I cannot find its source, nor how it comes. Hear me! Where is it? What is it? Can it not be found?"

pain, but even so, Mowbray felt its peculiar appeal.

"Hush! Your father is not dead. Show me his bed, then heat some water at once. I am a doctor," he added, as he saw the girl's anxiety.

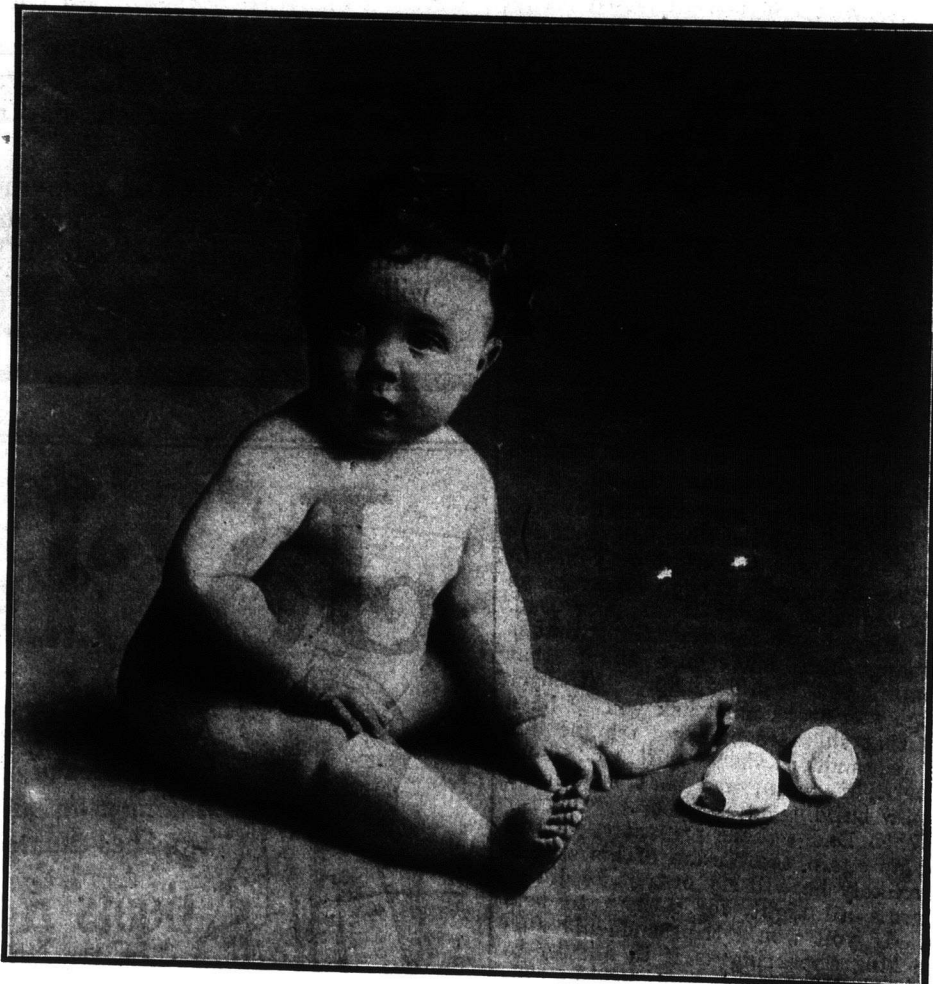
When Norton regained consciousness and he was strong enough to speak, his words were clear and rational. The unhappy and unnatural look had gone from his eyes, too. Mowbray knew then that, after all, a cure had been made—the last blow on the head had undone the injury of the first.

A few weeks later, when Mowbray and Freda had nursed the sick man back to health of body and mind, Mowbray rode over the woody trail again to the Round Lake post office and general store. The way was as pleasant and the forest sounds as sweet on this ride as on the first, but another voice, richer and sweeter than they, now sounded above them. For he had followed the trail that that alluring voice had led him to, and had learned what lay behind it.

The merchant-postmaster at Round Lake was glad to see him.

"Well now, I guess ye went that ten miles," he said, with a chuckle. "And how's things over at Norton's?"

"Quite normal, I should say," answered Mowbray, somewhat unconcernedly.



Waiting for the Tub

It escapes me just as I would lay my hand upon it, and I have not strength to pursue it, though sometimes it pursues me. Should I have looked below when I have looked above? Must I now go into the underworld to complete my search? And must I do this mighty work alone? God of the great Unusual, have pity. Send me a man, a man who cares, a man who will help me. Is there not one who—

"There is! I am he."

Mowbray had flung open the door and burst in upon the troubled man.

As he did so, Norton turned toward him, tripped and fell through an open trap—down which he evidently had been looking as he prayed—into the cellar. A clumsy ladder was the only stairway, and his fall was unbroken. At the bottom his head struck heavily against a piece of timber, and rolling helplessly to the earthen floor he lay there unconscious and bleeding freely from an ugly scalp wound.

Mowbray was instantly at his side and lifted him to the room again. Like a mother defending her young, Freda sprang forward and faced the man whom, a few minutes before, she had asked to help her.

"You have killed my father!"

Her voice was tense now, and full of

"You don't tell me so! Well now, I've always thought the folks over there were kind of unusual-like. Didn't you find something unusual, as I told you?"

"Yes, my friend, I surely did," declared Mowbray, with more interest than before, "and I thank you."

"Ha, ha, I thought you would." And then, as no further information was offered, "Well now, what do you think of doing about it?"

"Why, I'm going to marry her next month," said Mowbray. "Please give me a quarter's worth of stamps."

An old-time Mississippi River steamboat captain, who had been successful in raising fruit in the Northwest, could not get over his longing to hear a whistle blow. When his bank-account had reached a certain figure he had a miniature steamboat made, and placed it in a small river near his ranch.

"How is she built?" some one asked him.

"Well she has a five-foot boiler and a seven-foot whistle," the captain explained proudly.

"Does the whistle work?"

"Work? Of course it works. Every time she blows the engine stops."

MURRAY AND LANMAN'S Florida Water



With those who know, MURRAY & LANMAN'S Florida Water finds a hearty welcome. Its use is always a source of extreme personal satisfaction. For the bath, a rub down, or after shaving, it has been a favorite for over a hundred years.

Leading Druggists sell it. Accept no Substitute!

Lanman & Kemp
New York

and Cor. St. Antoine and Chatham Sts., Montreal.

THIS WASHER MUST PAY FOR ITSELF.

A MAN tried to sell me a horse once. He said it was a fine horse and had nothing the matter with it. I wanted a fine horse, but, I didn't know anything about horses much. And I didn't know the man very well either.

So I told him I wanted to try the horse for a month. He said "All right," but pay me first, and I'll give you back your money if the horse isn't all right."

Well, I didn't like that. I was afraid the horse wasn't "all right" and that I might have to whistle for my money if I once parted with it. So I didn't buy the horse, although I wanted it badly. Now, this set me thinking.

You see I make Washing Machines—the "1900 Gravity" Washer.

And I said to myself, lots of people may think about my Washing Machine as I thought about the horse, and about the man who owned it.

But I'd never know, because they wouldn't write and tell me. You see I sell my Washing Machines by mail. I have sold over half a million that way. So, thought I, it is only fair enough to let people try my Washing Machines for a month, before they pay for them, just as I wanted to try the horse.

Now, I know what our "1900 Gravity" Washer will do. I know it will wash the clothes, without wearing or tearing them, in less than half the time they can be washed by hand or by any other machine.

I know it will wash a tub full of very dirty clothes in Six Minutes. I know no other machine ever invented can do that, without wearing the clothes. Our "1900 Gravity" Washer does the work so easy that a child can run it almost as well as a strong woman, and it doesn't wear the clothes, fray the edges, nor break buttons, the way all other machines do.

It just drives soapy water clear through the fibres of the clothes like a force pump might. So, said I to myself, I will do with my "1900 Gravity" Washer what I wanted the man to do with the horse. Only I won't wait for people to ask me. I'll offer first, and I'll make good the offer every time.

Let me send you a "1900 Gravity" Washer on a month's free trial. I'll pay the freight out of my own pocket, and if you don't want the machine after you've used it a month, I'll take it back and pay the freight, too. Surely that is fair enough, isn't it?

Doesn't it prove that the "1900 Gravity" Washer must be all that I say it is?

And you can pay me out of what it saves for you. It will save its whole cost in a few months in wear and tear on the clothes alone. And then it will save 50 to 75 cents a week over that in washwoman's wages. If you keep the machine after the month's trial, I'll let you pay for it out of what it saves you. If it saves you 60 cents a week, send me 50 cents a week 'till paid for. I'll take that cheerfully, and I'll wait for my money until the machine itself earns the balance.

Drop me a line to-day, and let me send you a book about the "1900 Gravity" Washer, that washes clothes in six minutes.

Address me personally:—

E. E. Morris, Manager 1900 Washer Co.
357 Yonge Street, Toronto, Can.

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STOPS COUGHS HEALS THE LUNGS
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