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**HAD GIVEN UP
ALL HOPE OF
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Heart Trouble Cured by
MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS**

Mrs. Andrew Savoy, Grattan's, N.B.,
writes: In the year of 1905 I was taken
sick and did not think I could live any
length of time. My trouble was with my
heart and people told me that nothing could
be done for a case like mine. I consulted
the very best doctors but they could do me
no good. For seven weeks I could hardly
cross the floor. I had no pain, but was so
weak nobody in the world can believe how
I felt. I had given up all hopes of living
and had given my little girl to my sister-in-
law.

One day a friend came to see me, and call-
ing me by name, said, "Lizzie, if I were you
I would try a dose of Milburn's Heart and
Nerve Pills as they are good for heart
trouble." My husband got me a box, but
for two days I was not feeling any better,
but on the fourth day my husband said, "I
believe those pills are doing you good." I
was able to say "Yes, I feel a good deal
better this morning." He said, "Well, I will
get you another box right away." I took
two boxes and three doses out of the third
one, and I was perfectly well and have not
been sick since then.

I will never be without them in my home
for God knows if it had not been for Mil-
burn's Heart and Nerve Pills, I would not
have been alive now.

Price 50 cents per box,
3 boxes for \$1.25.

The T. Milburn Co.,
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SEND \$1 Receive 4 Wool Cloth Remnants
suitable for Boys' knee pants up to
11 years. Give ages and we will cut pants free—
add 25c for Postage. N. Southcott and Co, 15
Coots Block, London, Ont.

pipe and listened. The clatter of dishes continued, and there was the croon of a woman's voice singing in the summer kitchen. Reassured as to his daughter's location, the old man went on: "Here's you and me jest ripe for a partnership. I've got a cargo of swale hay that I've pressed to look like herd grass; insurable for herd grass, providin' some one with a reppytation for honesty—say, like you—gets it insured. You've got a schooner that really ain't fit to set for an eel pot but which is insurable extry on account of aforesaid reppytation for honesty. By gad, Dunk, you've got capital there in that reppytation! It's a shame to let capital like that lay idle. And it sha'n't! You hear me? It sha'n't. It shall be used in the family. You take my hay and your schooner, insure, as I've said, start for market, let accidents happen as they may, get picked up in your dory by a coaster or a fisherman, collect insurance—reppytation assisting—and come back to hear the weddin' bells a-ringin'. Then you've got the cash for a five-eighths into a new schooner—and me jest a silent partner. There! I've been plain and open. It's safe and sound and with your while."

Doughty leaned back once more and regarded the skipper with deep meaning.

ed that this ruthless old man could smash the little temple, even as he had boasted. Captain Duncan Bodge don't understand matters of the heart very well, anyway.

"Let me tell ye one more thing," murmured the farmer, rapidly and huskily, for the rattle of dishes had ceased and the rapid whisk-whisk of a broom hinted that kitchen was being tidied; "wimmen folks are deeper than ye think and they don't say all they know. Do they love a man that's dog-poor and pussylaninous and no git-up to him? No. Do they love a man that's bold and stands by their family and says to their father: 'Dad-in-law that's-a-goin'-to-be, if you say snacks, it's snacks. Shake!' Well, you bet she loves him! Nah-h-h! I know you never stole northin' yet—and you ain't got to now. But if you don't know the difference between stealin' and a commercial transaction, then the next time you go up to Boston, you step up to State Street and make a few inquiries. Do you think they're gettin' rich there on day's wages?"

It was evident, however, that the farmer didn't care to have his daughter know just then his ideas of what constituted business; for he suddenly ejaculated: "Hold hosses, Cap. Dunk—she's comin'!"

He was droolingly sucking the



"He caught the hook under the wire, and, after a mighty effort, tugged the flaming mass to the side."

"I'm too square for a round idee like that to fit into me," said Bodge, sullenly.

"Then ye won't fit into my family," retorted the farmer. "Your reppytation may be your capital, but my daughter's my stock-in-trade."

"Well, I reckon 'Liza will have something to say about that when I say something to her." The captain was clearly rebellious.

"Not when I have my say first, My gal sticks by me. She ain't ever believed anything agin' me yet and she never will. If that want's so, then she wouldn't still be livin' with me to home—a gal with her looks! You, yourself, Dunk Bodge, couldn't make her harbor no grudge agin' me, not if you swore on a stack of Bibles. Listen, cap! You can tell the truth, but you can't do even that very well. I can lie twice as fast. In two days, with my inside track, I'll have ye fixed out so that my gal will pour bilin' water on ye."

The skipper rolled his cap in his hands and looked at the crafty old farmer moodily. He realized his own inefficiency against the odds presented. This love that had come to him late in life seemed a very fragile fabric in his eyes. He feared to see it dashed down at any time. He believed

match flame into his pipe as his daughter came out of the house, unrolling her knitting.

"It's lovely out here, isn't it, Cap'n Duncan?" she observed, in her cozy way. "I suppose you and dad have got that business all settled by this time. I think it will be just fine for you two to go into it together. Dad has been cheated so many, many times by goin' into business deals with men that were dishonest. But everyone knows that Cap'n Duncan Bodge ain't that sort."

She bent to count some knots on her bright needle, and the two men looked at each other—Captain Bodge with that expression one sees in the eyes of a pleading St. Bernard pup.

"Dad has told me about it," she resumed, cheerfully, "and I never was so glad of anything in my life. I hope you will do just splendid, and if this trip pays, why, there's lots more hay to buy and ship. When are you goin' to load, cap'n?"

"We might as well start in to-morrow, cap'n," Doughty hastened to say. "The Tasker boys ain't workin' for anyone now, and we can get them to help, and I'm a good man on a tackle myself."

He got up and went along and pinched his daughter's ear.

"Liza," he said, "there ain't no man in the kingdom that I'd rather throw a good slice of business in the way of than this same Cap Dunk, right here. He don't throw it back into your face, I'd sacrifice to do it. P'raps in this deal I've been talkin' about I could do a mite better than even snacks if I took on some one else, but I don't care about that. The happiness of them that's near and dear to me is more than fine gold—yea, better than rubies. Ye are good children—the both on ye!" And then, evidently unable to master his emotion, he stumbled away around the corner of the house.

"Blessed old dad," murmured his daughter, her eyes misty as she watched him out of sight; "he's always like that, cap'n. Ain't he good?"

Captain Bodge, after what seemed to the woman a violent effort to master his own emotion, choked out affirmation.

"He seems to think an awful sight of you," she went on. "He was saying to me this morning that he was going right along with you to market and help sell the hay, for, of course, he knows all about hay."

The captain gulped hard as he heard this.

"And you can see what kind of a true, generous friend you've got in dad. He's going to let you have Lester Trask stay at home and get a new job, Dad's goin' to take his place and work for nothin'. There! Cap'n Duncan Bodge, how is that for liking you?"

In Trask's personality were combined the mate, the cook and the entire crew of the *T. P. Todd*. The captain gulped harder as he swallowed this additional news.

"I'm glad you are going to discharge that Lester Trask," she said, with a flicker of spirit in her eyes. "He has bothered me dreadfully by hanging around the house here. Phew! seems as though I can smell that cologne and hair oil now. I don't like these smarties that think a woman is going to fall down and worship store clothes and a twisted mustn't-touch-it-on-their-upper-lip."

The captain's face was squizzled with an anxious frown.

"Les Trask? Has he been courtin' you?" he faltered.

"Huh! I don't call it courtin'," she sniffed. "Of course I s'pose you might call it attentions, but, after all, I'm glad you're goin' to let him go off the vessel. Father says he guesses he's a wolf in sheep's clothing. Dad invited him here first, but dad says he really didn't have any idea he'd try to—to—well, dad guesses you'll discharge him now."

The captain was too engrossed in his heart matters to ponder just then in Doughty's inconsistencies of conduct and opinion.

"I don't want nobody courtin' you, 'Liza," he blurted, desperately. "I haven't knowed jest how to say it to you—but I don't want nobody courtin' you except me. Wont' you let me do all the courtin'?"

And I want to marry you, too, 'cause there ain't no other woman in the world that I ever see that I loved. There! He wiped the streaming perspiration from his forehead with the flat of his hand.

"I think you're a good man, cap'n," she said, her fingers trembling over her needles. "I didn't believe anything in what Lester Trask said to dad about your havin' flirtations 'long coast."

The captain was known from Quoddy to Cape Cod as a swearer of much volubility. Now he uprose, choked, thudded back upon his chair, rebounded rapped his knuckles against his forehead and then blew a "poof" of hot breath upon the air, as though it were the essence and spirit of the oaths he had been swearing inside.

"I never believed a word," she went on, "but I don't wonder you don't want a man like that around you after this. Dad said no one could blame you for being mad. But as I was saying, Cap'n Duncan, father thinks everything of you, and father's all I've got since mother died, and he has been so good to me—"

It seemed to the captain, even in his own mind, that Aminadab