

**DOMINION MEDICAL INSTITUTE**  
NERVE, SKIN, BLOOD, STOMACH & LUNG DISEASES  
CONSULTATION FREE CORRESPONDENCE INVITED  
70 Lombard Street  
**TORONTO**

## Righted in Time

She saw Barry come up the lane now, with an air of sinking of her own spirit, "agony apprehensive of it knew not what."

"Moya's gone down to the shore," she told him.

"Has she?" he said, listlessly. He leaned his arms on the cottage gate, not even turning his head in the direction of the shore. Of what good was it for Moya to pretend there was nothing wrong between her and her lover, thought Una. High standards of romance or not, Moya and Barry did not come up to the average standard of an engaged couple.

"What are you doing this morning?" went on Barry. "We seem to be a loose end. No one went bathing before breakfast. That picnic on the downs which was mooted fell through. There's nothing doing at all to-day. Everybody seems sleepy and dull."

"Then why don't you suggest some-

wish there need not be so much comparison between Berkeley and myself."

Una looked at him. "Why should there be?" she asked simply enough.

"You're quite different."

"I know that, too," answered Barry, savagely. "And the difference is to my discredit, of course."

"That's nonsense. We all have different work to do in life. Guy's is not yours."

"I should expect you to call what I say nonsense," said Barry. "Yes, you always do think so, don't you? But, all the same, a fellow can't talk about with cap and bells all his life. There's something else to do with life."

He turned away abruptly and went off. His last word had astonished Una with their savage earnestness. Whatever did he mean? And why was he so angry because she praised Guy?

"That, at any rate, was easy to answer. He felt the comparison between himself and Guy, a seen in Moya's eyes."

"What a pity, what a pity," thought Una. So easily happiness could be wrecked and mistakes made. And then her loving unselfish thoughts ran on: "What can I do? How can I right matters?" And she felt her own helplessness keenly.

"I dare not do anything but look on," she thought. "I've said so much to Moya already—much more than I meant to say. I can do no more. Oh, but happiness is lost so easily, and foolishly. If they could only see it."

But she never thought that there might be things she herself did not see. For love is a labyrinth through which even the golden guiding thread of unselfishness does not always lead to the light.

Meanwhile Moya had turned from the shore, up the cliff path and away across the downs. Her thoughts were perhaps selfish enough just then. Certainly they had none of the sweetly unselfish anxiety of Una.

Moya was fretting against the possibility of living us up," was Una's reply to that.

Barry's moody look did not change. "I should be sure to suggest the wrong thing," he muttered. "And when I fall in with other people's suggestions, that's wrong, too. I'm too ready to fall in, too good-natured a chap. By the way, when is that fellow Berkeley going back to town?"

Una looked up. So disconnected a question startled her. What had Guy Berkeley's departure got to do with the dulness or enjoyment of the holiday? Then suddenly a new idea dawned on her. Had Guy Berkeley something to do with this vague atmosphere of unrest and dissatisfaction which surrounded the engaged couple? Was Barry, perchance, jealous of him? Had there even been a quarrel about him? Now Una came to think of it, Moya and Guy were a great deal together. They had struck up a sudden friendship, at which Una had been rather surprised—surprised because Guy was such a grave, deep-thinking man and Moya so headless a girl. They might have been expected to have little or nothing in common, thought Una. Moya might have been expected to be bored by Guy, and Guy to feel a superior contempt for Moya. Instead, Una had seen them talking earnestly, engrossedly. Of course it was only about Guy's schemes of social welfare. He was an enthusiast about them, but it was strange he made a confidant of Moya, and stranger still she took an interest in such schemes. It was not like Moya, Una told herself, to discuss serious problems of life at all—or not like what she had imagined Moya to be. She was asking herself now whether she had ever quite understood her sister, or whether there was

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a great deal in M to be developed, that had never found expression before?

And the more Una thought, the more troubled became her thoughts.

"I don't know when he's returning to town," she said. "He needs a long holiday, of course. He's been working too hard. Too hard for years, I think. One can see that just to look at him, and then we don't want him to go yet—we like having him here."

She watched Barry as she spoke. And she saw his face cloud. He laughed abruptly.

"Yes, I know you like him," he said. "You admire him, don't you? He's just the sort of man you would admire."

"I do like him, of course. I think we all admire him. He does so much good work, you see. One can't help but admire it."

Again Barry laughed. "No, naturally," he said. "But it makes a fellow like myself feel pretty small. Comparisons are odious, I know. But I

him. He was not bitten with that eccentricity that considered one's money was but a trust for others. Mrs. Raleigh's mind was changing in these days. And where Barry Tremond was concerned it was open to new impressions.

"For dear Mrs. Tremond's sake," she had told Moya. "Of course, for my part I had hoped you would do better, Moya. I had ambitions for you. I wanted to see you well established in the great world."

And Moya had said nothing. Guy Berkeley had once said he could do content if he had been instrumental in wiping out just one dingy street of squalor, and bringing sun and light and healthy habitation to those dwellers of hopeless poverty. She thought of that as she heard her mother speak.

But as she spoke Mrs. Raleigh had a vision, too, in her mind. Not a dream of ennobled, beautiful elms, but an imagination of Moya—a fashionable woman, a society leader. With portraits in the society papers, and fashion articles eulogizing her taste in dress. Mrs. Raleigh had a dream of what the future of her pretty young daughter might have been.

She sighed. It was such a pity—followed by the foolish eccentricity of an impracticable reformer. For Mrs. Raleigh did not doubt Guy was throwing his money away—money that might be of some use in the world if only he had the spending of it.

"A little mad," she had said indulgently, "an amiable crank. He has studied so much, poor fellow, that he has lost grip of real life, and runs his hobby to death. Doing away with

the slums, forsooth! As if the poor themselves would like that. That kind of people are never happy away from their own surroundings—what they've always been accustomed to."

Mrs. Raleigh was great on "that kind of people." She gently set them in quite another category to herself. They were diverse, entirely so. Flawless been used to the slums they would, of course, miss and regret them. She did not follow that line of thought to another conclusion—how Moya, who had never been used to a fashionable life, might not be happy in it. No, "that kind of people" were a law unto themselves. Mrs. Raleigh pitied them, of course. But since the poor ye had always with you, such a state of things must be endured, she would have said. And certainly she made no attempt to alter them.

She had a horror of enthusiasms. They partook of crankiness and eccentricities. They were not at all well-bred. Moderation in all things, she would have said. For she was one of those people who used quotations without digesting at all. And one never thought that the truest moderation is that self-denial which lives for others.

So she turned to the thought of Barry Tremond with a feeling of relief. And Moya heard her pronouncement, the seal of her approval on their engagement, with corresponding dismay.

Suppose they found it difficult to break off this tie which began in pretence, daily deepened now in earnestness. Moya had a sensation of shackles fettering her liberty, and far more than that, tightening each moment.

Out on the free down land, the sea breeze in her ears, she drew long dissatisfied breaths. It was all fair enough about her. The corn was being cut in the fields to the right. She could count the sheaves, tall and golden. Against the blue sky and background of that still more blue horizon of sea, the harvest looked indescribably lovely and peaceful. There was scarcely a sound to break the silence, for the harvesters were at their dinner, and under the hot sun all the world seemed resting.

Suddenly Moya heard the sound of a whistle she knew. She frowned. It was Barry's, she knew well. He at

any rate seemed careless and contented enough. She was not vexed by problems nor stung in spirit by a joke which was to have been such a piece of good fun.

Where was he? Moya wondered. Could she not have a little liberty and free solitude, even here? She glanced round. Fields and downs, they seemed empty of life. Then she moved nearer the cliff edge. Yes, there he was, sauntering along at the edge of the waves.

(To be continued.)

### CITY COUNCIL DOINGS

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The old reliable corn extractor that has been curing corns and warts for years. "Putnam's" never fails 25c. at all dealers.

## EARLY SYMPTOMS OF BLOODLESSNESS

Shown by Pallor of the Face and Lips—How to Obtain New Blood.

Anaemia, or lack of blood is so gradual in its approach that it is often well developed before the patient is sufficiently alarmed to consult a doctor or take proper treatment to restore the blood to a healthy condition.

The earliest symptoms of anaemia is loss of color, especially in the lips, gums and membranes lining the eyelids. Then comes shortness of breath on slight exertion, such as going up stairs, palpitation of the heart, increased pallor of the face and lips. If the thinning of the blood is not corrected it will proceed rapidly until a complete breakdown in health follows when there may be disorders of the stomach, headaches and backaches, dizziness and fainting spells. The most effective and prompt way to increase and enrich the blood at a time like this is through the fair use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. These pills have restored to good health thousands of weak, anaemic people, among them Miss Mae Johnston, of Port Arthur, Ont., who says:—"Between the ages of sixteen and eighteen I worked in a telephone office, and it was very trying to the nerves and health. I became bloodless, and so pale that friends often said I looked consumptive. One night I had to be taken home from the office, and a doctor was called in who told me I must not go back for a time. Sometimes I would faint, and to walk up stairs would leave me utterly breathless. As I did not appear to be getting any better one of my girl friends, whose mother had used Dr. Williams' Pink Pills with great benefit, advised me to try these. I took the pills very faithfully for some time, with the result that they restored me to good health, and now when anyone tells me they feel weak or rundown I always recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, as I feel so thankful for the help they gave me."

If you have any of the symptoms described by Miss Johnston try building up the blood with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Eat nourishing food, exercise a little in the open air daily and watch the color return to cheeks and lips. You can run no risk in giving Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a trial, as they can not injure the most delicate system. You can get these pills through any dealer in medicine, or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Those who believe that the weather of a forthcoming season can be forecast with accuracy from observation of moss on trees, fur animals or the behavior of squirrels in their storing of nuts have faith in myths and mere legends.

They are in the same category with those who attach significance to black cats, ladders, Fridays and the ominous symbol thirteen.

From the scientific standpoint, Alfred H. Thiessen, director of the Baltimore weather bureau, says there is nothing in it; that there is no method, fashion or way to make long-range forecasts; that compilers of almanacs hedge themselves about with general terms, which make it difficult to pin them down, but when they do predict a storm on a certain date more often than not they are wrong. The whole proof of the accuracy of any forecast is the number of times he hits the mark over a considerable period of time long enough to prevent the probability of chance or coincidence.

Mr. Thiessen declared that long study by the weather bureau has failed to disclose any natural law governing weather which would permit it being forecast in advance for even two or three months. He pointed out the vast economic significance such a law would have, how it would affect industry, agriculture and employment.

"The weather bureau," he went on, "issues a weekly forecast of the weather for certain sections, but it is not so accurate as the thirty-six or forty-eight hour forecasts. Take, for instance, the value a season forecast would have in manufacture. If we could say with a degree of certainty that the next winter would be very cold, overcoat manufacturers could speed up production retailers could buy an extra large stock of overcoats and sell more of them. If we could say that the following winter would be mild for certain areas, the overcoat makers could reduce production, the retailers would not order so many overcoats and waste would be eliminated."

"Then in the farming certain crops require certain weather conditions favorable to them to make them grow abundantly. In the South cotton and corn are big crops. If we could say that the growing season for them would be wet or dry, the planter could plant more or less cotton, as he wished. Cotton requires dry weather, while corn needs wet weather. It would save the growers thousands of dollars if we had any method of telling what kind of moss on trees, birds of passage or moon phases. Animals or fowls do not know what kind of weather we are to have; they have no

intuition or instinct which would inform them in advance.

"Squirrels store nuts according to the available supply and animals have a heavy or light coat of fur according to the past, not according to the coming weather."

"The making of long-range forecasts by observations on animals is in the same class as making forecasts by observing a heavy coat and sweats and sheds. Many people have their horses clipped in this change period so their animals will be more comfortable. This is one proof that an animal's fur is governed by past weather, the fur having grown during the winter. The horse didn't have that heavy coat at the beginning."

"Many people have the belief that the weather of a particular season furnishes a clue to the weather of the succeeding season; that is to say, a hot summer will be followed by a cold winter, believing that there is a law of compensation which invariably holds good, or that a warm year is followed by a cold year. This is not substantiated by observation."

### THE MOUNTAIN GOAT.

His Marvelous Sure-Footedness At Home.

"To me the most wonderful thing about the mountain goat is his mind," writes Dr. William T. Hornaday, director of the New York Zoological Park, in an article on "The Rocky Mountain Goat At Home" in Boy's Life. "He is so calm and so confident, so level-headed and sure-footed, that often he marches and climbs where no other four-footed animal of North America dares to follow him. I never got over my original amazement and admiration of his summit work."

"Early in our studies of white goats in that goat paradise we were treated to an exhibition of climbing that opened our eyes. As we were passing across a tiny goat pasture at the foot of a rock precipice we surprised a party of four goats on the side of the wall, about one hundred feet up. We halted to see what they would do. The face of the rock wall was reasonably rough, but it could not have been more than ten degrees from being perpendicular."

"Two goats stood safely upon the summit, looking down on their entrapped comrades. The unlucky four could have been shot as easily as picking grapes; but it is not all of goat hunting to kill goats!"

"Finding that they were not being shot at, the four goats started to get away from us by climbing straight up the face of that precipice. For ten minutes we watched an amazing exhibition. Each goat chose an independent course, reached up with his front feet for a foothold, then by sheer muscular strength lifted his heavy body up the three or four feet to be gained."

"They climbed in that way about two hundred feet while we watched quickly disappeared over the summit. Then, then reached easy going and we hunters all agreed that no mountain sheep could make climb like that; but, of course, we don't really know."

"Several times we saw goats serenely promenade across the faces of perpendicular cliffs of bare rock so smooth that no sign of a ledge or path was visible to us, even with our glasses. In every such case it looked as if the animal were walking on air. The feet are planted with great precision and firmness, and the impart to the animal a stiff gait, and a general appearance of a mechanical toy in motion."

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