

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

Righted in Time

Moya clasped her hands together. True to herself! It was very cruel of him to talk like this, she thought. Or cruel of Fate to bring this about, to make the very man she had distrusted and dreaded her friend and champion instead. It was almost laughable, this desire of his to help her. And yet she felt a sob in her throat.

Guy looked away from her out to sea. He spoke slowly.
"I've always thought," he said, "that the love of two young hearts, fresh and unshaken by the world, was the most beautiful thing in life. I know people often laugh at what they call boy and girl affairs. But I'm sure that first love is often the best and highest. It often guides one safely through the most dangerous years of life. It's a beacon and an ideal. I never had that beacon myself. It's one of the many things I missed in life. I just had to go on as best I could, fighting and working, and often losing all ideals altogether. It's only of late years that I've got back my early faith in life, thank God. Take my advice—it's the advice of one who has suffered much in life, and thought much of it. Keep your faith, and hold fast to your love above all things. Nothing will recompense you for its loss."

He halted abruptly, as if he was going to say more. Then he went along the shore, and left her there thinking of his words.
She had never met anyone like him lute sincerity straight to the heart of life, brushing aside all shame.
And he thought her true. And wanted to help her keep her truth. What would he say if he knew? That was the one question storming Moya as she sat there.

The very waves whispered it insistently. The gulls waited it to her as they skimmed the sea. The breeze echoed it. What would he say?
How different this was to all her trivial childish thoughts, her petty, frivolous little plots and plans. How he would scorn her if he knew, instead of looking at her with that large, kindly gaze which seemed to take so much more of life than she had ever dreamed.

Surely life had changed since yesterday. It had been a plaything till then. And now? Well, it held grave purposes and big ideals. It partook of the big things Guy Berkeley was doing in his life.
"He's sorry for me," thought Moya. "I know exactly what he thinks. He thinks the matter unjust and unkind. He's afraid I may lose happiness, and he wants to help me. Oh, what a horrible mistake it all is. And it's my own fault. All my own fault."

She was honest enough to own that. "There's only one comfort," she whispered. "He guesses nothing. And perhaps if I had not engaged to Barry he would have guessed the matter's wisdom. He must have done, he may do even now. And then he would have thought me too designing and scheming. Oh, I could not have borne that."

Perhaps things were best as they were. Moya endeavored to cheat herself into the thought that they were. But every time Guy's large kindly grey-eyed gaze swept back into



"Gosh! How my back aches!"

After Grip, "flu" or colds, the kidneys and bladder are often affected—called nephritis, or inflammation of kidneys. This is the red flag of danger—better be wise and check the further inroads of kidney disease by obtaining that wonderful discovery of Dr. Pierce's, known as Anuric (anti-uric-acid), because it expels the uric acid poison from the body and removes those pains, such as backache, rheumatism in muscles and joints.
Naturally when the kidneys are deranged the blood is filled with poisonous waste matter, which settles in the feet, ankles and wrists; or under the eyes in bag-like formations.

Send 10c. for trial pkg. of Anuric to Dr. Pierce's Invalids' Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y., or branch Laboratory, Bridgeburg, Ont.

FRANZON, Ont.—"I was troubled with rheumatism in the right limb and hand for several years, and lately in the left shoulder. The only way I could lie was on my back. I had great difficulty to get down and more to get up. Recently I had a very severe pain in my back, and in right hand it is very slight and getting less all the time. I can now sit or lie in any position I wish without discomfort or pain. I certainly will recommend Anuric; there is nothing nearly so good; I have tried them all."—Graham Ross, cor. Duke and Waterline.

her memory, the same humiliating feeling of pettiness and unworthiness came across her.

"He said he had missed many things in life," she said ponderingly. "It seems to me he has everything worth having. And I—"
She thought of Una's question: "Aren't you missing something?" It fitted into Guy's words like the pieces of a puzzle.

"Una and Guy Berkeley think alike," mused Moya. "I laughed at her yesterday, but I believe I am the only one to be laughed at. Yes, they think alike. I wonder—"
She stopped. Perhaps those two

End Your Catarrh To-day

Catarrh sufferers, meaning those with colds, sore throat, bronchial trouble, etc., can all be cured right at home by inhaling "Catarrhozone."

In using Catarrhozone you don't take medicine into the stomach—you just breathe a healing piney vapor direct to the lungs and air passages. The purest balsams and the greatest antiseptics are thus sent to every spot where catarrhal trouble exists—germs are killed, foul secretions are destroyed, nature is given a chance and cure comes quickly.

Colds and throat troubles can't last if the pure healing vapor of Catarrhozone is breathed—sneezing and coughing cease at once, because irritation is removed.

Use Catarrhozone to prevent—use it to cure your winter ills—it's pleasant, safe and guaranteed in every case.

would do more than think alike. Her eyes had gone to the top of the cliff. She saw Guy's tall figure there. It was not alone. He was walking side by side with Una. Yes, it seemed so very probable that those two should do more than think alike, and Guy, after all, was those things which he said he had missed in life.

CHAPTER III.

Barry came swinging along the sands. He balanced himself with careless agility along the breakwater, and dropped down neatly by Moya's side.

"Hallo," he greeted. "Golly, how you started! Never knew you to be so nervous before. Hold on! You'll overbalance and I shall have to fish you out of the deep blue sea."

Moya turned round, perhaps her eyes spoke, for he laughed.
"You don't seem best pleased to see me. Nice behaviour, I must say, for one's fiancée. Well, Moya, how did you carry it off? Successfully?"

Moya stirred uneasily, and did not answer. Barry went on: "So the guest has arrived. I saw him on his way from the station. I guessed it must be he. Not half a bad-looking chap. Something rather distinguished about him, and out of the ordinary. Say, Moya, don't you, on second thoughts, prefer him to your humble servant?"

"Oh, don't be silly," said Moya irritably.
Barry whistled. "What did your mater say about it?" he pursued. "You're very secretive this morning. Moya, what up?"

Moya swallowed hard. "Oh, the mater. She pretends to look upon it as a boy-and-girl affair, says it's not worth forbidding, and will all blow over. Oh, Barry, I'm so ashamed and annoyed about it. I wish you would not laugh."

Barry pulled his face straight accommodatingly. "I say, that's rather a cute way of taking things. Might have an effect on our friend from London, eh?"

"Oh, don't," began Moya again. "He's quite different to what—"
She pulled herself up on a fresh thought.

"What do your people say about it, Barry?"

Barry for a moment seemed to lose his nonchalant ease.
"Oh, you know the dear old mother," he said. "I really felt—yes, I don't mind owning up—downright uncomfortable when I told her. She seemed so pleased. She said she always hoped it would be one of you girls, and that an aim in life would steady me. She called you her few little daughter, and hopes you'll go and see her as soon as possible."

Moya's face fell in dismay—laughed uneasily. At the bottom of her heart she had always envied Barry his mother, so easygoing, affectionate and kind. And now it meant playing on her kindness, too, just as she had unknowingly played on Guy's. Oh, why had she not thought of all this, what

was bound to happen, before she plunged on her headlong course?
"She hoped it would be one of us girls," she repeated. "Oh, that was Una, Barry. Your mother's got a soft spot in her heart for her, I know. She would only be disappointed if it was I. Only she's too kind-hearted to show it, dear, old thing."

Barry leaned down, picked up a stone and flung it viciously seawards. "I tell you," he said in a low voice, "I shall be glad when I'm out of this hole. You talked of being in one. I'm bothered if it's as bad as this. I did not think it out before I agreed to your mad scheme. It wasn't worth it. A bit of fun. Deceiving them. No, most decidedly it isn't worth it, not even for the sake of your worthy friend, the fortune-grabber."

Honesty stirred in Moya. She did not like to tell Barry, but she had to do so.
"Oh, Barry, he isn't what I thought he was. He's quite different. He told me all about it last evening."

"He didn't lose much time, then," said Barry contemptuously. The sutor seemed to have talked Moya over pretty easily.

"Oh, I don't mean that. How can you think of it? He told me all about it—why he had taken the money. Why he was glad it was not left to me. Yes, he had the honesty to say that. I never heard anyone talk like that before. He looks upon it as a trust—to help others. That's his life. And when I understood—Oh, Barry, I felt so petty. That I had thought such things about him, while he was living out his life for others."

Moya paused. "That's why he came down here, you see. Not for the reason we thought. He wanted to tell me, and make me understand. I don't believe he has any such notion in his head as the mater has been imagining. It isn't in him to even guess at such things. He's too single-minded. And he even—"
She stopped. She could not tell even Barry how Guy had offered himself as her champion, had bade her be true to herself and her love—of the deep, solemn words he had uttered, words that by very contrast of their own depth made her feel so shallow and petty.

"He's using the money for all sorts of big schemes," she went on. "Not exactly charity. He told me a lot about it last evening. But helping people to help themselves. Oh, it's wonderful to think what money can do in bringing happiness to others. Now, I should have just spent it on myself. It would have only made me vain and conceited, and very likely in the end as mercenary as I thought once that he was. But oh, Barry, it makes such a difference knowing all this. Instead of it being amusing—a good bit of fun—to deceive him, it seems now so petty."

"Tell him, then," said Barry. "If he's a good sort, he'll understand."
Moya drew a long breath. How little Barry himself understood! Was it not literally impossible to tell Guy?

"Oh," said Barry, quite eagerly. "let's break it off—here and now. What object is there in this pretence any longer?"

Moya shook her head emphatically. "Oh, we can't," she cried. "Not now at any rate. Can't you see that? It would be utterly impossible now, of all times. And then he would—"
She stopped herself on a queer little laugh. She could guess what Guy would do if he was told the engagement was broken off. He had constituted himself her champion. He would be distressed for her sake. Probably he would think her mother to blame, and try to make matters right again. He might even see Barry, to try and bring the supposed lovers together again.

Oh dear! What a stupid tangle it was! Moya felt like one who has carelessly entered a labyrinth. She was learning at this moment one valuable lesson, that when one takes an

important step in life, whether it be in jest and earnest, one generally has to step further on still—it takes courage to step back again. At any rate, it took more courage than Moya felt she had now.

She dared not tell Guy the truth. He had offered to be her friend. In her heart she felt proud that he, a man of such big purposes and ideals, should be willing to give his friendship to a little girl like she was—frivolous, careless, who had never thought about life at all, and just played at it till now. She did not want to lose that friendship. Guy thought her true to herself. What would he say if he knew?

But still less could she let Guy think Barry and she had broken off the engagement.
Barry threw her a humorous glance. "You're very lacking in initiative this morning," he remarked. "Yesterday you were full of schemes, and scorned me because I found it hard to make convenient excuses and reasons at a second's notice. I'm the resourceful one now. Why should we not have a quarrel, I should like to know? Find

we're utterly unsuited to each other? Nothing more simple!"
Nothing more difficult! Moya gave again that queer, annoyed little laugh. As if Guy would not consider it his duty to patch up a quarrel between lovers! She foresaw long explanations, evasions, excuses—another labyrinth more winding and dark than this was. And she dared not tell Barry. Barry would only see the funny side of it—would probably think it rather amusing to get a rise out of old Berkeley. One could not depend on Barry where a joke was concerned—or what he thought was a joke.

(To Be Continued.)

FROWN ON LUXURIES.

At Many Times Effort Has Been Made to Enforce Simplicity.

Luxury taxation is by no means a new idea. In Rome, more than 2000 years ago, the Oppian law enacted that "no woman should possess more than half an ounce of gold, or wear a dress of different colors, or ride in a carriage in the city or wear a dress of different colors, or ride in a carriage on occasions of public religious ceremonies." In 187 B. C. a law was passed to limit the number of guests at entertainments.

A limit was set on the cost of funerals and funeral monuments. And there would certainly be some outcry in this country against the methods of Julius Caesar, who had officers stationed in the market place to seize provisions forbidden by law, and sent soldiers to feasts to remove illegal eatables!

In our own country, the fourteenth century found extravagance in dress rampant, and during the reign of Edward III. laws were made to restrain it. Food, also, has been regulated by old English laws. In the reign of Edward II. a proclamation was issued against extravagant catering in the castles of "great men"—London Tit-Bits.

I am ready to admit that, after contemplating the world of human misery for nearly 60 years, I see so wretched of the world's misery but the way which would have been found by Christ's will if He had undertaken the work of modern, practical statesman.—G. Bernard Shaw.

CHILDLESS WOMEN

Please Read This Letter And See What Normal Health Will Do For You.

Berwick, Ont.—"I had organic trouble, and after taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Blood Medicine all my troubles passed away. I was made strong and well and have been ever since. Now we have a fine baby six months old, and I know that I would not have this baby and would still be suffering if it had not been for your remedies. My husband and myself say that your remedies are worth their weight in gold, and I recommend them to my friends. One of my aunts is taking them now."—Mrs. NAPOLEON LAVIGNE, Berwick, Ontario, Canada.

Among the virtues of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is its ability to correct sterility in many cases. This fact is well established as evidenced by the above letter and hundreds of others we have published in these columns.

In many other homes, once childless, there are now children because of the fact that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound makes women normal, healthy and strong.

If you have the slightest doubt that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will help you, write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential), Lynn, Mass., for advice. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman, and held in strict confidence.

SALT RHEUM FOR FIVE YEARS

On Face, Arms and Hands. Cuticura Heals.

"I have had salt rheum for the past five years. My face, arms, and hands broke out all over in rough scaly patches so that you could hardly put your finger where there was not a patch. I got so I could not sleep at night."

"Going Cuticura Soap and Ointment advertised I thought I would give them a trial, and after using a full-sized box of Cuticura Ointment with the Cuticura Soap I was healed." (Signed) Mrs. Thomas Hogan, Essex Junction, Vt., Dec. 18, 1918.

Use Cuticura for every-day toilet purposes. Baths with Soap, soothe with Ointment, dust with Talcum.

Seeps 25c, Ointment 25c and 50c. Sold throughout the Dominion. Canadian Dispensary, Limited, St. Paul St., Montreal. Cuticura Soap shares without mass.

important step in life, whether it be in jest and earnest, one generally has to step further on still—it takes courage to step back again. At any rate, it took more courage than Moya felt she had now.

She dared not tell Guy the truth. He had offered to be her friend. In her heart she felt proud that he, a man of such big purposes and ideals, should be willing to give his friendship to a little girl like she was—frivolous, careless, who had never thought about life at all, and just played at it till now. She did not want to lose that friendship. Guy thought her true to herself. What would he say if he knew?

But still less could she let Guy think Barry and she had broken off the engagement.
Barry threw her a humorous glance. "You're very lacking in initiative this morning," he remarked. "Yesterday you were full of schemes, and scorned me because I found it hard to make convenient excuses and reasons at a second's notice. I'm the resourceful one now. Why should we not have a quarrel, I should like to know? Find

we're utterly unsuited to each other? Nothing more simple!"
Nothing more difficult! Moya gave again that queer, annoyed little laugh. As if Guy would not consider it his duty to patch up a quarrel between lovers! She foresaw long explanations, evasions, excuses—another labyrinth more winding and dark than this was. And she dared not tell Barry. Barry would only see the funny side of it—would probably think it rather amusing to get a rise out of old Berkeley. One could not depend on Barry where a joke was concerned—or what he thought was a joke.

(To Be Continued.)

FROWN ON LUXURIES.

At Many Times Effort Has Been Made to Enforce Simplicity.

Luxury taxation is by no means a new idea. In Rome, more than 2000 years ago, the Oppian law enacted that "no woman should possess more than half an ounce of gold, or wear a dress of different colors, or ride in a carriage in the city or wear a dress of different colors, or ride in a carriage on occasions of public religious ceremonies." In 187 B. C. a law was passed to limit the number of guests at entertainments.

A limit was set on the cost of funerals and funeral monuments. And there would certainly be some outcry in this country against the methods of Julius Caesar, who had officers stationed in the market place to seize provisions forbidden by law, and sent soldiers to feasts to remove illegal eatables!

In our own country, the fourteenth century found extravagance in dress rampant, and during the reign of Edward III. laws were made to restrain it. Food, also, has been regulated by old English laws. In the reign of Edward II. a proclamation was issued against extravagant catering in the castles of "great men"—London Tit-Bits.

I am ready to admit that, after contemplating the world of human misery for nearly 60 years, I see so wretched of the world's misery but the way which would have been found by Christ's will if He had undertaken the work of modern, practical statesman.—G. Bernard Shaw.

CHILDLESS WOMEN

Please Read This Letter And See What Normal Health Will Do For You.

Berwick, Ont.—"I had organic trouble, and after taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Blood Medicine all my troubles passed away. I was made strong and well and have been ever since. Now we have a fine baby six months old, and I know that I would not have this baby and would still be suffering if it had not been for your remedies. My husband and myself say that your remedies are worth their weight in gold, and I recommend them to my friends. One of my aunts is taking them now."—Mrs. NAPOLEON LAVIGNE, Berwick, Ontario, Canada.

Among the virtues of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is its ability to correct sterility in many cases. This fact is well established as evidenced by the above letter and hundreds of others we have published in these columns.

In many other homes, once childless, there are now children because of the fact that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound makes women normal, healthy and strong.

If you have the slightest doubt that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will help you, write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential), Lynn, Mass., for advice. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman, and held in strict confidence.

RHUBARB RECIPES

Rhubarb comes to us when our systems are calling for a tonic and blood purifier. It is not only a medicine, but a real appetizer, no matter how it is served.

RHUBARB SHERBET
One quart rhubarb, one cup raisins, two lemons, one quart water, one cup sugar, two egg-whites, two tablespoonfuls gelatine.

Place the rhubarb, cut in bits into a saucepan with the raisins well washed and a bit of the lemon-rind. Simmer until tender, then strain off the juice and return to the saucepan; add the sugar and the gelatine softened in a little cold water, also the lemon juice.

Let stand until cold. Add the water and pour into a freezer and freeze until it begins to be stiff; then stir in the stiffly beaten egg-whites.

Remove the dasher. Pack around with salt and ice and let stand two or three hours before serving.

RHUBARB-PINEAPPLE CAKE
One cup milk, two eggs, one tablespoonful butter substitute, one cup baked rhubarb, one tablespoonful cornstarch, one cup sugar, three cups flour, three level teaspoonfuls baking powder, one cup shredded pineapple.

Stir the sugar, melted butter, egg-yolks and a little of the milk together until creamy.

Stir alternately with the milk and beat up well all the flour except one

cup; then stir in the remainder of the flour to which the baking powder has been added.

Stir enough to incorporate the powder with the batter but do not beat up. Fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites and bake in three jelly cake pans.

Combine and baked rhubarb and the pineapple and thicken with the cornstarch after they have been heated in a double boiler. Spread between the cake layers when cold.

Sweeten the filling before thickening.

BANANAS AND RHUBARB
One quart rhubarb, one cup sugar, three bananas, one pint water, one package gelatine, one lemon.

Place the rhubarb, water and the lemon juice and a bit of the rind in a saucepan and simmer for 20 minutes or more; then strain off the juice, add the sugar and if not pink enough add a small amount of red fruit-coloring.

Soften the gelatine in half a cupful of cold water and stir into the hot juice. When it begins to stiffen stir in the sliced bananas and pour into a wet mould. Chill and serve.

Old Folks Need Mild Bowel Tonic

And Should Avoid the Use of Harsh Pills and Drastic Purgatives.

Old people no matter how sound and healthy, should avoid cathartic pills, purgative water, salts and all such temporary relief measures. They ease conditions to-day, but bind you up worse than ever to-morrow.

It is better to get the bowels into the habit of performing their needful function at a certain time each day and this can be done by strengthening the muscles of the stomach and bowels by the tonic action of Dr. Hamilton's Pills, a mild laxative that acts as close to nature's way as possible.

Thousands of people, old and young, prevent and cure habitual constipation by using Dr. Hamilton's Pills, a mild yet active medicine that is noted for its promptness in curing headaches, belching gas, sourness in the stomach, fullness after meals, liver soreness and muddy complexion. You'll have the best of health, feel good, eat well, digest and sleep well if you regulate the system by Dr. Hamilton's Pills of Mandrake and Butternut, 25c per box at all dealers.

Sure Sign.

Said the best barber (all barbers being head ones, strictly speaking), "I can always tell a man who is used to shaving himself by the way he tries to puff out his cheeks in ticklish places."

THE SQUARE DEAL PAYS

And square with the enemy every man gets when he separates himself from his corns by Putnam's Corn Extractor. For fifty years Putnam's has cured every man it treated—Putnam's only—it's painless and sure, 25c at all dealers.