

# DOMINION MEDICAL INSTITUTE

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

## Righted in Time

"What am I missing?" she asked sharply. "What do you mean, Una?" But Una did not immediately answer and when she did it was only an indirect reply to Moya's question. "Is Barry satisfied with that?" she said. "Does he not want anything more? Somehow I should have thought he would. Oh, Moya, I'm so disappointed."

Moya flung up her head. What right had Una to say that? She spoke bitterly.

"Disappointed, are you? Well, so is the matter. Perhaps you and she would agree, though you take so romantic a view of things. She does not, you know. She looks at things from the angle of pounds, shillings and pence. Her principal objection is that Barry is a mere boy still, and has not so much money as—other people have, perhaps. I knew there would be opposition to this, Una. But I did not expect it to come from you."

"Oh, Moya, I did not mean that. You know it. If Barry is young and has not much money—oh, there's something splendid in making one's future together, in working for it, in starting out on life and meaning to conquer it. Oh it isn't that, you know. It's just—just—"

Words failed her, she faltered on. "I'm so disappointed," she cried, and there were hidden tears in her voice.

She turned away and left Moya. It was the nearest the two sisters had ever been to open quarrel. Una quarrelled with no one. Her temper was the reverse of Moya's fiery and quick. The girl was conscious of surprise now. Una so seldom took a definite stand like this. "I'm so disappointed—so disappointed!" That cry echoed to Moya.

She hurried out into the cottage garden. All was peace out there. "First the matter, and now Una," thought Moya with a newborn cynicism. "Who next? Hardly Guy Berkeley." He would not dare to interfere, to scold, or threaten, and say he was so disappointed, surely.

"It is I who am disappointed," felt Moya. "Disappointed in Una." She swallowed down her chagrin, while an uncomfortable memory came of how Barry had laughingly asked her if he

had got her out of one hole into another, and worse one. She hushed it, while still the thought of Una's words Una's eyes, stirred her in a troubled way.

"I wish I did not feel so mean and paltry and false," owned Moya honestly, but would not own it was just Una's words that made her feel so. The girl had held up an ideal of love—it shone too brightly on Moya's own thoughts.

"I had to do it," Moya endeavored to reassure herself. "And as to being mean and paltry—marrying Guy Berkeley would be that. Anyway, his coming would have brought discord into the home. It all had to be. It's no use regretting it."

She walked about the narrow garden

paths, frowning down at the flowers. "It's all Una's ridiculous romance," she told herself fiercely. "She's full of story-book ideas—visions that would never work out properly in ordinary life. It would be hopeless telling her the truth about this. She would just think it wrong—would refuse to see the necessity for it. Oh, dear, I do think people with high ideals and ideas of duty are the most trying folk in the world!"

She did not follow that thought further—that Una's disappointment and gentle censure were echoing in a little restless voice through her heart, a voice which could not be silenced. She bent down and plucked the flowers carefully, and dropped them from her hands as heedlessly. But just then the little garden-gate clicked, there was a crunching sound of footsteps on the shell path. Moya looked up with a start.

Yes, her apprehensions were right. She had entirely forgotten for a moment—forgotten that a visitor must be on his way to the cottage. She guessed who the approaching tall man must be, and she gave a little laugh, half-amused, half-angry.

Why must Una be out of the way at

### HAVE YOU ASTHMA?

Do you endure the misery of Asthma with sleepless nights, difficult breathing and loss of strength? How ever bad your case, quick relief is guaranteed by the use of

### TEMPLETON'S RAZ-MAH CAPSULES

This preparation is the result of years of experimenting and study. Thousands have derived the greatest benefit through its use. Write for free sample to Templeton, 142 King St. W., Toronto. Sold by reliable druggists everywhere for \$1.04 a box.

this particular moment? Could she not appear and play hostess? Well, he must have seen her—Moya—anyway. It was no use beating a retreat. The best thing was to put a good face on it. Of course she did not wish to be the first to welcome him; but in the circumstance, with the independence she could now flourish in his face, it surely did not matter much. Moya advanced down the garden path.

"Mr. Berkeley?" she asked. "We were expecting you. The matter had a wire this afternoon. I'm Moya Raleigh. The matter meant to come and meet you. But—but she had a headache—and—and is resting now."

That last was strictly accurate. No doubt Mrs. Raleigh was suffering from a headache. No doubt she would appear presently, with recovered composure and ice-like serenity. Moya knew her mother.

The tall man glanced at her, then at the flowers in her hands, and then at an unheeded blossom or two, falling to her feet. She had not offered to shake hands with him, though the flowers in her hands were hardly sufficient excuse, seeing how heedlessly she was dropping them. He smiled.

"So you're Moya." His manner was simple, direct, that of an old friend. "I should have known that without being told. I've seen photographs of you, you see. Well, I'm even earlier than I intended. I caught the train before the one I said on the telegram. Am I too early? Like a child at a party?"

His smile was whimsical. Moya felt herself involuntarily flushing. Had he noticed her lack of welcome? Well, she need not be rude. She had meant to be once, perhaps. But now, inde-

pendent of him, there was no need for that.

"You see," he went on, "London is so stifling. And I pined for a breath of sea air. What your mother wrote and told me of this place fired me with longing to see it."

He was looking about him with unaffected pleasure. Moya drew a breath. At least, he did not say he had been pining to see her! Or even that his object in coming was to meet her! If she felt a little taken back, she did not show it.

"You'll come in," she said. "Tea is over some time ago. But you'll have some. Oh, yes, you must, after that long journey. And Una is indoors somewhere."

"I'm not a bit tired," he said. "Nor do I want any tea. I had some on the train. But what I do want is to explore this place. I have been one or two aggravating glimpses of the sea through the trees—no more. If you mother is resting, don't disturb her yet. Won't you take me down to the shore and show me round a bit?"

Moya hesitated. She had turned toward the cottage. She wanted still more to turn the newly-arrived visitor over to Una's hospitality. She had a little. Una and this man would get on together. As for herself, she meant to be friendly—yes. Carelessly companionable. But she wanted no talks and walks, such as seemed in prospect now. But she caught a quick, questioning look in his grey eyes. It decided her. She opened the garden-gate.

"Oh, yes," she said, off-handedly. "It's just right for a walk now. A cool breeze is spring up across the water. It was awfully hot this afternoon when Barry and I went for a long tramp over the cliffs."

He might as well hear Barry's name at once. It came to her lips with an odd pleasure, and a renewed flourish of independence. If it was not for Barry, and all Barry represented at this moment, she would not be talking to Guy Berkeley with perfect ease.

Something of her first exhilaration came back, before it had been damped by Una's words. Her eyes sparkled. She held up her face to the salt breeze.

"Isn't it glorious?" she asked. "Now, what of London? Isn't it queer to think that far away, over those hills, there are crows and noise and bustle? A surging, pushing world, tumbling over each in their haste to make

### Men, Men! Try It To-night-- Feel Fine To-morrow

Simple Way to Get "Pep," To Be Put Right On Your Feet

When a man has lost ambition to "dig in" and stay at things—when he complains of headache, fullness in the right side, pain in the shoulder blade—it's purely a case of "Liver."

These symptoms invariably indicate a clogged, inactive liver. The body can't get rid of its wastes, and the whole system is half paralyzed.

Dr. Hamilton's Pills stimulate the liver into activity in one night. Being a mild vegetable laxative they produce results in a few hours. The bilious headache and constipation are cured, spirits rise, complexion clears, animation returns. Nothing in the calendar so efficient for that tired, lazy feeling as Dr. Hamilton's Pills. Very mild, don't interfere with work, invariably do lots of good. Try a 25c box, all dealers.

money. It's difficult to think of London here, isn't it?"

Guy smiled. Perhaps it was. He had passed a worrying, toiling day in town. Money brought its responsibilities, he found. But it was certainly very difficult to think of London here.

The sun was sinking in the sea, into a soft mist that promised a fine to-morrow. There was a pearly, vague look over the sea, an indefinite pure color under a deepening sky. Just a quiet swell, waveless and serene, like the peaceful rise and fall of the breast of a sleeping child. Guy looked at it long. He did not offer an answer to Moya's remark. The two stood silent, and then, as if by common consent, turned and walked along the edge of the firm sand, ribbed and decked with red and green seaweed.

Moya was not unaccustomed to be silent with strangers. Usually, she chattered gaily enough to them, found it easy to make small talk. But now the silence was not one of inability of speech. It was not an awkward silence at all. Rather, Moya found it full of interest. It was the silence she and Guy had found a great deal to say.

He turned rather suddenly at last and spoke. He had deep grey eyes, with wrinkles at the corners—wrinkles that could "dicate fun and laughter, and occasionally anger. She noticed them for the first time as he spoke now.

"I'm glad we've met at last. We seemed fated not to meet. And I think we ought to meet and be good friends—or enemies."

It was such an unexpected challenge that she found herself staring surprisedly at him. And his smile shone out on her.

"Enemies? Is that? Well, I can't wonder. I've got the money you expected. And what's more, I'm afraid I must say that I want to keep the money. In fact, I'm very glad it was left to me."



She was astonished at his courage in coming thus straight to the point. For this he had suggested the talk, no doubt. She saw that now. But still more was she surprised at his straightforwardness. He was not afraid to say he wanted the money. That at least was honest. Moya had at times wondered whether he would offer her any of the money. She had known her pride would not tolerate that. But now her interest was roused.

He took off his straw hat, and let the breeze ruffle his dark hair. It was tipped—grey. Moya saw it. Yet he was not an old man. What had brought these grey hairs? she wondered. She soon learned.

"Yes, I wanted the money," he said, and he spoke more to the sea than to her. His face was turned, thoughtful, yearning, to that pearly distance of haze and horizon. "Needed it, too. Longed for it, perhaps. And worked away some valuable years of my life in the vain effort to amass it."

Was he so mercenary, then? Moya had suspected it, ce: inly. A miser, perhaps, with a mania for money? He caught some of that thought on her face as he turned his eyes for a brief second from the sea, and he laughed.

"No, not that. I didn't want to make a pile up some chimney—or buried treasure in a garden. I just wanted it to spend it. Heavens! what I felt I could do with money when I saw all the poverty around me."

His eyes flashed and deepened. "I've got plans. Some of them are already at work. Yes, work—not cha:ly. I must tell you all about them some time. I don't believe you'll be sorry when you see all the spending that money means."

Moya was silent. Her heart was beating fast. She remembered her old aunt, how stingy and ungenerous she had been when money abounded. Frugality—the old lady had called it. Had she perchance left her money to Guy Berkeley as a kind of reparation for those mean, grudging years—and for no other reason that Moya might have imagined? A sudden flood of new ideas were pouring into her mind. And all at once she felt her own ideas narrow and paltry beside them.

Was that why Guy Berkeley was glad that he had the money, that no unthinking, heedless girl had inherited it? That he, a man who had passed through much in life of sorrow and battling, could do so much more good with it than she herself could? Moya felt shaken and perplexed.

(To be continued.)

### FROZEN DESSERTS.

These Go Well Even in the Winter.

To top off the heavy Sunday dinner nothing is nicer than a frozen dessert even in the winter time. And when the thermometer registers just a few degrees above zero it is an easy matter to let Jack Frost do the freezing. Here are a few unusual dessert to which a: be mixed and let stand until ready to serve."

### BANANA PUFF.

Force through a sieve or strainer the pulp of three large bananas. Add to this three-quarters of a cup of sugar and three tablespoons of lemon juice. Don't forget a tiny bit of salt. Heat the mixture to a boiling point, remove and cool. Whip a quart of cream until stiff, fold in the banana mixture, pile in a mould of individ-

### YOUNG WOMEN AVOID PAIN

This One Tells How She Was Benefited by Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Regina, Sask.—"For two years I suffered from periodic pains and nausea so I was unable to get around. My mother had me take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and I am much better and able to go about all the time, which I could not do before. I recommend Vegetable Compound to my friends if I know they suffer the same way, and you may publish my letter if it will help any one, as I hope it will."—Miss Z. G. BLACKWELL, 2073 Osler Place, Regina, Sask.

If every girl who suffers as Miss Blackwell did, from irregularities, painful periods, backache, headache, dragging down pains, inflammation or ulceration would only give this famous root and herb remedy a trial they would soon find relief from such suffering.

It hardly seems possible that there is a woman in this country who will continue to suffer without giving Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial after all the evidence that is continually being published, proving beyond contradiction that this grand old medicine has relieved more suffering among women than any other medicine in the world.

For special advice women are asked to write the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass. The result of forty years experience is at your service.

al cups and set out in the cold until chilled and solid.

**FROZEN GRAPE JUICE PUDDING.** Soak two tablespoons of gelatin in one-half cup of cold grape juice and dissolve in one cup of hot grape juice. Add a cup of sugar, two tablespoons of lemon juice and let stand until just beginning to set. Beat up two whites of eggs very stiff and beat into the gelatin until frothy. Line old cups with halved lady fingers. Put a stale cake and fill with the mixture. Stand out in the cold until ready to serve. Turn out and serve with whipped cream, or a thin cool custard made from the egg yolks.

### PIMPERNICKEL.

Stir into a quart of whipped cream a cup of grated brown bread crumbs and chopped walnuts. Sweeten with powdered sugar to taste. Pack in mould and let stand in snow or ice for six hours.

### Transportation of the Future.

Transportation is the fundamental of progress in civilization. All things must pass through it as through the neck of a bottle. If we can transport energy without using cars to carry it, there is just so much gain. Electricity is energy with out substance. Its transmission calls for no vehicle other than a copper wire. Hence it is obvious that we must look to electricity for distributing the power on which our economic future as a nation depends.

### Was Tortured for Nearly Two Years

THEN MRS. McNEIL USED DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS.

Novia Scotia Suffering from Rheumatism Tells of the Benefit She Got Through Using Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Hillsborough, N.S., April 19th. (Special.)—"For nearly two years I suffered the tortures of rheumatism and could get nothing to relieve me. At last I thought of Dodd's Kidney Pills and commenced to take them."

"Before I had used two boxes I felt better. I have been using them for nearly six months and feel ever so much better. I will continue to use them until my rheumatism is gone."

Mrs. James McNeil, who lives here, makes the above statement. She feels she owes it to other sufferers from rheumatism to tell them how she found relief from her suffering. She is always ready to say a good word for Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Other sufferers from rheumatism tell of pain relieved and health restored through the use of Dodd's Kidney Pills. They act directly on the kidneys. They strengthen the kidneys and put them in shape to strain the uric acid out of the blood. It is acid or stalling in the muscles causes the pains known as rheumatism.

Ask your neighbors. Dodd's Kidney Pills do not heal and strengthen the kidneys.

### Botha's Narrow Escape.

The Cape Town correspondent of the London Times says: Botha's death recalls a curious coincidence, not without historical interest, which I am allowed to transmit by Sir David Graaff, one of Botha's most intimate friends and political associates. A few days before the outbreak of war, Botha, who had been visiting Rhodesia, was on his way to Beira, whence he had booked a passage to Delagoa Bay en route to Pretoria. The Acting Minister in Pretoria had telegraphed to Botha on Saturday that there was no need for anxiety in regard to the European situation, as it was certain that Britain in any case would not be embroiled. As it happened Sir David Graaff had returned from a sojourn at a German watering-place to London on the Friday, and though the British Cabinet's final decision had not then been taken, he formed the conclusion on the Sunday morning that war with Germany was inevitable, and telegraphed to Botha: "British Government declares war Germany to-morrow." In fact, the British ultimatum expired on Tuesday, August 4, midnight.

Sir David Graaff's telegram was received with incredulity in Pretoria, but after some hesitation it was retransmitted to Botha. Botha afterwards said that he was puzzled by the apparent contradiction between Pretoria and Sir David Graaff, but concluded that Sir David Graaff was not likely to send so definite a statement without good reasons. Accordingly he cancelled his passage on the German steamer and returned immediately via Rhodesia to Pretoria.

The steamer sailed from Beira on August 4 and was never afterwards heard of in South Africa. But for the almost accidentally and wholly unofficial telegram from Sir David Graaff, Botha would either have disappeared, or, if the steamer ever reached Germany, would certainly have been interned. It is needless to suggest what a sinister interpretation might have been placed on such an incident in South Africa, or what untoward political consequences might have ensued.

### Words!

The engineer, says an exchange, had become tired of the boastful talk he heard from the other engine-drivers at his boarding-house. One evening he began: "This morning I went over to see a new machine we've got at our place, and it's astonishing how it works." "And how does it work?" asked one. "Well," was the reply, "by means of a pedal attachment a fulcrumed lever converts a vertical reciprocating motion into a circular movement. The principal part of the machine is a huge disk that revolves in a vertical plane. Power is applied through the axis of the disk, and work is done on the periphery, and the hardest steel my mere impact may be reduced in any shape." "What is this wonderful machine?" was asked. "A grindstone," was the reply.

The bride may feel that she is getting the finest fellow in the world, and yet she never marries the best man.

### PIMPLES ON FACE CUTICURA HEALS

Caused Disfigurement. Itchy and Burning. Had Restless Nights.

"My face came out in little pimples that were sore, and I scratched them constantly, and then they turned into sores, causing much disfigurement. The skin was so itchy that I irritated it by scratching. The burning was fierce, and I had many restless nights."

"This trouble lasted about a year before I used Cuticura Soap and Ointment, and after using three cakes of soap and two boxes of Ointment I was healed." (Signed) W. E. Byrne, C. D. Biele, Que., Nov. 23, 1918.

Make Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Telcum your daily toilet preparations.

Soap 25c, Ointment 25c and 50c. Sold throughout the Dominion. Canadian Depot: The Canadian Ointment Co., Ltd., 100 St. Paul St., Montreal.

### Influence.

I kept straight on—Martine Lenord. When others took the wider road; It was your word which helped me bear The fear and burden of the load.

Because of you My wayward heart Gained strength to fight temptation's sway; You led me to the thorn-crowned King When pleasures lured along the way.

Because of you I saw the snare This sad world holds for hearts like mine; The love which called, I spurned and found In places of ashes—Love Divine.

Because of you I smiled with eyes That strove to hide a life's deep sorrow. And now you've found the Dawn of Day; Who knows, I may find it to-morrow? Because of you

### Healthy Children Always Sleep Well

The healthy child sleeps well and during its waking hours is never cross but always happy and laughing. It is only the sickly child that is cross and peevish. Mothers if your children do not sleep well; if they are cross and cry a great deal give them Baby's Own Tablets and they will soon be well and happy again. The Tablets are a mild but thorough laxative which regulate the bowels, sweeten the stomach, banish constipation, colic and indigestion and promote healthy sleep. They are absolutely guaranteed free from opiates and may be given to the newborn babe with perfect safety. They are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

### Blocked by Caterpillars.

A bug may hold up a locomotive. If, that is to say, there are enough of him. Caterpillars will sometimes swarm on railway tracks in such enormous numbers as to prevent the car wheels from going round. They just "sit" and the train is brought to a standstill.

The insects involved in this sort of mischief are most often the army worm, the cotton worm, the tent caterpillar and migratory locusts. Swarms of huge water beetles have been known to halt trains in this way.

### SPRING FEVER

Following Colds, Grip or Flu, Thin, Watery or Poisoned Blood

(By Dr. Valentine Mott.)

At this time of year most people suffer from what we term "spring fever" because of a stagnant condition of the blood, because of the toxins (poisons) stored up within the body during the long winter. We eat too much meat, with little or no green vegetables.

Bloodless people, thin, anemic people, those with pale cheeks and lips, who have a poor appetite and feel that tired, worn or feverish condition in the spring-time of the year, should try the refreshing tonic powers of a good alterative and blood purifier. Such a tonic as druggists have sold for fifty years, is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It is a standard remedy that can be obtained in tablet or liquid form. Made without alcohol from wild roots and barks.

TILLSONBURG, ONT.—"Ever since I can remember Dr. Pierce's medicines were used in our family at home and they never failed to give good results. The Golden Medical Discovery was used as a tonic and blood purifier and for bronchial trouble and it proved excellent. I have personally taken it for bronchial trouble and the 'Favorite Prescription' to build me up when I was run-down and they were both very beneficial."—Mrs. CLIFFORD MITCHELL.

At this time of year most people suffer from what we term "spring fever" because of a stagnant condition of the blood, because of the toxins (poisons) stored up within the body during the long winter. We eat too much meat, with little or no green vegetables.

Bloodless people, thin, anemic people, those with pale cheeks and lips, who have a poor appetite and feel that tired, worn or feverish condition in the spring-time of the year, should try the refreshing tonic powers of a good alterative and blood purifier. Such a tonic as druggists have sold for fifty years, is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It is a standard remedy that can be obtained in tablet or liquid form. Made without alcohol from wild roots and barks.

TILLSONBURG, ONT.—"Ever since I can remember Dr. Pierce's medicines were used in our family at home and they never failed to give good results. The Golden Medical Discovery was used as a tonic and blood purifier and for bronchial trouble and it proved excellent. I have personally taken it for bronchial trouble and the 'Favorite Prescription' to build me up when I was run-down and they were both very beneficial."—Mrs. CLIFFORD MITCHELL.

### PARTRIDGE TIRES

Game as Their Name

Always Near

A mile and a half, or a day and a half, or a world and a half away.

Your journey back, will be safe and sure if your car is equipped the Partridge way.

1163

Cord or Fabric

PARTRIDGE TIRES

Game as Their Name

Always Near

A mile and a half, or a day and a half, or a world and a half away.

Your journey back, will be safe and sure if your car is equipped the Partridge way.

1163

Cord or Fabric

PARTRIDGE TIRES

Game as Their Name

Always Near

A mile and a half, or a day and a half, or a world and a half away.

Your journey back, will be safe and sure if your car is equipped the Partridge way.

1163

Cord or Fabric

PARTRIDGE TIRES

Game as Their Name

Always Near

A mile and a half, or a day and a half, or a world and a half away.

Your journey back, will be safe and sure if your car is equipped the Partridge way.

1163

Cord or Fabric