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FOR BOILS AND CARBUNCLES

The Imprisoned Heiress
 —OR—
The Spectre of Egremont.

CHAPTER V.

"You have none!" interrupted his sister. "You are the only man in the world, Lionel, who is free from petty faults, I believe."
 "Excepting Captain Challoner?"
 The Lady Lorean blushing acknowledged the exception.
 "I thank you for your good opinion of me, Lorean," replied his lordship. "I hope the Lady Alexina may be induced to share it. You are generous to overlook my charge of injustice a few minutes since," he added, gravely; "and in return for your generosity I will own that I am charmed with the Lady Alexina. It is not better so, dear Lorean, since I am bound in honor to offer her my hand in marriage?"
 "It is, Lionel. It is clear that she is equally interested in you, and since you feel bound to her in honor, I shall never say anything against her. If she loves you, she will naturally correct her faults, for your sake. I trust you will be happy with her. She cannot fail to be happy with you."
 "Platter!" exclaimed his lordship, with a laugh.
 "What did you think of Kepp's guilt?" asked the Lady Lorean, abruptly, changing the subject.
 "I have not made up my mind. The facts are against him, and his refusal to name the person to whom he says he lent his gun is not at all in his favor. Lord Egremont is convinced of his guilt, but there was something in his dogged manner that made me doubt it. I know not what to think. One thing appears to me certain, and that is that Jessy Kay, who knows him well, and loves him, disbelieves the charge. Her faith in him ought to be in his favor."
 "If your life was sought, Lionel, it may be sought again. I beg of you not to go unarmed. I believe that some enemy is seeking your life—this forester, Kepp, or some one whom he knows."
 Lord Ashcroft promised to heed his sister's warning, and she soon after withdrew to change her dress.
 An hour later they entered the drawing-room together.
 It was occupied at the moment of their entrance by Lord and Lady Egremont and Lyle Indor, who were discussing the incidents of the morning's visit to the forester's chalet.
 The lady Lorean joined them, and entered into the discussion.
 Lord Ashcroft was about to follow her example, when his eyes rested upon the Lady Alexina, who was seated in the recess of a bay-window

that jutted out to the very verge of the cliff.
 Here Ashcroft joined her, and after a few polite common-place remarks, adroitly led the conversation to the subject nearest his heart.
 "You are aware, Lady Alexina," he said, "that our parents betrothed us to each other in our infancy, and that it was their wish that we should be united in marriage when you should have attained your eighteenth year."
 "I ascertained the fact only yesterday," murmured Alexina.
 "I may be speaking prematurely," continued Lord Ashcroft, "but is it not best to understand our position toward each other? I have been taught to consider you the incarnation of goodness; the virtues of your noble parents have been dwelt upon in my hearing so fully and so frequently that I cherish for their memory a tender regret second only to that I feel for my own lost parents. I came here prepared to love you, with a heart utterly disengaged only by my dream of you. Before I proceed further, before my heart becomes so attached to you that to lose you would be terrible suffering, let me ask you how you regard me. Is my presence distasteful to you? Is there one you love or prefer to me?"
 "The question is unnecessary," replied the heiress, a dash of bitterness in her tone. "Suppose for one moment Lord Ashcroft, that I do love another. If I were to acknowledge that love, and decline marrying you, my fortune, including Egremont, would go to you, and I should become almost a beggar."
 "That was an unjust provision on the part of our parents, Alexina, but my father had not the power to alienate from me his estates. He felt bound to follow your father's example in regard to his personal property, but the sum I should forfeit in case of my failure to keep the contract would be so inconsiderable, in comparison with my total income, that I should scarcely feel its loss. It is in my power, therefore, to give you your freedom. If you have a preference for any one else, do not hesitate to inform me. I will then withdraw myself from our engagement, leaving you entirely free and in undisturbed possession of your fortune. If I may be your husband, dear Lady Alexina, I may at least be your friend and brother."
 There was a tone of regret in his lordship's voice, and a perceptible anxiety in his manner, as if he feared

ed she would confess her love for another.
 "You are very generous, my lord," said the heiress, gratefully, not withdrawing her gaze from the window. "There are few who would make such a sacrifice."
 "Every gentleman would, Lady Alexina," responded Lord Ashcroft. "Am I to understand that the sacrifice is necessary?"
 There was a brief silence, and the heiress replied:
 "By no means, Lord Ashcroft. I know no one whom I prefer to yourself. My acquaintance is very small, and I have never had a suitor until now. I will not pretend to love you, for until yesterday, I did not know of your betrothal. But if I do not love you, I love no one else."
 The last sentence was enunciated with great distinctness, as if each word was carefully weighed before utterance.
 Her betrothed pressed her hand in silence.
 "We will begin our acquaintance at once, then," he said, "completely ignoring the compact of our parents. I do not ask you now to marry me, but this moment I am your suitor. When you shall have learned to know me and your own heart, I will ask you the question which was in my thoughts when I came to Egremont, and your decision shall be final."

CHAPTER VI.

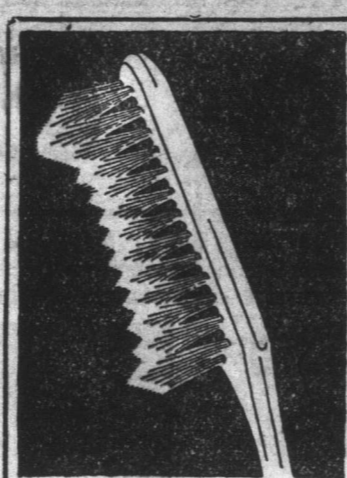
The conversation between Lady Alexina and her betrothed lasted much longer; but at length it was interrupted by Lyle Indor, who approached them.
 Lord Ashcroft welcomed his presence as a relief, conversed with him a few minutes upon ordinary topics, Alexina betraying more brilliancy of mind than heretofore, and then withdrew from the recess, crossing the room to Lady Egremont's side.
 "Lord Ashcroft is very handsome, Lyle," said the Lady Alexina, carelessly looking after him.
 "Remarkably so," was the response.
 "Lyle," said the heiress, in a low tone, so low as to be audible only to Indor, and with a strange eagerness of manner, "his lordship asked me if I loved any one, offering to release me, and take the consequences upon himself."
 "I thought he would do so," replied Indor, quietly. "In fact, Alexina, I overheard most of your conversation with his lordship. I happened to be looking over the books upon that little side-table, and became unintentionally a listener. His lordship is, as you said, a very generous man."
 "You know I told him that my heart was free?"
 Lyle Indor bowed.
 "As the case now stands his lordship is bound and I am free. If I choose to marry another I shall not forfeit my fortune, since his lordship will withdraw from the compact."
 "He is not at liberty to do so," interposed Indor, in his soft, musical voice. By your father's will, Lady Alexina, such generosity on Lord Ashcroft's part has been provided against. His lordship is evidently aware of the real state of the case."
 The heiress' countenance fell, and she uttered an impatient exclamation, adding:
 "You seem to understand the facts better than Lord Ashcroft or myself, Lyle. And yet last evening I fancied that you did not understand my relation to his lordship, and so I took the trouble to explain it."
 "I have always known it, Xina, so long as I have known anything of Aunt Evelyn or Lord Egremont's ward. Of course, you will cultivate a liking for his lordship and will become his wife in due time."
 "I wish that shot had taken effect last night," murmured the heiress, in low, passionate tones. "If Kepp really had designs upon Lord Ashcroft's life he has probably not relinquished them. I hope he has not."
 "Hush, Alexina, said Lady Egremont's nephew, with a shocked expression. "You know not what you say. Remember that you are speaking of your future husband."
 The heiress shrugged her shoulders impatiently.
 Lyle Indor glanced into the drawing-room to assure himself that he was unobserved, and then he bent his head near to that of the Lady Alexina and whispered something in her ears that sounded very much like a request that she would meet him again that evening in the niche among the rocks.

THE FATAL PRIZE.

My niece, Amanda and a Beulah Jane seemed always good as wheat, and on her errands safe and sane she sped with eager feet; she did not balk, in high disdain, when there were rugs to beat. She helped to make the wheels go round, she never had been spoiled; the rubber steaks she used to pound, and she would make the house resound with laughter while she toiled. And then the Weekly Bugle-Blade worked up a frenzied scheme; "Now, who is Punktown's fairest maid?" I saw its headlines scream: "A hundred dollars will be paid to her," this was its theme. The readers of this busy sheet were asked to cast their votes, select the girl most fair and sweet, who'd then win many groats; and voters whooped along the street and tore their shoes and coats. My niece pulled down that noble prize, she drew the hundred bones; she has the brightest, bluest eyes, the fairest face she owns; her hair would bring admiring sighs from queens upon their thrones. But now she abhors the household chores that once to her befell, she looks on all the tasks as bores she used to do so well; she doesn't sweep the rose-wood floors or make the onions jell. She has a pride that is no good, she longs to be admired; no labors stand where once they stood, as things to be desired; her eyes are fixed on Hollywood, and Punktown makes her tired.

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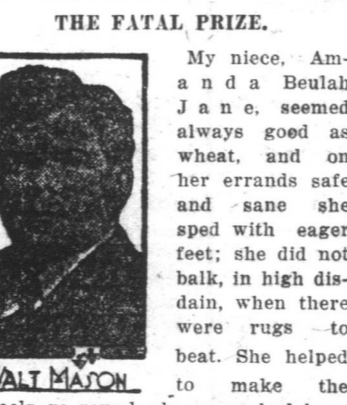
- 1 Is it made of the best bristles the world produces?
- 2 Are the bristles serrated (saw-toothed), and set in a curve to fit against all your teeth, and to reach the crevices between?
- 3 Does it have a large end tuft, and a properly curved handle so that the end tuft can reach and clean back teeth?
- 4 Will it keep germs, tartar, food debris, and other unclean substances off your teeth?
- 5 Is it fully guaranteed?

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WALT MATON

My niece, Amanda and a Beulah Jane seemed always good as wheat, and on her errands safe and sane she sped with eager feet; she did not balk, in high disdain, when there were rugs to beat. She helped to make the wheels go round, she never had been spoiled; the rubber steaks she used to pound, and she would make the house resound with laughter while she toiled. And then the Weekly Bugle-Blade worked up a frenzied scheme; "Now, who is Punktown's fairest maid?" I saw its headlines scream: "A hundred dollars will be paid to her," this was its theme. The readers of this busy sheet were asked to cast their votes, select the girl most fair and sweet, who'd then win many groats; and voters whooped along the street and tore their shoes and coats. My niece pulled down that noble prize, she drew the hundred bones; she has the brightest, bluest eyes, the fairest face she owns; her hair would bring admiring sighs from queens upon their thrones. But now she abhors the household chores that once to her befell, she looks on all the tasks as bores she used to do so well; she doesn't sweep the rose-wood floors or make the onions jell. She has a pride that is no good, she longs to be admired; no labors stand where once they stood, as things to be desired; her eyes are fixed on Hollywood, and Punktown makes her tired.

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HEALTH WARNINGS IN HAND-WRITING.

That character can be read from handwriting has often been demonstrated, although the work of 'quacks' has thrown doubt into many inquiring minds.

As the handwriting of a person will show the character, so will it show the occupation, and this in more pronounced fashion if the writer specializes. Writers must unconsciously draw the forms of the things in which they are particularly interested. Thus the optician makes lenses and springs, the poultry breeder draws eggs setting hens; the dog breeder throws out tails and padded feet; while the pig breeder's writing is full of wriggling tails. These specialized writings are easily determined by the ordinary person without special training.

A Sign Of Throat Trouble.

Now it will not be difficult to argue that if one unconsciously gives in writing indications of the forms representing one's constant occupation or surroundings, it would naturally follow that indications of all kinds of thought may be transmitted through the pen to paper, and that, however slight these indications may be, there must be there to be read by those trained to understand their varied meanings.

Each of us has a normal writing, and it is important for the delineator to discover and fix this first of all. After this is done it is comparatively easy to note departures from the normal, and it is mostly to these unusual points that attention will be given. This is particularly the case when we are examining for a diagnosis of health.

There are many people in perfect health who are sensitive to surroundings or weather, and their writing alters in consequence, sometimes flowing easily, at other times halting. Some people never appear to write twice alike.

If we apply ourselves to the careful observation of our own writing we shall soon be able to detect differences and perhaps learn something by which we may profit individually.

We will suppose one knows the usual writing of a person and finds the upper portion of many of the letters heavier than usual. In blue cases out of ten this would indicate some head or throat trouble causing congestion.

Tremble with the legs and feet—over-exercise, too much standing, general lassitude—would be shown by thickening and irregular formation in the lower parts of the letters, while poor circulation would be indicated by irregular flow of ink and strength of tone in the down strokes.

In some cases the down strokes appear disjointed, almost as if made up of two or more parts. This usually means bad assimilation of food.

The final letters of words, especially those ending a line, are important. If they strike upward they denote buoyancy; if downward, depression.

Again, if being fast upon the line and rather prolonged, need of rest.

Internal troubles are indicated by thickenings and unnecessary markings inside the body of the letters. Each form of such trouble has its own particular group of signs. With ordinary bilious attacks there is a tendency to put in surplus dots, sometimes in clusters, over the writing and the head of letters are rather rounded.

A well-known medical man stated recently that the handwriting of a patient is a help in the diagnosis of disease, and urged that a special course in graphology be given to medical students.

His Bid

"Now, gentlemen!" shouted the auctioneer, as he held up a suspiciously yellow "gold" watch, "what offers for this—this beautiful chronometer? Guaranteed sound and—er—warranted to keep good time—er—and—"

Even he couldn't think of things to say about the watch he was trying to sell.

"Please may I bid?" called a modest young man from the back of the room.

"Certainly!" replied the auctioneer, delightedly.

All eyes turned quickly to the spot where stood the auctioneer's innocent victim.

"Well, then," said the young man, calmly, "I'll bid you—good-night!"

Thrift

On his return from London a Scotchman brought back a barometer with him, and explained to his mother that by it they could tell whether the weather was going to be wet or fine.

"Aye," said she, "it's a fine thing. But ye ken ye've been wasting yer money. What do you think Providence gave yer feyther the rheumatics for?"

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(To be continued.)