

CTOR SAYS VINOL IS THE BEST TONIC

Opinion Doctor Gave
His Patient

rd, Ohio.—"I was in a pitiful
weak, nervous and run
I could not do my housework.
doctored for years and tried
under the sun. A friend
about it, and he replied, 'It
is the best medicine that can
today. I couldn't give you
ter.' I took it, and today I
ell and strong as any woman
to be, and it was Vinol
ed me."—Mrs. Frank A. Hor-
1 St. Bedford, Ohio.

uarantee this famous cod liver
tonic for all such conditions.
E. Richards & Co.

this battle field. It is call-
Three Oaks," taking its
om three large water oaks
and at one corner of this
t is a two-story house 30 x
ith a double verandah sup-
y 26 colonial pillars, one of
as struck by a cannon ball
his battle.

ather here is becoming quite
the thousands of northern
r (estimating one hundred
) have begun to go north.

Levi Young

WEATHER HARD ON BABY

adian Spring weather—one
and bright; the next raw
y is extremely hard on the
iditions are such that the
not take the little one out
sh air, so much to be de-
is confined to the house,
ten over-heated and badly
He catches cold; his lit-
and bowels become dis-
d the mother soon has a
o look after. To prevent
asional dose of Baby's
ts should be given. They
the stomach and bowels,
iting or curing colds, sim-
colic or any other of the
ailments of childhood.
are sold by medicine
y mail at 25 cents a box
y Williams' Medicine Co.,
Ont.

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McLEAN
albot St. E., Aylmer

Won By Devotion

— BY —
Mary A. Fleming

"She knows you," she said, almost involuntarily, "I thought—"
She checked herself and looked away. But in that moment she had divined, with a woman's quickness in these things, that the dark, dashing soldier of fortune by her side had had his romance, and that the end was not yet. And Miss Martinez—was this the secret of her proud indifference to all men, of her coldness to Sir Beltran? Colonel French was the sort of man to win a woman's heart and keep it. They had known each other in America—been lovers, perhaps. And now they met as strangers, and Miss Martinez's superb black eyes blazed as they looked on him. Mrs. deVigne made up her mind that she would watch them this afternoon, and find out something of this interesting little romance if she died for it.

Nothing was said—there was a break in the line, and the carriage passed. But in Colonel French's face there was a change which his fair friend was quick to see. She was a pretty little woman, and a flirt of the most pronounced order, and this handsome free lance had caught her inflammable fancy from the first. He was due to-day at her villa near Richmond. The Dane Fanshawe and Sir Beltran Talbot were also to be guests. It was the last invitation the Fanshawe would accept, as Mrs. deVigne gayly put it to her companion—positively the last appearance of Miss Martinez. No doubt the engagement would be announced almost immediately. It would be a most brilliant match for Miss Martinez. Beautiful she was—that there could be no question, but mere beauty counts for so little, and Sir Beltran, with his rent roll, and his pedigree, might have won the highest in the land. Still he was absolutely untrammelled, and his passion for la belle Americaine was a thing to marvel at in these degenerate days.

Mrs. deVigne's gay little tongue ran merrily all the way during that drive to Richmond. Her companion said very little—as a rule she said little—but he was more silent to-day than she had ever known him. A total revulsion of feeling had taken place with him at sight of his wife and the man beside her. Should Dora Fanshawe, ambitious, scheming, unprincipled, rule his whole life? Once she had found him plastic as wax in her hands; should she find him forever? And yet, was it altogether her tears, Mrs. Carlton's bitter words, his stepfather's decree, that had caused his marriage? Even in those far-off days was not like Vera dear to him; was it not because she cared for him, and it would make her happy? He

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Spells Brought Sick Headaches
—Lost Much Time, But is
Now Completely Cured.

Here is convincing evidence that however much you may suffer from liver trouble and consequent biliousness there is cure in the use of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. Overeating is the most common cause of sluggish liver action. You lose your appetite, have distressing bilious spells, usually accompanied by headache and vomiting, the bowels become irregular, constipation and looseness alternating, digestion is upset and you get irritable and downhearted.

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Mr. A. S. Mace, J.P., endorses the above statement, and says:—"This is to certify that I am personally acquainted with Charles R. Tait, and believe his statement in every way to be true and correct."

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, one pill a dose, 25 cents a box, all dealers or Edmanston, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto. Substitutes will only disappoint. Insist on getting what you seek for.

NOW RAISES 600 CHICKENS

After Being Relieved of Organic Trouble by Lydia E. Finkham's Vegetable Compound.

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"I saw the Compound advertised in our paper, and tried it. It has restored my health so I can do all my work and I am so grateful that I am recommending it to my friends."—Mrs. D. M. ALPHEUS, R. R. 4, Oregon.

Only women who have suffered the tortures of such troubles and have dragged along from day to day can realize the relief which this famous root and herb remedy, Lydia E. Finkham's Vegetable Compound, brought to Mrs. Alpheus. Women everywhere in Mrs. Alpheus' condition should profit by her recommendation, and if there are any complications write Lydia E. Finkham's Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass., for advice. The result of their 40 years experience is at your service.

ming actress, but pretty women abound, and charming actresses are everywhere, and he had known her six weeks, and Dora was growing jealous, poor soul, and Mr. Fanshawe struggled with a yawn, rose languidly, and departed to see about state rooms. He was not at the Richmond villa today he was dining with Mrs. Ellerton and a select few not on his wife's visiting list, at the Star and Garter.

Sunset lay low, translucent, rose and gold, over the world. It was neither the classic Tiber, dreamy Nile, nor flowing Arno—it was only the Thames about Richmond, but the river glided cool, blue, bright between its green wooded banks—a strip of silver ribbon between belts of emerald green.

Mrs. deVigne's place was a dream of delight, all of rare and radiant flowers, of ancestral oaks, elms, and copper beeches, slanting down to the river, and Mrs. deVigne, was a queen of hostesses. The house was cool and breezy, the dinner the masterpiece of a chef, the guests select, well-chosen and not too many. Removed from him by nearly the whole length of the table, and on the same side sat Vera, so Colonel French, seated near his hostess caught but one or two fleeting glimpses of her during the ceremonial. She was dressed in pale-gold-colored silk, with black laces, and she wore diamonds. He had never seen her in jewels before, and the flashing brilliants and rich-hued silk became her magnificently. She looked regal, he thought—more beautiful than he had ever imagined her, and as unapproachable as a princess. Sir Beltran was not quite by her side, but he was sufficiently near to pay her much more attention than he paid his dinner.

"The Martinez is in capital form this evening," drawled a man near him to his next neighbor; "handsomest woman, by Jove, in England. Pity she goes so soon. Never saw her look half a quarter so superb before."

"I have no wish in the matter. It can make very little difference whether Colonel French is present or not. I think, on the whole, I should prefer it." "Prefer it!" Mrs. Fanshawe repeated, startled. "Prefer it," Vera iterated. Her lips were set, her eyes quick flashed, there was a look of invincible resolution on her face. "There are just two or three things I should like to say to Colonel French—to disabuse his mind, if possible, of one or two little mistakes he may have made in the past. Fate shall settle it. If we meet, I shall speak to him; if we do not, why, we will drift asunder in silence. Now let us drop the subject. As I told you before, Colonel French is a topic I decline henceforth to discuss."

When Vera's face took that look, when Vera's voice took that tone, Dora knew there was no more to be said. She was wise in her generation—beyond a certain point it was always best to let things take their course. She had her work, and done it well. Vera was proud, and her pride had had its deathblow. She was sensitively womanly and delicate, and that delicate womanliness had been stung to the quick—those two might safely meet, and in all probability it would be for the last time.

A week had passed since that rainy July night. All in a moment Mrs. Fanshawe made up her mind, and issued her imperial ukase—they were to go home at once. London was not habitable after July, she was fagged out, she was homesick; a month's perfect repose at Carlton was imperatively necessary to her health and happiness. Vera looked at her with real gratitude; she would be glad, unutterably glad to get away. She was so tired of it all, there was so much sameness, so much monotony, so deadly a weariness in it all. Something lay like lead on her heart; she did not care to ask what. To be back at Carlton, under the fresh greenness of the trees, to look once more on the blue brightness of thesea, to be away from Sir Beltran Talbot, to begin all over again, to feel once more alone—it was the desire of her heart.

"Thank you, Dot," she said gratefully, wearily. "Yes, let us go; let us go at once."

So it was settled. Mr. Dane Fanshawe shrugged his shoulders, smiled under his blonde beard, glanced at his handsome sister-in-law, and assented. "As the queen will," was, after all, the law of the household, although Mr. Fanshawe did pretty much as he pleased in the main. Mrs. Ellerton was a pretty woman and a char-

"It is a way of Miss Martinez's," was the answer, "to look more bewildering each time than the last. And to-day, as you say, she is dazzling. Like the sun, she flashes out most brilliantly just before setting. Lucky fellow, Talbot—confound him!" "Ah! you may say so," the first speaker responded gloomily, and Richard French turned with angry impatience away.

How dare these men discuss his wife—link her name with Talbot's? He felt impelled to turn savagely upon them, and annihilate them all present with the truth.

But he did not—he chafed with irritated impatience and restrained himself. As yet no presentation had taken place—he had no desire for formal presentation; he would seek her out in the drawing room and speak to her, if he could, alone. And if the Vera of old was not dead and gone forever, the dear little Vera of Shaddeek Light, he would claim his wife before the world ere it was a week old.

The ladies, at Mrs. deVigne's telegraphic bow, rose and departed, and he watched in their train that one slender figure, with the mien and grace of a queen. Sir Beltran watched also—he, too, was silent, preoccupied, absent. French noted it jealously. The interval ended, and they were in the drawing-room, where fair women fluttered about like bright-plumaged birds, and there was music, and the subdued tumult of gay voices and laughter. Outside Vera was not yet done—the lovely afterglow still lingered, a pearly sickle moon was cut sharply in the sapphire blue, and down in the copse a nightingale was singing. A faint, hay-scented breeze stirred the lace window draperies—one or two stars came out in their golden, tremulous beauty as he looked. It was a picture he saw to the last day of his life—photographed sharply as a vision on his brain.

"It is so warm," said someone; "come out and let us hear the nightingale."

A little, jewelled hand was pushed through his arm, a pair of soft eyes looked up at him, a plaintive voice made the sentimental speech. But it was only Mrs. de Vigne, and Mrs. de Vigne on mischief bent.

"Do you ever hear nightingales in Mexico or New York? Look at that moon, Colonel French, and wish—er glided cool, blue, bright between its green wooded banks—a strip of silver ribbon between belts of emerald green."

The interjection was at once malicious and opposite, for at that moment Miss Martinez came in view, and Sir Beltran was with her. They stood in the shadow of the trees, he had both her hands in his, his face was flushed, eager, impassioned. The hour had come! Vera's they could not see—it was in the shadow and averted, but the attitude, the look of Sir Beltran told the whole story. Mrs. de Vigne glared up at her companion and laughed.

"Only now," she said, "and I thought it was all settled ages ago. I wanted to introduce you to Miss Martinez, but I suppose it would never do to interrupt that tableau. We shall have to go and listen to the nightingale after all."

He stood still, his face dark, his brows knitted, his eyes gleaming. He neither heard nor heeded. Mrs. de Vigne looked at him with even more interest than she had looked yet.

"Colonel French," she repeated insistively, "shall we go and listen to—"

She paused. Miss Martinez had suddenly drawn her hands away, and turned resolutely from her. In turning from him, she turned to them—him—stood, and let them approach.

"My dear Miss Martinez," said the bright voice of little Mrs. de Vigne, "let me make two of my most special friends acquainted—let me present you to Colonel French."

Vera looked at him—fully, steadily. Instinctively he held out his hand—she did not seem to see it.

"I have met Colonel French before," she said, in a voice as steady as her look. All that Dora had told her, all the words of that fatal letter of long ago, rose and burned with passionate pride within her. She would rather fall dead where she stood than let him see his presence had power to move her.

His hand dropped by his side—they turned as by one impulse, and moved on together. But in dead silence, until Mrs. de Vigne, pulling herself up with an effort, broke out with a sort of gasp, to fill up the awful hiatus. No one knew what she said—it was doubtful if she did herself. Only she was saying something—this blank silence was quite too horrid. Where was Sir Beltran Talbot? She glanced behind—she had disappeared. She looked at Miss Martinez—her face was marble in the pale shimmer of the moon. She turned to the Mexican Colonel—his had set itself in an impression of invincible resolve. Something wrong here, something seriously wrong—she was playing gooseberry—she would get away and let them have it out by themselves. Some guests approached, a word of apology, and she was gone. Then he turned to her:

"Vera!" "Colonel French!" Her eyes flashed out upon him, but despite the fire of her eyes, two words kept in a refrigerator for a year could not be more thoroughly iced. "You are about to leave England?" "The day after tomorrow—yes."

"I wish to see you before you go—I must see you!" he said, in a tone that made a second flash leap from

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the Southern eyes; "I must see you alone. Here is your sister. At what hour to-morrow may I call?"

"You take a remarkable authoritative tone, do you not, Colonel French? However, as I have a few words to say to you in turn—if you call at four to-morrow you will find me home."

She turned swiftly to Mrs. Fanshawe, bowed slightly and for the first time, and so left him.

CHAPTER VII.

The parting of the ways. A quiet scene—a pretty picture. A handsomely appointed parlor, the too ardent afternoon sunshine shut out, a young lady sitting alone. She sat alone in a low chair, the absolute repose of her manner telling of intense absorption—her hands clasped in her lap, her eyes fixed on the door. She wore black—a trailing black silk—up to the throat, down to the wrists, that fell with the soft frou frou dear to the feminine heart whenever she moved, unit by rose, or ribbon, or gem. It was that consummation, so impossible to attain except by the very rich—elegant simplicity.

She had been waiting there for ten minutes. There was always something in waiting, in expectation that made the heart beat; Vera's heart was going like a trip hammer, her eyes excitedly gleamed; she was bracing herself for the most trying ordeal of her life. It moved her to the very depths of her being, but it simply must be, and she was wise enough in her two-and-twenty years to know the folly of fighting fate.

Perhaps of all the trying positions in which a woman can be placed—and life holds many—there can never be any so humiliating and crushing as the knowledge that she had been forced upon the acceptance of a man who does not want her. To Vera it

was a clear case. She had been guilty of a foolish fondness for a man who gave her in return the sort of amused regard he might give the gambols of a kitten, but who, forced by his friends and his own overdone sense of chivalry, had married her.

And now he was there; he came to plead for his legal freedom that he might marry that "some one" in Mexico, and she must stand and listen to the crudest, most humiliating words that ever were spoken by man to woman!

A tap—Felician gently opened the door.

"Colonel French, mademoiselle," she announced, and departed.

Vera started up. He stood before her, and something she might have thought wistful pleading, if seen in other eyes, looked at her out of his. He held out his hand.

"Vera!" he said, in a tone that matched his look.

She made a rapid gesture and passed him, and once more his hand fell. She was excited, as she had never been excited before in all her life. She had trembled through all her frame, so that she had to lay hold of the low marble mantle for support. Her voice, when she spoke, was not like the voice of Vera.

"Oh, wait!" she said, in a breathless way, "give me time. I know what you have come to say, but wait—wait one moment. Listen to me first. It has all been a mistake—from first to last, a mistake that can never be set right, but I am not so much to blame—so much to—"

Vera broke, words would not come, the words she wished to say. She tried to catch her breath to stop the rapid beating of her heart.

"Oh," she cried out, "what must you have thought of me in that past—"

(continued on page 8)

Isn't This True?

When you "feel mean"—dull, tired, nervous, bad digestion, no appetite—
Don't you find out, afterwards, that your bowels were not acting freely and naturally?
Due, of course, to a liver gone on a strike.
Take two or three pills—once. After that, only one, until you're all right.

Genuine bears Signature
Brentwood

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