

meet you. But-but she had a head-ache-and-and is resting now." That last was strictly accurate. No doubt Mrs. Raleigh was suffering from a headache. No doubt she would ap-pear presently, with recovered com-posure and icc-like screnity. Moya knew her mother. The tail man glanced at her, then at the flowers in her hands, and then at an unheeded blossem or two, failing to her feet. She had not offered to shake hands with him, though the flowers in her hands were hardly suf-fleient 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 toid. Twe scen 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 can'y? Like a child at a party?"

-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. its 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," is to the self flercely. "She's full of story-book ideas-notions 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 re-fuse to see the necessity for it. Oh,

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 met.nt to be once, perhaps. But now, inde-pendent of him, there was no need for that. "You see," he went on, "London v" so stifling. And I pined for a breath of see air. What your mother wrote and told me of this place fired me with longing to see '.." He was loo "ng about him with unaffected pleasure. Moya drew a breath. At least, he did not any is had been pininy to see her! Or even that, his objet in cor" ng was to meet her? If she felt a little taken back, she did not show ft. "You'll come in," she said. "Tea is over some time ago. But you'll have some. Oh, yee, you must, after that long journey. And Una is indoors conewhers. "...ster, you know. You must see her. The boys are out just now. They went fishing with an old fisherma who lives here. Mother dees not mind them going with hir.. Though she's nervous of them going by themselves-can alway: imagine them failing overboard in an en-deavor to land a whie!" She vas talking quite naturally. In the bottom of her mind was a secret pleasure. She cald talk to this man as she pleased. No one now could read false ideas into what she cald or did. No horrible insinuations would haunt every look or ord. "Th 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 b-1 one or two aggravating ilinpses of the sea through the trees--no more. If you" mothe, is resting, don't disturb her yet. Won't you take me d a to

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Into a soft mist that promised a find to norrow. There was a pearly, variation to norrow. The pearly structure of the pearly of the

Healthy Children

kies that could 'dicate fun and laughter, and occasionally anger. She inoticed them for the first time as he spoke now. "In a first time as he spoke now." The spoke of the spoke of the spoke now. The spoke of the spoke now. The spoke of the spoke now. The spoke of the spoke of the spoke now. The spoke of the spoke of the spoke of the spoke now. The spoke of the spoke now. The spoke of the spoke spoke of the spoke spoke of the spoke spoke of the spoke spoke of the spoke spoke spoke of the spoke sp

The healthy child sleeps well and during its waking hours is never-crose but always happy and laugh-ing. 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 bappy again. The Tablets are a mild but thorough laxative which regulate the bowels, sweeten the stomach, banish constipation, collc and indigestion and promote healthul sleep. They are absolutely guaranteed free from opiates and may be given to the new-born 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.

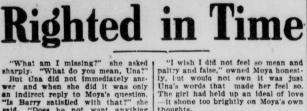
YOUNG WOMEN the shore and show me round a bit?" Noy? he sted. She had turned towards the sted. She had turned towards the cottage. She wanted still more is turn the newly-arrived stead over to Una't hospitality. She had an ide. Una and this man would get on well together. As for herself, the meant to be friendly systematic to companionable. But she wanted no talks and walks, such as seemed in prospect now. But she caught a culck, questioning look in his grey eyes. It decided her. She opened the garden-gate. **AVOID PAIN** This One Tells How She

Was Benefited by Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"Oh, yes," she opened the grader of gate. "Oh, yes," she said, off-handediy. "It's just right for a walk now. A cool breeze is spaing up across the water. It was awfully hot this afternoon when Barry and I went for a long tranp 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 Berk-ley with perfect ease. Something of her first excillaration came back, before it had been damped by Una's words. H.: eyes sparkled, She held up hor face to the sait breeze. Regina, Sask. - "For two years I suf-fered 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 recom-mend 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. (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-mor-row? Because of you BLACKWELL, 2013 Osler Place, Regins, Sask. If every girl who suffers as Miss Black-well did, or from irregularities, painful periods, backache, diedache, 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. I thardly seems possible that there is a woman in this country who will con-tinue to suffer without giving Lydis E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial after all the evidence that is continually being published, proving beyond contra-relieved more suffering among women than any other medicine in the world. For special advice women are asked to write the Lydis E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass. The result of forty pass experience is at your service. She held up her has to the same brees. "Isn't it glorious?" she asked. "Now, what of Londca? Isn't it geer to think that far away, over those hills, there are crow's and noise and bustlef A surrying, pushing world, tumbling over each in their haste to make money. It's difficult to think of Lon-don here, isn't it?" Gu, smiled. Perhaps it was. He hav passed a worrying, toiling day in town. Money t-ought its respon "bill-ties, he found. But it was certainly very difficult to think of London hers. The sun was einki: ; into the seabreeze.

You

Blocked by Caterpillars. Blocked by Caterpillars. A bug may hold up a locomotive. If, that is to say, there are cacuga i to him 'aterpillars will sometimes swarm in railway tricks in such es-normovie reimbers as to prevent the per wheels from going round. They just "kithti," and the train is brought to stand till. The insects involved in this sort of mischelf are mat offer the army worm, the cotton worm, the test est-terpillar and migratory locues. Swarms of huge water beetles have been known to halt trains in this tray.



tho

"What am I missing?" she asked sharply. "What do you mean, Una?" But Una did not immediately ans-wer 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."

Mayo flung up her head. What

sk's Cotton Aoot Compound.



right had Una to say that? She spoke

right had Una to say that? She spoke bittery. "Disappointed, are you? Well, so is the mater. Perhaps you and she would agree, though you take so ro-mantic a view o things. She does not, you know. She looks at things from the argie of pounds, shillings and pense. Her principal objection is that Barry is a mere boy still, and has not so much money as-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 something splendid in making one's failed her, she failered 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 quar-rieled 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 ison disappointed." That cry echoed to Moya. Bhe hurried out into the cottage garden. All was peace out there.

She hurried out into the cottage sne nurried out into the cottage garden. All was peace out there. "First the mater, and now Una," thought Moya with a newborn cyni-cism. "Who next? Hardly Guy Berkeley." He would not dare to in-

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terfere, 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 chargin, while an uncomfortable memory came of how Barry had Navgingly asked her if he "had gos her out of one hole into ano-ther, and worse one. She hushed it, while still the thought of Una's words Una's eyes, stirred her in a troubled way. way.

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and the mini

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 slienced. She bent down and plucked the flow-ers carelessiy, 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. 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 mo-ment-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 this particular moment? Could she not appear and shay hostess? Well, he must have seen her-Moya-any-way. 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 independ-ence 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 mater had a wire this afternoon. I'm Moya Ral-eigh. The mater meant to come and

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