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GERHARD MENNEN CO.

Newark, N. J.



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## Woman's Supplement

Our September 16th issue will be the Woman's Supplement Number. There will be eight pages of illustrated news about women and their activities. This department has become a most popular monthly feature of The Canadian Courier. It appears on the third week in every month.

Advertisers who desire to have their announcements appear in that issue must have copy in The Courier office not later than September 7th. We estimate that 50,000 Canadian women give this issue a careful reading, and it is therefore a desirable medium for all advertisers who cater to the requirements of the women of the Dominion.

Canadian Courier  
Toronto.

### TENDERS



## Mail Contract

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Postmaster-General, will be received at Ottawa until noon, on Friday, 13th October, 1911, for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails, on a proposed contract for four years, six times per week each way, between ARISS and ARISS (Rural Delivery), from the Postmaster-General's pleasure.

Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed contract may be seen and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the Post Office of Ariss, Weisenburg, and at the Office of the Post Office Inspector at Toronto.

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT,

Mail Service Branch,

G. C. Anderson, Superintendent.

Ottawa, 25th August, 1911.



## Mail Contract

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Postmaster-General, will be received at Ottawa until noon, on Friday, 13th October, 1911, for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails, on a proposed contract for four years, three times per week each way, between ARTHUR and METZ (Rural Delivery), from the Postmaster-General's pleasure.

Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed contract may be seen and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the Post Office of Arthur and Metz, and at the office of the Post Office Inspector at Toronto.

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT,

Mail Service Branch,

G. C. Anderson, Superintendent.

Ottawa, 25th August, 1911.

alive with bee, bird and fruity colouring, while the mingling scents its clover gave filled his lungs with aromatic breath. It was good to be living in such an air, such a sun, such an earth.

Suddenly a curly brown body shot over the orchard fence emitting a volley of joyous barks, which broke Clive's train of thought. Nero, his setter, capered in front of the placid horses and snapped playfully at their noses. "Ha! there, you rascal, stop that!" Clive called. "No play now! We must work. Get up there!"

The long lash threatened in the air, and the reaper's whirr grew sharply clear again. "Come on," he called to disappointed Nero. "We will get you a cotton-tail to chase, you restless creature of dogdum. Hurrah!"

And true enough—as he cut a wide swath of yellow stalks, a rabbit, gray-furred, long-eared and white-tufted on the tail went scampering out to dodge through the rails. Nero looked at Clive, for he never chased fur without his master's command.

"Go!" Clive cried. Yelping excitedly Nero bounded away on a long, stern chase, which no one knew better than himself would be futile. He ran for the sake of giving vent to his exuberance of joy while Clive laughed at his mad whirling through clover, golden rod, brake and grain.

"— hillside's dew pearl'd;  
The lark's on the wing;  
The snail's on the thorn —"

burst a glad voice coming down the orchard path. With a bound Carl leaped the fence as Nero had done and fell into place with the shocker, lightening his labour one half.

"You're docked two hours," Clive called back from the reaper seat. "Have to do better or you can look for another job."

"That'll do," Carl shouted, "or I'll pull you off that seat and take the lazy job myself."

"Ha Ha Ha!" came his friend's merry laugh. "Yelp! Yelp!" the setter's bark sounded from the valley that bordered the woods. "Sweetest yet! Sweetest yet! Oh! sweet, sweet sweeter still, sweeter, sweeter, sweeter—the bobolink poured his melodious chant in their ears. The cadence rose higher and higher buoyed by mingling notes of warble, song-sparrow, oriole and thrush.

"Oh! what a morning!" Carl cried; "all's right in the world!"

### CHAPTER XIV.

IT was as Clive Halycon had prophesied. There were others who found their world in Jean Thurston's eyes, and Carl's path was not so smooth as he had dreamed. Being of such a refined and sensitive nature she treated all alike. It was said that she never offended anyone. No matter how unworthy or distasteful to her, there was never anything in her manner to speak it. That was what bothered Carl. No matter in whose company she was, she seemed perfectly happy and he began to fear vaguely that he had been wrong in thinking favour was shown to him.

All admirers were treated alike. Never was any preference shown. Only at times Carl thought her eyes rested on him with a look that was different. Those who sought her company were many in number, but who should the foremost be but Whitmore—Whitmore of all men! He had come to his cousins', the Clarkes, and was as much at home in this community as Carl Glover himself.

So as the days went on, there were village gatherings, church occasions, pic-nics; there were cross-country jaunts, boating-parties, barn-raising, bees and dances in which all the neighbourhood was included. And at these occasions Carl found his greatest happiness at Jean Thurston's side. There was bitterness for him, too, since Whitmore, his rival, often deprived him of that pleasure. Between the two a gradual enmity had sprung up, chiefly on account of Whitmore's narrow nature. Carl was too noble-minded to make any difference with him, but Whitmore either could not or would not conceal his hatred of Carl. His jealous animosity grew greater and greater till he came to avoid his former class-mate and spoke to him only when it was unavoidable. People about the place were not slow to see how matters stood, and Carl found himself placed in many an uncomfortable position by Whitmore's attitude.

As to Jean Thurston, no one could judge from her manner whether she favoured the one or the other—or neither. Carl wondered that she was so affable to Whitmore, knowing him as he did. But the girl knew nothing derogatory to him. Carl could have told her, and he knew a few words of his would have placed Whitmore in oblivion. This, however, he would not do. "Win," he told himself, "and win with yourself, not by spoiling a rival." Of all things Carl loved a fair fight. He would fight a fair fight and let the best man win.

On this point Clive talked with his mother one night. He had come in after his day's work and lay, with his newspaper, at full length on the verandah.

His mother sat in a rocker, knitting, her eyes stealing away from her work oftentimes and resting lovingly on the son's face.

"Where did Carl go?" she asked with a smile that said she knew already.

"Up to Thurston's," he answered, smiling at her in turn. "He goes often," she quietly observed. "Of course it's Jean."

"Yes," his mother said earnestly, "I hope she returns it."

"So do I. That rascal Whitmore! I feel like breaking his bones. What right has he to look at a girl like Jean?" Clive demanded vehemently. "She's worth a thousand like him. Some one should cut short the intimacy."

"It is really too bad," his mother said. "She is such a fine, fine girl."

"See here, mother mine," Clive declared with sudden determination, "if Whitmore wins her I'll take upon myself the duty of showing her what he really is. He won't marry her. No, by the saints, not while I am alive! Why, I'd throttle him, cripple him first. But I think her inner sense will teach her which is the true soul. Carl will win. Mother, do you hear? Something tells me he can't lose."

"I pray that he will. He is so like my boy," she said, affectionately smoothing his ruffled locks. "Clive, if you had been wild and wayward I would never have lived after your father's death. But, oh, son, you've been so dear and true to me." Her voice trembled and a hot tear splashed on Clive's up-turned face.

Quickly he swung himself up to the arm of her chair and took her head to his breast.

"Mother, mother," he said softly, "how could I have gone astray while you were with me?"

"Boys with the best mothers on earth do," she answered, with soft hands holding his cheeks.

"Yes," he admitted, "they sometimes do. Yet you have never needed to fear."

"No, my son, and I thank God and you. Sometimes I think of them, frail, gray-haired and anguish-eyed, praying in their silent rooms for the boy who is somewhere, somewhere—but God knows where! I can see them, Clive, praying on into the small hours till they hear the step on the threshold. I don't know how they bear it. Boy, my boy, it would have killed me."

"Mother," Clive murmured, kissing her, "I know. And you have tasted of sorrow, too."

"Yes, sorrow, Clive, but holy sorrow. It is not the other. You have never made me taste that."

"Carl is the same. He would have been a real son to you, mother, perhaps better than I."

"He is a wonderful boy—or man! You are both men now, yet I always think of you as boys. He deserves more credit, too, since he was an orphan at an early age."

"Yes, there is no one like him. Oh! I hope Jean sees it. Why!" he exclaimed, "your hair is damp, mother, we must go in. I have forgotten and kept you out too long."

"True," she said. "It is getting quite damp. I had forgotten also. I was so happy with you and with the old memories. See! my dress is damp, too. The dew is heavy, but the moonlight, Clive, isn't it beautiful?"

"Beautiful," he said, "but we mustn't enjoy it longer. Leave it for Carl and Jean."

### CHAPTER XV.

HOURLY the subtle love-god beset and chained Carl's heart with his magic rapture and power. This most passionate desire was to tell Jean to plead his love, to end his suspense and doubt. The fated moment came suddenly and unexpectedly.

It was somewhere in the first weeks of August. At the hall of the village a real, old-fashioned, enjoyable country dance was held, one in which it was the custom to give not so much attention to the intricate and artistic tripping as to pure-hearted fun and sociability. All the young people of village, country-place and farm were there. The true enjoyment of the occasion was increased a hundredfold for Carl since he had basked in Jean's smiles nearly all evening. Whitmore was present, but by many passages of arms Carl had worsted his rival and kept Jean to himself. Whitmore's persistent attempts to gain her company had made Carl rather more reckless and open in his attentions than was his wont, and when the other repeated his attempts Carl threw himself into the contest with such grim insistence beneath his mask of laughter and good-humour, that Whitmore finally had to withdraw, thoroughly chagrined.

A nod, a smile, a look, were the signs interchanged among the company at the conspicuous monopolizing of Jean's favour by Carl. Not a few looks were anything but friendly, and jealousy could be read in the eyes of some of both sexes. But Carl did not care; he was past caring. He loved her and he would keep her to himself. What right had others to criticize?

He could not number the dances he had with her and didn't want to. To his great satisfaction Jean seemed to be glad in his presence. Sitting at tea, after lively exercise, she complained of being slightly chilly. Carl immediately brought her a wrap, some fancy, white thing that women love to wear, and tossed it about her shoulders. Behind him he caught a low giggle and the almost inaudible feminine whispers: "How considerate The

(Continued on page 29.)