

Thursday, June 7th, 1917



summer. Wear
nest and sturdy

and so much

ear "Fleet Foot"
ferent styles and
ell as evening—
n leather boots.

to see
er wear.



QUE GASOLINE ECONO-
MY CONTEST

e Maxwell Motor Car Company
ed \$50,000 in prizes for the Max-
cars that could go the longest
nces on a gallon of gasoline. The
st, which was open in the U. S.
Canada, was put on on May 23rd,
the local agent, Mr. D. McClen-
received word of the result.
pecial car was constructed, which
d contain a wine gallon, and sent
l contestants, (agents were har-
This was fastened on the fen-
of the car and the car's tank dis-
ected, and the wine gallon can
ed up. The car was then start-
t and went as far as the gallon
oline would take it. Although
weather was bad and the roads
very muddy, condition the mile-
age obtained was splendid. Fifty
averaged 39.67 miles per wine
n. Had they used our Imperial
l mileage obtained would
been one-fifth greater, increas-
e record by approximately 8
making it more than 47 miles
Imperial gallon.

Company are offering another
n prizes for a like contest to
place from June 16th to 25th.

ITS TO CONSIDER WHEN
CHASING A RAILWAY
TICKET

Canadian Pacific Railway ticket
not represent merely a means
ansportation between given
It, in addition, provides the
ler with every comfort and con-
ce developed by modern rail-
cience. "Safety First," with
date equipment, unexcelled din-
ervice, palatial sleeping cars, in
l, everything that a railway can
e for the comfortable transpor-
of its passengers, including
sy.

n Norman, an Ottawa man, who
i command of his company of
talion, and taken to a hospital
his wound was cared for.
Fuller has been visiting Spring-
friends on ten days' leave, when
l return to Toronto to enter
ol of instruction there.

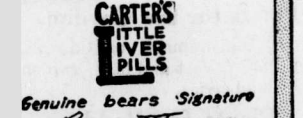


Two Splendid
Things

ne is plenty of open-
er exercise.

you can't get all of
at you should, it's all
e more important that
ou should have the
ther tried-and-true rem-
dy for a torpid liver and
owels that don't act
reely and naturally.

ake one pill every night
ore only when you're sure it's
ecessary.



Genuine Bears Signature
Pentagon

Colorless faces often show the
absence of iron in the blood.
Carter's Iron Pills
will help this condition.

"The Salving of a Derelict"

A British Sea Story

By MAURICE DRAKE

CHAPTER ONE

A rising full moon, the earliest of
young summer, lingered yet behind
the black turrets of Dover Castle,
sending between them long fingers of
light upon the twilight peace of the
harbor below.
Beneath it to seaward the inter-
mittent flash—flash—flash of the
South Foreland light wheeled regular-
ly upon a wisp of pale sea mist that
faded and vanished, as though the
giant beam had wiped it from exist-
ence. Upon the sheer face of the
chalk chance prominences here and
there caught the growing moonlight,
the shadow between them making of
the cliffs a mighty fairy lacerwork of
frosted silver upon deep dark blue.
In its little valley the town lay al-
most silent, its sea front chequered
with lighted windows and strung with
beads of light, dependent in long ca-
bonaries from lamp to lamp along the
promenade. Touched by the moon-
light, the trident of piers stretched
white forth over the still gulf, the
shadowed waters, their ends dimly
illuminate at monotonously cadenced
intervals with a sickly light that waxed
and waned as the great green lantern
revolved slowly around the mast
head of the harbor works light ves-
sel.

Beyond, in the narrow straits,
threaded with silent traffic, outward
and homeward bound vessels an-
nounced arrival or departure by high,
flung rockets or the blue-white deck
flares, disposed after set fashion, fore,
aft, or amidships, in the night speech
of the sea.
Between the swift-shifting traffic
and the cliff shore a little cutter-
rigged yacht, her sails ghost-white in
the eerie 'twon lights, glided slowly
and silently on the last soft air from
seaward towards the harbor mouth.
The head and guernseyed shoulders
of a man protruded from the square
batch of her fore-peak, smoke from his
pipe drifting and in resolute spirals
On the deck aft by the tiny steering
well another figure lay recumbent,
bare arms crossed behind head, bare
legs hanging overboard towards the
cool water drifting slowly by. A third
man sat in the steering well, the tiller
beneath his elbow. He glanced at
the scarcely drawing sails, then over-
at the gliding water alongside, and
stilled a yawn.

"Whee-ew, whee-ew," he whistled
softly. "Scarcely a breath, Pat."
The man addressed turned lazily
over upon his elbow and then sat bolt
upright. The light showed him merry
of face, with curly hair and twinkling
grey eyes.

"Always the way with this old tub,"
he said, stretching himself. "Either
you get wind enough to blow the
sticks out of her, or else it's dead
flat calm. If I weren't a weak-kneed
easily persuaded idiot, Laurence, I'd
ha' shipped on a luckier packer 'fore
now."

Laurence Averil laughed. Dark-
skinned and lithe, he had the clear-cut
features generally termed "aristo-
cratic" by people who have but the
vaguest notion of the meaning of the
word.

"Nobody else 'ud have you," he said.
"You're no good in a boat, you lazy
lawyer."

"Lawyer be—blowed! I'm a true
sailor, every hair o' rope yarn and
every drop of blood in my veins pure
Stockholm tar. At least, I only want
to learn to 'hand reef and steer, and
ship a salvage.' I've got a wife in
every port we call at already, and
that's the prime necessity, as every-
body knows. Now, thereashore"—
he waved his arm toward the slowly
nearing harbor lights—"there's the
dearest girl of all girls that ever
lived. The only girl I ever really
loved, she is dead. I'd been on any
boat but this dritty old raft I'd have
been basking in the light of her smiles
these two hours past. What's time
now?"

As if to answer him a little yacht's
clock in the cabin struck sharply,
"ting-ting."

"Two bells—nine o'clock—and the
pubs shut at eleven, and we shan't
be in for another half-hour at this
rate."

"Pubs?" Averil queried. "What
about the only girl you ever loved,
then?"

Had Chronic Indigestion Thought She Would Die

After Years of Suffering Attributes Cure to Dr. Chase's
Kidney-Liver Pills.

Eating too much or using foods that
do not agree are the usual causes of
indigestion.

The trouble usually begins not in the
stomach, but in the liver, since it de-
velops on this organ to filter the ex-
cess waste matter from the system.

Now, since Dr. Chase's Kidney-
Liver Pills are the greatest of liver
regulators, it naturally follows that
they are unexcelled as a cure for
chronic indigestion.

With the liver, kidneys and bowels
active the poisonous waste matter is
there is nothing to interfere with the
natural and healthful working of the
organs of digestion. In this way only
can lasting cure be effected.

Mrs. Rebecca Elliott, Magnetawan,
Ont., writes:—"I feel it my duty to
write you in regard to Dr. Chase's
Kidney-Liver Pills. I had gastritis of
the stomach for three years, and could

"She's in one, you simple-minded
blighter. Shouldn't love her half so
much, eh? She's in the Badminton,
and I'm going to rush for a Scotch
and soda dispensed by her fair hands
before I'm much older. I chucked our
last soda-water bottle overboard pass-
ing the South Sands lightship. If I'd
known how long it would be before
I got another, I'd have put in a fare-
well message to pa and ma to tell 'em
I was about to die of thirst upon the
high seas, too."

"And to the only girl you ever loved
as well?"
"My faith! If I was to start writ-
ing farewell messages to all the 'only
girls I've ever loved—and lost, drat
'em, the fickle, freckled jades—I
should be at it for weeks, till even you
got tired of playing at Vanderdecken
in the Straits of Dover. I'll bring
you a wind, if whistling will do it."

He whistled shrilly through his
teeth. A dull catspaw rippled the sur-
face of the water as the night breeze
came down the valley of the land.

"There you are. What would you
do without me, you sucking financier?"
"Jib sheets," Averil called, and the
man forward, leaping on deck, flat-
tened the loose headsails as the
breeze—sweet with suggestions of hay
fields ashore—reached the little ves-
sel. She heeled to it, coming round
with a graceful sweep; the soft ripple
of water along her sides became a
rising hiss, and the skeleton pier
works to the right began to slide
rapidly past between them and the
lighted town.

The piers, foreshortened, became
end on and the harbor entrance open-
ed; but Laurence Averil stood on his
course until they were well astern.
Then at his cry of "Lee oh," the
yacht flew up into the wind in answer
to the depressed tiller, her sails, re-
leased from pressure, shaking and
flapping briskly. Pat Dwyer, his laz-
iness vanished, grabbed anyhow into
the steering wheel, throwing loose the
taut jib sheet and hauling rapidly on
the other as he did so. The man for-
ward cleared the heel of the jib over
the staysail and drifting slowly by a third
man sat in the steering well, the tiller
beneath his elbow. He glanced at
the scarcely drawing sails, then over-
at the gliding water alongside, and
stilled a yawn.

"Goes about like a top," her owner
said proudly.

"Gar!" Dwyer mocked him. "One
idea'd old cuckoo, you are. Now
there's that very thing—going about
In your darned twopenny-ha-penny
old tub going about quickly's a virtue
Which if I hint that I to can en-
joy going off on a fresh course, then
I'm a reuben, unstable as water, and
I shall not excel." His voice took on
the sing-song whine of the moon-
quarties is considered a truly relig-
ious adjunct to quotations from Srip-
ture. "Here's the harbor at last,
Luxon, ahoy!"

"Sir," came forward.

"When we're anchored I want you
ready to put me ashore—for letters." The
man's grin was hidden behind the
mast. "I am expecting urgent busi-
ness letters here, and delay might
prove to be fatal. Then you will re-
turn and help Mr. Averil snug down
for the night. I will now go below
and array myself to meet the Dover
postmaster."

He dived into the little cabin
Laurence Averil stooped his head
and spoke feelingly.

"You've a check of ringing brass,
if you like, Pat Dwyer. Aren't you
going to help stow sails?"

"I am not dear one. The mariner
from toil released will joyously car-
rouse ashore. If you'd come I'd wait
for you, but you won't. You'll tidy
up your beloved boat, and then you
will gratefully recline on deck and
survey the peaceful shore, uplifting
your great soul to meet the moon-
shine—to which methinks it is some-
what akin. You will also endeavor
to detect the smell of roses on the
balmy night air, and kid yourself you
have a poet's mind attuned to all
sweet nature. I haven't any soul at
all. I've a great and consuming
thirst that I wouldn't sell for half a
quid, and I'm going ashore to do it
justice."

"There's whiskey aboard," Laurence
grumbled. "Don't see why you want
to go ashore."

"A quarter of a bottle—and no soda.

SEVEN YEARS TORTURE

Nothing Helped Him Until He Took
"FRUIT-A-TIVES"



ALBERT VARNER

Buckingham, Que., May 3rd, 1915.
For seven years I suffered terribly
from *Severe Headaches and Indigestion*.
I had belching gas from the stomach,
bitter stuff would come up into my
mouth after eating, while at times I had
nausea and vomiting, and had chronic
Constipation. I went to several doctors
and wrote to a specialist in Boston but
without benefit. I tried many remedies
but nothing did me good. Finally, a
friend advised "Fruit-a-tives". I took
this grand fruit medicine and it made
me well. I am grateful to "Fruit-a-
tives", and to everyone who has mis-
erable health with Constipation and Indi-
gestion and Bad Stomach, I say take
"Fruit-a-tives", and you will get well!"
ALBERT VARNER.

50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size, 25c.
At dealers or sent postpaid on receipt of
price by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

Wah, great chief, the heart of the
palatinate is downcast because of the
shortage in the commissariat." He
emerged from the cabin struggling
with a recalcitrant collar stud. Be-
sides, is whiskey all? What of Love,
my poet? I want to back in the smiles
of Cissie at the Badminton—unless
she's got the sack by this time. Per-
haps she has, alas! Haven't seen her
since last winter. Ah me! 'Tis
a world of fleeting glories. Never
mind, Daresay if she's gone there'll
be somebody who'll listen to the out-
pourings of a virgin heart. When are
you going to anchor?"

"Now and here." He raised his
voice, "Anchor, Luxon." The chain
slid out with a rattle and whirr. "Get
the topsail off her."

"Can't leave her like this. We'll
get the mainsail and topsail down and
then you c— " "No, I'll get in the head-
sails myself. Why not get the Ber-
thon overside meanwhile?" Aided by
the man he set himself to lower away
the mainsail, whilst Dwyer dragged a
shapedless crumple of iron and canvas
from off the deck into the water, where
it floated hazily, holding by the main
rigging, he jumped
up and down upon the folded bottom
boards that projected from its centre,
until the deeply wrinkled mass flung
outwards from under his feet into the
semblance of clumsy boat.

Making her fast he scrambled on
deck, threw paddles and rowlocks
into her, and went below to assume
his coat.

When he came on deck again, the
mainsail lay along the boom, strap-
ped by wide canvas ribbons into a
shapely roll, and the yachtsman
knelt by the bulwarks to steady the
dinghy as he stepped down into her.
Matches and bread. Is that all
we want, Laurence?" he asked.

"Any of your stores short, Luxon?"
"Oil's rather low, sir."

"Bother! Stinking stuff! Chuck
the tin in, then. I've got her." He
held to the yacht's rigging while the
man fetched the can. "You can see
to the marking when we get ashore
and bring the stuff back with you
now. I shall be down at eleven. That
suit you, Laurence?"

Averil nodded. "Ay," he assented,
buying himself with the waterproof
cover of the mainsail. "Keep sober,
and don't let any of the girls run
away with you."

"'Twill be a struggle. Push off,
Luxon." The boat, impelled by short
choppy strokes, jerked its way like a
great water-beetle towards the pier.
Dwyer sitting, knees and nose to-
gether, in her stern.

Left to himself, Laurence Averil
finished covering the mainsail, and
then, going forward lowered the jib
staysail. Following on the heat of
the day, the dew was heavy and the
sails too wet for stowing. So, ar-
ranging them on the foredeck to dry
in the coming morning's sun, he went
below, lighted a lamp, and filling his
pipe, sat down upon one of the nar-
row cabin lockers that served as
seats by day and beds by night. Be-
ing short of matches, he used a spill
of paper, torn from an old and crum-
pled letter, to light his pipe. Half
the sheet remained, and he re-read it
by the light of the swinging lamp.

"Dwyer always has wished myself,"
the last sentence from the destroyed
page concluded and then went on:
"You know, my boy, that although
there is no probability of the neces-
sity ever arising for you to earn your
own living, it has always been my
desire that you should attach yourself
to a profession. I need not remind
you of the disadvantages of idleness.
Perhaps I am inclined to lay undue
stress upon this, but you must re-
member that my position as well as
your own is entirely due to a life-
time of severe application and unwear-
ing perseverance. I am happy to say
that you have never given me any
anxiety whatever. Even during these
past two years, during which your

lack of definite occupation might well
have thrown you into any of the tem-
ptations that beset the path of young
men, I have no reason to be anything
but proud of your temperate habit of
life, but I would nevertheless again
urge upon you the desirability of
choosing a profession. You already
know my own wish that you should
be caled to the Bar, but that choice
I wish to leave unreservedly in your
own hands, and am, my dear Laur-
ence, always your affectionate fath-
er."

HERMAN AVERIL

He turned the scrap of paper over
and over in his hands. "Ye-es, I sup-
pose it'll be the Bar," he said to him-
self. "But I didn't know my own
inclinations ten years ago. Then it
might have been the Navy. That's
the worst of not belonging to a Ser-
vice family. Heigh-ho!" He tore the
escaping stream through them, carried
by the still water, thrilled the deck
on which he stood, and whilst the
watched the boat train crawled upon
the pier's slow pace and the yellow
littered spots upon its sides sugges-
tive of some giant caterpillar. It
stopped, and a bustle of embarkation
broke out upon the still evening;
hurry steps clattered across the
gangways, and the great derricks
commenced their swaying work of
swinging luggage aboard. A smaller
intermediate cargo boat moored a-
longside boomed a long deep note
from her siren that echoed along the
docks and up the valley behind the
town. In the silence that followed it
the sound of descending feet upon
the pier steps was clearly audible, and
Luxon came rowing back to the yacht.

Averil caught the painter as he
came alongside and took some parcels
from him. "Leave the rowlock and
paddle in her," he said. "She'll be
alongside till you fetch Mr. Dwyer,"
and then, going below, he took a vol-
ume of Emerson's essays from the
little bookshelf and settled down to
read.

The book opened at the essay on
"Heroism," the first words on which
his eyes fell being perhaps the bravest
ever written.

"But that which takes my fancy
most, in the heroic class, is the good
humor and hilarity they exhibit. It
is a height to which common duty
can very well attain, to suffer and to
dare with solemnity. But — the
great will not condescend to take
anything seriously; all must be gay
as the song of the canary, though it
were the building of cities."

The words came warmly to him,
sharply contrasting as they did with
the somewhat sententious note of
self conscious prosperity struck by
his father's letter. The sense of con-
trast was so strong as almost to
faintly accuse him of disloyalty. He
closed the book, his fingers between
the pages, and gazed through the
cabin doorway at the lighted harbor,
silent in meditation.

The words lingered in his mind.
Our English temperament, for all its
strength, was too heavy—too dull. It
took this fiery American, product of
the best of our old race, transplanted
to the dry and nervous atmosphere
of a great new country, to call so
clearly to both sides of the emotions

(Continued from page 7)

Children Cry for Fletcher's



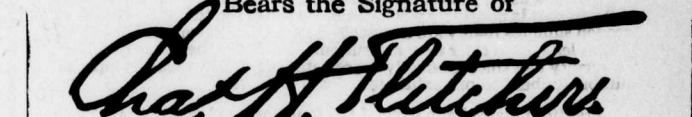
The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been
in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of
and has been made under his per-
sonal supervision since its infancy.
All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but
Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of
Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Pare-
goric, Drops and Soothing Syrup. It is pleasant.
It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic
substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms
and allays Feverishness. For more than thirty years it
has been in constant use for the relief of Constipation,
Flatulency, Wind Colic, all Teething Troubles and
Diarrhoea. It regulates the Stomach and Bowels,
assimilates the Food, giving healthy and natural sleep.
The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of



In Use For Over 30 Years

The Kind You Have Always Bought

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

CANADIAN PACIFIC

Great Lakes Steam-ship Service

VIA OWEN SOUND

Steamship "Manitoba"

leaves Owen Sound at mid-

night each THURSDAY

(connecting train leaves

Toronto 5.25 p.m.) for

Sault Ste. Marie, Port Ar-

thur and Fort William.

Service via Port McNicoll

commences June 2

are delightful resorts and

easily reached by C.P.R.

FOR WINNIPEG AND VANCOUVER

Leave Toronto 6.40 p.m. Daily via "THE PIONEER ROUTE"

Particulars from Canadian Pacific Ticket Agents or W. B.

HOWARD, District Passenger Agent, Toron to, Ont.



The decorating of your walls is quite a problem. You want

them to be pleasing in color and appearance so as to make

a suitable background for your furniture and pictures.

So the ideal wall finish should be artistic in texture and coloring, absolutely sanitary, and capable of being

cleaned if necessary with soap and water—and durable—to avoid a too frequent expense for redecorating.

Wall papers do not meet all these requirements, the patterns and designs fade, the papers themselves

collect dust and germs and cannot be properly cleaned. Sanitary experts have proven that any kind of wall

paper is unsanitary, and the custom of applying new paper over the old, affords a breeding place for germs.

Kalsomine and other water paints, while clean and sanitary, have not the necessary permanency. They

need frequent renewal and often rub off on ones clothing—smudges and finger marks cannot be washed off

satisfactorily.

The product that meets every requirement is Sherwin-Williams Flat-tone, a durable, flat-drying oil paint

made in a variety of twenty-four beautiful shades, the selection of expert decorators. This finish can be

washed with soap and water, and will last for years.

Come and see us about S-W Flat-tone. It is put up in liquid form ready for use. Ask for a color card of

the pleasing shades.

J. H. GLOVER

HARDWARE, PAINTS AND OILS

AYLMER