

SPECIAL DISPLAY OF Ladies Fall & Winter Coats

WE ARE SHOWING THE FINEST DISPLAY OF LADIES' COATS IN OUR BUSINESS EXPERIENCE; THE SELECTIONS ARE OF THE LATEST MODES; COLORS TAPE, BURGUNDY, BROWN, GREEN, NAVY, BLACK, COPEN; THE MATERIALS ARE IN ALL WOOL VELOURS, SILVERTONES AND KERSEYS; SOME HAVE FUR COLLARS, SOME PLAIN COLLARS AND SOME ARE STITCHED. THE COLLECTION IS THE BEST WE HAVE EVER SHOWN.

We are showing a fine selection of Ladies' Fine Waists in embroidered Jap Silk, embroidered Crepe de Chine and Georgette, all the new shades, priced at from \$3.50 to \$10.00

DRESS GOODS AND COATINGS

36 inch Wool Serges, shades: Dk. Red, Grey, Dk. Green, Dk. Brown, Black, specially priced for Saturday..... \$1.65
44 inch Wool Serge Dress Goods, all new colorings..... \$2.25

SUITINGS

54 inch fine all wool Suitings, navy and black..... \$3.00
54 inch fine all wool Jersey Suitings, shades of Saphire blue, grey, taupe, turquoise and brown..... \$5.75

COATINGS

48 inch Broadcloths, navy, castor, King's blue, taupe, brown..... \$5.50
54 inch Broadcloth, navy, black, dk. green, burgundy, King's blue..... \$7.50
54 inc. Velour Coatings, navy, dk. brown, grey, burgundy, green..... \$5.00

Embroidered Jap Silk WAISTS, white, flesh, peach, black..... \$3.50
Embroidered fine Silk Crepe de Chine Waists, all new colors..... \$5.25 and \$7.35
George Waists, the latest colors, priced at..... \$5.95 and \$7.35
Everybody invited. Everyone welcome. Pleased to have you look through.

Terms Cash One Price **Smyth Bros.** Cheap Cash Store 27 East King St.

NOTICE

To residents of Kitchener.

Come to the rescue of a few young ladies and young men who happen to be in our city and away from home, looking for board and room in comfortable homes. Simply sign your name and address and mail this ad. to box 57 News Record.

Eight Men Wanted

45 years and over. Excellent wages. Experience not necessary.

Apply 127 King St. West or C. C. Felt, 84 Margaret Ave.

KING STREET BUSINESS BLOCK FOR SALE

5 KING STREET EAST

One of the best blocks, for sale at \$33,000.

120 W. King St. C. G. PRITSCHAU Phone 1278.

KITCHENER & WATERLOO COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE

TIMETABLE FOR NIGHT CLASSES—1919-20

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY
7.30-9.30	7.30-9.30	7.30-9.30	7.30-9.30	4-6
Basketry Clay Modelling Manual Training English Bookkeeping	Sewing Basketry Millinery Stenography Typewriting Drawing Electricity Jr. Chemistry	Sewing Cooking Wood Carving Com'l Arithmetic Manual Training Electricity Sr. Stationary Engineering	Sewing Basketry Millinery Clay Modelling Stenography Typewriting Drawing Chemistry Workshop Mathematics	Sewing Basketry

BITRO-PHOSPHATE IS GOOD FOR THIN NERVOUS PEOPLE

A French scientist has discovered an organic phosphate which should be a very effective remedy for weak nerves, sleeplessness, thinness and lack of strength, energy and vigor.

Its substance is described by specialists as identical in composition with certain vital elements naturally found in brain and nerve cells and one which when taken into the human system is quickly converted into healthy living tissue.

This phosphate is already widely known among druggists in this country as Bitro-Phosphate and some physicians claim that through its use strength, energy, vigor and nerve force are frequently increased in two weeks' time.

Dr. Frederick Koile, Editor of New York's "Physician," "Who's Who," says it should be prescribed by every doctor and used in every hospital in the United States. As there are a great variety of so-called phosphates, those who wish to test this substance should be sure to get the genuine Bitro-Phosphate.

The Widow's Son

By Mrs. E. Southworth

of it when alone together. Mr. Powis washed to auestion his daughter on the subject of her sorrow, but Mrs. Powis advised him to be discreet and leave the affair in her hands, and told him that she would question her daughter in private upon the first fitting opportunity.

"That opportunity soon came. One morning Lily May did not appear at the breakfast table. Mrs. Powis sent a steward to ascertain if she was well. The messenger came back with a message from Lily May to the effect that she was quite well and would rise presently. Mrs. Powis finished her own breakfast and then went below to see what really had detained her daughter.

She found Lily May still lying in her bed, with a very pale face and red and swollen eyes. "Why, what is the matter, my darling?" said the mother in a tone of ineffable tenderness, as she sank down to the side of the birth and her child head upon her arm.

In an instant Lily May's arm were around her mother's neck and her head was on her mother's bosom and all reserve melted away in a burst of tears, as she sobbed forth the words: "Oh, mamma, mamma, I do believe my heart is breaking!"

"Hearts don't break, my darling, but tell me what it is that grieves you so much," said Mrs. Powis, in a soothing manner.

But renewed sobs only answered her. "My darling, tell your mother, who loves you more than her own life, what troubles you so excessively. It cannot be that this extreme grief is caused by your absence from your friends."

"Oh, yes! yes, mamma—It is that! It is that!"

"But, my love, you have your parents now, who will devote their lives to your happiness."

"Oh, but, mamma, they were so near and so dear!"

"We are nearer and dearer, Lily May."

She answered with her sobs and a few gasping and inarticulate syllables of which only "nearest and dearest" were audible.

"Don't weep so, love, you shall see your friends again. You shall acknowledge as warmly as you please your gratitude to them for all they have done for you."

"I don't know, and I don't understand love. What do you mean? Is it possible that you do not feel grateful to this young man, not wish to repay him?"

"Grateful to Owen?" murmured Lily May in a tone of ineffable sweetness—"grateful to him? Oh, no, no, no, I am not grateful to Owen. He is the babe grateful to the mother that gave it life and cherishes that life with infinite tenderness? Oh, no, no, no, but it loves her! loves her! Does the bride give gratitude to the husband who blesses her life with his nightly love? Oh, no, no, no, no. She gives not gratitude but her whole heart—herself!"

"But, my darling, the sort of love to a brother, or what I still father off, a foster brother, is excessive, you know."

"Excessive? Oh, dear mamma, I said you do not understand and you do not, all that Owen has been to me, all that is now! Under Divine Providence, I owe him life as well as all that makes life worth living. All that know anything about my infancy know that I should have died in the first week of my life, if it had not been for his watchful tender pity and care. And from that time up to this I have owed him food, clothing, and shelter, moral, religious and intellectual culture and above all, oh, yes above all—an infinite love, patience and tenderness than nothing less than the devotion of my whole life could begin to repay!" said Lily May with a burst of tears.

"My darling, don't weep so much," said Mrs. Powis, laying her hand upon her daughter's head. "You shall see him again and see him often. He shall be indeed as a brother to you and as a son to us. My poor darling! it grows to be a wonder to me how loving this guardian as you did, you ever had courage to leave him."

"And it is a wonder to me," said Lily May, "a great wonder to me! But I was so shocked, distracted, frenzied by what I had heard, that I was not myself. I thought my presence in his house was a reproach to him and Lily May and I ran away, not caring what became of me. Oh, I know now and the knowledge had been growing on me ever since I left him—that I ought not to have done anything, upon my own responsibility. I ought to have consulted him. I did not belong to my self I belonged to him. He saved my little bit of a life and cherished it until I grew what I am. And I am his own. Owen's own Lily May!"

"Lily May, what I have been called from infancy. Oh, mamma, as far back in the dim, distant shades of memory as I can look, I see Owen's loving eyes bent down on mine—the only loving eyes that ever looked upon me. The dear woman that nursed me had a haggard and anguished often frightened me, but Owen always smiled on me—oh, so tenderly—And to think that I have repaid all this by forsaking him and wounding him as I have! Oh, my brother! Oh, my brother—"

"Oh, my dear Owen! I never was worthy of your love! I am the viper that stings the cherishing bosom! Oh, mamma! mamma! it is not homesickness as and sorrow, more than it is a sharp remorse that is killing me. Oh, mamma! mamma! if you love me, send me back to him! I am his own Lily May!"

cried the girls amid a tempest of sobs and tears.

"You shall see him again soon, my love," said Mrs. Powis, laying her hand tenderly upon the head of her child. "But my darling I do not understand this love that you bear

WELCOME RELIEF FROM ECZEMA

Complete Treatment That Gives Gratifying Results

WASING, Ont. "I had an attack of Weeping Eczema so bad that my clothes would be wet through at times.

"For four months, I suffered terribly. I could get no relief until I tried 'Fruit-a-lives' and 'Sootha-Salva'.

Altogether, I have used three boxes of 'Sootha-Salva' and two of 'Fruit-a-lives', and am entirely well."

G. W. HALL. Both these favorite remedies are sold by dealers at 50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, or sent on receipt of price by Fruit-a-lives Limited, Ottawa.

"Fruit-a-lives" is also put up in a trial size which sells for 25c.

his guardian. What is it—daughter's sister's or sweetheart's love? Tell your mother my child."

"Mamma, I do not know, indeed I do not. I only know that my life seems grafted upon his life, so that I am away from him I die. Yes, that is it, 'grafted' upon his life. I was a poor twig torn from my parent stock, and cast away, and he picked me up, and grafted me in his heart, where only I can live. Oh, mamma, I feel friends who are very near and dear to me, and you and papa are much nearer and dearer still, but Owen is nearest and dearest of all."

replied Lily May, without the slightest hesitation in her voice, or blush on her cheek, or quail in the eyes that she lifted to her mother's gaze. Her tone was steady, her face was pale and her eyes were eloquent with the earnestness of her words.

Why, indeed should this guileless child of nature blush to confess a love so pure so pious, and indeed so holy as was her devotion to her—what? What was Owen to her? Bosom friend, brother, guardian, lover? He was all of these in one! He was everything to Lily May.

Instead of speaking to her, Mrs. Powis gazed down upon her daughter in much amazement.

"Oh, mamma, send me back to him! Oh, if you care for me at all, as I know you do, send me back to him! I have suffered so much since I left him. And the longer I stay away the more I suffer. The farther and farther I get away the shorter and shorter my very breath seems to become. I shall sink and die under it, mamma! It is growing worse and worse with me. Oh, I thought that all the pain would be in the first parting! I thought if I lived through that terrible wrench, of tearing myself away I should get benumbed and not suffer any more. But oh, every day that has passed and every league that we have sailed, has added more weight to the burden of this sorrow. Mamma, dear, will you send me back to him?"

"Lily May, you left your guardian brother because you thought the doubt which hung over your birth unfitted you to be the inmate of his house and the companion of his sister. But that doubt has now been removed, our birth and lineage are faultless, and you now wish to return to him. But tell me Lily May, if that doubt still existed, would you still wish to return to him?"

"Oh, I should in any case long with an unutterable desire to go back, but I do not think that I should be a reproach to him. I think I should bear this anguish of separation until it would kill me. That would not be long."

"Is it so bad as that, my darling?" said Mrs. Powis, laying her hand caressingly upon the brown curls of her daughter.

"Oh, mamma listen! I look out upon this immense circle of blue water bounded by the horizon. I think how many hundreds of miles of waves lie between me and him whom I would be willing to die to see again, and I feel as if I should lose my breath and faint, or lose my reason and go mad, and I can scarcely help screaming 'Poor child!'"

"And, mamma, I dream every night of being at home. I no sooner lay my head upon my pillow and

Wash Day and Backache

WASH day is the least welcome day of the week in most homes, though sweeping day is not much better. Both days are most trying on the back.

The strain of washing, ironing and sweeping frequently deranges the kidneys. The system is poisoned and backache, rheumatism, pains in the limbs result.

Kidney action must be aroused—the liver awakened to action and the bowels regulated by such treatment as Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.

This favorite prescription of the well-known Receipt Book author will not fail you in the hour of need.

One pill a dose, 25c a box at all dealers, or Edmundson, Bates & Co., Ltd., Toronto.

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A large stock of 11-4 Flannelette Blankets in white with pink and blue borders also grey with colored borders, at pair..... \$3.50 and \$4.00

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A complete stock of large size Flannelette Blankets, 12-4, in white and grey with colored borders, special quality, pair..... \$4.25

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Large sizes in large floral pattern comforters, with colored borders, extra value, at..... \$6.75

CRIB BLANKETS AT \$1.50

Children's Crib Blankets in pink and blue with lovely patterns and large size, at..... \$1.50

SILK COMFORTERS AT \$3.00

Children's Silk Comforters or Carriage Covers, in pink or blue, with floral design, at..... \$3.00

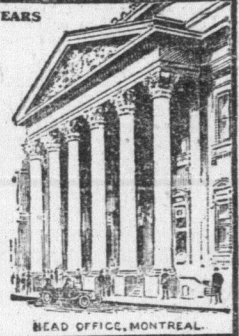
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