

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

MATTER OF THE ESTATE OF
ANCE LOCKER, late of
of Malahide, in the County of
dow, deceased.

hereby given pursuant to See
the Trustee Act, being Chap-
ter 14 of the Statutes of Ontario, 1914, that
the assets of the said deceased
and other persons having any
claim against the said estate
of Temperance Locker, late
of Malahide, in the County of
Elgin, widow, who died on the
twenty-first day of January, in the
year one thousand nine hundred
and thirteen, are on or before the
thirtieth day of February, next,
to be paid to the undersigned, the
Executors of the last will and
testament of the said Temperance
Locker, his office, Brown House Block,
at Malahide, a statement in writing of
the assets, and full particulars
of the claims, and the nature
of all securities if any, held
by the estate or any part thereof so
as to be paid to the undersigned.

Aylmer this Eleventh day of
February, 1914.

A. E. HAINES
Solicitor for the Executors
JOHN N. VANPATTER
and
G. LEE VANPATTER
Mar. 6-13.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

MATTER OF THE ESTATE OF
E. GRAY, late of the Township of
in the County of Elgin, Married
deceased.

HEREBY GIVEN pursuant to
the Trustee Act, being Chap-
ter 14 of the Statutes of Ontario, 1914,
that the assets of the said deceased
and other persons having any
claim against the said estate
of E. Gray, late of the Township of
in the County of Elgin, Married
deceased, are on or before the
thirtieth day of February, next,
to be paid to the undersigned, the
Executors of the last will and
testament of the said E. Gray, his
office, Brown House Block,
at Malahide, a statement in writing of
the assets, and full particulars
of the claims, and the nature
of all securities if any, held
by the estate or any part thereof so
as to be paid to the undersigned.

Aylmer this Eleventh day of
February, 1914.

A. E. HAINES
Solicitor for the Executor
WILLIAM WARNOCK
Mar. 6-13.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

MATTER OF THE ESTATE OF
J. BALCOM, late of the Town of
in the County of Elgin, Bachelor,
deceased.

HEREBY GIVEN pursuant to
the Trustee Act, being Chap-
ter 14 of the Statutes of Ontario, 1914,
that the assets of the said deceased
and other persons having any
claim against the said estate
of J. Balcom, late of the Town of
in the County of Elgin, Bachelor,
deceased, are on or before the
thirtieth day of February, next,
to be paid to the undersigned, the
Executors of the last will and
testament of the said J. Balcom, his
office, Brown House Block,
at Malahide, a statement in writing of
the assets, and full particulars
of the claims, and the nature
of all securities if any, held
by the estate or any part thereof so
as to be paid to the undersigned.

Aylmer this Eleventh day of
February, 1914.

A. E. HAINES
Solicitor for the Executors
GEO. E. HARP
and
A. E. HAINES
Mar. 6-13.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

MATTER OF THE ESTATE OF
TAYLOR, late of the Town-
side, in the County of Elgin,
deceased.

HEREBY GIVEN pursuant to
the Trustee Act, being Chap-
ter 14 of the Statutes of Ontario, 1914,
that the assets of the said deceased
and other persons having any
claim against the said estate
of Alexander Taylor, late of the
Townside, in the County of Elgin,
deceased, are on or before the
thirtieth day of February, next,
to be paid to the undersigned, the
Executors of the last will and
testament of the said Alexander
Taylor, his office, Brown House Block,
at Malahide, a statement in writing of
the assets, and full particulars
of the claims, and the nature
of all securities if any, held
by the estate or any part thereof so
as to be paid to the undersigned.

Aylmer this Eleventh day of
February, 1914.

A. E. HAINES
Solicitor for the Executors
GEO. E. HARP
and
A. E. HAINES
Mar. 6-13.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

MATTER OF THE ESTATE OF
TAYLOR, late of the Town-
side, in the County of Elgin,
deceased.

HEREBY GIVEN pursuant to
the Trustee Act, being Chap-
ter 14 of the Statutes of Ontario, 1914,
that the assets of the said deceased
and other persons having any
claim against the said estate
of Alexander Taylor, late of the
Townside, in the County of Elgin,
deceased, are on or before the
thirtieth day of February, next,
to be paid to the undersigned, the
Executors of the last will and
testament of the said Alexander
Taylor, his office, Brown House Block,
at Malahide, a statement in writing of
the assets, and full particulars
of the claims, and the nature
of all securities if any, held
by the estate or any part thereof so
as to be paid to the undersigned.

Aylmer this Eleventh day of
February, 1914.

A. E. HAINES
Solicitor for the Executor
JUNUS BRADLEY
Mar. 6-13.

PROTECTION

family during your
eriod and provision
can best be obtain-
est part of your
th the Monarch Life
Co. Call and see
us.

Lindsay

istrict agent

Won By Devotion

— BY —

Mary A. Fleming

"Ah, do I not know that? How often I have mourned over those same joints and angles! Yes, they have not starved me. My one terror is now that I grow too fat. But I banish the thought—that way madness lies. You, too, Dot," gazing at her searchingly "have changed."

The light of the spring afternoon fell on Dora, on the rich black silk costume and the piquant little Paris hat, and alight on the lost complexion and pearl powder. Dora laughed, but shifted uneasily under that clear, searching gaze.

"Dissipation tells after a while, I suppose," she answered, "and I really have been frightfully dissipated this winter. It excites me, and I don't sleep well, and then—and then I take to choral, you know, and that is bad. I must go down to Carlton early this year, and be very quiet, and try if I cannot recuperate."

She sighed impatiently, and turned away from the mirror into which she had glanced. The tale it told was not flattering. Those crow's feet, those fine, sharp lines between the eyes, those silver threads among the gold, the yellow pallor of the skin, the small, transparent hands! Dissipation, excitement, choral—something was telling on poor Dora. She was growing old fast—awfully, horribly fast. She was but little over thirty; one should have no crow's-feet or white hair at thirty, and yet here they were. To grow old—it was Dora's nightmare, her horror—it turned her small, frail body cold and shivering from head to foot only to think of it. She was faded and aged; she had never realized it so appallingly as at this moment, when she looked into her sister's fresh, fair face, with every youthful curve and soft line in first bloom.

"You look a little worn, I think," Vera said tenderly, pityingly. "You need quiet and a long summer down at Carlton, Dot. An I would give up choral if I were you. Go to Carlton, drink fresh milk and eat strawberries, drive about the country roads, try sea bathing, and going to bed at 9 o'clock. You will be all right again in July, when I join you—to part no more this time, Dot." She threw her arms about her, and gave her a second hug. "You darling!" she exclaimed, "it seems so good to be with you again. Oh, Dot, I have missed you—missed you in those last three years."

"So I should hope, dear," laughed Dot, herself again. "What a little weasener you grow! Drink fresh milk and go to bed at nine o'clock! Is that the secret of your radiance, I wonder? And so you have missed me a little, in spite of all the orgies and dead and living languages?"

"More than I can say, I used to be frightfully Dot-sick the first year, and it never quite wore away. Your long, gossip letters were such a comfort."

"I thought you expected to have no

time for letters?" Said Dora mischievously. "Did you miss anyone else, I wonder?"

Vera's color did not rise. Her large, dark, solemn eyes looked gravely at her sister.

"Where is Captain French, Dot?" "No one seems to know. He and I have not corresponded—oh! for ages. I wrote him, you know, that you did not wish to receive letters from him, and, as I warned you, he did not believe me. I managed to convince him, however; since then I have heard from him no more. He is probably in Central America still."

"Not unless he remained after the expedition, I read in the paper more than a week ago that Doctor Englehart and his band of scientific explorers had returned to New York."

"Indeed!" said Dora, startled. She looked at her sister, but the pretty seriousness of her face told nothing. "Have you thought—have you made up your mind?"

"I have made up my mind to one thing," said Vera, throwing back her head with rather a haughty gesture, "that I am nothing to Dick French, and never can be. Married to him I am—that cannot be undone—but that marriage shall never force me upon a man who clearly enough gave me to understand from the first that he did not want me. That, at least, has been plain to me for a very long time."

"It is such a pity! After all, it was not necessary, as things turned out. No one need have known of that night at Shaddeck—and you were such a young thing—too young to be compromised. I think the marriage was a mistake."

"I think it was a frightful, an irreparable mistake, Dot—a mistake that will utterly spoil two lives. No, that spoil—I shall never let it do, not for me, but for him—poor fellow—"

"Ah! you pity him, and we all know to what pity is akin. Who knows? It may come out all right yet, and you used to be—"

"Oh, Dot, my sister, do not say it—do not ever say that again. I have suffered—I have suffered, I have been fit to die of shame; I am still, when I think of it. To know that I was forced upon him, that he was obliged to marry me, to know how he must have despised me, as half fool, half knave! Dot, Dot, I go wild some times! If I could die to give him back his liberty, to undo that day's work, I would die this hour!"

She walked up and down the room, and wrung her hands. Her gray school dress hung in straight folds about her, with something of a classic air—her pale face, her wild words, the intense expression of her eyes, gave her the look of a tragedy queen.

It struck Dora in that light and she laughed.

"My dear child, if you do half as well when you graduate, you will bring down the house. You look like Kisturi in 'Marie Stuart.' It is never of any use regretting anything in that tragic manner; high-toned feelings are out of place in the age we live in, and passions, you know, were never made for the drawing room. We will see what can be done. If you wish it, and he wishes it, and, considering everything, that sort of marriage should be irrevocable. If he is in New York I will see him, and talk it over. Now I will say good-bye until July."

So Dora went, and returned to the city, and that very night, as it chanced at the theatre, saw Captain French. He came in with some other men, and took his place in the stalls. Dora leaned from her box and gazed at him. How brown and manly he was, how silently and gravely he watched the progress of the play. He had not changed at all, except that three years under a Southern sun had deepened the tints of his already brown skin.

"Who is that tall, distinguished-looking man?" a lady near her asked, and she listened curiously for the answer. "That is Captain French, of the Honduras expedition, famously clever fellow. Have you seen his new book, 'Among the Silver Mines?' But you don't read that sort of thing."

So Fame had found him out—had Fortune? But it was not likely; she was much slower of foot than her vapory sister.

Next day Captain French received a note from the widow of his step-father. The result was that he presented himself in the middle of the afternoon, and was ushered into her presence. Dora winced a little under the steadfast gaze of those strong, grey eyes, and was acutely conscious that she was reddening under her rouge. She flung back her head defiantly—somehow she was always belligerent with this man. It was not exactly a pleasant interview, although a silent one on the gentleman's part. He let her do pretty nearly all the talking, sitting toying with a paper knife, and keeping

NO MORE NERVOUS HEADACHES

Since She Tried "FRUIT-A-TIVES",
The Famous Fruit Medicine.



MISS ANNIE WARD

112 Hazen St., St. John, N.B.
"It is with pleasure that I write to tell you of the great benefit I received from the use of your medicine, 'Fruit-a-tives'. I was a great sufferer for many years from Nervous Headaches and Constipation. I tried everything, consulted doctors; but nothing seemed to help me until I tried 'Fruit-a-tives'."

After I had taken several boxes, I was completely relieved of these troubles and have been unusually well ever since."

Miss ANNIE WARD.
'Fruit-a-tives' is fresh fruit juices, concentrated and increased in strength, combined with finest tonics, and is a positive and reliable remedy for Headaches and Constipation.

50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size 25c. Attal dealers or Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

throughout the same silently grave look that had struck her last night. After all he was changed, too; that old easy, insouciant dash of former days was gone. It was a very thoughtful, earnest-looking man who was before her.

"I have just come from Vera," she said, that defiant ring still in her voice; "it is from her I learned that the expedition had returned. She saw it by chance in the newspapers."

"She is well, I trust?" he said quietly.

"Quite well, thanks, and so grown, and so different from the Vera of three years ago. In every way—in every way, Captain French!" she said slowly and emphatically.

He looked at her questioningly.

"She was a child then, younger than her years. She is a woman now, and older than her years. She has learned to think for herself. And the result of that knowledge is that the memory of her marriage is spoiling her life."

"I never doubted that the result would be otherwise," he responded, in the same quiet tone.

"It was a fatal mistake—I see that now. She did not know what she was about; she regrets it most bitterly. She would give her life—she told me so—to be free."

"I do not doubt it."

"You take it very coolly," Dora said stung to anger. "Have you nothing more to say than this?"

He recalled the morning at Shaddeck Light, when she had stood before him, flashing angry defiance, as she was doing now, and asking him the very same question.

"Permit me to remind you, madam, that from first to last I am not to be held responsible in this matter."

"Why Does Your Head Ache?"

Headaches, sick or other kinds, don't happen to people whose livers are as regular as a clock. Thousands of folks who used to have headaches say this is the way they removed the cause: One pill at bedtime, regularly. Larger doses if there's a suspicion of biliousness or constipation.

Carter's Little Liver Pills. Genuine bears Signature. Colorless faces often show the absence of iron in the blood. CARTER'S IRON PILLS will help this condition.

It was you who insisted it was my duty to marry Vera; it was you who asked her to marry me. Whatever comes of that marriage, it is you who shall look at it! I positively decline to have the blame shifted on my shoulders. Why you insisted upon it, Heaven only knows. In the light of later events—your marriage—the strong, steadfast eyes brought the angry blood to her cheeks once more—"I confess I cannot see your motive. I am in no way a desirable part. I am a poor man, and likely to remain so. I have no time to make money, if I had the inclination, I lead a wandering life; I have no prospects. No, Mrs. Carlton, I am at a loss to understand your object in insisting, as you did, on this marriage. And, after having insisted upon it, you try to shift the blame of spoiling your sister's life upon me, is a little too much. You made the match, Mrs. Carlton—you must bear the blame."

She sat silently, beating and angry devil's tattoo with her foot, two hot, red spots on her cheeks. What he had said was so bluntly, hatefully, uncompromisingly true.

"I should like to see Vera," he suddenly said.

"You cannot see her," Dora answered angrily, glad to thwart him, "she does not wish to see you. She is still at school and studying hard to graduate. She refused to write to you from the first—you may infer from that how her sentiments have changed."

"Yes," he said coolly, "the change is remarkable indeed."

"You intimate that she is still in love with you," Mrs. Carlton went on, still more angrily; "well, she never was! It was a girl's foolish fancy for the only young man she knew."

A sarcastic smile curved Captain French's mustached mouth. "She was not in love with you, Captain French, either then or ever."

He rose.

"I have an engagement at five," he said, still with perfect composure. "Is there anything more, Mrs. Carlton?"

"Are you going to remain in New York," she asked.

"For this month, yes."

"And then?"

An amused look came into his face. "Your interest does me honor. Then I go to Mexico."

"To join the war?" she cried eagerly; "to fight for Mexico?"

"To fight for Mexico. Fighting and engineering are my trades, you know."

Her face cleared up. What a short cut this was—how easy a way of severing the Gordian knot. A man goes to the wars, and the chances are five to one against his ever coming back. And to Mexico of all places, where malaria lays more low than bullets. Climate and bullets, he cannot both escape, a beneficial Providence will never permit it. This French is just the sort of reckless dare-devil to lead forlorn hopes, and storm breaches, and head mad cavalry charges.

Go to Mexico! Why it is the very thing of all things she would have desired. Her face lighted up so swiftly and brightly that he laughed outright as he turned to go. He read her every thought.

Good-by, Mrs. Carlton. Say it to Vera for me, will you, and tell her not to make herself unhappy about the foolish past. A ball or a fever may end it all, and will be better every way than the divorce court. Once more, adieu."

So he left, still laughing, but in his secret heart hurt, sore, impatient. He did not blame Vera—the change was inevitable; only that she should blame him, should hate him, was not so easy to bear.

"She was such a dear little soul, too," he thought regretfully; "so frank, so true. Why, her very name means true, 'found faithful.' And she has grown up like her sister, no doubt with powder and paint on her face, shallow of soul, and artificial of manner! Yes, fevers or bullets are better than that."

July came, and with it Vera back to Carlton, for the first time since she had left it. Green and lovely it lay under the midsummer sun, its roses in bloom, its trees in leaf, its fruits ripening on the laden branches. Dora had changed and enlarged and improved, but nothing she saw was as much changed as herself. St. Ann's sleepy as ever, lay blistering in the white heat, the black water slipping about its rotting wharves, and Sunday stillness in its grass-grown streets, as of yore. Yonder was Shaddeck Light. The tide ebbed and flowed, and the little cabin stood lonely, and dropping to decay on its wind-beaten, wave-washed rock. Up there was the white church on the hill, with its tall gilt cross flashing in the sun, where she had driven one August morning, and Captain Dick put a wedding ring on her finger—the ring she had never worn. Here was the summer house where she had crouched in her agony of shame, and had heard the truth from merciless lips. Here was his room, or the room that used to be his—it was Mr. Dane Fanshawe's now—and the litter of pipes of all sorts, the litter of side arms and firearms of all nations, the litter of books, scientific, mathematical, with here and there a Dickens or a Thackeray or an Irving peeping out—the attic. Only Eleanor Carlton's portrait, oddly enough, remained the head of crayons, brought from Shaddeck Light. It hung over the mantel, and smiled with grave sweetness on the slumbers of the man Dot delighted to honor. Vera visited the room shortly after her arrival, a muscular chamber maid

Lantic Sugar

Buy LANTIC "fine" granulated sugar in the original packages for your Marmalade and be sure of a perfect result.

Atlantic Sugar Refineries, Ltd., MONTREAL.

playing propriety and making the bed, and looked at it musingly. Poor Nelly, gentle Nelly, patient Nelly, where was she now? When last Vera had heard of her she had gone with a family to travel in Europe, and perhaps had not returned. She stood abstractly gazing at the picture, and, still before it, Mr. Dane Fanshawe found her, as he unexpectedly appeared.

"I thought you had gone with Dot," Vera said with a nervous little laugh, and moving away. "Shall I apologize for this intrusion?"

"Not at all—my apartment is honored. I am going with Dot—I mean Mrs. Carlton—but forgot my gloves. You are looking at that portrait?" he said suddenly. "You knew her?"

"Oh, very well—dear, quiet, pretty Eleanor! Is it not a sweet face, Mr. Fanshawe?"

He did not answer at once. He stood and looked at it, and something like a moody shade darkened his face.

"It was very well done," he said, after that pause. "Who was the artist?"

"An amateur, I believe," Vera answered moving to the door. "Yes, it is very like."

"I wonder why they left it here?"

Something odd in his tone made her look at him. His face was generally more gracefully blank of all expression, but at present it wore an expression that puzzled Vera.

"Because, I suppose, it seemed to belong here of right. The gentleman who sketched it, lodged in this room. If you object to it, Betsy can take it away—I should very much like to have it."

"By no means," he said hastily; "I prefer to see it here. A pretty face, on Bristol board or off, is always a desirable possession. And I like the room as Mrs. Carlton has arranged it."

Vera frowned and departed. His old manner had quite returned, and she did not like that old manner nor the man himself. He was here with half a dozen other summer guests, but he was here with a difference. She knew all; the marriage was to take place in September, and she was jealous and provoked. The first shock of surprise was over, but she could not reconcile herself to it. Why need Dot marry? Why could they two not live together all their lives, and be all in all to each other, without any obnoxious husbands coming between? And if he were the right sort of a man, a manly man, not an idle valet caring only for Dot's fortune! Vera had an image in her mind, her "man of men," once and always, and very unlike this lan-

guid, handsome dandy. To think of Dot's falling in love with a perfumed coxcomb, with golden locks, eyes that looked half asleep, and an everlasting lassitude and weariness upon him that made her long to box his ears!

"I wonder if a sound box on the ear would rouse him?" she thought irritably; "we would both be happier and better if I could administer it. What can Dot see in a scented fop like that?"

Dot saw in him not a whit more than there was to see—his thoughts were her thoughts, his world, her world, his intellect hers. She idealized him not at all, but he suited her. And she meant to marry him.

"Does he know about the will?" Vera asked one day; "about the estate going to Captain French at your—when you—"

"No!" Dora said sharply. "Why should I tell him? What a fool I was to be sure in that, as in the other thing."

"I think he ought to know," Vera said slowly.

"And why? It is no business of his. I am rich, and I am going to marry him—that is enough for him. Do you think he is marrying me for my money?"

Vera was silent—there are times when truth need not be put in words. "He is not!" Dora exclaimed irritably; "he is no fortune hunter. And if he is it serves him right to—not to know. I shall not tell him. Let him find out for himself."

Mr. Fanshawe did find out, and very quickly, naturally, after the marriage. He made the discovery during the honeymoon trip, and what he thought his bride knew not; that expressionless face of his stood him in good stead. He was too indolent inevitable at any time.

"I must make all the more hay while the sun shines," he thought, if he thought at all. "She is rich, and she is my wife now. I do not think she is likely to live long, and after that—well, after that, I shall be able to say at least, 'Come what will, I have been blessed.' If she will have luxuries she must pay for them."

This sounds heartless, put into words, but Mr. Dane Fanshawe was by no means a heartless sort of fellow—not robustly bad indeed, in any way; not unknown, not inattentive; not, for the matter of that, without a sort of liking for the rich widow he had made his wife. That was to say at first, for with time came change. Dora was exacting, and Dane was not disposed to inconvenience himself to please her. He spent too much money, he stayed out

(continued on page 8)

Children Cry for Fletcher's CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over thirty years, has borne the signature of Dr. J. C. Fletcher, and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. 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, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. For more than thirty years it has been in constant use for the relief of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic and Diarrhoea; allaying Feverishness arising therefrom, and by regulating the Stomach and Bowels, aids the assimilation of 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.