


"the only and original FRUIT SALT"



The Headaches that so many women suffer from

—are often due to a congested state of the liver—the body's filter. What is needed is a gentle tonic-aperient, to produce a healthy and normal action of the digestive organs and rid the blood of impurities. In such cases nothing is so good as

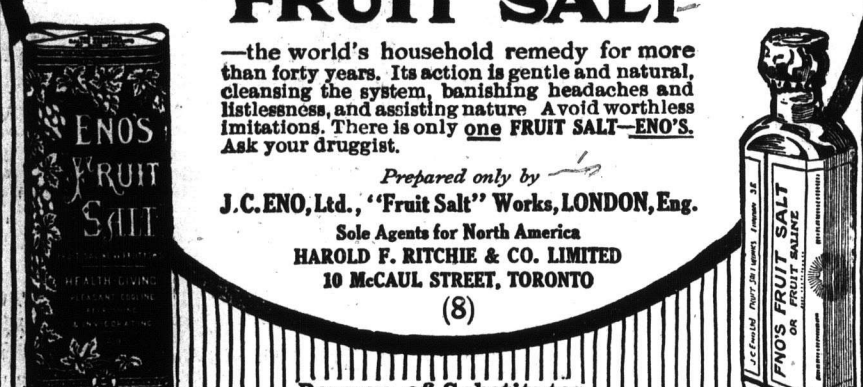
ENO'S FRUIT SALT

—the world's household remedy for more than forty years. Its action is gentle and natural, cleansing the system, banishing headaches and listlessness, and assisting nature. Avoid worthless imitations. There is only one FRUIT SALT—ENO'S. Ask your druggist.

Prepared only by
J.C. ENO, Ltd., "Fruit Salt" Works, LONDON, Eng.

Sole Agents for North America
HAROLD F. RITCHIE & CO. LIMITED
10 McCaul Street, Toronto
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Cold Feet Impossible

That means freedom from chills, colds and rheumatism due to numbed feet. Be comfortable! Get a pair of "Great West Felt shoes". You will enjoy them.



Great West Cold Proof FELT SHOES

are made from the highest quality of pure wool felt. We make all our own felt by improved methods, using better material and better machinery of our own invention.

"Great West Felt Shoes" are neat and fit perfectly—they give the greatest comfort with the longest wear.

Good stores sell and recommend them.

THE GREAT WEST FELT CO. Limited
Elmira, Ontario

The name is stamped on sole of each shoe. Look for it.

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PEERLESS POULTRY FENCE

A Real Fence—Not Netting

Strongly made and closely spaced—making it a complete barrier against large animals as well as small poultry. Top and bottom wires No. 9—intermediate No. 12 wire—made by the Open Hearth process which time and other tests have proven to be the best. Send for catalog. Ask about our farm and ornamental fencing. Agencies nearly everywhere. Agents wanted in unassigned territory.

The Barwell-Hoxie Wire Fence Company, Ltd.
Winnipeg, Man., Hamilton, Ont.

The wand was pointing directly out of the forest, and thither the page buoyantly strode. He emerged upon a velvety meadow in which a peaceful herd was grazing. The wand pointed across the green country, away from the city streets. Light of heart, the page followed.

But a little way had he gone when he came to the bank of a river, whose waters flowed dark and deep. As he looked, they seemed to become darker and deeper than ever and dashed themselves about as though in fury. "What shall I do?" cried the page in distress. "The wand says I must cross. Ah, the Truth Jewel," and he flashed forth the great gem. Immediately the river subsided to a mere brooklet, over which the youth joyously sprang.

Now, when he had traversed some miles of country, the sun being high in the heavens—"I am hungry," quoth the page, "He who would track the Sunbeams to their lair methinks must have refreshment. Mayhap the dame of yonder cottage will be kind of heart."

So, pausing at a wayside cottage, he asked the dame if perchance she could refresh a weary traveller with a bowl of milk and bread. "Indeed, young sir, you are welcome," said she, and bade him enter. The cottage was poor, but clean; the dame was wrinkled, bent and brown, her face so seamed and lined as to appear

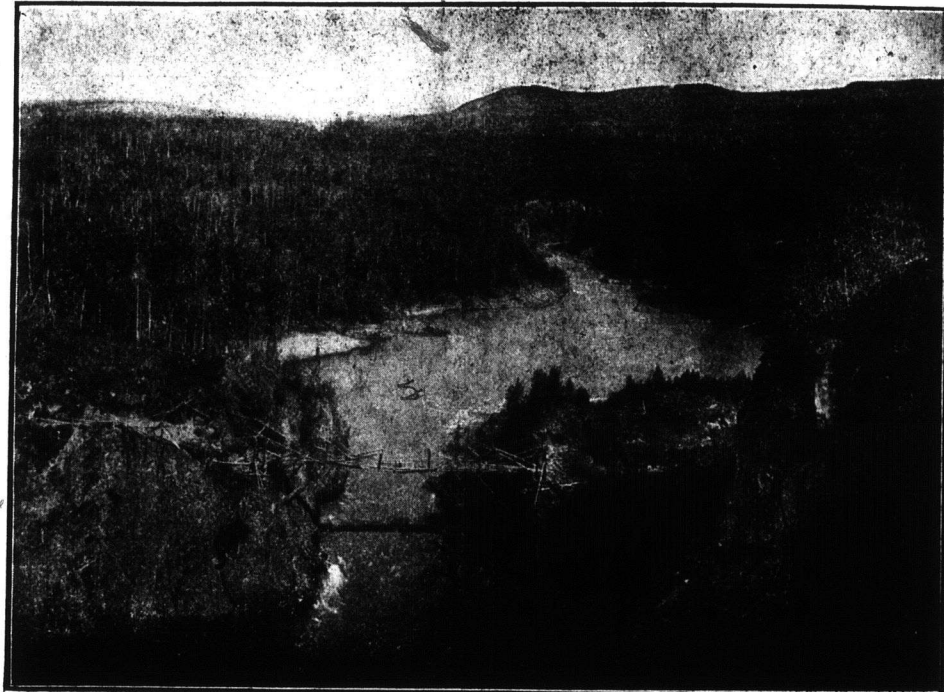
was a treacherous quagmire, in whose miry depths he would soon have sunk out of sight.

As he entered the village, the sound of childish laughter greeted his ears. On the green were a dozen or more little golden-haired rompers, enjoying the last warm rays of the westerling sun. Following the direction of the wand, the page approached the green and stood, unobserved by the children, beneath a spreading tree. A woman, sitting sewing on a bench hard by, raised her head and glanced at him. She was of a lofty countenance, beautiful but sad.

Just then one of the children separated himself from his companions and came running to the woman. "See, mother," he called. "The sun is going down. See the sunset!"

The mother put her arm about him and held him close, while together they watched the glory of the sinking sun. "Mother," queried the child, "When the sun sets, where do all the sunbeams go? The little sunbeams that play with me all day long—where do they go?"

Now, the page just at this moment became aware that the wand in his hand was growing thinner and brighter until all at once it escaped from his grasp—a Sunbeam! Dismayed at the loss of his guide, he hastened to turn upon the truant the clear light of the jewel. He saw it making



Indian Bridge adjacent to G.T.P. in British Columbia

to have lost all human semblance. She set before him bread and meat and a pitcher of milk, and as he ate, she said:

"I had four lads like you once. They went to the wars. I gave them to my country. . . . I am alone now." By the light of the Jewel of Truth, the page saw that the cottage was a palace, the wrinkled dame a stately queen with a heart of pure gold.

Slipping under his plate some gold pieces from the king's pouch, he bade her farewell, and continued his journey, mightily refreshed, and smiling to himself at the thought of the dame's pleasure when she should discover the coins.

He was nearing another belt of woodland, when as he approached, suddenly there fell on his ears the sound of a mighty roaring. In a moment out rushed a dragon with many heads and mouths, and each mouth roaring as it came dashing onward. Escape there was none. "Ah, my jewel," cried the page, "Now we shall see this demon in his true perspective, and he flashed the sparkling gem straight upon the dreadful monster. The next moment he laughed aloud in glee, for the dragon had shrivelled away to a puny creature, with the squeak of a mouse.

It was towards the close of day that the young traveller drew near a little village, nestled at the foot of a wooded hill, like a tired child at its mother's knee. He had met with various difficulties, to all of which he had applied the clear light of Truth and they had dwindled away. Once he had thought to cross a green meadow which looked wondrous inviting to the foot and pleasant to the eye, but the wand bade him make a detour of the field. Perplexed, the page turned upon the problem the light of the jewel. To his great surprise, he saw that in reality the meadow

its way towards the bright-haired boy, who was just then asking his question. "When the sun sets, where do all the little sunbeams go?"

Straight into the heart of the child danced the sunbeam, and the page, striding gladly forward, answered him. "They go to their homes, my little lad—in the hearts of little children."

Then he sat down beside them and told them the story of his search, of the difficulties he had encountered, of the lessons he had learned. When he spoke of the unhappy king, the eyes of the mother grew moist and tender, and she said: "He is my father. We will go with you to him."

So the page abode in the house of the widowed princess that night, and early in the morning they set out to return to the royal city. With the gold the king had provided, the page purchased a coach and pair, so that they rode in state along the broad highway. And when they reached the palace, the page bade the princess and the child wait in the great hall while he went in to prepare the king for their coming.

Glad indeed was the monarch to behold again the cheerful face of the page. Overjoyed beyond measure was he to learn of the success of the youth's mission. Embracing him, the King entreated to be told at once every detail of his journey.

So the page told the monarch the tale of his adventures, saving only the identity of the child in whose innocent heart the sunbeam had found a home. "Now, Sire," he concluded, "I have brought the child back with me. He waits without. Take you this jewel of Truth in your hand and throw its light on the child when he enters."

His royal master took the stone and the page ushered in the child and his mother.

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