THE OUTLOOK, MIDDLETON, NOVA SCOTIA



SEWING ACHES

CONTAIN NO NARCOTICS

A standard the We

in her left, her little dog Flopit in the crook of one arm and a one pound boy Jessie sat down by her mother to of candy in the crook of the othersew. She was making a pillow-case ineffable, radiant, starry, she stood!

for her own little pillow. "All this?" she asked in a discon-tented tone, holding the seam out. "That is not too much for a little Near her also stood her young hostess and Wallace Banks, Johnnie Watson "That is not too much for a little girl who has a work-basket of her in a condition of solemn tensity. Miss

girl who has a work basie; "mother has given me a work basket, and I ought to be willing to sew," with that she took afew stitches quite diligently. "I have a dreadful pain in my side," "I have a form the station building, and she waved her parasol in greeting, attract-ing the attention of the others to him, so that they all turned and stared. Seventeen sometimes finds it embar-Parcher saw William as he emerged

"I have a dreadful pain in my side, said Jessie in a few minutes. "My thumb is very sore," she complained. "Oh, my hand is so tired!' was the matter with her foot, and then her eyes, and so she was full of trouble. At length the sewing was done. Jessie brought it to her mother. "Should I not first send for a doc tor?' asked her mother. "The doctor for me, mother?" cried the little girl, as surprised as she

"Certainly, a little girl so full of thing jocular about one- No, it cancould be. pains and aches must be ill, and the sooner we get the doctor the better.' "Oh, mother," said Jessie, laughing, "they were sewing aches. I am well now.'

moment something utterly different. He had seen himself parting from her, Unsurpassed for

the two alone as within a cloud. He had seen himself gently placing his box of candy in her hands, some of Childhood Ailments his fingers just touching some of hers to the very last. He had seen himself bending toward the sweet blond head Mrs. Howard King, R. R.

to murmur the few last words of sim-

are in the hazy September sumight her hair an amber mist under the ador

able little hat a small bunch of violet

at her waist, a larger bunch of fra

Mrs. Howard King, R. R. No. 5, Truro, N. S., says—"I am the mother of four children and have always used Baby's Own Tablets when any if them needed a medicine, and I can recommend the Tablets as being un-surpassed for childhood aliments." Thousands of other mothers agree with Mrs. King as to the merits of the Tablets. There are thousands with Mrs. King as to the merits of the Tablets. There are thousands of homes throughout Canada where the Tablets are always kept on hand in readiness for the least sign of any of the minor aliments which afflict little ones. Baby's Own Tablets ne-ver fail to regulate the stomach and beside thus they benetic constraintion ver fail to regulate the stomach and bowels, thus they banish constipation and indigestion; break up colds and simple fevers; relieve colic and bring as he took off his hat, thinking to the baby through that dreaded teeth-ing period in safety. The Tablets er, he made but an uncertain gesture are guaranteed absolutely free from any injurious drugs. They are sold medicing degrees or by mail at 25 by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. became aware that all of the group were staring at him with unaccountle eagerness and had begun to laugh.

away the golden girl and honeysuckie He rose and, separating two of the it knew only a portion of the words of the world-meant to and would, not abating one iron second! Now a porter had her handbag. Now a porter had her hander yes, a Dear heaven, to be a porter-yes, a colored one! What of that now? Just eolored one! What of that now? Just "Mr. Parcher," said Jane as soon as "Mr. Parcher," said Jane as soon as to be a simple porter and journey with her to the far, strange pearl among cities whence she had come! "Mr. Parcher, Miss Pratt's gone. She's The gentle porter bowed her toward gone away on the cars." the steps of his car, but first she gave Flopit into the hands of May Parches "You think so?" he asked gravely. Flopit into the hands of May Parcher for a moment and whispered a word to Wallace Banks, then fo Joe Bullitt, Wallace Banks, then to Joe Bullitt, then to Johnnie Watson; then she ran to William. baggage room behind trunks, an' we saw her go. She got on the cars, an' it went with her in it. Honest, she's gone She took his hand. "Don't forget," she whispered-"don't away. Mr. Parcher."

grant but less expensive sweet peas in her right hand, half a dozen pink roses Before speaking Mr. Parcher took a forget Lola." He stood stock still. His face was long look at this telepathic child. In his fond eyes she was a marvel and a blank. She infolded May Parcher, kissed darling. "Well, thank you, Jane," he said. Jane, however, had turned her head and was staring at the corner, which her devotedly; then, with Flopit once

more under her arm, she ran and

"Why, Willie Baxter!" she cried, blink ing at him.

jumped upon the steps just as the train began to move. She stood there, | And in this she was not mistaken: or, it may be, not. She could not wave to her friends in

answer to their gestures of farewell, for her arms were too full of Flopit and roses and candy and sweet peas, but she here to the same the same below. "Come and roses and candy and sweet peas, but she kept nodding to them in a way but she kept nodding to them in a way outdoors an' play till half past 8." that showed them how much she thanked them for being sorry she was going and made it clear that she was thinked the house till tomorsorry too and loved them alL "Goodby!" she meant.

joint." Faster she glided. The engine passed from sight round a curve beyond a urged. culvert, but for a moment longer they could see the little figure upon the steps, and to the yery last glimpse they had of her the small, golden head was still nodding "Gocdby!" Then those steps whereon she stood passed in their turn here to ask? Bande swing her foot "Well" about the store the store to be st

was out of his sight.

right here!"

there!"

"Oo-oo-ooh!" she murmured

"What's the trouble, Jane?" "Willie!" she said. "It's Willie an' that Joe Bullitt an' Johanie Watson

an' Mr. Wallace Banks. They're with

Miss May Parcher. They're comin'

Mr. Parcher gave forth a low moan

and turned pathetically to his wife,

"They've only walked up from the station with May," she said. "They

Relieved. Mr. Parcher turned again

it before Willie! I bet I ketch Hall

but she cheered him with a laugh.

von't come in. You'll see!"

vines which screened the end of the porch from the street, looked out. Two small maidens had paused upon the sidewalk and same that instantly began again and same that sidewalk and were peering over the portion over and over with brightest patience. Thus: "My countres, 'tis of thes, Sweet land of liber-tee, My countres, 'tis of thes, Sweet land of liber-tee, My countres, 'tis of thes, Sweet land of liber-tee, Sweet land of liber-tee, My countres, 'tis'-

Jane spoke unconsciously. "It's Fred die," she said. William leaped to his feet. This was

something he could not bear. He made a bloodthirsty dash toward the gate which the singer was passing. "You get out o' here!" William roared The song stopped. Freddie Banks

fed like a rag on the wind. Now here is a strange matter. The antique prophets prophesied su cessfully; they practiced with some ease that art since lost, but partly re-discovered by M. Masterlinck, who proves to us that the future already exists, simultaneously with the present. Well, if his proofs be true, then at this very moment when William thought menacingly of Freddie Banks, the bright air of a happy June evening -an evening ordinarily reckoned ten years, nine months and twenty-one days in advance of this present sorrowful evening-the bright air of that happy June evening, so far in the fu-ture, was actually already trembling to o speak to Jane, but she was not there. a wedding march played upon a church He caught but a glimpse of her, run-ning up the street as fast as she could, with a white flower in his buttonhole

hend in hand with her companion. "Run, Rannie, run!" panted Jane. "I got to get home an' tell mamma about William who now (as we ordinarily William who now (as we ordinarily William who now (as we ordinarily Columbia, anyway, when he does get

and is every detail accoutred as a wedding usher, was an usher for this very diag and the substance in the big football scenes at the college today.
Mary Randolph Kirsted was washing for in one picture he sat up in a dentist's chair and had a tooth the diag and hoarse as she could make it. "You get out o' here!" she created the own and receives all strangers who come to make score for an introduction to his a very diag and with ind miss the owner for an introduction to his a very diag. The very punish him for disobediate and a south and his tortoise ring line. "I very punish him for disobediate and an averging Jane." "You was a plain as the this does and mimics Harold Lioyd to prifection. In fact it seems there is a tright and he is long well because we so understand each ther." an well because we so underst train began to move. She stood there, on the lowest step, slowly gliding away from them, and in her eyes there was a sparkle of tears, left, it may be, from her laughter at poor Walliam's pageant with Jane and Rannie Kirsted, or, it may be, not. her to an open window downstairs. In

Jane shook her head. "I can't. I row. It's because we walked after Willie with our stummicks out o' "Can't you come out at all?" Rannie. urged. "Go ask your mother. Tell

The shocking audacity took William's breath. He gasped. "Why, you-you"- he cried. "You-you sooty faced little girl?" 'In this fashion he directly addressed "How can I?" Jane inquired, with a

in their turn beneath the culvert, and they saw her no more. Lola Pratt was gone! Wet eyed, her young hostess of the long summer turned away and stum-bled against William. "Why, Willie Baxter!" she cried, blinking at him. The last car of the train had round. The last car of the train had round. The last car of the train had round. The last car of the train had round.



THURSDAY, APRIL 9, 1925

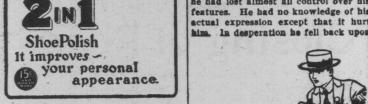
50 Cent Dog is Now Worth its Weight in Gold **Declares Movie Man**

Orphan Pup Only Year and Half Old
Becomes Star of Silver Sheet;
Plays Leading Role in Pomona
College Picture Now Being Filmed
In Claremont.I never had a trained dog before. I
worked on a ranch all my life till
worked on a ranch all my life till
was on the farm that I learned all
that I know about animals.
"I was living at the Principal Pic-
ture studio on Santa Monica boule-
vard about a year and a half ago.
One day I passed a little girl on the
street and she had a little pup in
her arms that was no bigger than a

her arms that was no bigger than a

William felt certain that his attire For printing of any kind you will was in no way disordered nor in itself and do it right. We are the printers who do printing for the people. No strings on this joint. We do not depend of political influence or church gravity. But in spite of himself he relations to maintain a living. We took off his hat again and looked to relations to maintain a living. hope to merit your patronage by the see if anything about it might explain production of good printing for people who believe in good goods at a fair price. That's us. Let us show you this mirth, which at his action in-creased. Nay, the laughter began to be shared by strangers. price. next time you want any printing.

CHAPTER XXIL WILLIAM'S inward state became chaotic. A PROPER SHINE FOR EASTER TIME He tried to smile carelessly to prove his composure, but he found that he had lost almost all control over his features. He had no knowledge of his



The local all-round sportsman me the vicar, who was returning home with his fishing tackle. Stopping they talked for a moment, and then the sportsman, who prided himself eing a great angler, and often said so, inquired: "Hello, vicar! any luck?"

"Yes," replied the vicar, tapping his basket. "I have a trout in here, a pound and a half, that I pulled out

a point and a nair, that I pured out from the lower brook." "Oh, that's nohing!" bragged the other swelling out his chest. "I've caught dozens of fish of two pounds and over in that stream. "Ah, but you have the advantage

of me," complained the vicar. "Advantage? advantage, vicar?" exclaimed the sporty one. "Sam brook and you have the better gear.

Were Walking

Walking With icks Out of Jeint."

ing again and again at William, and

not till the oncoming sufferer reached a spot within twenty feet of these de-lighted people did he grasp the signif-

cance of Wallace's repeated gesture of pointing. Even then he understood enly when the gesture was supplement-

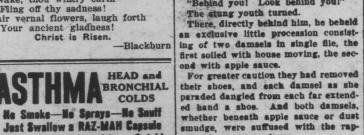
ed by half articulate shouts: "Behind you! Look behind you!"

"I know that." retorted the rever-end gentleman. "But you just re-member that I am a parson and you They hauteur. He managed to frown and

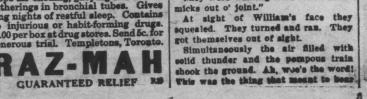
-000

Ring joyous bells of Easter, Death hath not conquered Life; Victorious is our risen Lord, And finished all his strife, From Calgary's mount of darkness, Lo starry lilles bloom; For by the Cross we conque And fealess face the tomb. -Sangste

Awake, thou wintry earth-Fling off thy sadness! Fair vernal flowers, laugh forth Your ancient gladness! Christ is Risen.



Just Swallow a RAZ-MAH Capsule Restores normal breathing. Quickly stops all choking, gasping and mucus gatherings in bronchial tubes. Gives long nights of restful sleep. Contains no injurious or habit-forming drugs. \$1.00 per box at drug stores. Send 5c. for generous trial. Templetons, Toronto. ture of a great mockery. micks out o' joint."



ed the curve and disappeared, but Wil- self to looking out. On the steps of right of the matter and if the brigh "Never mind." said May Parcher. "Let's all walk uptown together and talk about her on the way, and we'll taik about her on the way, and we'n go by the express office, and you can send yous candy to her by express. "All right!" he returned cartly. send your candy to her by express, Willie." In the smallish house which all sum-

of young people, echoing their songs, murmurous with their theories of love or vibrating with their glee, sometimes shaking all over during their more etor stood and breathed deep breaths. "Hah!" he breathed sonorously. He gave himself several resounding slaps

upon the chest, then went out to the porch and sat in a rocking chair near his wife. He spread himself out expansively. "My glory," he said. "I believe I'll take off my coat! I haven't inside the door that he ceased to be had my coat off outside of my own room all summer. I believe I'll take a away. He sat staring vacantly inte vacation! By George, I believe I'll the darkness, which had come on with stay home this afternoon!" that abruptness which begins to be noticeable in September. His elbows "That's nice," said Mrs. Parcher.

"Hah!" he said. "My glory, I believe "Hah!" he said. "My glory, I believe sunk far forward in an attitude of des. I'll take off my shoes!' And, meeting no objection, he pro-

eeded to carry out this plan. "Hah-ah!" he said and placed his town so empty tonight-fell upon his stockinged feet upon the railing, where ears mockingly. It seemed to him in-a number of vines, running upon credible that so hollow a town could a number of vines, running upon strings, made a screen between the porch and the street. He lit a large cigar. "Well, well," he said, "that tastes good! If this keeps on I'll be in as good shape as I was last spring before you know it!" Leaning far back in the rocking chair, his hands behind to the control of the contro his head, he smoked with fervor, but drawn whistle of an engine. his head, he smoked with fervor, but drawn whistle of an engine. suddenly he juruped in a way which showed that his nerves were far from normal. His feet came to the floor with a thump, he jerked the cigar out of his mouth and turned a face of con-sternation upon his wife. walked proudly. At that they laughed the more, Wallace Banks rudely point

sternation upon his wife. "What's the matter?" "What's the matter?" "Suppose," said Mr. Parcher huskily sigh so hoarse, so deep from the tombs, "suppose she missed her train!" Mrs. Parcher shook her head, "Think not?" he said brightening "I ordered the livery stable to have a carriage here in lots of time." "They did," said Mrs. Parcher so verely: "about \$5 worth." "Well, I don't mind that," he return ed, putting his feet un again. "After

"Well, I don't mind that," he return-ed, putting his feet up again. "After all, she was a mighty fine little girl in her way. The ouly trouble with me was that crowd of boys. Having to iisten to them liked to kill me, and I believe if she'd stayed just one more day I'd been a goner!"

"Mr. Parcher!" a youthful voice re-



air of that June evening, almost eleven years in the so called future, was in-deed already trembling to "Lohengrin," then William stood with Johnnie Watliam was still waving fareweil, not with his handkerchief, but with a sym-metrical one pound parcel, wrapped in white the porch sat William alone, his back toward the house. "Wille," said Jane softly, and, as he white tissue paper, girdled with blue made no response, she lifted her voice a little, "Will-ee!" son against a great bank of flowers at the door of a church aisle, that aisle "Whatchwant!" he grunted, not movwas roped with white satin ribbons, and William and Johnnie were wait

"Willie, I told mamma I was sorry I ing for something important to happen. And then, to the strains of "Here Comes the Bride," it did-a stately, solemn, roseate, gentle young thing with bright eyes seeking through a

"Well, when I haf to go to bed, Willie." she said, "mamma told me bemer long, from morning until late at night, had resounded with the voices upstairs by myself tonight. veil for William's eyes. Yes, if great M. Maeterlinck is right, She paused, seeming to hope that he would say something, but he spake not. caught at least some serie scho of that "Willie, I don't haf to go for awhile yet, but when I do-maybe in about a boisterous moods-in that house, now half an hour-I wish you'd come stand comparatively so vacant, the proprithere. The light's lit upstai

upon the moonlight of this September night in his eighteenth year. For there, beyond the possibility down around here it's kind of dark." any fate to intervene or of any later He did not answer. vague, fragmentary memory of even "Will you, Willie?" Miss Pratt to impair, there in that moonlight was his future before him. He started forward furiously. "You "Oh. all right!" he said. This contented her, and she so herself so quietly upon the floor just

-you-you little"-But he paused, not wasting his breat upon the empty air. His bride to be was gone. THE END.

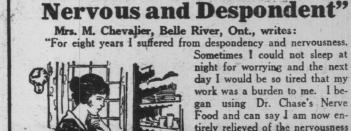
it seems that William ought to have

wedding march, however faint-some

bars or strains adrift before their time

Canada's Debt to France. Canada's debt to the French for their exploration of Canada was rec-ognised by the speakers at the Park-man dinner at Montreal. "There is The small noises of the town-that no nation, outside of our own Em-pire, bound to us by the ties that bind us to France, for Canada is born of French adventure," said Sir Arthur Currie, in his finished manner. "It was created by French soli-citude, pioneered by French eater-prise, and blessed by French reli-gion. Our earliest history is hers, our national arms bear her insignia. millions of our people speak her lan-guage, and thousands of our best and bravest have found their last resting place in her soil. We remember ove a century and a half ago, when Can a century and a half ago, when Can-ada passed to the sway of Britain, that French frigates passed down the river, bearing home those who desired to go, but left behind 60,000 Frenchmen, and these sleep, along the banks of the St. Lawrence, but they are not forgotten, and Canada owes a great duty to them, but we also think of that other 60,000 whe to-night sleep, in peace that knows no 'ending, in Flanders field, in Picardy and Artoise." Ambasiador Jusserand's speech was marked by a fine weighing of the character and achievements of Parkman, in the course of which he disagreed with Parkman's concepso prolonged, that Jane, who had been relaxing herself at full length opon

Gorgeously it rose higher, cleared the trees and resumed its wonted impersonation of a silver disk. Here was another mockery. What was the use of a moon now? disagreed with Parkman's conception of the expulsion of the Acadiana criticizing Parkman's lack of severity There came from a little distance lown the street the sound of a young in judging an action which no Eng lishman with a heart—and by that he meant any Englishman at all— would justify. nale voice, singing. It was not a mu-ical voice, yet sufficiently loud, and



"Tired and Worried

gan using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food and can say I am now entirely relieved of the nervousness TEA Pare from which I used to suffer, and things do not worry me as they used to. "Dr. Chase's Ointment also re-

lieved me of eczema on my arms, which had bothered me for three years. My house is never without Dr. Chase's Medicines."

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food 10 ets. a box of 60 pills, Edmanson, Bates & Co., I.td., Toron

Individuality

There is always a way in which the individuality of a person is determined. Every lady, girl and young man appreciates a destinctiveness. The Outlook gets out a line of Personal Stationery that has found a certainly wonderful favor wherever shown. Of course only the very best paper is used for this class of work. There is nothing trashy about this stationery, and we are justly proud of this product. We tell you exactly what kind of paper is used, not merely saying a linen paper which is very vague. We tell you it is genuine 'NORMAN" Linen, with an elegant writing surface. The price is very moderate, being only \$2.00 for 100 sheets of folded paper and 100 Envelopes printed up with your name and address. The printing is the same on both envelope and paper. A very artistic, though plain, type is used, and the ink is a delicate bronze blue. Those desiring half an order, that is 50 sheets and 50 envelopes, we will do these for \$1.25. Prices quoted are postpaid anywhere on the continent. The paper, type and ink present a most unresistable combination. Seeing is believing, so let us show you. No matter where you live, your orders will be sent postpaid for above prices. If not satisfied your money will be returned. Be sure and write very plainly to avoid errors in printing. This is truly a rare opportunity to get a stock of real nice stationery. We also print Visiting Cards, Wedding Announcements, Wedding Invitations, Dance Invitaions, At Home Announcements, and all kinds of society printing; besides the genearl run of Business Stationery. Posters, etc. You will find The Outlook Printers, Middleton, Nova Seotia, always at your service and ready to serve you better.

Y it with an 'Outlook' ad.

olation.