

TROUBLED. A true heart counts no trouble great That saves one from a elreadful fate.

-Farmer Brown's Boy. Farmer Brown's Boy, in starting out to look for the runaway young Fox, was depending very much on the wonderful nose of Bowser the Hound. He hoped that Bewser would be able to pick up the trail of the young Fox and lead the way straight to him. But Bowsen didn't. No, sor, Bowser didn't. You see, the ground was very dry, and it had been many hours since the young Fox had started on his way to freedom. By the time Farmer Brown's Boy and Bowser started out there was no scent

Bowser did his best. Yes, indeed Bowser did his best. He didn't know just what he was expected to do. That is to say, he didn't know that he was expected to find the trail of that young Fox. But he knew that Farmer Brown' he ran this way and that way, with his nose to the ground, sniffing and snuf-fing and doing his best to find a trail which he could follow.

They went across the Green Meadows, over to the Old Pasture. Farmer Brown's Boy had a feeling that that young For would go to the Old Pastwe. All the time that Bowser was trying to find a rail with his wonderful nose, Farmer Brown's Boy was looking and looking for signs of a dragging chain. But though he tramped this way and that way along many cowpaths in the Old Pasture he found no signs to show that the young Fox had been that way. The longer he tramped the mor worried Farmer Brown's Boy became
"I must find him. I must find him." he kept saying over and over to him self. "Perhaps he didn't come to the Old Pasture at all. Perhaps he went up through the Old Orchard to the Green Forest. I will go over there as soon as I have thoroughly hunted

through the Old Pasture.' It was the middle of the afternoon and Farmer Brown's Boy was about ready to start for the Green Forest, when Bowser gave an impatient yelp His master understood that yelp. meant that he had caught a the scent of someone who had passed that way. Bowser yelped again. Then for a few minutes he was silent. His master could see him running back and forth this way and that way, with his nose to the ground, and his tail wagging more and more excitedly.

Presently Bowser lifted his head and sent his great voice rolling out to tell



it meant that he had caught a whiff of the scent of someone who had passed that way.

as he ran. Farmer Brown's Boy knew that Bowser had found the trail of a Fox. There was no doubt whatever. He plunged after Bowser as fast as he rank for the plunged after Bowser as fast as he He hadn't a doubt that mined. could go. He hadn't a doubt that Bowser had at last found the trail of

But after a while Farmer Brown's produced it. appeared that the Fox was running without the least trouble. It simply couldn't be the young Fox. It must be that Bowser had found the trail of another Fox. In this Farmer Brown's Prefect of Police. "I am desolated to disturb you."

He paused a moment in the doorway, wague smile which appeared now has a sort of background on the mask of his face. The Prefect of Police hesitated.

The Prefect of Police hesitated.

"Your pardon, monsieur," said the "Your pardon, monsieur," said the Prefect of Police. "I am desolated to disturb you."

Take the vague, immense, persistent impulse behind nothing; that this innocence is presently demonstrated does not presently demonst

Boy was right, for Bowser was chasing Reddy Fox.

At last Farmer Brown's Boy had to give up. It was getting late, and there was work that must be done at home. Single motion.

The man at the piano sprang up plexed me. It is a problem upon plexed me. It is a problem upon which the opinions of persons without body accomplished the act with a single motion. was work that must be done at home. So with a sad heart he trudged home. He didn't enjoy his supper that night. All the time he was eating he kept wondering if his pet had any food. When he went to bed that night he didn't sleep good. He kept waking up not long and effect he act with a single motion. To the eye, the man was strange. His shoulders were very broad and stooped, his face was wide, massive —the face of a Slav. His hair was didn't sleep good. He kept waking up not long and effect he act with a single motion. didn't sleep good. He kept waking up not long, and affected no mannerworrying about that young Fox. "I've isms. got to find him," he would say. "I've dresse to find him."

The next story: "Found at Last."



TRIUMPHS OF M. JONQUELLE By Melville Davisson Post.

THE MAN WITH STEEL FINGERS. | a Slav adapted to an English aspect. The eyes one did not see. One rarely saw them. They seemed to be hidden by heavy lids like curtained windows. And there was no THE great drawing-room through which Monsieur Jonquelle ad-

vanced was empty. nusic, like some weird conception Tchaikowsky, seemed to feel repose. The big nose, the square, about the room, extending itself—brutal jaw, and the wide planes of a thing that crept blindly and dis-

It required the fingers of a master on the board of a keyed instrument, genius that he had ever seen. to produce these sounds. They Jonquelle had also a further imteame from the room beyond, a pression of failure. He had meant econd drawing-room looking out on to startle this man, and observe what followed. And he had startled he Bois de Boulogne.

Monsieur Jonquelle had not al- him; but untrue to every experience, Monsieur Jonquelle had not al-lowed the servant to announce him.

"One is not permitted to distuab Lord Valleys at this hour," the servant had said.

"The was nothing to observe. The man's face remained without an ex-pression; he was behind it hidden from every eye. It was a mask that

Monsieur Jonquelle's card had added to the man's perplexity. One was also not permitted to deny an dered in what manner it would the Prefect of Police of Paris. The it so admirably obscured. It was a man had made a hopeless gesture, I thing he was not interested to dis-like one resigning himself to the in- cover.

Monsieur Jonquelle, after the the man was without expression. had closed behind him, re-led for some moments quite into the room. The smile began mained for some moments quite motionless in the eddy, as one might | with a queer lifting of the lip and

Monsieur Jonquelle could not Bowser had at last found the trail of the young Fox and would soon catch up place the music in any remembered Jonquelle, the Prefect of Police of composition. It was not the work of any master that he knew. It was Monsieur Jonquelle removed his could not run fast with that chain drag- of any master that he knew. It was an improvisation of the fingers that produced it.

gloves, he sat a moment twisting them in his fingers like one in a

Boy was right, for Bowser was chastor by to disturb you."

The man at the piano sprang up

got to find him." he would say. "I've got to find him."

(Copyright, 1922, by T. W. Burgess.)

The man was very carefully upon this problem."

He paused. The man before him did not reply. He waited as in a

The Treatment Your Mother Gave You

It is just as effective as ever in relieving coughs and colds,

and still holds first place as the most popular

Why Not Give to Your Child

He had taken a small chair, and he sat in it as a man of great strength vigor and of an unusual bulk ling and cruel device. Those who rests his weight upon something which he is uncertain will support I profoundly pity.

it. "There is no consideration of fam-

every experience of hun

criminal law of England is a bung-

find themselves concerned with it,

ily or culture that in any way miti-

gates its severity or in any direction preserves one from odium, once the

that undertakes to adjust the affairs

of mankind—to assist the helpless and to acquit the innocent—or do

and to acquit the innocent-or do you believe that it is the intelli-

gence of man that accomplishes this

result? . . . What is it, monsieur, that moves behind the machinery of

the world-chance, luck, fortune or

Lord Valleys seemed to reflect while the Prefect of Police was speaking, and he now replied with

"Chance, monsieur," he said, "is

inquestionably, the greatest and mysterious factor

human affairs, but it is modified and

Human intelligence, monsieur, and chance are the two factors."

The Prefect of Police continued to took down at his hands.

I have been of a different opinion, Lord Valleys," he said. "I think there is an intention behind

events, a sort of will to justice, to

righteousness, as one has said. It

is not chance as we usually define the word, and the human will can-

not circumvent it. . . It is strange, as I see it, Lord Valleys.

"This thing we call human in-

Serbia.
"There was little chance that you

were three lives between you and this title and its immense estates in

England. . . . What chance was there, monsieur, that these persons

should be removed and these bene-fits descend to you?"

He paused.
"But they were removed, mon-sieur, and the benefits have de-

scended. . The war appeared. Both sons of Lord Winton lost their lives

in it; Lord Winton is himself mur-dered, and you come, monsieur, from a paupered kingdom of south-eastern Europe to be a peer of Eng-land with an immense estate. Even

the American granddaughter of Lord Winon takes nothing under this extraordinary English law of

entail. Would you call this chance, monsieur?"

Lord Valleys found no difficulty at all with the inquiry. He replied

directly.

"Monsieur," he said, "it was all clearly chance except the murder of Lord Winton. That was, of course,

Another installment in this thrill-

would ever have fortune or

ms to be to assist, to advance the vague, im-

diverted by the human will. .

some sort of Providence?

ittle hesitation.

What is it, monsieur,

He did not move, but the expression in his face changed slightly. His evebrows lifted as in a anced was empty.

But it was not silent. A vague expression in the face. The face quelle went on. He seemed not enwas a mask. It seemed always in tirely at ease.

repose. The big nose, the square, "I shall not pretend at ignorance."

of your affairs, monsieur. The lawabout the room, extending itself—
a thing that crept blindly and disturbed as though it would escape
from something that followed it
tirelessly and invisibly.

brutal jaw, and the wide planes of of your arrans, monsieur. The lawof pallor. Monsieur Jonquelle had direct. They have no consideration
for anyone, and the press of those
islands has a less restraint. "When one is charged with crime in England, and comes into



THE MAN AT THE PIANO SPRANG UP AND TURNED

Monsieur Jonquelle continued to

they could have arrived by chance.
"Your uncle, Lord Winton, took hesitate. But he went on.
"Monsieur," he said, "out of this the title and the whole properties of

quests a favor from another.

Lord Valleys replied immediately. "I shall be very glad to give you the impression he gave one was de- profound courtesy for Monsieur Jon- my opinion upon any point in the Lord Winton had two sons, one of cidedly not English. It was that of quelle to complete the subject with matter," he said. "Surely I have them married an American; the "Surely I have them married an American; the other remained unmarried. There

BOX

Another Request for Blocks.

Dear Miss Grey,—Surely there is room for one more in your cosy little corner. Those dreary days are brightened so by the cheerful little letters, and I altered to the state of the stat ways enjoy them so much. I always feel with all my heart for those in need, and wish I could help—perhaps I may in some way—those little darling babies, for which your efforts are much to be commended. Dear Miss Grey, being a very busy mother, thought perhaps I might try for the quilt blocks which Doonside so kindly offered. If I am fortunte enough to receive same, would be very grate-ful. Will close now, as this is my first letter, and will come again (please). Will sign (pen name), DUBLIN DAISIE. The blocks have been given out,

do with the inclosed money order? Please let me know. I am pleased to think you enjoy the Mail-Box so Turkey Dressing. Dear Miss Grey and Boxites,—
It is some time and I wrote to
the Mail-box, better late than
never. I read and "Tiser every
evening and see where so many
send in such nice recipes. Here

and as the requests and money keep coming in for the blocks, I feel quite

guilty, as if I were taking the mone;

is a turkey dressing which is very classic. Turkey dressing: Three cups of stale bread crumbs, one cup English walnuts cut fine, half cup chopped celery, one cup chopped apples, three eggs, one teaspoon summer savory one and one-half cups deviled ham. Onions and raisins may be added if liked. Inclosed you will find a dime for the S. C. H. fund. Wish it was more. Well, I will run along

or you will not let me come again. Yours as before,
PIEFACE. Thank you for the inclosed mite and recipe, which sounds very appe-tizing. We will be pleased to hear from you soon again, Pieface.

BRITISH MAILS

machinery of a criminal court of England is on its way. The experience of it is a horror to me, The next mail for Great Britain and Europe will close at the London postoffice at 10 p. m. on Sunday, Nov. nonsieur; but if it can result in any benefit to you or to another, I am willing to recall it. What is the 19, to be forwarded via S. S. Berenproblem, monsieur, upon which you would have my opinion?" garia, sailing from New York on Tuesday, Nov. 21, and will consist of "It is this, monsieur," replied the Prefect of Police. "Is it your con-clusion, upon this experience of life, that there is a Providence of God letters and registers only.

It is easier to make a sacrifice for your friends than it is to bear the after-effects. Anyway, the obese female who has outgrown the corset habit looks com-

For Mayor, 1923

Cheese Timbales. BY BERTHA E. SHAPLEIGH.

COOK milk and bread crumbs until a paste is formed; then add

cheese, seasonings, and eggs slightly beaten. Turn into buttered timbale molds or cups, and set these in a pan of hot water. Bake until firm, or when a pointed knife is inserted in the center none of the custard clings to the knife. Turn into serving dish, and pour

Pimiento Sauce.

1/2 teaspoon salt

is guaranteed the finest

when it bears the name

Famous for its Flavor-Just try a sample.

Pure Green Tea-

½ teaspoon salt 1-8 teaspoon pepper

1/4 teaspoon paprika

2 pimientos finely chopped or

rubbed through sieve 1-8 teaspoon pepper

½ cup bread crumbs (soft bread crumbs) 1 cup grated cheese

Make as any cream sauce is made.

2 tablespoons butter

2 tablespoons flour 1 cup milk

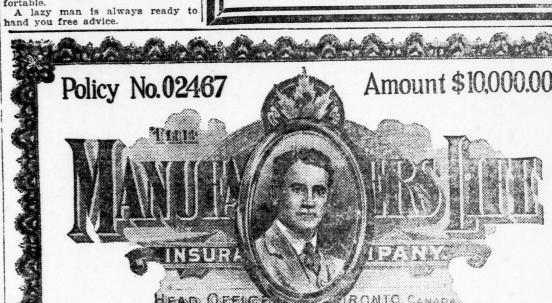
A Citizen and a Taxpayer in London for over 22 YEARS. He has always taken an active part in all civic affairs in the interests of the most people. He knows what's needed!

"A BUSINESSMAN FOR A BUSINESSMAN'S JOB."



"Take the extraordinary events that have happened to you, Lord Valleys, and tell me, if you can, how

who have had experience and were, have come. I feel, with a certain opinion, have been always persons lacking in a certain element of intelligence. I have not had the that the feel with a certain diplomatic service, and was allotted to see the diplomatic service. His hair was lacking in a certain element of inbut it was no mannerno mannerwho was also a man of intelligence, who was also a man of experience, and was another you will not deny me the benefit of to one of the little courts of southto one of the little The Prefect of Police looked up mother there, and you were born and grew up in the atmosphere of



The Greatest Monument to a Prudent Man

To leave a family provided with the necessities of life-to leave the home intact -and funds to educate the children left behindthis is the greatest monument to a prudent man.

This monument must be erected before death—when health and earning power are at their height. Thus a Manufacturers Life Insurance Policy provides for maintenance during old age, should it be reached; and it provides for protection against poverty, debt, anxiety, should death leave the dependents all alone. Think it over. Have you insurance—have you enough insurance? Use the coupon below.

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Kindly furnish particulars of a Monthly Income Policy for



Colds and Bronchitis

Mrs. Chris Dresser, Bayfield, Ont., writes: "We have used Dr. Chase's Linseed and Turpentine in our household for some time. and have always received good results. I have used it for my children as well as for myself for colds and bronchitis, and we find it gives immediate relief. Three bottles of this medicine once relieved me of an obstinate cold when doctor's medicine had failed. I cannot speak too highly of Dr. Chase's Linseed and Turpentine, and would not be without it in the house. If you can make any use of this letter you are at liberty to do so.

Asthma

Mr. Thomas Bond, Sheldrake, North Shore, Que., writes:-"I suffered for years with asthma, sometimes being unable to lie in bed, but after a treatment of Dr. Chase's Linseed and Turpentine, I am now quite well and thank this medicine for restoring

Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine Trial size 35c. a bottle. Family size, three times as much, 75c. All dealers and Felmanson, Bates & Co., Ltd., Toronto.

LISTOWEL

ing detective story will appear our next issue.

Special to The Advertiser. Listowel, Nov. 17 .- Mrs. A. E. Windsor entertained at the tea hour yesterday in honor of her friend Mrs. Holdcroft of Toronto, who is a talented musician, and gave a num-ber of mandolin selections, accom-panied at the piano by Mrs. Gourlay Darroch. Miss Brook invited the guests to the tea-room, where Mrs N. Hay and Mrs. (Dr.) A. H. Nichol poured tea, and the Misses I. Kidd, L. Fair, H. Hay, A. Moore and L. Windsor served the dainty refresh-

Mrs. (Dr.) Rutherford, Mrs. Wood and Mrs. Jarvis paid Mrs. F. W. Hay a brief visit today. Mr. and Mrs. Yonges of Embro are Mr. and Mrs. Tonges of Embro are visiting their daughter, Mrs. Simms. Mrs. H. Moore, Trowbridge, is visit-ing her son, Dr. James Moore. Mr. Frank Varden of Toronto is the guest of his sister, Miss John Sang-

He isn't much of a baker who eats all the bread he kneads. Why pick a quarrel before it is



Bowels-Feel Fine! Stop Sick Headache, Biliousness, Colds, Sour Stomach

you will feel fine. Cascarets never gripe or sicken you like cathartic pills, calomel, salts

Cascarets taste nice; work thoroughly. They clear the sour bile and fermenting waste away; those bowel poisons which make you feel sick, bilious, headachy and keep your

Let Cascarets start your bowels acting and | breath bad and stomach sour, acid, and gassy. One or two Cascarets, anytime, will relieve constipation quickly and break up a cold. Taken at night the bowels act splendidly in the morning. No inconvenience during the day or overacting.

Children love Cascarets too. 10c boxes, also 25 and 50c sizes. Any drugstore