ETERNAL TANDEM

By Will Nies



THOSE who have eyes that see ONLY what everyone beholds NEVER see HIM. But if you've eyes in your heart and in your imagination you'll catch a glimpse of him, most anywhere, yes, even on the frozen waters, drawing Those Who Believe along the

Here they are skimming over the ice with the music of their hearts attuned to the ring of their skates and their songs of happy laughter. "Follow on! Follow on!" he cries and on they go, happy in the instant, filled with faith for the future-knowing that

REVELATIONS OF A WIFE

What Madge Did When Left

Dicky stood in the doorway of my room with his hand on the door knob. He had come directly up to me when I had rushed from the living-room after his mother's unsulting remarks concerning Robert Gordon, and had gently southed my jamed nerves. I knew that he must have left his mother in a towering rage, and I saw that if it were possible he preferred that she and I should not meet until the elder woman had recovered from the tan-rum into which she had been thrown by the persistent inquiries of Robert Gordon.

I should have acceded to his suggestion under any circumstances, but I was especially thankful for this unexpected chance of an uninterrupted afternoon. I wanted an opportunity to get cut a package which was in the bottom of a trunk of my dead mather's. I had scarcely thought of it since her death, but in the course of my conversation with Dicky I had been forcibly reminded of its existence and I was impatient to see it.

So I smiled cheerfully up at him, and affected as nonchalant an air as possible. "You do have the best ideas, Dicky, I think I'd rather have four or five hours' rest than anything I know. I'm going to sport my oak"—isn't that what they say in English school boy stories?—and I shall expect not to be disturbed. So good-by until dinner."

"You shan't be disturbed but once," Dicky retorted; "I'm going to sead Katte up with your luncheon."

"Truly, I couldn't eat a thing, Dicky," I Irrotested.

"Throw it out the window then," he returned nonchalanty. "but I'm gently eventured.

"Throw it out the window then," he returned nonchalantly, "but I'm surely going to send it to you. So long!"
"Little Mother's" Last Request

He went out of the room quickly, closing the door behind him. I waited until I He went out of the coon autickly, closing the door behind bim. I waited until I beard his fectsteps descending the stairs before turning the key in the lock. Then I went directly to a little old trunk which I had always kept in my own room ever since my mother's death, and kinesling bafore it. I was my mother's own girlbood trunk. One in which she had kept her treasures and mementoes all kept life. The chief delight of my childhood had been sitting by her side when she took out the different things from it and showed them to me. Dear, thoughtful, little mother of mine! Almost the last thing she did before her strength failed her utverly was to repack the little trunk, wrapping and lubeling each thing it contained, and putting into it only the things which she knew I would not use, but wished to keep as memories of her and of my own childhood.

"I do not wish you to have to look over these things while your grief is still fresh for me," she had said, with the divine thoughtfulness that mothers keep until the last breath they draw. There is nothing in it that you will have to look at for years if you do not wish to do so—that is, except one package that I am going to tell you about now."

She stoppel to catch the breath which was so pitifully short in those torturing days. enest write lips, for her labor at packand the emotional strain of talking to
concerning the future had brought on
of the dreaded heart attacks which
to iterribly frequent in the last weeks
her life. We had never spoken of the
tor afterward, for she did not leave
bed again until the end.

Is It The Time
one time she had mettered we to

At one time the had motioned me to bring from her desk the old-fashioned key ring on which she kept her keys. She had held up two, a tiny key and a larger one, and whispered hearsely: "These are the keys to the lock lox and the little trunk-you know where the others belong," and then had closed her eyes as at the effort of speaking had exhausted her, as indeed it had. In the wild grief which followed my mother's death there was no thought of my unknown father except the bitterness which I had always felt toward him. I knew that the tarible sorrow he had caused her her her her death. The exciting, almost tragic experiences of my life with Dicky had swept all my old life into the background. I could not analyze the change which had come over me. As I lifted the lid of the trunk and took from the top tray the inlaid lock box which my mother's hands had last touched the grief for her which the sight of the box revived was mingled with a strange new longing to find out anything I eculd concerning the father I had never known.

OLD CUSTOM OBSERVED.

An ancient custom, dating from the period of Queen Elizabeth, was observed at Chertsey recently, when blankets were distributed to persons aged between seventy-eight and ninety-one from money derived from market tolls and fees paid to the town crier. Mrs. Baker, the first woman town crier in England, following the enlistment of her husband and son, assisted in the distribution.

No man-is as bad as his faults. in it that you will have to look at for years if you do not wish to do so—that is, except one package that I am going to tell you about now."

The wise girl, instead of mixing one man with a variety of emotions, mixes a variety of men with one enotion. You can't tell a hussy from a saint nowadays, now that their garments are before her death, and over her face swept so much alike. Secrets of Health and Happines:

FLAT FEET" OFTEN DUE TO IMPROPERLY FITTING SHOES

by DR. LEONARD KEENE HIRSHBERG B., M.A., M.D. (Johns Hopkins University)



vitally suffers, namely, sore feet.

Of all the abominations of "the footsore and weary," not the least is flat foot. This may be like the gentry of old England, "of high or low degree." That is to say, it may be so slight that the victim is still able to stand, or so severe as to reuira forcible restoration of the joints and muscles by strong-arm or surgical methods.

Flat foot is not always, as you are often led to think, a slow, gradual devalopment due to city life and stereotyped occupations. It sometimes comes on very sharply after a brief 'liness.

This may be better understood when you

An ancient custom, dating from the period of Queen Elizabeth, was observed at Chertsey recently, when blankets were distributed to persons aged between seventy-eight and ninety-one from money derived from market tolls and fees paid to the town crier. Mrs. Baker, the first woman town crier in England, following the enlistment of her husband and son, assisted in the distribution.

BERLIN'S LYCEUM CLUB.

Berlin, Feb.—German women never knew what a woman's club was until, with the aid of Miss Constance Smedley of London, they established a Berlin Lyceum Club in 1905. The club recently celebrated its "tenth anniversary," the president, Frau Hedwig Heyl, explaining that altho it was really born twelve years ago, two years of that time had been strafed out of existence, as in 1907 the club "emancipated" itself from "English influences."

Answers To HEALTH QUESTIONS

ANSWERS TO HEALTH QUESTIONS C. M. Q-What is herpes and what is the

A-Herpes are little blisters that can easily be cured by means of ammoniated mercury of intenent or other antiseptic. In pneumonia, meningitis, true malaria and other germ diseases the microbes linger around.

A-You are mistaken. Studying and reading are the same, except that interest makes you pay attention to what you consider reading, and you cleck the necessary stiffsh or pleasant interest to make you pay attention easily to the more important recding. You should teach yourself how to take pleasure and feel interest in any study. Then you will pay attention and not be bewildered or tired. and mixed Werrener a concoction that tickled his palate and made him ask

Mr. Neverwed—Does your wife treat you the same as she did before you were married?

Mr. Peck—Not exactly. Before we were married when I displeased her she refused to speak to me. -Boston Globe.

BON-OPTO PRESCRIPTION FOR THE EYES



THE **FORMAN MYSTERY**

By GEORGE HUGHES.

(Continued From Yesterday).

So he got up from his bed, donned : under the window, where he could look out upon the night and the lone policeman making his nocturnal tout of the beat. But even there he was not at rest. Before him appeared the terrible incidents of the night in wearisome sequence—the loss of his automobile, the terrible apparition of Norah Rafferty, the discovery of the slain girl and the sudden appearance of Edith Forman and her attempt to bribe him to commit wrongdoing. What was her object in trying to hide the tragedy of her sister's death? Was it merely, as she had told him, to prevent exposure and the besmirching of the family name?—or was there something else, something hidden behind her frantic appeal to him for co-operation? Was her motive ulterior?

Seated there, eyes fixed immovably upon the yellow face of the city hall clock, peering craftly over the distant roofs of intervening buildings, tant roofs of intervening buildings, he reviewed his experiences of the night with sickening repetition, creating and discarding theories, taxing his brain to the limit. But at last he could stand it no longer. His brain rebelled and he was fain to lay his throbbing head upon the inviting pillow. Mental exhaustion eventually put the demon to flight just as the glittering shafts of a new day stabbed the east with their splendor.

The time to get up came all too.

The time to get up came all too scon for him. As in a dream he heard the distant voice of Mrs. Romey, his Irish housekeeper, calling out that it was 8 o'clock, and that breakfast was served. He crawled out of bed slowly, yawning and stretching his tired limbs meanwhile. For all the good the sleep had done him he might just as well have never gone to bed at all. As his bare feet touched the carpet his head whirled, and for a moment he was able to see nothing distinctly thru the red mist that beclouded his visior. He sank back upon the bed, and bowed his palpitating head in his nands to still the pounding.

A few moments and he felt better.

He dressed himself lethargically and in a careless manner, carn; little how his clothes looked upon him.
In the same apathetic way he dragged his weary limbs downstairs to the breaklast table. Mrs. Rooney was a wenderful cook, and Warreher usually attacked the vialls she set for him with the vigor of a healthy man But this morning he had no appetite bly, his eyes felt puffed, his skin was sically, and after he had swallowed a mouthful of hot tea, he pushed aside his plate and rose from the table. Just on the point of entering, Mrs. Rooney noticed his action. She was

instantly all sympathy.

"Yo're not feeling well this morning, docthor?" she queried, hastening toward him. Warrener smiled and tried to be

"Just a little headache, Mrs Rooney." heerful. he answered. But his attempt cheeriness was a miserable failure, and Mrs. Rooney, wise in her generation, saw thru the subterfuge.

"I'll be afther getting ye something that'll fix ye up all right, then," she stated. And with that she bustled about

for more. This served, he went to his surgery.

He was relieved to find attending patients comparatively few that morning. Those who did attend he treated with scant sympathy when they re-lated their aches and ills to him. He was intensely glad when the last of them left the office and he was free

to get out into the fresh air. He made his way downtown and reported his loss to the police authorities. This formality over, he hied himself to the nearest motor livery and hired a rakish looking runabout built for speed and hard usage. A few minutes later, he was spinning toward Lea-

dale.
The clean air and a nipping breeze invigorated him and set his nerves atingle, so that by the time he reached ceased to ache, his eyes were brighter, and he felt more capable of facing the day's work which lay ahead of him. He slowed up as he reached the lane leading to the Forman home. Thru the springing branches of the apple trees in the orchard he could see the house, quiet and unostentatious in its seclusion. He halted with one foot on and call at the house, or to continue his way to the suburbs. A moment's thought urged him to keep on

(Continued Tomorrow).

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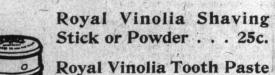
Made In

170ULD you have our Canadian Soldiers' V clothing and equipment made in foreign countries when they can be supplied in Canada?

The idea would be absurd.

Is it not just as absurd to spend money on Shaving Sticks and Toilet Articles made in foreign countries, when you can buy the finest and best that science, experience and skill can produce, made here in Canada, from British formulae and material?

Think It Over!



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store. If your druggist does not stock please write us. VINOLIA COMPANY LIMITED

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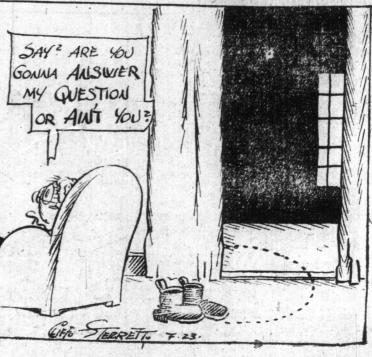
ried by the King is the one that was

CARRIES LATE KING'S WATCH. Mother," engraved on the inside King Edward bequeathed the watch to His Majesty.

used for years by King Edward, and which was given to him by Queen recting Tokio and Yokahama will be replaced early in the new year by an elevated line, on each side of which the words, "To Edward, from His vehicles.



By Sterreli



Polly and Her Pals

Pa, at Least, Knows When He is Defeated



- BRILL'S BUSHESS GLEGE -



Augright, 1917, by Messpaper Feature Service, Inc. Great Britain sights reherved. Registered in U. S. Patent Office

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