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Righted in Time

CHAPTER I.

"Look here, Barry, you must be a sport, and help me out of this hole."

"Yours to command, madam."

Moya looked up at him with her bright, quizzical eyes. She was not at all sure that Barry Tremont was hers to command—at least in the way she wanted at that particular moment. Barry was much too fond of his joke, and had a tiresome habit of laughing to scorn all serious problems such as confronted her now.

"Ah, but will you be mine to command, Barry?" she implored. "That's just what I want to ask. Whether you will lend yourself to me, so to speak, for the next few weeks. It will not be any longer than that. And it would be rather a bit of fun, too."

Barry caught up a stone and sent it carelessly clattering down the cliff. The dancing sea was before them, blue and sunny. The soft cliff turf was under their feet. And they were holiday-making and in holiday mood.

"What's it all about?" queried Barry.

"You're really so mysterious I can't make head nor tail of it. And I certainly can't stretch my overworked intellect to fathom mysteries on my one holiday in the year."

"Overworked!" she scoffed. "I'd like to see the work you do, Barry. Going to sleep at the office, and waking up when it's time to draw your screw!"

"Draw my screw indeed! That's some about every three months. I must be a regular Rip Van Winkle if I manage to get all that amount of slumber in between. It strikes me, Moya, you're not at all awake yourself to the dignity and responsibility of a City capitalist."

"Capitalist!" she echoed. "Do you call it that? I should have thought 'office boy' would have been nearer the correct—"

They seemed fully launched in one of their wars of repartee. But Barry plumped himself down determinedly on the cliff grass.

"Office boy or capitalist—and perhaps both are equally wide of the mark—I'm not going to be marched any more miles over these interminable cliffs. What's making you so restless, Moya? You seem bent on putting as good a distance as you can contrive between you and Seabridge."

She laughed. "Oh, I believe I hate the place. Wish we had never come. Still more wish we were going back tomorrow."

Barry elevated his brows. "That's queer. I thought you were dead nuts on coming here. No other place would do. And we were to have such a jolly time together—our two families. And now, literally, you've been as cross as two sticks ever since we arrived."

There was an old friendship, and successfully survived plain speaking. At any rate, Moya, bore his in perfect good humor, notwithstanding what he had just suggested as to the state of her temper while holiday-making.

"I have—I own it. Because, you see, I found out at once why the matter came. Not for the sea air or the scenery, or even because your people could come at the same time, and it would be so jolly to go together—and make one party. No, not for that."

"For what, then?"

IN THE INTEREST
OF YOUR SKIN, USE

BABY'S OWN SOAP



It's flower-fragrant,
healing father has
pleased four generations
of Canadians

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"Be mine to command as you promised just now. Literally to lend yourself to me for the next few weeks. If Guy Berkeley has gone, I don't suppose he'll stay long when he finds it's all useless. Oh, it may only be a day or two that we shall have to pretend—and keep up the pretence—that we're engaged."

It was not often Barry flattered himself that anyone took a rise out of him. But he rose from his comfortable seat on the cliff grass now, and looked down at Moya with the most unaffected astonishment. She for her part, did not move at all or change her easy attitude as she sat there, clasped hands on her lap. She just looked up at him and laughed, a gleam of fun in her dark eyes.

"Engaged!" gasped Barry, helplessly. "Oh, great Scott, what next? And have you announced the engagement, please, yet? And when's the wedding? And where do I come in, pray? It does not look as if I was much consulted about a matter in which I might be expected to have some slight interest—my own engagement!"

Moya chuckled mischievously. "You are not very unflattering," she said, severely. "Rude in the extreme! To be proposed to by a lady and to take it in this way!"

Barry mopped his forehead in an exaggerated fashion. "Who knows it?" he demanded anxiously. "It's kind of you to inform me—when everyone else knows it. Though now I come to think of it, I haven't received any congratulations yet."

"Oh, don't be so silly," said Moya irritably. "Of course I've told no one yet. I'm going to burst it on them like a bombshell. Now, Barry, won't it be fun? Oh, do be sensible for a moment and listen! Just think how it will foil Guy Berkeley—prove to him that I don't want that wretched money, even if it was much needed still, as it is to be squared in that odious way. He'll arrive here—to find me engaged! Oh, won't it be splendid!"

She clasped her hands round her knees and hugged them with enthusiastic delight. Barry, however, did not seem to share it, did not emerge from his own gloom, or see the splendour of this famous idea.

"We're the best of pals," he began uneasily. "But to be engaged—have you thought it well out, Moya?"

She unclasped her hands and stamped a small foot angrily in lieu of the enthusiasm of a moment before.

"Oh, bother!" she cried hopelessly at Barry's obtuseness and failure to see what was so clear to herself. "What's the matter with you? I'd like to know! Isn't it simple enough? I'm not asking you to be really engaged, stupid! Is it likely I should do such a thing? I'm simply asking you to help me out of a hole, to—"

her voice trembled a little—"save my pride," she finished quickly. "Yes, save my pride from such a humiliation as Guy Berkeley's visit would be!"

"Young ladies should not call their prospective fiancés stupid," put in Barry. "That is, if they want a favorable answer to their proposals."

Moya rose with dignified wrath.

A SPRING TONIC AIDS EFFICIENCY

LAY FOUNDATION OF GOOD
HEALTH NOW BY BUILDING
YOUR BLOOD AND
STRENGTHENING YOUR
NERVES.

The good old fashion of taking a tonic in the spring time like most of the customs of our grandparents, is based upon some common sense and good medical practice. Winter is always a trying time for those who are not in rugged physical health. Many men, women and children go through the winter on "reserve strength" they have stored up during the sunny summer months, and grow increasingly pale and languid as the spring days approach. A tonic for the blood and nerves at this time will do much for such people, by putting color in the cheeks and banishing that tired feeling that worries the minds of people at this season of the year.

It is impossible to be energetic if your blood is thin and weak, or if your nerves are frayed or shattered. You cannot compete with others if you do not get refreshing sleep at night, or if your appetite is poor or you are losing weight. You need a tonic at this time to aid in your efficiency and to save you from the suffering later on. And in all the realm of medicine, there is no safer or better tonic than Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. These Pills tone and enrich the blood which circulates through every portion of the body, strengthening the nerves and run-down organs, and bringing a feeling of new strength and energy to weak, easily tired, despondent men, women and children.

Mrs. J. N. McNeill, Glace Bay, N.S., writes: "For years past my home has never been without Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I have good reason to praise them highly. Following an attack of the grippe, I was left in a badly run-down condition. I had no appetite and felt so weak I could scarcely go about the house. I was taking medicine but it was not helping me, and a friend advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I used them for a time with the most beneficial results. My appetite improved, my strength returned, and I was soon able to do all my household work. I now use the pills every spring, and find them a splendid strength-bringing tonic. I have recommended the pills to other friends who have used them with good results."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a tonic, not a stimulant. They build up the blood, as well as to save you from the disaster after effects of influenza but also troubles due to poor blood, such as anaemia, rheumatism, indigestion and the generally worn-out feeling that affects so many people, disappear. You can get these pills through any dealer in medicine, or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, from The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

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and Shampooing

The secret of healthy up-to-date shaving is in the use of Cuticura Soap, the "Cuticura Way." No soap, no aches, no free alkali, no irritation even when shaved twice daily. One soap for all uses—shaving, bathing and shampooing.

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"You're hateful!" she declared, "almost as bad as Guy Berkeley himself. And a little while back you called yourself a city capitalist. We need not bother about the ring, of course. If you can't make up a few excuses—well," she stopped—"you can make excuses enough now to avoid helping me," she finished accusingly.

"Silly," said the unrepentant Barry. "Been a bit of a shock to me, you see. Am not accustomed to be proposed to by beautiful young ladies. To have them throw themselves at my head. No, no," said Barry meditatively, "I'm not going to cheat. I'm cooing, I require to think over this flattering proposal of yours, madam."

Moya looked despairing. Barry liked his joke, and no one ever denied it to him. But Barry might see that this was no joke, but a serious problem. She had called it a bit of fun, certainly, but had had been to entice Barry into considering it. But she really thought was the saving of her pride, and this was the way to save it. Let Guy Berkeley and all the world see she was carelessly independent of his money.

"I must get engaged now," she decreed. "Before he comes. Oh, Barry, don't you see if it was afterwards people might say it was only a pique because he would not marry me! No, it must be at once. That is the one thing I think of—proving to Guy Berkeley I'm not the mercenary little wretch anyone would think me to be."

It was the one thing she thought of. She did not think of Barry himself at all. Moya was given to impulse. And as to Barry—why, he was very much given to the guiding of the moment. But he made one last objection.

"Have you thought of what your mother will say?" he asked.

Moya's face colored. "Oh, the matter will be very angry, of course," she owned. "I shall have to go through with that. And a lot of chaff, too, perhaps from the others. Yes, I dare say, now I come to think of it, they will be rather surprised. For old chums like you and I, Barry, know far too much of each other to get engaged!"

"I'm not so sure that it is even a joke," he said. After a pause: "Not so sure that it isn't a bit of unjustifiable deceit. Now, don't look so angry at me, Moya, and don't for heaven's sake begin to cry. Yes, of course, I'll do it, if you're so bent upon it. Though it's a wild-cat scheme; and I'm sure we shan't carry it out successfully. But if you're going to cry and make a fuss—yes, yes, of course I'll help you."

So Moya got her way. Not, it is to be feared, from any superior weight of argument, or the enticing proposal of a good joke and piece of fun, but from Barry's mere man-hatred of seeing a girl cry.

"I'll be everlastingly grateful to you," she vowed. "Barry, you've got me out of the most awful hole."

(To be continued.)

An Unexplained Mystery of the Pacific.

One of the unsolved mysteries of the Pacific is that of the "Beeswax Ship." Up and down the rugged coast, from San Diego to Vancouver, may be found the broken, battered and decaying hulls of vessels that were caught in the merciless grasp of a storm and blown ashore. Practically all of these have been accounted for, though some were stranded in the long ago. But there is one whose identity, destination and purpose remains a mystery: This is the "Beeswax Ship." No other name can be given to this unknown craft, because no other name has ever been found for it. As far back as the early fifties, when the first white settlers reached that rugged coast section of northern Oregon, near the mouth of the Nehalem River, there was found, embedded in the beach sands, considerable quantities of pure beeswax. At first it was believed that these were "natural deposits" of a substance whose composition and character were similar to beeswax. As the pioneers had use for it in their homes, for one purpose or another, they dug all of it they could find, even going to the trouble of excavating into the beach cliffs for a distance of several miles up and down the coast.

Then somebody came upon chunks of the beeswax that were so regular in form and had such absolute appearance of having been molded that speculation rose as to the source of the stuff. A while later pieces were found that bore the stamp of the maker. Such letters in combinations as "H-N" and "H-S" were plainly traced. About the same time there were found a great number of candles of beeswax, many of them with the wicks still intact. So it was known positively that the "beeswax deposits" were not "natural deposits" at all, but the buried remains of a ship's cargo.

The name of the ship, whither she was bound, from whence she came, are unsolved riddles. For years and years efforts have been made to lift the veil of mystery that hangs over the "beeswax cliffs." All manner of theories have been advanced, the most plausible of these being that the vessel was a Spanish ship, bringing beeswax candles and other material for worshipping purposes, and practical use to the Spanish missions of the early days. She came to grief on the rocky bluffs after having made the long journey from Spain. Yet it is strange that no part of the ship itself, except a few bits of oak-wood, have been found. It is as if every part of the vessel was deeply buried by the drifting sands, or sent to the bottom of the sea except the quantity of beeswax carried.

Deaf and Dumb Language.

The Encyclopedia Britannica says: "We have conversed by signs with deaf people from all parts of the British Isles, from France, from Norway and Sweden, Poland, Finland, Italy, Russia, Turkey, the United States, and found that indeed they are a world-wide communication. Deaf people in America converse with Red Indians with ease, thereby showing how natural the mentality of even deaf signs are."

Ruddy Cheeks, Sparkling Eyes, Womanly Health

THOUSANDS OF VIGOROUS, HAPPY
BY GIRLS AND WOMEN
ENDORSE THE TREATMENT

BRINGS KEEN APPETITE, GOOD SPIRITS.

Women who are all played out, droopy, pale, nervous, and irritable will certainly be greatly interested. So will folks who are embarrassed with pimples, rashes, and pallid complexion.

The real joy of living is best known to those who keep the blood pure and the system toned by the use of Dr. Hamilton's Pills, a soothing tonic laxative that puts health, vim, and spirit into those who lack these qualities.

You will be stronger, better nourished, in better spirits and sleep better after using Dr. Hamilton's Pills. This wonderful medicine will do you good in a hundred ways. It will put spring in your step, an attractive brightness in your eyes, and on your cheeks will be stamped the glow and blush of a June rose. All this is possible because Dr. Hamilton's Pills bring about vigorous digestion, perfect assimilation, pure blood, and a proper working of all the organs.

RECIPES

OYSTERS IN BAKING DISH.
Beat one egg, two tablespoons of cold water, roll oysters in this and then in crumbs. Place close together in baking dish; season with salt and pepper and cut over all a few white tops of celery put in oven until brown. When hot it is very good. It is so much easier than frying and they are perfectly hot when served.

ORANGE PUDDING.
Cut up five oranges, put in a large pudding dish and sprinkle over them one-half cup of white sugar. Set a pan containing a pint of milk in a kettle of boiling water; let it boil. Stir together the yolks of two eggs, one-half cup of sugar and two tablespoonsful of cornstarch in a little cold milk and with a little salt. Add this to the boiling milk; let it thicken and pour it over the fruit. Now beat the whites of two eggs to a stiff froth, add a tablespoon of fine sugar and pour it over the pudding. Set in a hot oven to brown. Drop jelly on the top for ornament.

DELICIOUS RED CABBAGE.
One small red cabbage cut fine, two greenings apples chopped, one large onion chopped, one teaspoon flour, one tablespoon unsalted fat, one-half cup water.

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salt, pepper, one tablespoon vinegar, one teaspoon sugar. Put the cabbage in a saucepan, add the onion, apples, cabbage, water, salt and pepper to taste. Simmer slowly for about two hours, adding water as it boils away. Sprinkle flour over the cabbage and stir in; add vinegar and sugar. White cabbage may be prepared in the same way.

BREAD STICKS.

Add one yeast cake to a half-pint of lukewarm water, dissolve and beat a teaspoonful of salt in the beaten white of one egg and sufficient flour to make a dough; knead well for 10 minutes. Stand aside for two hours. When light turn out on the board, cut off small bits and roll them under the hands into a cord-like strip to fit pan. Stand in a warm place for 20 minutes and bake for 10 minutes in a quick oven. These sticks are especially nice served with salads.

FOR BREAKFAST.

Three Good Recipes for You to Test.

Beat up three eggs with a tablespoonful of milk and a pinch of salt. Melt one-half ounce of butter in a saucepan, add the egg mixture and cook while stirring until it begins to set; fold the eggs over to make it oval. Do not turn it, but to finish it on the upper side place the pan under the grill and let it just set.

Curl 'n Eggs.—Four hard-boiled eggs one ounce of butter; add a dessert-spoonful of curry powder and half of flour. Fry 1 together. Now moisten with a teaspoonful of milk. Stir: a quarter of an hour. Put the eggs into the sauce, add a teaspoonful of chicken-simmer for a few minutes, and serve with rice.

Fried Bacon with Pananas.—Remove the rind from some thinly cut rashers of bacon and fry them on both sides in a frying pan. Skin half as many bananas as there are rashers, cut each in half lengthwise, sprinkle with salt and pepper and fry them in the bacon fat, adding a little margarine if necessary. Dish up the bacon, and put half a banana on each rasher. Serve at once.

Chinese Hold Secret.

Ever since Hong Kong was established, the industry of vermilion making, entirely in the hands of the Chinese, has been an important one. The factories of Hong Kong have violated trade secrets. The manufacture of this pigment is among the foremost of the colony's industries. There are something like a hundred small plants for the manufacture of vermilion in Hong Kong and Kowloon. The raw material comes from Australia, and the vermilion is prepared altogether by what is known as the wet method. The Chinese made artificial cinabar long before Europe was a civilized country, and to this day there are trade secrets in the vermilion industry which no European has yet been able to fathom. Some of the granite stones there, between which the pulverized ore is ground, are almost prehistoric. —Family Herald.

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As to your trouble? Have you some skin eruption that is stubborn, has resisted treatment? Is there a nervous condition which does not improve in spite of rest, diet and medicine? Are you going down hill steadily? ARE YOU NERVOUS and despondent, weak and debilitated; tired morning; no ambition—lifeless; memory gone; easily fatigued; excitable and irritable; lack of energy and confidence? Is there falling power, a drain on the system? Consult the old reliable specialists.

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Weak and relaxed state of the body, nervousness, despondency, poor memory, lack of will power, timid, irritable disposition, diminished power of application, energy and concentration, fear of impending danger or misfortune, drowsiness and tendency to sleep, restless sleep, dark rings under eyes, loss of weight, insomnia. Dr. Ward gives you the benefit of 25 years' continuous practice in the treatment of all chronic, nervous, blood and skin diseases. The above symptoms, and many others not mentioned, show plainly that something is wrong with your physical condition and that you need expert attention.

Men, why suffer longer? Let me make you a vigorous man. Let me restore your physical condition to full manhood. Don't be a weakling any longer. Make up your mind to come to me and I will give the best treatment known to science—the one successful treatment based on the experience of 25 years in treating men and their ailments.

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Do you realize that you have only one life to live—do you realize that you are missing most of that life by ill health? A life worth living is a healthy life. Neglect of one's health has put many a man in his grave.

I have been telling men these things for many years but still there are thousands of victims who, for various reasons, have not had the good sense to come and get well.

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