

The Heart of Mademoiselle

By Blanche Gertrude Robbins

A handy book on home decoration
(With furnished rooms in colors)

Think of the time saved in worry and experimenting. Think of the possibility of avoiding serious mistakes. Some of the sub-headings show just how practical this book is: "The Influence of Color"; "Light and Shade"; "Harmony in Colors—How to get the Right Effect"; "Value of Conventional Designs"; "Plain Tinting"; "Color Values."

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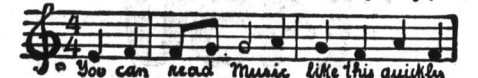
If you are going to decorate a room or your whole home, enclose 15 cents in coin or stamps and get a copy of "Homes Healthful and Beautiful." It gives many a useful hint for the treatment of bedroom, living-room, dining-room, halls, parlor, including even the kitchen.

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IS HE CRAZY?

The owner of a large plantation in Mississippi, where the fine figs grow, is giving away a few five-acre fruit tracts. The only condition is that figs be planted. The owner wants enough figs raised to supply a co-operative canning factory. You can secure five acres and an interest in the canning factory by writing the Eubank Farms Company, 1134 Keystone, Pittsburgh, Pa., U.S.A. They will plant and care for your trees for \$6 per month. Your profit should be \$1000 per year. Some think this man is crazy for giving away such valuable land, but there may be method in his madness.

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They mend all leaks in all utensils—tin, brass, copper, granite, hot water bags, etc. No solder, cement or rivets. Anyone can use them; fit any surface, two million uses. Send for sample pkg., 10c. COMPLETE PACKAGE ASSORTED SIZES, 25c. POSTPAID. Agents wanted. Collette Mfg. Co., Dept. B, Collingwood, Ont.

THE fishing village lay sleeping in its shroud of peace. The waters of the Bay of Fundy rolling towards the shore lapped the sandy beach. With the incoming tide, two dories, a trawler and a schooner noiselessly drifted to an anchorage in the harbor.

The girl standing on the balcony of the Grande House, that overlooked the rugged coast, breathed in deeply, then turned, peering through the orchard set among the hills.

Wonderfully beautiful and dreamy! An ideal spot in which to rusticate—to recover one's balance, whether it be a mental or a physical struggle, that had lacerated the soul.

But what need had she, Jean MacBurney, of rest and solitude? It was action—life, teeming with opportunity that she craved. The narrow environment of her home life bound her like fetters. True that her brother was comrade to her, and no girl could wish for more congenial relationship than existed between her mother and herself.

But the village, itself, was all French Canadian. She was conscious of the superiority of her own home, the Grande House; that the village people were as a matter of fact under the control of her brother, whose extensive fishing business gave the Acadians employment,

Ottawa. She dared not harbor the dreams that feign would take possession of her soul—dreams of their future meeting and ultimate friendship. True, that she thought little upon her possible return to life in the fishing village.

A trifling breeze scattered the papers on the porch table and Jean MacBurney shivered slightly as she caught a glimpse of the emblazoned headlines. Under the spell of this peacefulness and the joy-dreams of her soul, it was impossible to believe that war had been declared upon European soil.

All was so quiet and serene in the village and in the harbor. Yet at that very moment other villages were being devastated and other harbors active with battleships.

Then into the silence crashed the report of a rifle. Jean MacBurney started in alarm. A second report and a third followed. With a shudder she leaned far over the porch rail and scanned the meadows beyond the orchard.

There was no hunting in this fishing village. Who would desire to use a rifle? A form was coming over the hill. She caught a glimpse of the rifle, pointing from the shoulder of the man, striding as though he were on the warrior's march.

"Norman!" she exclaimed aloud, "Nor-



Mr. and Mrs. David McConnell, aged 71 years, who celebrated their golden wedding on the Memorial Day, March 13th, 1916.
43 years ago Mr. and Mrs. McConnell set out from Bruce County, Ont., travelling to Milwaukee, Wisconsin, via train from this point they set out in wagons for Manitoba, arriving at their destination after 11 weeks travel. For 37 years Mr. and Mrs. McConnell farmed in Golden Stream, retiring to Gladstone six years ago.

Her mother's interest in and affection for these, simple primitive lives, was beyond her understanding. Doubtless, the mother's life had merged into this simpler mode through the passing of years. The father, no longer with them, had planted the fishing industry there in the early years of his married life. When he had built the house with its many stories and wide porches on the hill overshadowing the village, the people had looked up to it with awe and named it the Grande House.

There was so little chance here for development, or the meeting of strong, influential personalities. Jean MacBurney's heart was pregnant with dreams for her womanhood—the man she loved making for her a home where all was life in the circle of friendship and joy of motherhood. All this might be denied to her if she remained in this seclusion.

With a gay little laugh, she shook out the folds of the shimmering crepe de chine into which she had been gathering a ruffle of chiffon.

How soon she would forget all this monotony and sombreness in the whirl of Ottawa gaieties. It was a blessed privilege that had been granted to her, that of visiting a year in the Capital. Her education, received at a ladies' college, had prepared her to enjoy to the utmost social activities. There was the member whom she had met in the university town. He had interested her as no other man had done. And a little song sang to her that he would be glad to meet her again in

man practicing with his old rifle on the sly!"

The brother emerged from the shade of the orchard trees, then came face to face with the girl, who had slipped over the porch rail.

"Why, sister, thought you and mother were down in the village!" he exclaimed, endeavoring to drop the rifle behind him. But the girl's hand arrested his action. Steadily she searched the gray eyes that drooped beneath her scrutiny.

"You have heard the call?" she asked.

"Yes," he answered simply.
"And you will respond," she questioned, pride strangely combating with the fear in her heart.

"But that is impossible!" he answered quickly.

"Why impossible? Your physique is too rugged not to pass the medical authorities, and you won the sergeant's promotion in your last drill at Aldershot," she retorted breathlessly.

"But there is all this to leave!" The man's hand waved over the village and the group of fish-drying plants clustered about the pier. "I cannot close down on this business and leave the mother unprotected. To wipe out this industry would leave the village folk without support. My duty lies here."

"Where is Henri Amiro? Is he not your partner in almost every plan and project?" she questioned.

"True it is that Henri Amiro has been connected with the business even longer than I have. He is capable and reliable.

Can Do My Work
Pain is All GoneMISS DOLLIE MCCLAIN TELLS OF
DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

Alberta Lady Tells of Quick and Complete Cure Through Using Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Ferguson Flats, Alberta, May 5.—(Special)—"Yes, I am very glad I can say that I have tried Dodd's Kidney Pills and found them all that is claimed for them." So says Miss Dollie McClain, an estimable lady residing here.

"I was troubled with a sore back that made me almost helpless. I took one box of Dodd's Kidney Pills and my back is all right. I can do my work and the pain is all gone."

Thousands of women in Canada are suffering daily tortures from pain in the back. Thousands of others like Miss McClain are doing their work without an effort because they took the advice of others and cured their backache by using Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Every woman should use Dodd's Kidney Pills. They are the finest tonic in the world because, acting directly on the kidneys, they tone up those organs to do their full work of straining all the impurities out of the blood. Pure blood means new strength for all parts of the body. New strength means new cheerfulness. That is why so many women so cheerfully testify to the benefit received from using Dodd's Kidney Pills.

THIS WASHER
MUST PAY
FOR ITSELF

A MAN tried to sell me a horse once. He said it was a fine horse and had nothing the matter with it. I wanted a fine horse, but, I didn't know anything about horses much. And I didn't know the man very well either.

So I told him I wanted to try the horse for a month. He said "All right, but pay me first, and I'll give you back your money if the horse isn't alright."

Well, I didn't like that. I was afraid the horse wasn't "alright" and that I might have to whistle for my money if I once parted with it. So I didn't buy the horse, although I wanted it badly. Now this set me thinking.

You see I make Washing Machines—the "1900 Gravity" Washer.

And I said to myself, lots of people may think about my Washing Machine as I thought about the horse, and about the man who owned it.

But I'd never know, because they wouldn't write and tell me. You see, I sell my Washing Machines by mail. I have sold over half a million that way. So, thought I, it is only fair enough to let people try my Washing Machines for a month, before they pay for them, just as I wanted to try the horse.

Now, I know what our "1900 Gravity" Washer will do. I know it will wash the clothes, without wearing or tearing them, in less than half the time they can be washed by hand or by any other machine.

I know it will wash a tub full of very dirty clothes in six minutes. I know no other machine ever invented can do that without wearing the clothes. Our "1900 Gravity" Washer does the work so easy that a child can run it almost as well as a strong woman, and it doesn't wear the clothes, fray the edges nor break buttons, the way all other machines do.

It just drives soapy water clear through the fibres of the clothes like a force pump might.

So, said I to myself, I will do with my "1900 Gravity" Washer what I wanted the man to do with the horse. Only I won't wait for people to ask me. I'll offer first, and I'll make good the offer every time.

Let me send you a "1900 Gravity" Washer on a month's free trial. I'll pay the freight out of my own pocket, and if you don't want the machine after you've used it a month, I'll take it back and pay the freight, too. Surely that is fair enough, isn't it?

Doesn't it prove that the "1900 Gravity" Washer must be all that I say it is?

And you can pay me out of what it saves for you. It will save its whole cost in a few months in wear and tear on the clothes alone. And then it will save 50 to 75 cents a week over that on washwoman's wages. If you keep the machine after the month's trial, I'll let you pay for it out of what it saves you. If it saves you 60 cents a week, send me 50c a week till paid for. I'll take that cheerfully, and I'll wait for my money until the machine itself earns the balance.

Drop me a line to-day, and let me send you a book about the "1900 Gravity" Washer that washes clothes in six minutes.

Address me personally—

E. N. Morris, Manager, 1900 Washer Co.

357 Yonge Street, Toronto, Ont.

(Factory 79-81 Portland Street, Toronto)