

# Righted in Time

"Into a worse one?" he inquired, and Moya declared vehemently, that there could not be a worse one than the prospect of being married to Guy Berkeley for the money which should have come to herself.

The laughter of the two young people rang out over the cliffs as they strolled homewards. They were both in the playtime of life; its depth and its work, and its meaning fleeting and passing, sufficed. Especially such a moment as this—blue sea and sunny sky, the song of the waves far below the green cliff, and the warm scent of grass and clover.

They were holiday-making—just in the mood for a prank of any kind. It is to be feared that Barry, for all his sage objections, entered into the jesting spirit of Moya's scheme as heartily as she did. He certainly never cast an eye towards the future or any awkward unforeseen contingencies that might arise.

Mrs. Raleigh, Moya's mother, had taken a charming cottage close to the shore. In the low, raftered rooms one caught the sweet, low sound of the singing sea. From the latticed windows its laughing, dancing, blue radiance shone on one. The Tremmons, not so lucky in their abode, had a house higher up in the village, which, pretty as it was, had not the charm of that cottage by the shore with its shell path up to the little door.

Moya had thought it ideal. She professed herself to be entirely unromantic, but this cottage appealed to some unacknowledged, hidden ideal in her. She liked to sit at her little bedroom window at night when the world was hushing itself to sleep by the lullaby of the sea, and watch the moonlight over the waves, and the tiny fishing boats go out over the moonlit pathway.

Entrancingly lovely it was. And as Moya watched it, and dreamed over it, more than half-conscious of her own thoughts, another side of her nature awoke—a side that Barry Tremmond with all his fun and boyish good-comradship had never awakened or called into being.

Yes, she had delighted in the holiday, the bathing, the excursions and picnics, the jolly, heedless days with a crowd of young people, thoughtless and healthy and happy as herself. And now it was all spoilt. Moya indignantly felt that. Her mother had intended this to be more than a holiday. She meant to accomplish a purpose and wish that had long been steadily forming and moving towards action.

She was one of those women who are always looking ahead in life, and mapping it out to their own way of thinking. And Moya, wilful and almost as strong-willed as her mother herself, resented all control. Yet in her heart she feared her mother, and as she entered the cottage she struggled herself defiantly to the task before her.

Mr. Raleigh had died some years before—just, perhaps, when his girls, growing towards womanhood, needed him most, and his gentle, broad-minded rule. He and his wife rather reversed the usual position of father and mother. She was unyielding, almost stern in her decisions. He led the wilful girls by the law of love and liberty, and how dreadfully Moya missed him even now she did not need to herself. Certainly if he had lived no matchmaking would have disturbed his children's freedom to make and form their own future.

Moya came into the pretty little sitting room, her head lifted and her eyes bright. Her mother was alone there. She had half hoped her sister, Una, would be there, too, but Mrs. Raleigh sat there alone.

She looked upon her daughter's entrance. "Late, Moya! Where have you been? I wish you would not wander about the cliffs alone. They are so broken and unsafe. I'm always afraid of some accident. You're so foolishly venturesome; and I never can depend on you not to climb over and pick some flower."

"Oh, I wasn't alone." Moya's tone was airy. "Barry was with me. And—and I've something to tell you, mother."

"Another time, then, child. I've something to say, too. Don't take off your hat, Moya. I want you to run over to Farmer Stoa's and ask now." She paused. Why should

for the loan of his trap. You and I must go up to the station to meet the evening train. I've just had a wire from Mr. Berkeley. He finds he can come a day earlier. Isn't that nice, Moya?"

Moya returned no answer. To-day! Then she had only been just in time. If she had delayed as Barry had suggested, Guy Berkeley would have arrived, and that slap in the face, that defiant declaration of independence which she intended to be his first reception and welcome, would not have been given him after all.

"Oh, I can't," she began desperately. "not yet. I've come news to tell you first. Much more important news than a wire from London about a visitor. I must tell you my news—it is so difficult to say? It was quite a simple matter, as she had said to Barry. She gathered her courage. "I'm engaged—engaged to Barry Tremmond."

Mrs. Raleigh had been comically putting away some fancywork she had been doing. But she dropped it. Concentration and incredulity alike rang in her voice.

"Engaged! Nonsense, Moya. What tale is this? Another practical joke of yours and Barry's. You're getting too old for this kind of thing."

Moya swallowed some chagrin. A practical joke. So that was the estimate of her and Barry. Nothing more serious of worthy of thought well, perhaps that was their own fault, she had to own it.

"I am engaged," she averred. "Are you so surprised? Why, Barry and I have known each other for ages, grown up together, in fact. Why should we not get engaged?"

"Furcance it was a question difficult to answer. There were excellent reasons against such an engagement in Mrs. Raleigh's mind, but she could hardly voice them. Her hard face flushed, her eyes grew angry.

"Absurd!" she cried. "Sheer folly, just childish, unthinking folly. Barry is a mere boy. I shall never consent to such a folly."

Moya's own will, so kindred to her mother's, rose in opposition. "You will not refuse surely," she said slowly.

"When you and the Tremmons are such old friends. And there is no possible reason against it."

"Barry is a mere boy," repeated Mrs. Raleigh. "He has his way to make. You and he were more brother and sister. It is a piece of childish folly. I shall ignore it. You are a wilful girl, Moya, but you will regret it. As for me, I shall take no notice of it. This nonsense will blow over and be forgotten in a few days."

For a second Moya felt rest dismay. These tactics were difficult to combat.

"You can't ignore it," she said boldly. "Because, no doubt, Barry has told his people by this time. And what possible objection can you have against it?"

Mrs. Raleigh got up. Her voice sounded rather hysterical. "You are a troublesome, annoying child," she cried. "Go your own way, then. I am disappointed in you, Moya. I have nothing more to say to you."

She got up. Moya heard the door close behind her, and then the door upstairs—her bedroom door—shut too. That shutting had an ominous sound. Moya stood in the middle of the room and listened to the silence that followed it.

Her head was still held high in defiance. In anticipation, her declaration of pride and independence had been sweet. Was its taste still so

delicious? She had hugged herself with prospective delight. She stood there now, and her mouth tightened. At any rate her mother had forgotten the London train and the need to go to the station to meet the coming visitor. Moya turned quickly at the opening of the door.

It was Una. The girl came in quickly enough. She was always quiet and gentle and reserved, a contrast to her sister. She came up softly to Moya now.

"Back, Moya!" she said. "And where's the matter? Not at the Tremmons, is she? I thought they were all out."

Moya's voice was as hard as hers was soft. "She's upstairs. If the truth must be told she's angry with me, Una. Well, it may as well be told at once. I'm engaged—engaged to Barry Tremmond."

She threw down the announcement like some challenge. She had told Barry she was going to burst in on them like a bombshell. Some how it had not been half so exhilarating as the imagination. And she caught her breath now, waiting for Una's exclamation.

It did not come. Una was utterly silent, for so long a pause that at last Moya looked at her, startled and wondering.

Then, suddenly, Una put her arm round her and pressed her soft cheek to hers.

"I hope, dear, that you'll be happy," she said, "truly happy."

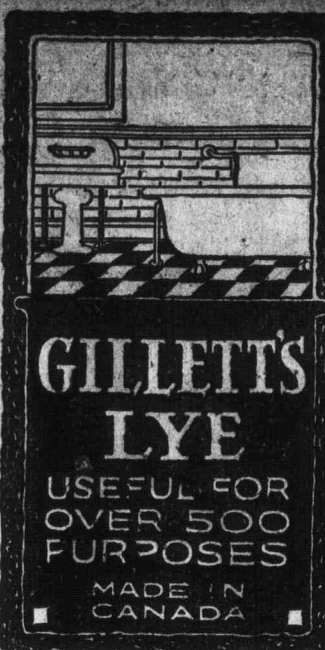
For a second Moya was absolutely still. Then, all at once, she almost pushed her sister away from her. Una's words and gesture, loving, gentle, tender—they came like an anticlimax on what went before.

Moya was strung for opposition from her mother, for the chaff and teasing of her brothers. But at Una's one simple sentence she felt suddenly mean and paltry. She had told Barry that now she would know what it felt like to be congratulated. She did not know—and to her own surprise, a rose in her throat. She turned away from Una's eyes.

"Oh, for goodness' sake don't be sentimental," she said flippantly. "Barry and I are not a bit like that. We don't want any of that nonsense. You know how I've always looked at this sort of thing."

A pained look passed over Una's brow.

"You look surprised," said Moya with a light laugh. "So was the matter. But it isn't so surprising after all. I see, the length of time Barry and I have known each other."



delicious? She had hugged herself with prospective delight. She stood there now, and her mouth tightened. At any rate her mother had forgotten the London train and the need to go to the station to meet the coming visitor. Moya turned quickly at the opening of the door. It was Una. The girl came in quickly enough. She was always quiet and gentle and reserved, a contrast to her sister. She came up softly to Moya now.

"Back, Moya!" she said. "And where's the matter? Not at the Tremmons, is she? I thought they were all out."

Moya's voice was as hard as hers was soft. "She's upstairs. If the truth must be told she's angry with me, Una. Well, it may as well be told at once. I'm engaged—engaged to Barry Tremmond."

She threw down the announcement like some challenge. She had told Barry she was going to burst in on them like a bombshell. Some how it had not been half so exhilarating as the imagination. And she caught her breath now, waiting for Una's exclamation.

It did not come. Una was utterly silent, for so long a pause that at last Moya looked at her, startled and wondering.

thought," she began hesitatingly. "That when love came into one's life it must make such a huge difference, after everything, in fact."

"Rose-tinted clouds and gilt gingerbread, I suppose," said Moya satirically. She felt more than satirical. She felt downright cynical. "Yes, you would feel like that; but that's just books, you see, not real life. One can't live up in the skies."

"Una flushed. "I did not mean that," she said in a low tone. "Not up in the skies. Oh, no, it's just that love ought to bring all the sunshine and blue sky and happiness down to this earth. It ought to—oh, I can't say what I mean, I'm so stupid. But, oh, Moya, don't you feel any more than that? Aren't you missing something?"

Moya turned round quickly. The question struck deep down in her. Missing? What was she missing? She was missing the degradation which Guy Berkeley's wooing would be to her pride. But nothing else than that.

(To be continued.)

## When Tobacco Was Taboo.

In 1838 the Massachusetts general court ordered a writer comments, "that no man shall take any tobacco within 20 poles of any house, or so near as may endanger the same." In 1798 an act was passed forbidding the carrying of fire through the streets except in a covered vessel, smoking, or having in one's possession "any lighted pipe or segar" in the streets or on the wharves. The penalty was \$2. If the offender was in a ropewalk, the penalty was from \$5 to \$100. This prohibition of 1798 was not repealed until 1880.

## SPRING IMPURITIES MEAN WEAK BLOOD

### A Tonic Medicine is a Necessity at This Season.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are an all year round tonic, blood builder and nerve strengthener. But they are especially suitable in the spring, when the system is clogged with impurities as a result of the indoor life of the winter months. There is no other season when the blood is so much in need of purifying and enriching. In the spring, one feels weak and tired—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills give strength. In the spring the appetite is often poor—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills improve the appetite, tone the stomach and aid weak digestion. It is in the spring that poisons in the blood most often find an outlet in disgusting pimples, eruptions and boils. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills speedily clear the skin because they go to the root of the trouble in the blood. In spring anemia, indigestion, neuralgia, rheumatism and many other troubles are most persistent because of weak, watery blood and it is at this time when all nature takes a new life that the blood most seriously needs attention. Among those who have proved the value of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is Mr. Archie D. Casemichael, Tarbot, N. S., who says: "For a number of years I was bothered with pimples which would break out on my face and body. The trouble was always worse in the spring and although I tried different treatments, it was without much success. In the spring of two years ago, the trouble was worse than usual, and although I was taking medicine it did not help me until I finally decided to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Under this treatment the pimples disappeared, and they have since been absolutely no return of the trouble."

## ITALIAN CHEESE POLENTA.

Meat being so high, although the price has dropped a little, it is well to try all the other tasty dishes possible. Next time you experiment let it be with "Italian cheese polenta." It is simply when you make mush, season it highly with salt and paprika, when the mush is about ready to leave the fire or each quart add one cupful of grated sharp cheese, allow all to cook for two minutes longer, remove from fire, put in a deep mush pan, or one pound baking powder to harden, next day fry it in the regular way; serve hot with a good tomato sauce, to which has been added a little more grated cheese.

## \$100 REWARD, \$100

Catarrh is a local disease greatly influenced by constitutional conditions. It therefore requires constitutional treatment. HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE is taken internally and acts through the blood on the mucous surface of the system. HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE destroys the foundation of the disease, gives the patient strength by improving the general health and assists nature in doing its work. \$100.00 for any case of Catarrh that HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE fails to cure. Druggists 75c. Testimonials free. F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio.

## His View of Home.

Little Johnny went with his mother to stay with an aunt in the country, and his mother was very worried as to how he would behave. But to her surprise he was gentle during the whole visit—always did as he was told, and never misbehaved. As soon as he got home, however, he was his natural self again. "Oh, Jimmy," she said, "you were so good while you were away, why do you start behaving badly now?" "Who's home for?" asked Jimmy in pained surprise.

## THE GALLIOLI TROOPSHIP.

(New York Sun.) No reader of John Macfield's thrilling prose epic "Gallipoli"—perhaps the most striking single volume which has yet grown out of the war—can hear of the disposal of the shot-riddled hulk of the troopship River Clyde at auction in England lately without distinct regret at the idea of her coming to an end, which, if not exactly ignoble, is hardly worthy of her splendid victory.

## MURINE A Wholesome, Cleansing, Refreshing and Healing Lotion—Murine for Redness, Soreness, Granulation, Itching and Burning of the Eyes or Eyelids.

"I Drive After My Murine, Morning or Night, for my eyes. Ask Your Druggist for Murine when Your Eyes Need Care. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago."

## ASTHMA

If you have Asthma, don't imagine that you must always suffer untold misery. Relief quick, sure and safe is guaranteed in even the worst cases by using

## TEMPLETON'S RAZ-MAH CAPSULES

We are so certain of results we will send you a free sample of these capsules, confident that you will find them all we have claimed. Templeton's, 143 King St. W., Toronto. Sold by reliable druggists everywhere for \$1.25 a box. 63

## Big Game Now Extinct

Speaking of the brontosaurus, if any one ever did, one might paraphrase: "I never saw a dinosaur. I never hoped to see one." Yet, according to reports credited to M. Capelli, Belgian explorer, a live dinosaur, a brontosaurus, has been found in Africa.

Now that the dinosaur is with us, potentially big game enthusiasts will be interested in this description of prehistoric big game, quoted from a communication to the U. S. National Geographic Society by Barnum Brown:

"To-day we have to go to Africa for the biggest game, but there was a time in the dim distant past when America produced animals larger than any now living."

"The animal are dinosaurs; for the moment we will call them dinosaurs—not the creeping, crawling kind, but huge reptiles that stalked upright through the jungles, rivaling in size the elephant, the hippopotamus and the rhinoceros."

"The place is Alberta, Canada, and the time of their existence 3,000,000 years ago."

"In these marshes of prehistoric times dwelt a host of reptiles, some large, some small, and of various forms, flesh-eaters and herb-eaters, but all sharing certain characters in common and known as dinosaurs. Not any were closely related to any characters common to the lizards, crocodiles and birds."

"Of the kinds characteristic of the period, one species, an herb-eater named Trachodon, was more than 30 feet long and about 15 feet high when standing erect. Its head, with broadly expanded mouth, resembles that of a duck, but lack of the beak there are more than 2,000 small teeth, disposed in many vertical rows, each containing several individual teeth, the new ones worn out from below as the old ones wore out."

"The long hind legs terminated in three large hoofed toes, and the shorter slender front feet were partly webbed. A long, thin, slender tail acted as a powerful swimming organ, and the body was covered with rough tuberculate skin. Having no means of defence, it lived chiefly in the water, where it was free from attacks of the flesh-eaters."

"Along the shores lived Ornithomimus, bird mimi, as the name implies, one of the most remarkable of the dinosaurs. A skeleton found in 1918 shows it to have been a toothless creature, the jaws sheathed like the beak of a bird."

"The bones were light and pneumatic like those of birds, but the skeleton closely resembles that of the heavy dinosaur. It was about 12 feet in length, with long, slender hind legs and shorter front legs. This was an agile creature, different from the typical flesh-eaters in feeding habits and doubtless a short-living type that may have fed on crustaceans."

"On land there were hoofed quadrupedal herbivorous kinds, some like Monoclonius, having an immense skull, six feet in length, with three horns, a short one over each eye and a longer one above the nose. The jaws terminated in a sharp clipping beak, like that of a turtle, and further back in the mouth there were rows of double-rooted teeth. The track of the skull was developed into a broad shield, with scalloped border, extending over the neck. It was an ancestral to the later Triceratops."

"Strangest of all was the herbivorous Ankylosaurus, a stocky, short-legged, big-bodied creature, completely encased in armor. Derman plates covered the skull, followed by rings of plate over the neck and rows of flat plates over the back and hips. Its tail terminated in a huge club, and the belly was covered by a pliable mosaic of small, close-set plates. It was further protected by a movable plate that could be dropped down like a shutter over each eye, thus completing its protection from insects and formidable foes."

Somebody has well characterized the River Clyde as the Trojan Horse of that ill-fated campaign. That ship, the modern equivalent of the wooden walls which hid the Grecian host, made five landings at the southern end of the Gallipoli Peninsula, of which perhaps the most savage was the landing at V Beach. This was a

small shelving bit of the generally steep coast, some 300 yards across. It was completely exposed to the Turkish guns in a ruined castle above it, besides being mined and wired in such a way as to make it seem unattainable from the sea.

Five barbed wire barriers were under water, besides those on the beach, and the landing parties had to leave the ship at some distance from shore and proceed in small boats and lighters in tow to heavy surf, where the water was shallow enough for a man's feet to touch bottom, if he didn't step into a hole. How the Dublin Fusiliers, the Munster Fusiliers, half a battalion of the Hampshire Regiment and the West Riding Field Company ever got ashore at 5:30 on that April morning, is quite incomprehensible. They had to carry their munitions, guns, trenching tools, sandbags, provisions, clothing and hospitals, with mules, horses and fodder, besides their drinking water.

And, incidentally, it should be remembered that every drop of water for the troops in that campaign had to be carried 500 miles. The fraction of the landing party which managed to get ashore alive had to dig themselves and their equipment into the sand and lie all day under the Gallipoli sun. A fraction of a second party got ashore that night, and then attempts were made to storm the fort, only the third attack was successful.

The stupendous story of Gallipoli is known through several historians, but none has told it quite so coolly and effectively as John Macfield. He served in that hideous campaign himself, and may be supposed to know of what he speaks; quorum pars fuit, literally.

## By Speeding the Liver Dr. Hamilton's Pills Bring Good Health

Good for Men, Women, Children

No cure seems harder to bear than the downright weariness and despondency that comes from a slow liver.

The man or woman who is pale, sallow, depressed and out of sorts usually has Liver Complaint. Such people continually suffer from headache, constipation, ringing ears, lack of appetite and poor digestion. What a world of good Dr. Hamilton's Pills will do in such cases! In one hour this smooth working medicine changes half a dozen folk into different looking and feeling people. No chance for headaches or constiveness when Dr. Hamilton's Pills set to work. Taken at night they restore normal conditions while you sleep, morning finds you fresh and hungry, headache all gone, cheeks rosy, eyes bright, spirits good.

Impossible to feel dizzy, to have weak back, to be nervous, depressed, sleepless, or out of sorts if you tone, regulate and cleanse the system with Dr. Hamilton's Pills. Good for men, women and children. Sold everywhere in 25c boxes.

## Arctic Night.

Viewed solely as a matter of optics the Arctic night is as dark as any night. Explorers in high latitudes say, however, that there are many alleviations of the obscurity. The stars flash keenly, the moon comes along in a regular succession of phases, the snow surface releases the gloom under conditions of the utmost absence of light, and the aurora borealis is the finest kind of illumination. Explorers all agree that their men miss the winter night without much difficulty if only there are means of amusement.

## The Husband in Charge.

Wife—"Constantly how long I've been away, I think you might have made some preparations to receive me." Husband—"You do me injustice, my dear. I have had the library and parlor thoroughly cleaned and aired." Servant (interrupting)—"Please sir the man has come for them empty bottles."

## For Colds, Catarrh or Influenza



Do you feel weak and unequal to the work ahead of you? Do you still cough a little, or does your nose bother you? Are you pale? Is your blood thin and watery? Better put your body into shape. Build strong!

An old, reliable blood-maker and herbal tonic made from wild roots and herbs is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. This "nature remedy" comes in tablet or liquid form. It will build up your body and protect you from disease germs which lurk everywhere. One of the active ingredients of this temperance alternative and tonic is wild cherry bark with stillingia, which is so good for the lungs and for coughs; also Oregon grape root, blood root, stone root, Queen's root, all skillfully combined in the Medical Discovery. These roots have a direct action on the stomach, improving digestion and assimilation. These herbal extracts in the "Discovery" aid in blood-making and are best for scrofula. By improving the blood they fortify the body against an attack of grip or colds.

Catarrh should be treated, first, as a blood disease, with this alternative. Then, in addition, the nose should be washed daily with Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. Send for trial pkg. of Medical Discovery Tablets or Catarrh Tablets to Dr. Pierce's Laboratory, Bridgeport, Ont.

**Cord or Fabric.**

"A well shod horse travels surest and farthest"

THE car equipped with Partridge Tires runs almost free from the delays and inconveniences caused by tire troubles. Partridge Tires have so unquestionably proved their dependability and economy that they are to-day recognized as "the most service for your money" tires.

**PARTRIDGE TIRES**

Game as Their Name

**CHAPTER II.**

"Oh, don't be so horribly doleful," Moya cried impatiently. "I might have told you something sad, instead of a cheerful bit of news. I thought you'd laugh over it, instead of being grave as a mute."

"But, Moya, dear, it seems to me such a great, sacred moment. Don't you feel it's just the greatest moment of your life, finding what you mean to some one else's life, and what he means to you?"

"No, I don't," snapped Moya irritably. "It's just like any other moment, not a bit of difference. Except that you will romance about it. Barry and I have come to a sensible arrangement, that's all."

A sensible arrangement! Una looked bewildered, but troubled too.