

SEPTIC FOR SIX YEARS

S. Sergeant tried every market, but only one was Dr. Cassell's Tablets.

uncan MacNeil (home ad- Pleasant-street, Halifax, from Europe, says: "I suffered from freckles of the face, and I obtained little or no relief from the usual treatment. My old trouble returned. A friend told me about Dr. Cassell's Tablets. The first box brought me relief, and to make a long story short, my complete cure was effected."

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able for nursing machines the critical periods of 50 cents per tube, six the price of five, from and storekeepers through. Don't waste your money; get the genuine Dr. Cassell's Tablets.

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way, and an extension of Railway System were the spaces needed in the Hill

g the fuel by-law there a ture upon which these eption. The by-law did the city to do business, purely provided the necessary should the emergency

ns will not be tied but r into the business if we by-law is required, he enter into the business, third reading of the by-law was approved to it if we need to fight but will not be required to

help of public ownership one. The question is, could it be carried out? am concerned the by-law heartily support. I property owners to put est efforts—turn out and y-law.

Ala. map. up to this meeting? am in favor of the by-law as regards fuel, but indicating that I am con- though myself an en- sale of groceries. Last educed a resolution inia- cell chamber, advocating government fish but the did not agree. I intend my efforts in this respect that when the situation understood that the coun- the resolution.

thought that the ten- as the property owners a vote on such an in- as the fuel and a- affecting as it does d. The lack of a sufficient d. The speaker attributed rition. There was a the city at the present this time last year. The lined would enable the as well as the rich to se- ply.

A. G. Brown. of the by-law. He had e question and would x-anchise in its favor.

The Sealed Valley

By HULBERT FOOTNER

(From Tuesday's Daily.) Ralph turned on his heel. He could not trust himself to pursue his inquiries. All his delightful imaginings of the trip to come, collapsed like cardhouses.

Her husband or her lover, of course. What a fool he had been! Their dugout floated at the edge of the grass, an unconsciously long and slender craft, hollowed out of the trunk of a cottonwood-tree. It required a nice calculation to bestow all their belongings in it to advantage.

During this operation Ralph observed that there were three little tents, and took heart of grace once more. On such trifles his spirits sawed up and down all day. True, he could have ended the state of suspense at any time by a plain question, but he dared not for fear of hearing the worst.

When the baggage was packed Nahnya commanded Ralph to sit up on the spruce-boughs, which had been laid for him in the bottom net of the stern.

On getting in the cranky craft he narrowly escaped pitching out on the other side, to Nahnya's and Charley's undisguised amusement. Charley took the bow-paddle, Nahnya the stern, and they pushed off from the shore.

Ralph had the feeling that he was cutting loose with one stroke from everything he had known in life up to that moment. "We're off," he thought grimly. "I'm elected for something—I don't know what. Where will I be this time to-morrow—this time next month?"

The lake was like mother-of-pearl under the misty, early sunshine; all around the shores it was backed by an unbroken border of fantastic serrated jack-pines. Out in the middle floated the half dozen little islands which had proven its name, "Hat Lake."

Each had a brim of yellow bloom, a band of willows, and a pine plume or two sticking up in the middle, and the group instantly suggested a display of spring millinery.

They had not gone above a quarter of a mile when, hearing the surprising sound of a shout behind them, the three of them turned as one to behold a horseman riding down to the water's edge at their point of departure.

He flung himself off his horse; from his bulk it was not difficult to recognize Joe Mixer. He shouted to them to return, Nahnya and Charley waved their paddles once like semaphores and coolly kept on. Ralph, continuing to look, sensed the fat man dancing in the grass with rage and brandishing his fists.

In his mind's ear he could hear his surprising oaths. Joe Mixer was eloquent and fertile in profanity. "We not start too soon," Nahnya said calmly.

"He'll be laying for me when I come back," said Ralph carelessly. "You not come back this way," was Nahnya's surprising answer. It provided Ralph with some food for thought.

They did not traverse the main body of the lake, but turned into a bay in the right-hand shore. It had no visible outlet, but they kept steadily on, threading their way through lily-pads and reeds, while the shores came closer and closer. The channel narrowed until it was no more than a slack inlet, twisting interminably through the ooze. At last a scarcely perceptible current began to bear them on, and Ralph said that they had entered a river.

"This water go far," Nahnya said. "Far as the sea of ice—two months' journey, I guess." It was the first time in a couple of hours that she had addressed him, and Ralph's heart looked up. He twisted his head to look at her, and

SIDE TALKS

By RUTH L. CAMERON, MOTHERS AND DAUGHTERS

One often hears how hard it is for mothers-in-law and daughters-in-law to get along together in the same house and one usually blames the in-law relationship. But is that state of in-law-ness always wholly to blame? Isn't it partly the inevitable clash of youth and middle age, of exuberant experience, thirsting to try its own way and sated experience trying to force inexperience to do its way?

A woman whom I used to know has recently been visiting her married daughter who lives near us. The woman is a dear, kind, helpful soul, who loves her daughter dearly. Yet Both Heaved a Sigh of Relief.

And yet each heaved a sigh of relief when the visit was over. I know, because being a next friend, each heaved it to me. Said the mother: "I suppose one must expect times to change but when my mother came to see me I'm sure I got more than my share of her advice. When anyone has kept house for thirty years and brought up five children, it stands to reason they should have learned something. But Gertrude won't let me tell her that. And sometimes when I ask her simple questions she snaps me up terribly. I don't suppose she realizes how much it hurts me. And I try so hard to help. Why, I've

own fangs, words that he could not understand. He continually came around in his mind for some way to find out what he wanted without putting the question direct, but without success.

Ralph was painfully direct. After beholding Nahnya in her glory in the rapids, he could bear the suspense no longer. Choosing a moment when he thought it was safe and her attention was free to stray from the river, he hazarded all on a single throw. "Nahnya, is Charley in your family," he asked.

"He is my brother," she readily answered. Relief unspeakable flooded Ralph's breast. "Why didn't you tell me?" he cried happily.

"Why should I?" said Nahnya coolly. The rebuke was lost on him. Suddenly the sun was shining with an extraordinary gladness on the river, and all the pine-trees seemed to be full of little singing birds—though as a matter of fact there are no warblers so far north.

But Ralph was that troubling about matters of fact. This was a glorious adventure that he was launched upon; romance was alive and life was very good. How he derided himself now for the timid folly that had prevented him putting the question before. Meanwhile the poor fellow was struggling not to let all this show in his face.

"What you say about Charley?" Nahnya asked idly. "I thought maybe he was your husband," Ralph said with a great air of carelessness.

She translated to the boy, and they both laughed. Ralph joined with them. "I got no husband," Nahnya said, with a scornful lift to her chin. "Not wait any. I like better to work for myself!"

She might be as independent of men as she chose, so she was not owned by any man; but that at all. "That's what every girl says," he remarked with a new audacity. "Until she catches a man and makes him work for her!"

Nahnya declined to be drawn into the game. She affected to be busy with her horse ahead. "Charley does not look like you," said Ralph presently.

"Charley what you call half my brother," she said. "His father not the same as my father." "Your father was a white man?" hazarded Ralph.

She calmly ignored the question. Once more Ralph felt a little flattened out. (Continued in Thursday's Issue.)

Rippling Rhymes

The neighbors come around at eve and talk with me of war and gore; and loudly I lament and grieve that I can't go and slay a score. I tell the neighbors what I'd do, if I were I would pursue, and cleave his head and spoil his hat. And as I talk of battle's din, of honor's call, I listen glory's charm, my wife, she listens with a grin—she's one, a glance she knows I hate to move a step, I'm wedded to my easy chair; she knows I'd hardly have the pop to comb my hair back and forth in his mind like a shuttle.

He watched them unceasingly, building high castles of hope upon their apparent indifference to each other, only to have them cast flat when she spoke to the boy in their

rippling rhymes.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

Good Night Stories

By Abner Stone

THE "BOTH WAYS" RULE. "It's mine! Mamma gave me the penny!" cried Doris to Johnny, who held the bag of candy and wouldn't give her any.

"You lost the penny and I found it," replied Johnny, holding the sack behind him. Doris burst into tears, and Towner, who had been patiently waiting for his share of the sweets, whined in sympathy.

"Finders keepers, losers weepers," teased Johnny, and he ran away with the bag tucked in his pocket.

Towner looked from his master to his little mistress, undecided which it would be better to follow. The corner of the sack sticking from Johnny's pocket settled the question, and away he trotted after his little master.

Doris told her troubles to mamma, and Johnny was called into the house. "She lost the penny and I found it; that makes it mine," said Johnny.



ny, when mamma told him how shameful it is to be selfish. "Yes, I found your lost top and I didn't keep it," cried Doris. "Children!" exclaimed mamma, "this will never do."

"But girls don't care for tops," answered Johnny. "or she wouldn't have given it back."

"I'm sure Doris would, dear. The penny by rights belongs to Doris, so run get the candy like a good boy, and I'm sure she'll divide with us both," said mamma.

Johnny hunk his head and went to get the candy. The sack, candy and all, was gone. Johnny hunted high and low, but he couldn't find it. Mamma and Doris joined in the search and were just about to give it up when Towner came sneaking up, his tail between his hind legs and a look of distress in his great big eyes. Something was caught on his teeth, and he couldn't get it off.

"The taffy candy!" cried Doris, and she laughed at the funny expression on Towner's face as he tried to loosen the candy from his teeth.

"Well, Towner's settled the question for you. He's eaten the candy all up," laughed Johnny. "or she wouldn't have wanted to whip Towner for taking it, but mamma wouldn't let him."

"You know that the penny you found belonged to Doris, but instead of returning it you spent it for candy and hid it from her. So now Doris found the sack and claimed the candy. It's a poor rule that won't work both ways, so by rights Towner is entitled to the candy. It isn't nice to quarrel and fuss his way, but it makes me very unhappy," said mamma.

Johnny promised to be good and never to be selfish again as he pat- ted Towner's head. Towner looked from his little master to his little mistress and his eyes seemed to say: "All right, I settled that dispute all right!"

Mamma never had to speak to Johnny again about his selfishness, for he never forgot what mamma said about the poor rule that wouldn't work both ways.

HUNS CONFER

By Courier Leased Wire. Berlin, Oct. 23.—Dr. von Kuhlman, the German Foreign Minister, according to a despatch from Vienna, arrived there yesterday and had two long conferences with Count Czernin, the Austro-Hungarian Foreign Minister. He returned to Berlin in the evening.

Out of 476 examined in Chatham last week, 201 were found fit and 157 rejected. Fire at Lakeside destroyed two valuable houses belonging to Mr. Wesley Leonard.

A Pound of Whole Wheat

contains 1700 calories, says the chemist—but it doesn't contain any calories for you unless you can digest it. It is what you digest, not what you eat, that supplies nourishment for the day's work. It is a time to cut out expensive foods that generally contain little nutriment. Shredded Wheat Biscuit is 100 per cent whole wheat—nothing wasted, nothing thrown away. It is real man-power food. Two or three of these little loaves of baked whole wheat with milk and fresh fruits make a nourishing, strengthening meal at a cost of only a few cents. Made in Canada.

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and possibly you will not detect this imitation until the tea-pot reveals it. Demand always the genuine "Salada" in the sealed aluminum packet, and see that you get it, if you want that unique flavour of fresh, clean leaves properly prepared and packed.

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SUTHERLAND'S NOW IS THE TIME TO DO YOUR FALL WALL PAPERING BEFORE IT IS TOO COLD

A Pound of Whole Wheat contains 1700 calories, says the chemist—but it doesn't contain any calories for you unless you can digest it. It is what you digest, not what you eat, that supplies nourishment for the day's work. It is a time to cut out expensive foods that generally contain little nutriment. Shredded Wheat Biscuit is 100 per cent whole wheat—nothing wasted, nothing thrown away. It is real man-power food. Two or three of these little loaves of baked whole wheat with milk and fresh fruits make a nourishing, strengthening meal at a cost of only a few cents. Made in Canada.

BY-ELECTION. By Courier Leased Wire. Regina, Oct. 23.—Writs have been issued for the bye-election in Last Mountain, necessitated by the elevation of S. J. Latta to the Cabinet. Nomination is set for November 5, with election day a week later. It is believed the new Minister will be unopposed. SIR GEORGE REID IN U.S. By Courier Leased Wire. New York, Oct. 23.—The Right Hon. Sir George Reid, former Prime Minister of the Australian Commonwealth and recently High Commissioner for Australia in London, arrived to-day at an Atlantic port from England to spend several months in this country lecturing.

Canada... Box

Wellington... I HOPE IT MAKE R THING'S FOOT?

Courier Daily: Valuable suggestions for the Handy Home-maker—Order any Pattern Through The Courier. State size. Pattern Service

LADY'S WAIST.

By Anabel Worthington. The important points about this shirt waist are those on the good looking large collar and the deep cuffs. It is just the sort of plain blouse that is always so convenient for business, shopping or traveling. The hemstitched collar is so long at the front that it gives the effect of revers. The sleeves are set in without fulness and gathered into straight bands at the wrists. The pointed, turned back sections are attractive, but they may be omitted if preferred. Washable satin, crepe de Chine, handkerchief linen or madras may be used for this shirt waist. The waist pattern, No. 8492, is cut in sizes 36 to 42 inches bust measure. The 36 inch size requires 2 1/2 yards of 30 inch material with 3/4 yard 36 inch contrasting ends. To obtain this pattern send 15 cents to The Courier, Brantford. Any two patterns for 25 cents.