

Righted in Time

"Why should I not speak of it?" cried Barry. "I have been thinking of it all this time. Of course I can understand it. He is far superior to mg. You can look up to him, not down, as you do to me. He is a man after your own heart. He has all the glamour that his work for the poor can give him. His self-denial. His nobility. It is just the sort of thing that would appeal to you, I know. While I am an ordinary kind of fellow. With nothing in me worth the loving."

Do you know what you are sav-?" broke in Una. She only spoke a shaking whisper. Her face was

white.
"Yes," he cried quickly. "I'd forgotten for a moment, it's true. But

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Don't think children can be cared of bedwetting byspanking them. The trouble is constitutional, the child cannot help it. I will send FREE to any mother my successful home treatment, with full instructions. If your children trouble you is, this way, send to money, but write me to-day. My treatment in highly recommended to adults invubied with unine difficulties by day or night. Withe for free fail treatment.

Mrs. M. Summers WINDSOR, Om

it may as well come now. It would have come anyway some day. I've began. "I guessed, somehow, you would be here. And ... wanted to say good-bye, since we shall never perhaps

Never again! Then there would never be another chance of explananever be This was the last, her The thought darted through Moya's mind, but close on it went another. "I can't explain," went that thought. "It's impossible. It's best that there should be no more chance. That he should go right away—and never know.

"We can say good-bye—as friends," went on Guy, quietly. "We have been friends. And we will forget everything else. I felt I could not go away without saying that-without feeling we were friends again, even if we do met

Moya stared down at the smooth sand. She was wrestling with two impulses, and each seemed as strong as the other. The struggle was such pain that she could not speak. "Tell him," urged one impulse. And the other protested fearfully: "I cannot."

Suddenly Guy's quiet voice deepened and quivered. "I wish I could wipe yesterday afternoon out of your memory," he said, passionately. "I was false to myself in those few moments—false to honor, and false to my love for you. That is why I would have you forget. I would I could only forget it myself!"

Then Moya looked up. She heard the struggle in his voice, and she saw it now on his face. The keen regret of an honorable nature.

And as Moya .w those lines of

Cook's Cotton Rost Compound.



A osfe, reliable requicting medicine. Sold in three de-graces of streams -No. 1, 2; No. 2, 39; No. 3, 95 per box. Sold by all druggists or can prepaid on precipe of price. Free pamphlet. Address: THE CORM MIND-CINE CO., TORONTO, ONT. (Fermenty Window.)

pain, suddenly al' her thoughts changed. She lost sight of herselfhow selfish she had been, thinking only of her self-respect, her own sense of humiliation! And now he was going away with this burden so galling to one of lift sensitive nature—that he had acted dishonorably in telling her of his love. All through the future that memory would haunt him. And she, for the sake of her own wretched pride, would let him go away

Moya gave a little gasp as if she had thrown so ae oppressive weight away from her. If anyone had to suffer it should not be Guy, torturing himself with self-reproach.

"Oh, it 's my fault," she gasped.

"You—you must not blame yourself so. It is all my fault—"

"No, Moya, don't say that. Anything but that."

"I must." She was strung up to confession. It would mean losing his love and respect—what she valued so highly and felt she prized more than anything in life. Yes, after all, there

highly and felt she prized more than anything in life. Yes, after all, there was one thing she found more precious still. Guy's own peace of mind. He had fallen in his own eyes, he had hurt his own eense of konor. Then she must be willing to fall in his eyes, too. It was the price she had

to pay.

And, bending low her head, Moya faltered out her confession.

It sounded so childish, so foolish, as she did so. In actual words it was so futile a thing. Well, he would know her for what she was—not the girl

her for what she was—not the girl he had loved and thought worthy—but just a silly child.

just a silly child.

But being such a foolish, silly confession, it was strange it was so hard to make. Yet it was desperately hard. So hard that Moya could never hard. nard. So hard that Moya could never have made it but for one thought—Guy's going away blaming himself, fallen in his own self-respect because he had fallen in honor. And so Moya was willing that her own self-respect should be laid in the dust instead. It



was the one reparation she could nake. And she made it.

There followed silence. Of cour he would be angry—scornful. He was so pright himself. Such little crooked dealings were repugnant to that large-ness of mind which knew nothing of deception and pretence. Moya awaited the vials of wrath, and

gave a cry with an emotion so sharp Una smiled. Her head leaned against Barry's shoulder. His cheek touched hers. He was looking into her clear, steadfast eyes, but her eyes were on hose clear, sunlit ripples of the river, glinting towards the

glinting towards the west.
"I expect they liked love stories,"
was all she said. "Even if they had none of their own. And who knows? I begin to think differently. I believe there is some love even in the lonelies life, if only one looks for it.

Who knows? Even if it is the love nat gives, and sows and does not receive. That sows and does not reap—at least, in this life. Who knows? But we all know there is a world to come where love is perfected and finds its selfless, spiritual life, and for that world we who lose love in this world will wait, even as, so perhaps, waited and work-ed and prayed those old maids who once lived in this peaceful old-world garden.

CHAPTER VII. "There is nothing in me to love," stated Una, with the utmost candid

Cord or

Fabric.

love."

Barry tucked his arm in hers with an air of proprietorship, and agreed quite gravely that there was nothing at all in her to love.

The boys and Una had been out for an early morning bathe, and Barry had met them coming back. The boys were ahead now and out of sight, but these two he; engrossing enough subjects for conversation that necessitated a strolling pace and an unhurrled progrees.

ried progress.

And they alked on, discoursing on those subjects which are so very uninteresting to outsiders and so en-

interesting to outsiders and so enthralling to the two who make one complete little world to themselves.
"Why, here comes Moya," said Barry. He tucked his arm more firmly in Una's. "Now or never for it!" he decreed, blithely. "We may as well tell her now."

He laughed as they came level with Moya. "I've taken matters into my own hands, you see, Moya. Not very chivalrous of me, I'm ready to own: It's, generally onsidered the lady's province to brok off an engagement, isn't it? At least, it looks better that way. However, you have your remedy. usy. However, you have your remedy. You can prosecute me for breach of promise! You look surprised. Well, I simply couldn't sand it any longer. And that's j st all about it!"

Not a very comprehensive state-ment, perhaps. But Moya, looking from Barry to Una, seeing the linked arms, the happy faces, understood easily enough. "just all about it."
"Oh," she gasped. "I am—I am so glad about it."

Barry laughed again. "I thought



you were going to say you sorry," he said. "But it's no good crying over spilt milk. It's been and gone and done, you see. After all, someone had to do it—to take the plunge. I don't believe you would ever have had courage enough to take t vourself."

And that, perhaps, was Moya's thought at that moment. Barry had had ccurage to cut the Gordian knot. She was the coward. If she could have had his courage, his simple straight forwardness!

"You always said you would never get married, but liked your freedom too well," she said, reproachfully. She could not help a little hit at Barry, she was feeling so sore and wounded herself just then.

I did," he laughed. "But I los my freedom when I became engaged to you. And so I made the best of a bad matter. You're not going bathing now, are you, Moya? Everyone is out of the water and gone home to break

"Oh, I had break ast early," she returned. And did not acd that she had slept very little, woke with a head-ache, and breakfasted little, too, in her wish to avoid Guy. She would be out, yay from the house—not even say od-bye to him. It was so much the

"I'm going for a walk," she told

MINARD'S LINIMENT is the only only one we keep for sale.

All the people use it. HARLIN FULTON.

Barry, and nodded good-bye smilingly Barry, and nodded good-bye smilingly eaough to the two.

But the smile faded as they parted.
So Barry had had courage. He had done the right thing undoubtedly. And Moya was glad he had done it. She went on thoughtfully till she came to her favorite seat on the old, worn arm of the breakwater. The tide was ebbing. Little rivulets wound away to the waves, coursing down from rocky pools. The sand w.s gloriously smooth and white—a fair, unwritten page for the day to write on what it willed.

"I was wrong," she sighed, "Not only foolish, but wrong. I should have known I could not do a thing like that without influencing other lives. And there was Una, too, after

all."
That also cut into her heart with reproach. Una! Looking back, she could understand what she had been blind to before. Una's pained grey eyes, her sweet, unsellish desire that Moya might be happy, her gentle hints that Barry was dissatisfied, that they were missing the best lige could bring about.

When my baby was suffering from the constitution of the Tablets are sold to make the could be made about.

The Shah Travels.

The Shah of Persia is on his trav-

"I might have ruined Una's happi might have ruined that a happi-ness as well :s my own," thought Moya, fearfully. "And all with one foolish, thoughtless step." Her eyes 'vere on those footsteps in the send. But all at once a little

wave ran up, higher and more boldly than the other. It ebbed away, it is true, sinking back into the falling tide. But its crystal, shining ripples had swept over those footprints. As Moya watched that wave ebb and ebb, she looked—and lo! the footsteps were gone as if they had never been. (To be continued.)

THE SECRET OUT.

"Don't you think Mildred has perfectly wonderful teeth?

"Yes. But they are false."
"How do you know that, my dear?" "Why, she told me she inherited them from her mother."

NO WONDER. Doris-Yes, she was furious about the way in which the newspapers reported her marriage.

Helen-Did it allude to her age?

Doris-indirectly. It stated that Miss Olde and Mr. Yale were married, the latter being a well-known collector of

Guilty of Assassination

'A man, razor' in hand, was caught by his wife assassinating not an enemy, bet a corn—what he needed was Putnam's Corn Extractor; it's safe, painless and cure. Try "Putnam's"—cures so fast, 25c at all dealers



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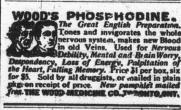
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PROPER SAUCES

There is nothing that adds to the "justright-ness" of a nice juicy roast than the proper sauce as, every good cook knows. And there are some

sauces that seem to thelong to one kind of meat and no other. Who would ever think of serving mint sauce, for example, with anything else but roast lamb? It could go with boiled mutton, but oh, how much better this dish is accompanied with caper sauce. To make this cream two tablespoonfuls of flour with half a cupful of butter an add to it a pint of boiling water. Cook until thick, stirring constantly. Season well with salt and pepper; add a table-spoonful of lemon juice and three tablespoonfuls of capers, and serve.

WITH BREADED VEAL CUTLETS. Tomato sauce is usually served with breaded veal cutlets. A very simple sauce is made by cooking a slice of onion in half a can of tomatoes till soft, straining and thickening with flour and butter creamed together. Fo



a more elaborate one, brown a slice of carrot, another of onion, a tiny bay leaf and a sprig of parsley in a quar-ter of a cupful of butter. Strain and Strain and add a fourth of a cupful of flour. When well blended add a cupful of cooked and strained tomatoes and a cupful of tock. Season well.
The English like bread sauce

their roast chicken. Cook two cup-fuls of milk in a double boiler with an onion cut fine till the milk is well sea soned. Strain and add a tablespoonful of butter, salt and a dash of cayenne pepper. Add half a cupful of fine bread crumbs and stir until smooth. Cook half an hour. Now put a tablespoonful of butter in a small pan and add half a cupful of coarse bread crumbs. Brown well. If the bird is small pour the sauce over it and sprinkle with the crisp brown crumbs. If not, pass in two separate

CONSTIPATED CHILDREN

Children who suffer from constipa-tion, undigestion or any of the other allments due to a clogged condition of the bowels will find prompt relief through the use of Baby's Own Tab-flets. The Tablets are a mild but thorough largitive which can always be depended upon to regulate the bowels and sweeten the stomach. IThey are absolutely safe and are sold under a guarantee to be entirely free from opiates or other injurious rugs. Concerning them Mrs. Thomas A. Boutot, Lake Eaker, N. B., writes "I isourot, Lake Laker, N. B., writes "I am pleased to state that Baby's Own frablets were of great help to me when my baby was suffering from conclipation." The Tablets are sold

The Shah of Persia is on his travels. London will se him and keep him, apparently, for some little time Europe has memories of the percgrinations of other shahs. They are quaint memories, some of them. There was Nasr-ed-Din, in 1872, and there was Naer-ed-Din, in 1872, and there was Ahmed Mirza, many years later. There would have been a visit, in 1894, on the part of Nasr-ed-Din, but for a Brussels journalist. It happened that, on the Shah's traveling programme becoming known, a Brussels daily published an article which seemed to prognosticate a cool welcome in Belgium. The Minister of Justice of the period thought fit to give the article the publicity of judicial proceedings. The writer was summoned before a Brahant tribunal, but he was exonerated. But the verdict had the immediate effect of keeping Nasr-ed-Din at home in Teheran. ing Nasr-ed-Din at home in Teheran

Fun for Food

"It must be horrid to be a food con troller!"—funny how we humble of-ficials get this lordly title said a

ficials get this lordly title—said a pompous, old lady, who ambled into my office the other day. "It must be so dry and monotonous!"

Dry, forecoth!

Our collection of unrehearsed comedies and mysterious happenings is daily growing in bulk. Mrs. Harris wants to know if she can "ave sum more sugar, "cos this "ere loger of mine "as gotten sich a appeytite." Refused, with compliments.

A little girl peens suspiciously into

fused, with compliments.

A little girl peeps suspiciously into the office. "Please can mother have seven new ration-books, because she's burnt all ours?" She is asked to take home one of our magnificent array of forms—the choicest selection outside London—and if she will bring it back properly filled in possibly new books will be issued. The end of another abortive attempt to pull our leg. Neither the mother, the step-mother, the mother-in-law, nor the girl adorn our offices again. All Old World Apes.

Among all old world apes the teeth are the chief weapons 'r defence against natural foes and for c mbats for mates or tribal supremacy. The canines against natural foes and for c mbats for mates or tribal supremacy. The mother-in-law, nor the girl adorn our offices again.

Possibly the lost books have been relations must exist bet, een the our offices again.

NEURITIS

ing elso brings relief nd for free sample to mpletons, 142 King St. Toronto. For sale at reliable drug-gists for \$ 1.04 a box.

JAWS AS WEAPONS.

Chief Means of Defence Among



him why had he not had one before:
"Well"—and a mouth that smelt
more of Eau-de-Burton than of Eaude-Cologne approached my ear—"he'd
pinched out of, the asylum that morning, and didn't want to be copped again."

A few minutes in the waiting room was the treatment I prescribed for him while the police were communi-

cated with.

A pathetic plea came from the father of sixteen, who also kept two lodgers—they do these things in the less exclusive neighborhoods. Could he have more sugar to make jam, and could he have it cheap? He though he had done his duty to the country by helping to maintain the population, and he was also easing the housing problem.

Two very landable pleas but here.

Two very laudable pleas, but how do they affect food? Just as well ask the coal controller to give you a ton of coals because you have an allot-ment and keep p!gs.

More sugar certainly is obtainable, but only on production of a doctor's certificate, which is also required for permission to exceed the butter ra-

anong the applications for the new ration cards from a small family came one for Bob Brown. A member of my staff who knew the family persisted that there was so Bob amongst them. So one of our secret-service agents was deputed to call on the head of the house. Bob was duly brought forth— most instantly.

The graphic structure astriaces of the throat, none take medicine into the stomach—you simply breathe into the throat, none and lungs rich, piney, balsamic vapor, so full of healing power that colds, catarrh and bronchitis disappear almost instantly. magnificent Newfoundland dog. Proa magnificent Newfoundland dog. From testations were in vain. Pitiful tales did we hear that Bob was better than any son, and he did so enjoy a good bit of beer. Nothing doing. Women and children first in our line of business. Carry on without the dog, madam and consider yourself lucky not am, and consider yourself lucky not

to be in prison.

We haven't finished chuckling yet over the puzzled parents who came in a week ago to ask if it was true—be-cause the minister had told her so— that triplets counted as only one for ration books.
I should like to meet that parson.

He would be a valuable acquisition to any staff.—London Ideas.

"Got any mail for Mike Howe?" asked the stranger at the small town postoffice window.
"No, nor anybody else's cow." retorted the indignant postmaster.

recovered from the ashes. Possibly—and I cannot help leaning to this view—it was not worth the trouble of filling in all the forms to have fourteen ration books instead of seven.

The other day a quaint looking character tumbled in, coatless, hatless, not quite shirtless, but nearly boot—not make the property of the

ed generally for the better. But here, as in so many other instances, the habits of a past age have left an indelible impress on the ner tem.—Blackw od's Magazine.

Elderly 1 ople take cold easily. Ualike young folks, they recover slowly. That is why so many people past middle life die of pneumonia.

Cough Syrups seldom do much good because they upset digestion. Any doctor knows that a much more ef-fective treatment is "CATARRHO-ZONE," which heals and soothes the Among the applications for the new irritated surfaces of the throat.

The germ-killing balsamic vapor n.ixes with the breath, descends through the throat, down the bronchial tubes, and finally reaches the deepest air cells in the lungs. All parts are soothed with rich, pure medicinal essences, whereas with a syrup it? affected parts could not be reach 1 and harm would result through benumbing the stomach with drugs.

the stomach with drugs.

A Catarrhozone inhaler in your pocket or purse enables you to stop a cold with the first sneeze. Large size costs \$1.00 and supplies treatment for two months; small size, 50c; trial size, 25c; all storekeepers and druggists, or The Catarrhozone Co., Kingston, Can-HEIGHT OF HAPPINESS

"What is the height of happiness" mused the philosophical girl.
"Well, in my case," laughed the pretty bride, "he is about five feet ten."

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