

R. ALEXANDER MUNRO R.R. No. 1, Lorne, Ont. over three years, I was to bed with Rheumatism.

that time, I had treatment number of doctors, and tried verything I saw advertised to matism, without receiving efit. ly, I decided to try 'Fruit-a-

Before I had used half a box, d an improvement; the pain so severe, and the swelling to go down tinued taking this fruit me

of price by Fruit-a-tives

ands of General Foch. The

f nearly 1,000,000 Americans

gave him the opportunity

aze an army of manoeuvre.

cks began between Soissons

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g down to the time of the

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battles in which the First army played its full part

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attlefront, but in Berlin and

in Sofia and Constantinople.

benefits he had expected to

rom a Bolshevist Russia. he Checho-Slovak armies—

against the Germans and

iki and were soon joined by ents of the Allies and Rus-

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nd the national aspirations of

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urkish armies which forced

conditional surrender.

Continued on page 7)

Government-were

my was not reaping

ovisional

have their effect not only

, Ottawa.

improving all the time, and an walk about two miles and chores about the place". ALEXANDER MUNRO. box, 6 for \$2.50, crial size 25c. lealers or sent postpaid on

"And Dot hates millinery; I mean being a lay figure, and trying on, and showing things to vulgar rich people who would be insolent if they could, only Dot never takes airs are, and poor we will be until the end It makes the going back so much the

"I wish Mr. Carlton would keep you for good. It would be a capital

Won By Devotion

Mary A. Fleming

"Now, you are laughing at me. If

Thursday, December 5th, 1918

you are making-'I am perfectly serious. My case and that of Lex and Flossy are precisely parallel."

"Well, whether you are laughing or not, they did, and Mrs. Trafton proposed that I should stay, partly as a playmate, partly as governess, at a small salary. Such a ridiculous governess, Captain Dick, only fourteen!'

"And there you are ever since?"
"Ever since, and likely to be, until the children are old enough for a governess who knows something. I know nothing, nothing," said Vera. with a melancholy little shake of her

"What becomes of Dona Martinez,

"Ah what? goodness knows. have a talent for cooking; I might go out as kitchen maid. I suppose Mrs. Trafton will get something for me; she is awfully good. But I do hate

"You poor little soul!" Captain Ffrench was aware that he had several times already used this form of solation, and that it would be well to vary it, but it seemed to fit the case as well as anything.

nor insolence from anybody. But it is a stupid life all round, and in the long hot summertime, and the dull winter days—But there! what is the use of talking about it? Poor we of the chapter. Sometimes I wish Mr. Carlton had not invited us here.

arrangement on both sides. If things were as they used to be between us I would ask him. Ah, by Jove, that

was a crash!" A crash, indeed. It shook the lighthouse, the rocks under it, the mighty ocean itself. And then a blaze of blue, suiphurous light zigzagged through the room, and Vera screamed and buried her face on his shoulder. He drew her close and did his best to soothe ner, but he could

feel her quivering with fear.
"It will not hurt you, you are perfectly safe. Vera, why, you poor child, how your heart is beating! How sorry I am you came.'

That roused her a ltitle I amnot sorry," she gasped, "it would be just as bad over at the house. Oh, Captain Dick, I am always frightened to death in thunderstorms. Do you-do you think it will soon be over?"

"It will be over in fifteen minutes," returned Captain Dick, in the positive tone of one who always had his information from headquarters, "and, meantime, neither the thunder, nor the lightning, nor twice the hurly burly will harm us. Hark! there is the rain. It is only a summer shower after all. Our cyclone will be over in a moment now."

And in a very few minutes it was ver. There was a torrent of rain, a few more vivid flashes, a few more rumbling peals, and then the spirit of the storm drew off its forces, growling sullenly as he went. There was but the furious pour of the rain, and as Vera did not fear that, she lifted her diminished head, and, rather ashamed of herself, looked in a somewhat crestfallen fashion at her companion.

'What a goose you must think me, Captain Dick. But I can't help it. I have always been like this. I wonder," suddenly, "what keeps Daddy?" "The storm, I suppose. He doesn't like a wetting any more than his bet-

"And the tide is turning" cried the

you and me?" "But how am I to get off? How

am I to go home? "Daddy will fetch you. He will world. A cool wind rose, the then, after supper, can row you ashore. Come, don't grow anxious, it will be all right."

Well-if you think so-you sure Daddy will come?"

"Quite certain." "Because if he did not, you know, if Daddy does not come at all."

could walk it. The bar is still But this catastrophe he did not could walk it. The bar is still

"And the rain is pouring in bucketfuls. Yes, it is so likely I will let you walk. I'll tell you what you may do, little Vera: does my memory I'll tell you what you may serve me, or did I dream you owned to be a genius for cooking?"

"I own to it. It is my one talent." ing your hands?"

"Not a bit. Nature has made them so black that art nor soot cannot,

in the stove is a fire, left by the forehanded Daddy. On sundry shelves while we wait, you get up our supper. I am consumedly hungry. And if tral America, with my fortune made, tablishment."

may engage you as my cook."

Vera needed no second bidding. her, and superintending, but this she would not hear of. A true artist permits no interference-an artist in "What the dickens keeps Dady?" main on his lounge and smoke, if he Carlton. Good gracious! Mrs. Carlliked, and issue no orders, and prepare to be enchanted with the result. en senses."

The lightning had quite ceased; the rain was ceasing. Great rifts in the clouds showed gleams of yellow would be a moon. Daddy could row her ashore by moonlight, and in spite of the storm this would be an evening to dream of, when Captain Dick-ah! mournful thought-was far away.

CHAPTER XIII.

A Night at Shaddeck Light.

The Dona Veronique Maria Martinez bustled about among the crockery and canisters mentioned by the masgirl going to the window; "it must ing ham, cutting bread and making

be nine o'clock. Captain Dick, the toast. Captain Richard Ffrench lay tide is turning."

at ease, half smiling, as he watched

"Let it turn. What is the tide to the busy little figure flitting about. | And the August evening wore on, and the August night came trailing darkly, spangled with stars, over the come off in a boat presently, and washed up in steady, deep pulses, the then, after supper, can row you minutes flew, and Daddy came not. He pulled out his watch at last.
"Nine," he said with a start. "Daddy should be here. What can keep the tool? What a pretty pickle if the Dona should have to stay all night-

greatly fear. Daddy always came; he was badgered by the gamins of St Ann's whenever he showed in the streets; he would not fail crisis. The druggist and the tempest combined had detained him. And then Vera appeared in the doorway a large tray, the odors from "And you are not afraid of blacken- | which were as nectar and ambrosia and twice as substantial. This she placed on the table, wheeled it up to the invalid's couch, lighted a lamp and set it in the middle. ed her edibles, and took her seat to "Very well, then. Yonder is the preside, issuing her orders with the kitchen. In the kitchen is a stove, pretty peremptoriness of an amateur

"No, you are not to stir, Captain are various articles of tin and crockery appertaining to the cruisine. In different canisters are coffee, tea, do as you are told. Here is your cofet cetera. Now,, suppose, fee—does it not smell deliciously

"The perfume of 'Araby the Blest' -and the taste-words fail. you prove to have the culinery skill sider yourself engaged from this mo-you claim, when I return from Cenment as head cook of my future es-

"Let me help you to ham, and try Vera needed no second bidding. this toast. Is your coffee sweet She went to the kitchen in high glee. enough? How funny it seems, this The invalid proposed accompanying gypsy supper out here in the middle of the sea, doesn't it?"
"Ah, very funny!" Then mentally:

"If Dot could only see us-or Mrs ton would be shocked out of her sev-

"Why? We are doing no harm." "That makes no difference. It isn't the things that are most harm that shock people most," said Vera, with tirely dark, and by and by there unconscious knowledge of the world. "Another cup of coffee? I knew you would like it."

> "Never tasted its like at the Cafe de Paris. Half past nine—he pulled out his watch surreptitiously. "Good heavens, will that half-witted clown

> "By the way," he said, "and aproof nothing-"Dot knows where you are, of course?"

"Yes-no-I don't believe she does. I didn't tell her. I didn't know I was coming. She told me about your accident, and I forgot everything but that, and ran off. Have another piece of toast? Is not Daddy very long about coming?

should think so," replied Captain Dick, with an ill-repressed groan. He was growing seriously uneasy. More than once it had happened to Daddy to be belated and kept in St. Ann's all night-what if this be one of the nights! The tide was making too rapidly now for her to think of crosing to the mainland, and f Daddy did not bring a boat-

"Any more ham? No? Well, this is a promiscuous picnic; I shall never forget it. Now, I will clean off the things, and there will be nothing to do but sit down and wait for Daddy

"Nothing to do! Good heavens!" Captain Ffrench said to himself again in direct dismay.

It was close upon ten now, and

still only the wash of the surf on the rocks broke the dead silence of the night and ocean. The rising moon streamed in and filled the little kitchen. He went to the window and looked out.

"Sister Anne, sister Anne, do you see anybody coming?" cried Vera gayly. Her work was done, and waiting had begun. "Water, water everywhere, but no Daddy visible. Captain Dick, what if he doesn't come

"By Jove!" he said, and looked at her so blankly that she broke into a laugh.

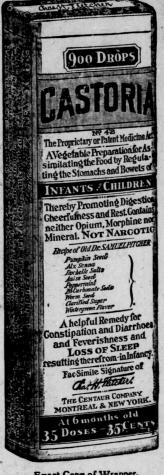
"Would it not be awful? And Mrs. Carlton's face when I go back! No—it is too fearful to think of!' she laughed again-Vera's joyous laugh, no thought of the real awkwardness, the serious contre-temps, breaking on her mind. "Captain Dick, you should have let me walk home.'

"But I thought Dady would comemade sure Daddy would come!" he murmured helplessly. back to his couch, and pulled his long mustache in dire perplexity. "Confound Daddy!—yea, trebly hang and confound him. What can keep the great softy? If the child has to stay all night-" He looked at her sitt ing there with all a child's unconsciousness in her face. "It will be the deuce of a scrape! And what will they say at Cartlon? What will El eanor say-and her awful motherand the governor-and Dora?"

Vera was singing softly to herself. The stars were shining down on the sleeping sea; the moon was pouring its white, lonesome light over everything; nothing but the world of waters around them-Adam and Eve in Eden were never more alone

"The night has a thousand eyes," ang Vera, with her head thrown back, her upraised eyes fixed on the

Yet the light of the world dies With the dying sun.



Exact Copy of Wrapper

For Infants and Children **Mothers Know That Genuine Castoria** Always Bears the Signature For Over

"The mind has a thousand eyes,
The heart but one;
Yet the light of a whole life dies When day is done.'

Half past ten! With the moon-light full on her face, she sat in the old armchair, the sea wind lifting her short curls, drinking in the solemn loyelines of the night. Thert was silence. He lay gnawing his mustache, vexed, puzzled, powerless to help himself. would be at Carlton. How unconcerned she seemed; singing, too, by George. He was half inclined to resent that ignorance of innocence. But, after all, what could not be cured must be endured—care killed cat-it was really no fault of his; she

was only a little girl, and-eleven! The night was so still; what wind there was, was blowing toward them, and the clock of St. Ann's town hall had a loud bass voice. Eleven! Still silence. Vera's song had died out, Captain Ffrench had given up the for-

lorn hope at last.
"'He cometh not," she said," quoted Vera, in tones of subdued trag-

"I-I'm afraid not. I'm awfully sorry, little Vera. What must you think of me? It is all my fault—you could have walked. I never imagined it would end like this."

The intense vexation of his tone was not to be concealed. She looked at him in surprise. Of what he was thinking-of the way the predicament might affect her-she

harm done. I am safe, and it is betroom, for his cook elect had taken ter for me to be here than that you should be left alone. Dot will guess where I am, and the rest will not

again early in the morning, and then can walk ashore.'

Thirty Years

There was no more to be said. He accepted the situation as it was his custom to accept the inevitable, and threw off all care for the morrow. To-night was his duty to make his guest as comfortable as might be. tomorrow must take care of itself. Her sister would understand, and, as Vera herself said, it was no one else's business. No one need ever knowshe could cross about seven in the morning, and be home in time for breakfast. So Captain Dick cheered up, threw off worry, and became hospitably solicitous about her night's

"You cannot sit there until morning, you know," he said. "Daddy has a roost under the eaves. I will mount and you must try and make yourself as comfortablbe as may be down here. You need fear no burglars, and sea pirates don't fish in Shaddeck Bay. After all, it will not be half a bad adventure to look back on, in the onotony of the Trafton schoolroom. Don't get nervous: don't let the sound of the sea frighten you. Remember there will be a sweet little cherub up aloft ready to fly down at the faintest call. And now, as it is high time you were sound as eep, I will ascend. Good night and pleasant dreams, little Vera."

Vera protested-he would hurt his shoulder. She was very comfortable, thank you, in this chair. She would go up under the Mansard instead. In vain-on this point he was inflexible, and went while she was politely persisting. No need of shooting bolts or burglars, of locking doors, or barring casements at Shaddeck Light. He gone, and Vera and the light were alone.

Alone! How lonely it was-she had never realized fully what the world meant before. How awe inspiring in its solemn, sighing mys-tery, that sleeping sea, how desolate the eternal wash of the slow-breaking surf, how mournful the echo of the night wind! Now and then there was the dissonant scream of a gullnothing else of life to break upon the voices of the night. Moonlight and water, water and moonlight—their dot of an island, their speck of a house! St. Ann's a long, dark line of coast, with here and there a glimering light, and she alone in all the world, as it seemed, alone as Peter Wilkins on his desert island, before the advent of his wonderful flying, wife. But there was that "sweet little cherubb" up aloft—the thought of him brought comfort and companionship. How very awful to be here quite alone, no Captain Dick upstairs. She could hear him moving about, and there was protection and cheeriness in every creak of his boots. She felt no inclination for sleep, she was abnormally wide-awake—that mighty sweep of sea and sky, that golden crystal globe up there, all these yellow clusters of stars, absorbed her. It was such a night as she would never spend again, a night to be marked by a red stone in her life. She hoped Dot was not uneasy, but Dot would guess how it was. So she sat and softly sang to herself, and the low crooning lullaby stole up to the man overhead, and touched all that was chivalrous and tender in his heart.

(to be continued)

WOMEN'S INSTITUTE The Aylmer Branch of the East Elgin Women's Institute will meet in the Town Hall, Aylmer, the first Wednesday in month Mrs. A. S. Rogers, President, Mrs. Geo. McConnel, Secretary.



Growing Old Together

THIS aged couple, mellowed by time and the experiences of life, are happily growing old together.

They are happy because they are healthy. Life is still full of interest to them, and they are wide awake to new

These are the kind of old people that everybody likes. For, in spite of the years, they are cheerful and optimistic.

It is only natural that the blood should get thin and vitality wane as age advances, but there are ways of keeping up the quality of the blood and maintaining health and vigor.

Very many men and women have found in Dr. Chase's Nerve Food exactly what they need to restore energy and strength and keep them healthy and happy.

As an example Mr. Stephen J. Leard, North Tryon, P.E.I., writes: "At seventy-five years of age my heart gave out and became very irregular and weak in action and would palpitate. My nerves also became weak, and I could do nothing but lie in bed in a languishing condition, lossing strength and weight. In that condition I began using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, and am cured. Had I not obtained this treatment I would now be in the box with the roof over my nose. At eighty-one I have an energy which means go, and I am writing this letter so that old people like myself may prolong their health and strength by using this great medicine."

There can be no doubt that this Ceatment contained exactly what was required to build up Mr. Leard's system.

We are constantly receiving so many-letters of this kind that we can, with the greatest confidence, recommend people of advanced years to put Dr. Chase's Nerve Food on trial, as a means of restoring and maintaining health and vigor.

Here is another interesting letter. This time from a lady:

Mrs. Joseph Lalonde, Hydro Glen, Ont., writes: "I have to thank you very much for what your medicines have done for me, especially the Nerve Food and Kidney-Liver Pills. I was so run down and nervous last summer that I was in bed most of the time, unable to do any work. I have also been troubled with my kidneys for over twenty years, and tried every doctor I knew of without any permanent results, but I can say that Dr. Chase's Nerve Food and Kidney-Liver Pills have made me feel quite different. Since taking this combined treatment I have been able to do my housework, and although I am now 76 years old, I feel better than I have for years."

("I know Mrs. Joseph Lalonde, and believe her attented.

("I know Mrs. Joseph Lalonde, and believe her statement regarding Dr. Chase's medicines to be true."—W. P. Flannery, Postmaster.)

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cents a box, 6 for \$2.50, all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Ltd., Toronto. Only the genuine bears the portrait and signature of A. W. Chase, M.D., the famous Receipt Book author, on every box.



Constipation; Disordered Stomach; Headache; Biliousness, and other evil, painful, dangerous things.

This Good Old Remedy comes to the rescue.

Take two or three pills

at bedtime-once. After that, one each night; two, nowandthen, if necessary.



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Carter's Iron Pills The day but one, will help this condition.

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