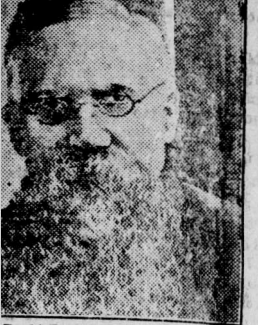


RIPPLE FOR THREE YEARS

In Bed With Rheumatism He Took "FRUIT-A-LIVES".



R. ALEXANDER MUNRO

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

ands of General Foch. The of nearly 1,000,000 Americans...

ries of sledge-hammer blows ered by Foch's army also have their effect not only...

pt. 14 the allied armies in nia under Franchet d'Esperey n attack which on the last...

pt. 19 the forces under Genenby in Palestine annihilated urkish armies which forced...

Continued on page 7)

STAMPS interest-bearing ps Jan. 1, 1924 to, 2462 authorizes amps for the puring of Government

st Loss er of a W-S-S. On -S-S. may be affixed. may be registered at ting the owner against nder Value of W-S-S.

IGN IS DISPLAYED

Won By Devotion

- BY - Mary A. Fleming

"Now, you are laughing at me. If you are making..."

"Ah what? goodness knows. I have a talent for cooking..."

"You poor little soul!" Captain French was aware that he had several times already used this form of consolation...

"What becomes of Dona Martinez, then?"

"Ah what? goodness knows. I have a talent for cooking..."

"You poor little soul!" Captain French was aware that he had several times already used this form of consolation...

"What becomes of Dona Martinez, then?"

was a crash!" A crash, indeed. It shook the lighthouse, the rocks under it, the mighty ocean itself...

"It will be over in fifteen minutes," returned Captain Dick, in the positive tone of one who always had his information from headquarters...

And in a very few minutes it was over. There was a torrent of rain, a few more vivid flashes...

"What a goose you must think me, Captain Dick. But I can't help it. I have always been like this..."

"And the tide is turning!" cried the girl going to the window; "it must be nine o'clock. Captain Dick, the tide is turning..."

"Daddy will fetch you. He will come off in a boat presently, and then, after supper, can row you ashore..."

"Quite certain." "Because if he did not, you know, I could walk it. The bar is still clear..."

"I own to it. It is my one talent." "And you are not afraid of blackening your hands?"

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

"Very well, then. Yonder is the kitchen. In the kitchen is a stove, in the stove is a fire, left by the fore-handled Daddy..."

"The lightning had quite ceased; the rain was ceasing. Great rifts in the clouds showed gleams of yellow light..."

"What a goose you must think me, Captain Dick. But I can't help it. I have always been like this..."

"And the tide is turning!" cried the girl going to the window; "it must be nine o'clock. Captain Dick, the tide is turning..."

"Daddy will fetch you. He will come off in a boat presently, and then, after supper, can row you ashore..."

toast, Captain Richard French lay at ease, half smiling, as he watched the busy little figure fitting about...

"No, you are not to stir, Captain Dick. I can do everything myself and prefer it. Just keep still, and do as you are told..."

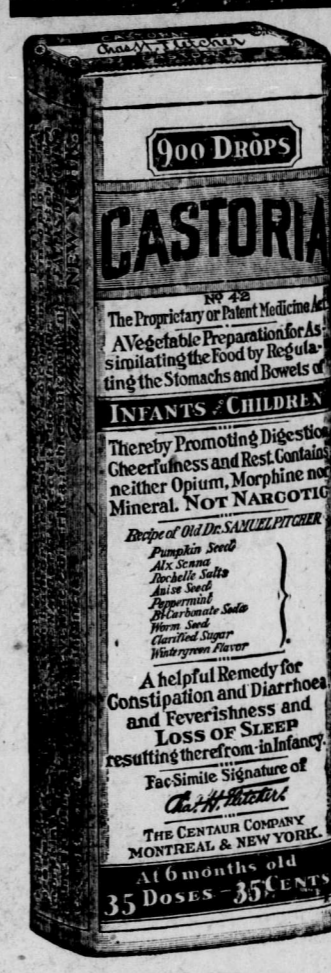
"Why? We are doing no harm." "That makes no difference. It isn't the things that are most harm that shock people most..."

"Never tasted its like at the Cafe de Paris. Half past nine—he pulled out his watch surreptitiously..."

"By the way," he said, "and apropos of 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..."

"I should think so," replied Captain Dick, with an ill-repressed groan. He was growing seriously uneasy...



Exact Copy of Wrapper.

CASTORIA For Infants and Children.

Mothers Know That Genuine Castoria

Always Bears the Signature

In Use For Over Thirty Years CASTORIA

"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 moonlight full on her face, she sat in the old armchair, the sea wind lifting her short curls, drinking in the solemn loveliness of the night...

"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 never dreamed."

"But, after all, there is no great harm done. I am safe, and it is better for me to be here than that you should be left alone. Dot will guess where I am, and the rest will not care. I suppose the tide will go out..."

Alone! How lonely it was—she had never realized fully what the world meant for her. How awe-inspiring in its solemn, sighing mystery, that sleeping sea, how desolate the eternal wash of the slow-breaking surf, how mournful the echo of the night wind!

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 ideas.

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.

There can be no doubt that this treatment 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..."

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.

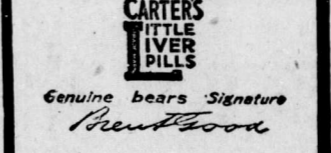


These Bad Results

follow a lazy liver:—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, now and then, if necessary.



Colorless faces often show the absence of iron in the blood. Carter's Iron Pills will help this condition.

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

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...

"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 comfortable 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 monotony of the Trafalgar 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 asleep, I will ascend. Good night and pleasant dreams, little Vera."

Vera protested—she 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 was gone, and Vera and the moonlight were alone.

Alone! How lonely it was—she had never realized fully what the world meant for her. How awe-inspiring in its solemn, sighing mystery, that sleeping sea, how desolate the eternal wash of the slow-breaking surf, how mournful the echo of the night wind!

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