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It means that the flour contained in bags and barrels so trade-marked is decidedly whiter, a great deal stronger and more nutritious than other flours.

It means that the flour has been properly aged to mature its full strength.

It means

"More bread and better Bread" and better pastry, too.

It means elimination of uncertainty—"your money back" if Purity fails to give entire satisfaction.

Costs more than the other kind, but worth the difference.

PURITY FLOUR

Western Canada Flour Mills Co., Limited,
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PIMPLES, BLOTCHES, BLACKHEADS.

The bane of many a young man's and woman's existence, yield quickly to

OUR HOME TREATMENT.

If afflicted, come and see us or write. No matter how bad your face is, we can cure it—to stay cured. **Superfluous Hair, Moles, Warts, Red**

Veins, etc., permanently removed by our method of antiseptic electrolysis. Satisfaction assured. Get descriptive booklet "F."

HISCOTT DERMATOLOGICAL INSTITUTE,
61 College St., Toronto, Ont. Estab. 1892

A Woman's Sympathy

Are you discouraged? Is your doctor's bill a heavy financial load? Is your pain a heavy physical burden? I know what these mean to delicate women—I have been discouraged, too; but learned how to cure myself. I want to relieve your burdens. Why not end the pain and stop the doctor's bill? I can do this for you and will if you will assist me.

All you need do is to write for a free box of the remedy which has been placed in my hands to be given away. Perhaps this one box will cure you—it has done so for others. If so, I shall be happy and you will be cured for 2c (the cost of a postage stamp). Your letters held confidential. Write to-day for my free treatment. **W. F. E. CURRAH, Windsor, Ont.**

SEED BARLEY In 1908 field competition won by 9½ points over county, and 2 points over Province. Very clean, heavy, slender, strong strawed. One dollar per bushel. **J. & D. J. CAMPBELL, Fairview Farm, W. & E. Ont.**

to struggle along unaided and unthought-of for the other 364 days of the year.

The Secretary of the Washington Associated Charities takes the same attitude and says: "The public, generally speaking, gives without thought, here, there, and everywhere. It seems almost impossible to teach the public the folly of casting its gifts broadcast, without first investigating, and then in a sane way giving those things that the individual or family most needs. This unguided giving provides a family with plenty for a day, usually a dinner and a few useless toys. The next day it is again hungry."

Of course, the outward value of gifts to the recipient depends largely on the spirit inspiring the giver. If he is anxious to save himself trouble in the matter, his style of giving is not likely to be first-class. If he is inspired by a true love of God, burning to pour itself out in the service of God's children, he will try to discover their real needs, so that he may give real help, not a machine-made "charity," but a brother's helping-hand.

When our Lord tried to help the woman at Jacob's well, He did not reach out to her in a hurried, superficial fashion, but encouraged her to show—through the ordinary channel of a friendly conversation—where she most needed help. Those who wish to lay out their lives to good purpose must be really interested in their comrades, and show that they are interested.

"A heart at leisure from itself, to soothe and sympathize," is greatly needed in these days of hurry and strenuous living. Let us always bear in mind that those who are making a success of this time of testing are the ones who are more bent on giving than getting. Let us see to it that the sad accusation of Mal. i., 10, is not repeated in this question: "Who is there even among you that would shut the doors for nought? neither do ye kindle fire on mine altar for nought. I have no pleasure in you, saith the Lord of hosts, neither will I accept an offering at your hands."

HOPE.

The Golden Dog (Le Chien D'Or.)

A Canadian Historical Romance.

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CHAPTER VIII.—Continued.

Bigot, to do him justice, felt as sincere a regard for this beautiful, amiable girl as his nature was capable of entertaining. In rank and fortune she was more than his equal, and left to himself, he would willingly have married her. Before he learned that his project of a marriage in the Colony was scouted at Court he had already offered his love to Caroline de St. Castin, and won easily the gentle heart that was but too well disposed to receive his homage.

Her trust went with her love. Earth was never so green, nor air so sweet, nor skies so bright and azure, as those of Caroline's wooing on the shores of the beautiful Bay of Minas. She loved this man with a passion that filled with ecstasy her whole being. She trusted his promises as she would have trusted God's. She loved him better than she loved herself—better than she loved God, or God's law; and counted as a gain every loss she suffered for his sake, and for the affection she bore him.

After some months spent in her charming society, a change came over Bigot. He received formidable misadventures from his great patroness at Versailles, the Marquise de Pompadour, who had other matrimonial designs for him. Bigot was too slavish a courtier to resent her interference, nor was he honest enough to explain his position to his betrothed. He deferred his marriage. The exigencies of the war called him away. He had triumphed over a fond, confiding woman; but he had been trained among the dissolute spirits

of the Regency too thoroughly to feel more than a passing regret for a woman whom, probably, he loved better than any other of the victims of his licentious life.

When he finally left Acadia a conquered Province in the hands of the English, he also left behind him the one true, loving heart that believed in his honor and still prayed for his happiness.

The days of Caroline's disillusion soon came; she could not conceal from herself that she had been basely deceived and abandoned by the man she loved so ardently. She learned that Bigot had been elevated to the high office of Intendant of New France, but felt herself as utterly forgotten by him as the rose that had bloomed and withered in her garden two summers ago.

Her father had been summoned to France on the loss of the Colony; and fearing to face him on his return, Caroline suddenly left her home and sought refuge in the forest among her far-off kindred, the red Abenakis.

The Indians welcomed her with joy and unbounded respect, recognizing her right to their devotion and obedience. They put upon her feet the moccasins of their tribe, and sent her, with a trusty escort, through the wilderness to Quebec, where she hoped to find the Intendant, not to reproach him for his perfidy—her gentle heart was too much subdued for that—but to claim his protection, and if refused, to die at his door.

It was under such circumstances that the beautiful, high-born Caroline de St. Castin became an inmate of Beaumanoir. She had passed the night of this wild debauch in a vigil of prayers, tears and lamentations over her sad lot, and over the degradation of Bigot by the life which she now knew he led. Sometimes her maddened fancy was ready to accuse Providence itself of cruelty and injustice; sometimes, magnifying her own sin, she was ready to think all earthly punishment upon herself as too light, and invoked death and judgment as alone adequate to her fault. All night she had knelt before the altar, asking for mercy and forgiveness—sometimes starting to her feet in terror as a fresh burst of revelry came rushing from the great hall above and shook the door of her secret chamber. But no one came to her help, no one looked in upon her desolation. She deemed herself utterly forgotten and forsaken of God and man.

Occasionally she fancied she could distinguish the voice of the Intendant amid the drunken uproar, and she shuddered at the infatuation which bound her very soul to this man; and yet, when she questioned her heart, she knew that, base as he was, all she had done and suffered for him she would infallibly do again. Were her life to live over, she would repeat the fault of loving this false, ungrateful man. The promise of marriage had been equivalent to marriage in her trust of him, and nothing but death could now divorce her from him.

Hour after hour passed by, each seeming an age of suffering. Her feelings were worked up to frenzy; she fancied she heard her father's angry voice calling her by name, or she heard accusing angels jeering at her fall. She sank pres'rately at last, in the abandonment of despair, calling upon God to put an end to her miserable life.

Bigot raised her from the floor, with words of pity and sympathy. She turned on him a look of gratitude which, had he been of stone, he must have felt. But Bigot's words meant less than she fancied. He was still too intoxicated to reflect or to feel shame of his present errand.

"Caroline!" said he, "what do you here? This is the time to make merry—not to pray! The honorable company in the great hall desire to pay their respects to the lady of Beaumanoir—come with me!"

He drew her hand through his arm with a courtly grace that seldom forsook him, even in his worst

COULD NOT GO TO WORK BACK WAS SO WEAK.

Backache is the primary cause of kidney trouble. When the back aches or becomes weak it is a warning that the kidneys are liable to become affected.

Heed the warning; check the Backache and dispose of any chances of further trouble.

If you don't, serious complications are very apt to arise and the first thing you know you will have Dropsy, Diabetes or Bright's Disease, the three most deadly forms of Kidney Trouble.

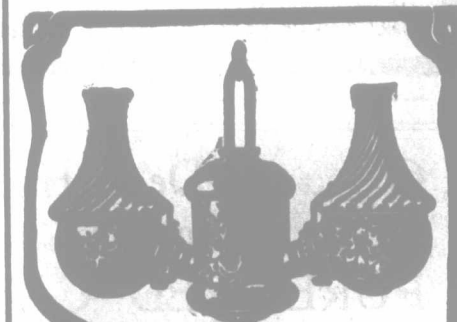
Mr. James Bryant, Arichat, N.S., was troubled with his back and used Doan's Kidney Pills, he writes:—"I cannot say too much about the benefit I received after using three boxes of Doan's Kidney Pills. I was greatly troubled with an aching pain across the small of my back. I could not go to work and my back was so weak I would have to sit down. It would go away for a few days but would always return. I was advised to try Doan's Kidney Pills and I must say they completely cured me."

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