



Satisfies that healthy candy-appetite!

A keen out-of-doors appetite welcomes the nourishing goodness of wholesome candy like Neilson's Macaroon Bar. Smooth milk chocolate with crisp coconut flakes to make it deliciously "crunchy"—just the thing to allay that out-of-doors hunger. Neilson's Macaroon Bar is a big 5-cents worth of candy-value.

Neilson's Chocolate Bars

Over Forty Delightful Kinds



Invited for the week-end

—by Long Distance

It was Thursday afternoon in the country. Hospitable Mrs. Martin seemed disappointed. The week had slipped away before she knew it. No one had been invited up for the week-end and there wasn't time in which to write.

One couldn't help feeling sorry for Mrs. Martin.

And then she thought of the telephone — Long Distance! What an inspiration!

In twenty minutes she knew the Smarts would come — delighted to — and what train they would be on. Splendid! — and she had ordered some extra supplies from her grocer in town to be shipped by express that night!

What a pleasant week-end she will have — thanks to Long Distance!

C. H. BEARD, Manager.

Every Bell Telephone is a Long Distance Station

CITY GAS CO.

OWING to the Annual Picnic of employees, Thursday, July 17, all offices will be closed from 12 o'clock noon.

Emergency calls will receive prompt attention by calling 821-J. Your co-operation will be appreciated.

WHITE FANG

by Jack London



UP TO NOW:

The wolf pack, routed after depredations on two northland sled drivers, take the trail for new game. They find under the leadership of a she-wolf, that looks like a former sled dog, and old One-Eye, the latter raised to the favor of the she-wolf after many deadly encounters with younger rivals. Meet is plentiful in the new regions and with the arrival of spring the pack breaks up with the she-wolf and old One-Eye going their ways for the mating season. In the banks of the Mackenzie she selects their lair. Old One-Eye realizes there is a family to feed and he again takes the trail for meat. One of the litter, a gray cub, proves fiercer and stronger than the others. He survives famines that bring starvation and death to his father and brothers and sisters.

INSTALLMENT 3. THE WALL OF THE WORLD.

By the time his mother began leaving the cave on hunting expeditions, the cub had learned well the law that forbade his approaching the entrance. Not only had this law been forcibly and many times impressed on him by his mother's nose and paw, but in his instinct of fear was developing. Never, in his brief cave life, had he encountered anything of which he was afraid. Yet fear was in him, it had come down to him from a remote ancestry through a thousand lives. It was a heritage he had received directly from One-Eye and the she-wolf, but to them, in turn, it had been passed down through all the generations of wolves that had gone before. Fear! That legacy of the Wild which no animal may escape nor exchange for postage.

So the gray cub knew fear, though he knew not the stuff of which fear was made. Possibly he accepted it as one of the restrictions of life. For he had already learned that there were such restrictions. Hunger he had known; and when he could not appease his hunger he had felt restriction. The hard obstruction of the sharp ridge of his mother's nose, the sharp stroke of her paw, the hunger unappeased of several famines, had borne in upon him that all was not freedom in the world, that to life there were limitations and restraints. These limitations and restraints were laws. To be obedient to them was to escape hurt and make for happiness.

He did not make the question out in this manner. He merely classified the things that hurt and the things that did not hurt. And after such classification he avoided the things that hurt, the restrictions and restraints, in order to enjoy the satisfactions and remunerations of life. Thus it was that in obedience to the law of that unknown and nameless thing, fear, he kept away from the mouth of the cave, he remained to him a white wall of light. When his mother was absent, he slept most of the time, while during the intervals he was awake, he kept very quiet, suppressing the whimpering cries that tickled in his throat and strove for noise.

Once, very early, he heard a strange sound in the white wall. It did not know that it was a wolverine, standing outside, all a-tremble with its own daring, and cautiously scenting out the contents of the cave. The cub knew only that the sniff was strange, a something unclassified, therefore unknown and terrible—for the unknown was one of the chief elements that went into the making of fear.

The hair bristled up on the gray cub's back, but it bristled silently. How was he to know that this thing that sniffed was a thing at which to bristle? It was the born of any knowledge of his, yet it was the visible expression of the fear that was in him, and for which, in his own life, there was no accounting. But fear was accompanied by another instinct—that of concealment. The cub was in a frenzy of terror, yet he lay without movement on sound, frozen, petrified into immobility, all appearances dead. His mother, coming back home, growled as she smelt the wolverine's track, and bounded into the cave and licked and nuzzled him with undue vehemence of affection. And the cub felt that somehow he had escaped a great hurt.

But there were other forces at work in the cub, the greatest of which was growth. Instinct and law demanded of him obedience. But growth demanded disobedience. His mother and fear impelled him to keep away from the white wall. Growth is life, and life is forever destined to make for light. So there was no damping up the tide of life that was rising within him—rising with every breath he drew. In the end, one day, fear and obedience were swept away by the rush of life, and the cub straddled and sprawled toward the entrance.

Unlike any other wall with which he had had experience, this wall was growth. No hard surface collided with the tender little nose as he thrust out tentatively before him. The substance of the wall seemed as permeable and yielding as light. And as condition, in his eyes, had the seeming of form, so he entered into what had been wall to him and bathed in the substance that composed it.

It was bewildering. He was sprawling through solidity. And ever the light grew brighter. Fear urged him to go back, but growth drove him on. Suddenly he found himself at the mouth of the cave. The wall, inside which he thought himself, as suddenly leaped back before him to an immeasurable distance. The light had become painfully bright. He was dazzled by it. Likewise he was made dizzy by the abrupt and tremendous extension of space. Automatically, his eyes were adjusting themselves to meet the increased distance of objects. At first, the wall had leaped beyond his vision. He now saw it again; but it had taken upon itself a remarkable remoteness. Also, it appeared had changed. It was now a variegated wall, composed of the trees that fringed the stream, the opposing mountains that towered above the trees, and the sky that out towered the mountain.

A great fear came upon him. This was more of the terrible unknown. He crouched down on the lip of the cave and gazed out on the world. He was very much afraid. Because it was unknown, it was hostile to him. Therefore the hair stood up on end along his back and his lips wrinkled weakly in an attempt at a ferocious and intimidating snarl. Out of his

puniness and fright he challenged and menaced the whole wide world. Nothing happened. He continued to gaze, and in his interest he forgot to snarl. Also, he forgot to be afraid. For the first fear had been routed by growth, while growth had assumed the guise of curiosity. He began to notice objects—an open portion of the stream that flashed in the sun, the blasted pine tree that stood at the base of the slope, and the slope itself that ran right up to him and ceased two feet beneath the lip of the cave on which he crouched.

Now the gray cub had lived all his days on a level floor. He had never experienced the hurt of a fall. He did not know what a fall was. So, he stepped boldly out upon the air. His hind legs still rested on the cave lip, but his head downward. The earth struck him a harsh blow on the nose that made him yelp. Then he began rolling down the slope, over and over. He was in a panic of terror. The unknown had caught him ast. It had gripped savagely hold of him and was about to wreak upon him some terrible hurt. Growth was now routed by fear and he ki-yid like any frightened puppy.

The unknown bore him on as he knew not to what frightful hurt, and he yelped and ki-yid unceasingly. This was a different proposition from crouching in frozen fear while the unknown lurked just alongside. Now the unknown had caught tight hold of him. Silence would do no good. Besides, it was not fear, but terror, that convulsed him.

But the growth grew more gradual, and its base was grass covered. Here the cub lost momentum. When at last he came to a stop, he gave one last agonized yelp and then a long, whimpering wail. Also, and quite as a matter of course, as though in his life he had already made a thousand toilets, he proceeded to lick away the dry clay that soiled him.

After that he sat up and gazed about him, as might the first man of the world. But the first man on Mars would have experienced less unfamiliarity than did he. Without any antecedent knowledge, without any warning whatever that such existed, he found himself an explorer in a totally new world.

Now that the terrible unknown had let go of him, he forgot the unknown had any terrors. He was aware only of curiosity in all the things about him. He inspected the grass beneath him, the mossy plant stems beyond, and the dead trunk of the blasted pine that stood on the edge of an open space among the trees. A squirrel running at the base of the trunk, came full upon him, and gave him a great fright. He cowered down and snarled. But the squirrel was as lifeless as it was dead, and from a point of safety chattered back savagely.

This helped the cub's courage, and though the wolverine he encountered gave him a start, he proceeded confidently on his way. Such was his confidence, that when a moose-ward impudently hopped up to him, he reached out at it with a playful paw. The result was a sharp peck on the end of his nose that made him cower down and ki-yi. The noise made was too much for the moose-ward, which sought safety in flight. But the cub was learning. His musty little mind had already made an unconscious classification. There were live things and things not alive. Also, he must watch out for the live things. Things not alive remained always in one place; but the live things moved about, and there was no telling what they might do. The thing to expect of them was the unexpected, and for this he must be prepared.

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Tomorrow: The Law of Meat. ARREST HERMAN GERARD AT SHERBROOK, QUEBEC

Canadian Press Despatch. Sherbrooke, Que., July 15.—On orders from the attorney-general's department, Herman Gerard of Richmond, the young man who took 20-year-old Irene St. Germain out on the automobile ride during which she died very suddenly, was today placed under arrest on a charge of rape, and brought to Sherbrooke.

STOP! HAY FEVER

Before it Commences You can escape your yearly attack of Hay Fever by taking RAZ-MAH a week before the date it usually appears.

RAZ-MAH is a powder, contained in capsules, easily swallowed, harmless, yet rapid in its effect. If your Hay Fever has already commenced, start taking RAZ-MAH immediately. Thousands have got relief from the first dose. Your druggist will refund your money if a \$1.00 box does not bring relief. Get it today. Templetons Ltd., Toronto.

Generous sample for 4 cents in stamps To sleep tonight use RAZ-MAH today

A SAFE AND SURE REMEDY FOR AILING CHILDREN MILLER'S WORM POWDERS

CONTAIN NO NARCOTICS, EASILY TAKEN, QUICKLY AND PAINLESSLY CLEANSE EVEN THE MOST DELICATE SYSTEM, AS SWEET AS SUGAR

Women of Middle Age



THE critical stage of a woman's life usually comes between the years of 45 and 55, and is often beset with annoying symptoms such as nervousness, irritability, melancholia, heat flashes which produce headache and dizziness, and a sense of suffocation. Guard your health carefully, for if this period be passed over safely, many years of perfect health may be enjoyed.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is especially adapted to help women through this crisis. It exercises a restorative influence, tones and strengthens the system, and assists nature in the long weeks and months covering this period. It is prepared from medicinal roots and herbs, and contains no harmful drugs or narcotics. Its value is proven by many such letters as these:

Vancouver, B. C.—"Before I took your wonderful medicine I was sick and ailing all the time. I happened to be speaking to a friend and she said, 'Why don't you try Pinkham's?' I am on my fourth bottle and can truthfully say I never felt better. I had tried all kinds of medicines but none seemed to do me much good. I urgently plead with those who are sick to try it. I was always cranky and had headaches but now life is altogether different. What the Vegetable Compound has done for me it will do for others."—Mrs. T. W. PLETO, 557 Richard St., Vancouver, B. C.

Brockville, Ontario—"I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for weakness and female disorders. I was so weak at times that I could not stand up. I had been this way for nearly three years, and the different medicines I had taken had not done me any good. I found one of your little books at my door one day, and I thought I would give your medicine a trial. I am now on my fifth bottle, and it has helped me. I am feeling much better, have no weak spells and can do all my work now. I am recommending your Vegetable Compound to all I know."—Mrs. CASEY LEMERT, 176 Abbott St., Brockville, Ontario.

Letters like the above do influence women to try.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

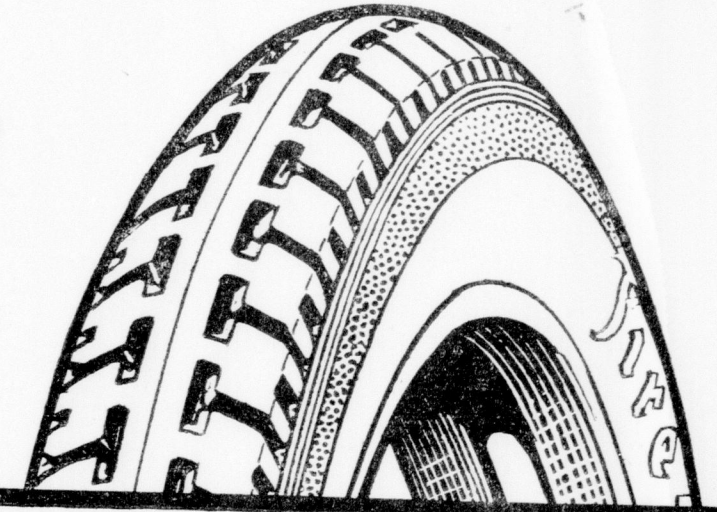
LYDIA E. PINKHAM MEDICINE CO. LYNN, MASS.

The best Tobacco for the pipe

OGDEN'S LIVERPOOL

Ogden's CUT PLUG

A Low Cost Tire that is Economical and Dependable



If you are looking for a tire that combines low first cost, dependability, and mileage you will find it in the Firestone 30 x 3 1/2 Fabric.

The cross section of this tire is larger—there is greater cushion, more surface over which to distribute wear. The non-skid

design is higher giving better traction and preventing skids. The tread is tougher, thicker, providing many extra miles.

In short, Firestone resources, manufacturing superiorities and 24 year's experience unite to produce surprisingly high mileage at surprisingly low cost.

Firestone

FABRIC TIRES

MOST MILES PER DOLLAR

STRESSES NEED OF ADVERTISING

Baldwin Suggests League of Honest Advertising For Commercial World.

Associated Press Despatch. London, July 15.—The second day of the international advertising convention today was partially devoted to listening to advice by three members of the late Conservative government, Stanley Baldwin, Sir Robert Horne and Sir Philip Lloyd-Graeme on the direct effect advertising would have in establishing a new economic life and sound prosperity in the nations of Europe.

The general session this morning was under the chairmanship of Lord Leverhulme, the famous soap manufacturer, and the owner and developer of one of Britain's largest chain-store systems. Lord Leverhulme described in detail to his audience the long and hard struggle he had fought in England before the manufacturers and public would recognize the advantages of advertising. Mr. Baldwin's address was a sound businessman's talk without frills. He referred to the need of advertising in the business world at the present day. He saw the possibilities of world peace through the League of Nations, and suggested there might be the same thing with the peace of the commercial world.

YOU FEEL YOU WANT TO BUY IT A while ago there was a wide difference in price between ordinary teas and the best—and you naturally hesitated to buy the best. Now the once-cheap teas are double what they were, while the best—RED ROSE ORANGE PEKOE TEA—is still only 45c a 1/2-lb. package, only 7c more than other package teas. It's so strong, too, it goes much further. You really save money by using it. You ought to try it—Advt.

PLAN BOYS' HOME AT BOWMANVILLE

Children's Welfare Association Meet Premier Ferguson Today.

Canadian Press Despatch. Toronto, July 15.—Representatives of the various children's welfare associations of the city and province are meeting with Premier Ferguson and Hon. Lincoln Goldie, provincial secretary, today to consider plans for the establishment of a new boys' home at Bowmanville to replace the present one at Mimico. For several months now the provincial architectural department has been working out plans modeled closely after the boys' home at Shawbridge, Que., which is generally recognized as one of the most suitable and efficient institutions of its kind on the continent.

Both the premier and provincial secretary have paid personal visits of inspection to the Shawbridge home and are convinced that Ontario can do no better than look after its own "boy problem" in a similar way.



Every 10c Packet of WILSON'S FLY PADS WILL KILL MORE FLIES THAN \$8.00 WORTH OF ANY STICKY FLY CATCHER

Clean to handle. Sold by all Druggists, Grocers and General Stores