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Boys and
Girls in

FLEET FOOT

WHAT you would pay for a single pair of children's leather shoes will buy several pairs of Fleet Foot. And Fleet Foot have many other advantages. The rubber soles prevent slipping in play and promote quietness in the house. These shoes are easy on the feet—and so carefully made of such sturdy materials that they give excellent wear, even with children who are "hard on shoes."

Put the boys and girls in Fleet Foot this summer and save money on their shoes. There are styles for men, women and children.



Fleet Foot Shoes are
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**A JEWEL IN
THE ROUGH**

His friend bowed, too, and then they all three laughed and felt instinctively that they were friends. There is nothing truer than the saying, "Good looks are perpetual letters of introduction."

These three carried their letters of introduction on their faces, and they were all mutually satisfied.

"I know you—father quite well," remarked Talbot to her. "This Pistol Shot has been at institution longer than I have been here; but I never knew he had a daughter."

"No," said Katrine, tranquilly. "I dare say not. Father and I quarreled a little while ago, and since then I have been living by myself in one of those little cabins in Good Luck Row. Do you know it?"

"No," answered Talbot. "I come into town very seldom—only when I want fresh supplies. I say up at the claim nearly all the time. Do you live all by yourself, then?" he added, wondering to himself as he looked at her—for her beauty was quite striking, and she was certainly not over twenty, yet there was something in the strong, noble outlines of her figure, in the tranquillity of her manner,

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ner, the self-reliance of her whole bearing, and the business-like way those pistols were thrust in her belt, that modified the wonder a little.

"Quite," she said, with a laugh. "Oh, I've always been accustomed to take care of myself."

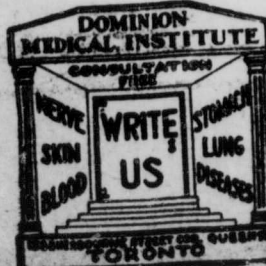
"But don't you feel very dull and lonely?"

"Sometimes," answered the girl; "but then I would much rather live alone than with someone I can't agree with."

Both the men knew the drunken habits of old Poniatovsky, so that they silently sympathized with her, and there was a pause as they watched other miners coming in.

"Well," said Katrine, after a few moments, straightening herself from her leaning attitude, "I think I will go home now; this place is getting so full we shan't be able to breathe soon."

The men looked at each other, and then spoke simultaneously: "May we see you as far as your cabin?"



strated Stephen, trying to push on past the saloon.

"Why not?" said Katrine. "It's too early to go to bed. Come in; I'll pay," and before either of them could answer, she had pushed open the door and was holding it for them with one hand, while with the other she laid down three quarters on a small trestle inside, where an old man was sitting as door-keeper.

It was a large, oblong room, with a partition running half-way down the middle, dividing it in the front part, where they were standing, and where the bar was, and the back part, which was strictly the dancing portion.

Stephen sat down on a bench that faced the inner portion, with the determination of a man who was not to be moved from his seat. At the other side of the room was a low raised platform, where some very seedy-looking musicians were sawing out a jerky tune from their feeble violins.

The room was fairly full, and a more heterogeneous collection of human beings Stephen thought he had never seen. There were miners in the roughest and thickest clothing, laborers, packers, a few Indians, some youths in extraordinary attempts at evening dress, some negro minstrels with real dress shirts on and diamond studs, girls with old velvet skirts and odd bodices that didn't match; and here and there, idling against the wall, looking on with absent eyes, one could find a different figure—that of a student, or artist, or newspaper correspondent, or gentleman miner—one need not despair of finding almost any type of humanity in that room.

Talbot looked at the girl's bright, sparkling face as they entered, and then without a word slipped his arm round her waist and they started over the rough wooden floor.

"You dance fine," observed Katrine, both given themselves up to the pleasure of mere motion. "I guess you have had lots of practice before you came out here."

Talbot smiled down into her admiring eyes.

"Yes," he said, thinking of the foreign embassies, the English ball-rooms, the many polished floors his feet had known "in England."

"My! I expect you're a great swell!" remarked the saloon-keeper's daughter.

"All the same," he answered, laughing. "I have never had a partner that danced so perfectly as you do."

"Now, that's real kind of you," answered Katrine, with a flush of pleasure; and they gave themselves up to silent enjoyment again.

At the end of the dance they came back to Stephen, and found him in the same corner, watching the room with a doleful sadness on his face. Katrine, flushed and with sparkling eyes, sat down on the corner of the step beside him.

"You look so miserable," she said. "Come and have a dance with me to cheer you up."

"I can't dance," said Stephen, shortly.

"I'll teach you," volunteered Katrine, leaning her chin on her hands and looking up to him.

Stephen flushed angrily.

"It's not that—my conscience won't allow me to."

"I'll make you forget your conscience," with a very winning smile on her sweet scarlet lips.

Stephen turned toward her and looked at her with a sudden horror in his eyes. The girl looked back at him quite unconcerned and unmoved. She saw nothing in what she had said. To her, conscience was a tiresome possession, that might, she knew, trouble you suddenly at any time, and if any one could succeed in making you forget your gratitude, words failed that silent horror and fear growing in his eyes. Katrine waited what she considered a reasonable time for him to reply or to accept her offer, and then she rose and turned to Talbot, who had been standing looking down upon them both with amusement.

"I'm very thirsty; let's go and have a drink," she said; and they strolled across the room, and then down into the further end where the bar was. They elbowed their way to the counter and stood there waiting to be served. Most of the men seemed to know Katrine and made way for her, and she had a word of chaff, or a nod, or a smile, or a laugh, or friendly greeting, for nearly all of them. Talbot noted this, and noted also that though the men were rude, and though rough enough, there was apparently no disrespect for her. Talbot wondered whether this was due to her

"Who's your friend?" asked two or three voices at her side while they stood waiting.

"Mr. Talbot—one of the lucky ones," replied Katrine, promptly. "He has a claim up the gulch that's bringing him in millions—or going to," she added, mischievously.

The men looked Talbot up and down curiously. Even in his rough miner's clothes he looked a totally different figure from the seedy-looking, slim and tall and trim, with his long neck and refined, quiet face, he was a type common enough in Bond Street, London, or on Broadway, New York, but not so common in the Klondike.

"Well, if that's so, pardon," slowly observed a thickset, crop-haired man, edging close up to him, "you won't mind standing a drink for us?"

"Delight!" returned Talbot, with a pleasant smile. "Give it a name."

The result of taking votes on this motion was the ordering of ten hot whiskeys and two hot rum—no lotter for himself and Katrine. Talbot

When The Day Is Over



When the household cares and the worries of everyday life have dragged you down, made you unhappy, and there is nothing in life but headache, backache and worry, turn to the right prescription, one gotten up by Dr. Pierce fifty years ago.

Everything growing out of the ground seems intended for some use in establishing natural conditions. Dr. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., long since found out what is naturally best for women's diseases. He learned it all through treating thousands of cases. The result of his studies was a medicine called Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. This medicine is made of vegetable growths that nature surely intended for backache, headache, weakening pains, irregularities, and for the many disorders common to women in all ages of life.

Orville, Ont.—"I suffered from a bad case of woman's trouble with backache, nervousness, disordered digestion, irregularity and I had great pain all the time, sometimes I would faint at my work. I had one physician after another but they did me no good. I then took Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and it fixed me up all right. I look much better and feel fine. I will recommend the 'Prescription' to all suffering as I did."—MRS. MAYBELLE B. GRATRICK, 115 Albert St.

Write Dr. Pierce's Invalids' Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y., for confidential advice and you will receive the medical attention of a specialist, wholly without fee—no charge whatever.

never drank spirits at all, and the terrible concoctions of the cheap saloons were an abomination to him. He took his glass, however, to show his friendliness, had it nearly filled to the brim with water, and then could hardly drink it. The fluid seared his throat like red-hot knife blades. Katrine took across the counter as it was handed across the counter and tossed it down her throat at one gulp, seemingly to enjoy it.

"Well, Jim," she said to the young mine next her, "what luck have you had lately?"

"None," he replied, gloomily. "Since I left the old place I've lost all along in the 'Sally White'."

Talbot thought they were speaking of claims and that the man was referring to his work, and the next minute, when Katrine turned her head to him and said rapidly, "The Sally White is the third in the next street," he was rather mystified. He came so little into town, and mixed so little with the ungentlemanly life and company it offered, that he was ignorant of its prevailing fashion, pastime, and vice—gambling. Fortunes were made and lost across the trestle tables of the saloons quicker and easier than claims.

He did not take much notice of what she had said, nor ask for an explanation. The girl was handsome and a beautiful dancer; but the company at the bar he did not appreciate at all, and his only idea was to withdraw her from it.

"Are you not ready for another dance?" he said, as the violin began to squeak out another tune.

Katrine nodded, and they had already turned away, when a voice said over her shoulder:

"You won't quite forget me this evening, will you?"

(To be continued.)

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Loss of appetite is replaced by a keen desire to eat.

The blood is enriched and reddened, in consequence you are given new strength and vital energy.

Folks who are half sick, sort of run down, lacking in spirits and energy, those who find a day's toil exhausts mind and body—these are the people who can be restored by Hamilton's Pills to vigorous health that will outlast old age. Get a few 25 cent boxes of Hamilton's Pills to-day, sold everywhere.

WHALES WANTED

There are still drifting mines in the North Sea and they are being accounted for at the rate of about 10 a month. Rifles have been supplied to fishermen and others to dispose of any they may detect. The fishermen are hoping that now the sea is quieter the schools of bottle-nosed whales that used to haunt the North Sea will return and help dispose of the remaining mines.

The Lions Head.

A Child Must Lead Them.
(By Benjamin De Casseres.)

The human race has got itself into the bad fix it is in by deserting the children.

Its eyes are fixed on material progress, its heart set on motion in the empire of matter. It has forgotten the magic of its origin—childhood.

The human, being to-day knows all sports, he indulges in a thousand pastimes, from picnicking to horse-racing; but he has forgotten how to play.

The play-spirit in us is lost because we have got too far away from the heart empire of the children, who have everything to teach us, and to whom we teach scarcely anything except the ugly art of growing old early.

How easy it is, when one tries, to pick up the fairy-story of our golden days and its tremendous meanings! Every child's innocent eye is a mute invitation to enter its kingdom, to play hooky with the stupid seriousness for our grown-up days and become again as a child.

"A little child shall lead them," is not a theological truth, but a psychological and physical fact.

These little darlings, elves out of some Hyperborean world, with the curly hair and the bell-like voices—our children—can take us by the hand and rebirth the world.

All life is a make-believe, and it is only the make-believe world of the kiddies that is the true one. They are the morning of the world at our door. Kingdom come is reached by travelling backward to them.

We speak of the children growing up. They never do. They grow down to us.

It is we who need to learn the magic art of growing up to the children.

Tried Them and Now Is Satisfied

MADAM LANDRY TELLS WHAT
DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS DID
FOR HER.

New Brunswick Lady Who Had Tried
Other Medicines Claims She Found
the remedy she was looking for in
Dodd's Kidney Pills.

St. Leolin, N.B., June 28th.—(Special.)—Among the many women who claim they owe their health to Dodd's Kidney Pills, none is more enthusiastic than Madam Bruno D. Landry, a highly esteemed resident here.

"It is with great pleasure that I recommend Dodd's Kidney Pills," Madam Landry says. "I was ill for a long time, and nothing I took relieved me. I read often of the good Dodd's Kidney Pills did for others, but I had not much faith in them."

"At last, after having tried a lot of other medicines, I decided to give Dodd's Kidney Pills a trial. The result has brought me perfect health."

"If those who suffer from kidney disease will use Dodd's Kidney Pills, they will find them good and soon be convinced, as I have been, that they are the remedy for kidney disease."

Dodd's Kidney Pills are no faith cure. You don't have to believe in them to find in them the relief you are looking for. But if you ask your neighbors they will tell you out of their own experience of the work Dodd's Kidney Pills have done.

Oldest Tune in the World.

"For He's a Jolly Good Fellow" is said to be the oldest tune in the world. The origin of the air is lost in antiquity, but it is supposed to have been learned from the ancient Babylonians by the Egyptians, who popularized it in Africa and Asia Minor. Arabs still sing it. The Crusaders caught the tune from their Saracen enemies, and sang it under the walls of Jerusalem. The air was ultimately carried into Europe, where it survived, in various forms, among the folk songs of the different nations. In 1700, after the defeat at Malplaquet, the French, following a false rumor of the Duke of Marlborough's death in battle, composed a satiric lament, "Malbrook is Off to the War." Like most topical songs, this one was of short-lived popularity, but in 1781 it suddenly echoed from one end of France to the other. The young Marie Antoinette gave birth to an heir, and the baby prince's nurse used to put her royal charge to sleep with the old song of her village home, and as it by magic the song became the craze of the day.

DIDN'T WANT DUCKS

In a village in Staffordshire a lady started a poultry farm with one hen and thirteen eggs. Not having had the least experience in keeping poultry, she had a friend how long eggs generally "took" to hatch. She received the reply: "Three weeks for chickens and four for ducks." The old lady met her friend some time later, and on being asked how the poultry farm was going replied:

"Oh, I've finished. At the end of three weeks there were 10 chickens, so I took the hen off, as I didn't want ducks."

Remove Those Unsightly Warts

By applying Putnam's Corn and Wart Extractor. It cures corns, warts and bunions permanently, painlessly and surely. Every druggist in America recommends and sells Putnam's Extractor; it's the best, 25c per bottle.