

NUDI IL MINIO

"Miss Marraby - " It was John Arnott, and a little behind him was Peter Lyster.

"Odd we should run across one anher again," Arnott said, trying to y grasp. He hesitated, glancing at ter, but Lyster was looking from one o the other, obviously expecting to be troduced, and after the barest possi-

e hesitation Arnott presented him. "My friend, Peter Lyster - Miss " He did not dare to look at an, but he need not have feared; after e first natural blenching she met the

on calmly, though she was quits and now and then there was a ment, "why fellows always make such a fuss about leave." He laughed half

hink I've seen you before," Lysheld her breath in an agony of

the unexpected sight of some faint chord in his mind? his next words soom dispelled came into the hotel last night.

" he said. "I was in the readcourse," said Nan. She forced to her pale lips. "I had left

oves, hadn't I? And you and -e look for them." er frowned.

was hardly my friend," he said.

turned her face away to hide of relief that flashed into her

go and get some coffee.' struck in; he was anxious to an and Peter together as long ever have felt like that," he said pres-"There's a Fuller's quite what do you say, Peter?" ning you like walked back between the two he felt as if she trod on air. lared not look at Peter. She

a running fire of small talk nott. She forced herself to laugh ear to be merry, and the thought ough Arnott's mind again how ul she was.

they got to the shop he wen see what sort of cakes there the knowledge hurt, she knew that she He entered into a totally unssary argument with the girl besweet counter, so as to give Nan and Peter a few moments together. Nan knew that he had done it on rpose, and hardly knew if she hated for it or loved him. She looked at



Sourness, Pain and Bloatg Follow Every Meal.

tter about diets, special food or the dozen or more medi-have tried without success. ally want stomach comfort-rtain and lasting relief from al after-eating distress-just ke this simple, NEVER-FAIL-te today!

test to cay! r only a few cents get from any s druggist a little pure Bisurated nesia-then, immediately after your heavy meal, take two teaspoonfuls are powder of four of the tablets and consections of water is a simple, pleasant and inex-test that may be absolutely de- ghost.

ensive test that may be absolutely de-ended upon to prove its value in less han five minutes and, in most in-tances, relief comes almost instantly. Bisurated Magnesia is a pleasant, armless, nonlaxative form of old-fash-ended upon to prove its value in less an excuse to get sway from Peter's armless, nonlaxative form of old-fash-Using Cuticura Lynx, as she is often called, snarled again. But goodness gracious meebus! as "Let's hurry on," cackled Aunty Hen, at last finding her.voice. "If I ever reach my new bungalow I'll never Soap regularly and Cuticura Ointment when necessary. The Soap tired stiff muscles and sore feet. It is not greasy-will not stain the clothing. armless, nonlaxative form of old-fash-oned Magnesia that, when taken after neals, cleanses, sweetens and neu-taizes the dangerous stomach acids hat cause 95 per cent. of stomach ail-ments. Be sur, and get BISURATED Magnesia at your druggist's to-davl-that he was criticing her and des-that he was criticing her and des-Uncle Lucky, the dear old gentleman move again. No, I stay there until a rabbit would have exclaimed had he tornado moves the house and all my cleanses the clogged, irritated pores, Always keep a bottle in your medicine the Ointment soothes and heals. rabbit would have exclaimed had he tornado moves the house and an in-been there, all of a sudden she spied her face in the mirror of the old dresser on which sat, all a-tremble, the Old Red Rooster and Aunty Hen. With a frightened "Meow!" she jumped right In^{*} a little while, not so iry long, cabinet Sample Each Free by Mall. Address Canadian Depot: "Stenhoman, Ltd., Montreal." Price, Soap Sie, Ointment 25 and 50c. Tstom Zic. The Cuticura Shaving Stick 25c. \$1.25 a bottle at most druggists or sent postpaid by W. F. Young Inc. Lyman Building

Peter with eyes that hid their feelings bravely. He was leaning back in his chair, and now, with the sunlight full on his face through the window with peak casually; he held out his hand to its blind of colored blass beads, she Nan, and took hers in a warm, friend- realized for the first time that he had altered tremendously.

She knew that he eyes were melted into tenderness, she plunged into speech. "Mr. Arnott tells me that you are

on leave - " "Yes." He had taken off his service

NEA SCIVI

cap and passed a hand rather wearily IN RABBITBORO across his forehead. "It beats me," he said after a mo-

shamefacedly. "It makes me wonder if I ever did — before this." He looked at Nan with a sort of anxiety in his eyes. "Has Arnott told you about

me?" he asked. "He told me that you had been wounded," she answered gently. It gave her a sort of comfort to be able to talk to him: for the moment pain was push ed out of sight, she tried to make the most of these few moments.

Lyster shrugged his shoulders. "The wound was nothing," he said "I've often wished since that it had finished me." He smiled ruefully, meetur friend were kind enough to ing her eyes. "I suppose you despise

me for saying that." "No," Nan said; her heart felt full of tears. "I believe everyone feels like shortly; his voice sounded as if that sometimes," she said after a moannoyed. "I only met her ment. "I know I have - I mean, I by in the hotel; I know her father have felt that I didn't want to go on living, that there is nothing to live ." She laughed, to cover the tragedy of her voice. Lyster wis

watching her gravely; a little puzzled look in his gray eyes. "I should not have thought you wou'd

ently. "You look so gay and smiling." He stopped and glanced over his shoulder to the end of the shop, where Arnott was still laughing with the girl at th. counter.

"What is Arnott doing?" he asked, with a touch of impatience in his voice. Nan rose at once; she choked down the suffocating feeling that rose in her throat. She went over to where Arnott stood, she felt in some way that Peter was weary of her, and even while

would be wiser to end the little tete-atete. She spoke to Arnold quietly. "Are you coming to have your coffee? Peter - Mr. Lyster - is wondering what you are doing." She waited for Arnott before she

went back to where Peter sat; she devoted herself to Arnott for the rest of nere?" he asked presently. "I'm trying to persuade Lyster to ome down into the country with me or a week," Arnott sail suddenly.

'London's all very well, but we've got hing." to remember that we're both more or less crocks for the present. The noise outside the Grosvenor last night was haddening, I hardly slepta wink. Now, own in the country, where my sister

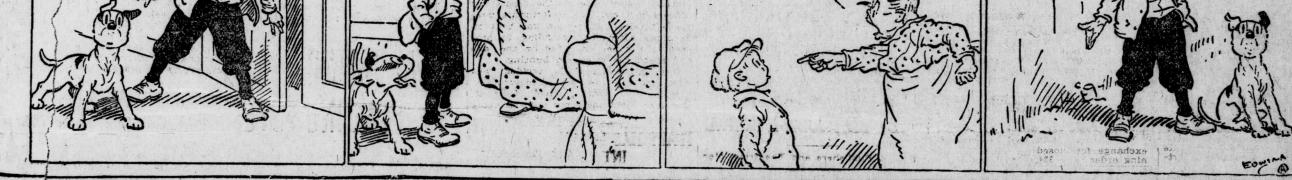
Peter struck in rather rritably. 'Your sister probably would not hank you for foisting two more or less

sick men on her," he sad. "Oh, that's because you don't know Doris. Nothing's too mich trouble for her; she's have the whoe of the British army to sleep in the house if she

THIS SIMPLE TEST army to sleep in the house if she could." He looked at Ian and smiled. 'Peter's a disagreeableold beggar," he

carelessly spoken word, for Peter said. sharply; "Well, I've no gres reason to care for them." He lookd at Nan, haif apologetically.

Nan's crooked smil twisted her lips compare with Dr. Hamilton's Pills. for a moment, and vaished like a pale. The kidneys quickly respond to the



Dora Makes A Guess

DORA DUMBUNNY, DO YOU KNOW WHAT THIS WORD IS ? IT IS AN OBJECT THAT IS LARGE NO: MISS AND ROUND, - NEAR! AS BIG ONE WAY AS THE OTHER, AND IF LAID ON IT'S SIDE AND STARTED AT THE TOP OF A HILL, IT WOULD ROLL RIGHT DOWN TO THE BOTTOM ! FLOPPY

plsing her because she was able to play joined them.

the game of pretense so well.

looked at his friend.

sort of bitterness.

Arnott colored

interest.

dicott.'

d diffidently:

Caused by Neglect

Proper Treatment Will Quickly

and Good Spirits

When she was out of earshot Pete "Got the sweets?" he asked.

"Who is she?" he asked with faint run away," she answered. "I've got lots

of shopping to do." She held a hand to together. Arnott. "Good-by." "It's the girl I told you about the "When shall I see you again?" he other night, Nan Marraby," he said. asked eagerly. He had not meant to "Oh!" Peter's voice was indifferent.

ask the question, but it seemed to rise And - someone else she spoke of, someone else she said she was going to his lips unawares. to buy chocolates for -- was that any-one I ought to know?" he asked with Nan laughed. "Oh, I don't know! I'm going ot.

of town soon for a few days.' "No," said Arnott. "At least, Miss "Really!" Arnott looked absurdly dis-Matraby lives with her - a Mrs. Enappointed. "Oh, I say," he protested.

"I was hoping we were going to see a great deal of one another." Peter made no comment. "How long are you going to be in Nan looked at Peter; he was brushing some dust from the sleeve of his

"My dear chap, we'll go when you tunic and was apparently not in the ike," said Arnott hastily. "What do least interested in either of his comyou want to do? I'm game for any. panions. A wave of great bitterness swept

over her soul. "I don't care, but don't mind me, if It seemed impossible that she could you want to get along with Miss Marralaugh and talk with Arnott while her very heart and soul were groveling at "Rot! She'll leave us, of course. It was quite by chance, running up against her. He glanced over to Nan, and ask-Lyster's feet.

'I've got to go home, you see," she heard herself explaining flippantly, "Not that I want to exactly - I'm "Fine looking girl, don't you think?" Peter shrugged his shoulders. "Not bad," he said laconically. afraid I'm not a dutiful daughter real-

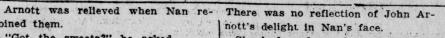
ly — but . . ." "Let me know where you are going, and when, won't you?" Arnott asked. They were outside on the path now, and it was with a rush of relief that Nan felt the cool spring air on her burning cheeks.

"Oh, yes, I'll let you know," she anwered lightly. "It's a dreadful, sleepy" hollow of a place where I live." "And where is this-appalling spo:?"

Bring Back Robust Health Peter asked, with a ghost of a smile in his eyes. Nan turned and looked at him. She

was wondering if he would remember Because of their mildness of acthe name if she spoke it; she had told tion no medicine for women can him about it so often. and her life at home and her lonely childhood, and the gladness with which she had escaped

remedial action of Dr. Hamilton's from her stepmother.



She had made up her mind to keep "Yes; and now having got all I can away from Peter by going to her own out of you, I'm going to be mean and home; and now it had turned out that her own home and Arnott's were close

> "You don't look very delighted," Arnott was saying ruefully. Nan laughed.

"Oh, but I am," she protested. "I shall look to you to amuse me when I'm bored to death with the country and my The Old Red Rooster and Aunty. Hen out of the tree and ran away, thinking

Were riding along through the Leafy that a fierce wildcat was about to fight A sharp spring shower was suddenly Glen, deluging the earth. Nan made a dive In Peter Pig's care, when all at once Hen, Old Red Rooster and Peter Pig, for the doorway of the shop she had just left, followed by both men. Some one shouted: "Stop, you dunce!"

(To Be Continued.) RETURNS TO DUTY. - Richard Peter Pig, pulling in the donkey.

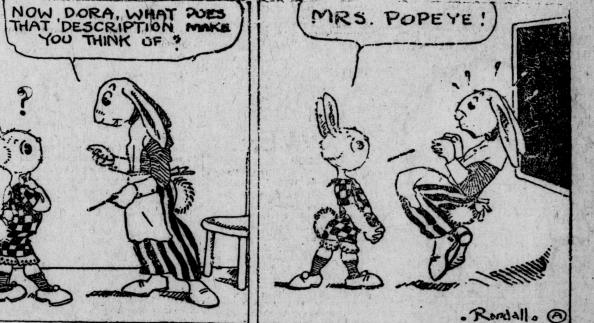
"Ha, ha, hee, hee!" laughed a gruff

person, I should say." The next minute the gruff voice call ed out:

With your little gray donkey and creaky gig?

re you?"

ter, his gills growing pale at the thought that the owner of the gruff voice might turn out to be Danny Fox.



By ALBERTINE RANDALL

hey stopped before a nice little bunga-"Here we are and here I stay for a hundred years or more, and a day," cried Aunty Hen, fluttering down, to the ground.

Tying his donkey to a post, Peter Pig arried in the furniture, while the Qid. Red Rooster and Aunty-Hen hung the pictures on the walls, and in the next. story you shall hear what happened after that.

SIX LONDON GIRLS ARE MANNEQUINS AT CAPITOL her. Well, wasn't that lucky for Aunty

> London girls who acted as mannequins for the Artistic Ladies' Wear Company fashion show at the Capitol Theater on Monday were the Misses Peggy Ellis, Toots Macauley, Elva Mo-Farlane, Vera Moss, Viola Mihn and Iris Jenkins.



For sprains and brulses a small quan-tity of ABSORBINE JR. rubbed in will allay the pain and reduce the swelling quickly and permanently. Excellent also for insect bites, burns,



Guest, county constable, who has been ill for the past two weeks, returned to duty. He was present in county court. That One Pimple

Where are you going, Peter Pig,

You're a long way from your Pigsty Pen."

"I know it," said Peter Pig, but who



voice. "Who can it be?" laughed Aunt Hen, nervously. "Don't know, I'm sure," answered the Old Red Rooster. "Not a very polite

by David Cory

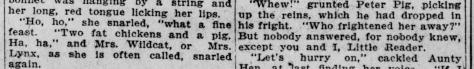
ittle Jack

And Old Red Rooster and Aunty Hen

"Who can it be?" again whispered Aunty Hen, all a-tremble. "Must be an enemy, or he'd show himself," answered the Old Red Roos-

Just then who should peek down from "Gid-up," a branch overhead but Mrs. Wildcat. Dear me, how fierce she looked. Her

against his teeth. bonnet was hanging by a string and "Whew!" grunted Peter Pig, picking



to say nothing of the donkey? Well,

indeed it was.