



THE OUTLOOK, MIDDLETON, NOVA SCOTIA

WHY SEEK YE THE LIVING AMONG THE DEAD?

There was a great earthquake: for the Angel of the Lord descended from Heaven and came and rolled back the stone from And the Angel said unto the women. see the place wher the Lord lay." Hol . Women at the Tomb,' Axel Ender, Norway



FALKLAND RIDGE When the System

Telatives. Miss Susie Van Tassel spent last week end the guest of her friend, Mrs. M. C. Foster, Bridgetown. Mrs. Chas. Hoyt and baby, Mar-

her sister, Mrs. H. Mason. Mrs. Wentzell and Mrs. H. A. Marall spent the 25th with Mrs. Mc-

Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

You can get thesep Fills from any

medicine dealer, or by mail at 50 cents a box from The Dr. Williams'

COTTAGE COVE

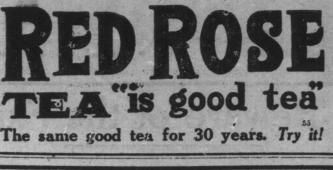


SPECIALS: Every Saturday we are going to sell something at less than cost. THIS WEEK: Kelloggs Waxtite Corn Flakes 10c per package.; 13 lbs. Granulated Sugar for \$1.00; 2 pkges. Seeded Raisins for 25 cents.



#### THURSDAY, APRIL 9, 1925

Order from your grocer his best tea and



# **FASHIONABLE SPRING**

MEN AND WOMEN DO YOU DESIRE THE LATEST STYLES IN

OUR SPRING LINES ARE NOW ON DISPLAY, THE SHOES ARE THE LATEST IN STYLE, HIGH QUALITY AND LOW PRICED.

the Best Quality of Footwear for less money

Mr. T. U. Rhodenizer and daughter

LAWRENCETOWN



FACTS ABOUT TEA SERIES-No. 2

### **Tea Production Today**

If the Chinese, who first discovered tea, had realized the possibilities of the trade and had studied the nature and requirements of the plant, China might still be the largest tea producing country. Centuries of neglect, however, stunted the growth and caused the quality to deteriorate. In the mountains of Ceylon and India, tea was found to flourish. Scientific methods of cultivation and manufacture were introduced with remarkable results. Now the finest tea grown in the world and by far the largest quantity comes from these countries. "SALADA" is mainly blended from flavoury India and Ceylon



A new issue of the Telephone Directory for the Western District in course of preparation and lists will be closed on April 10th.

The Directory serves our subscribers in "The Valley" (including Brooklyn, Clarkesville, Hantsport and Windsor in Hants County) and in Digby, Lunenburg, Shelburne, Queens and Yarmouth Counties.

Persons who wish to become Telephone Subscribers at this time and Telephone Subscribers who want changes made in their listings are urged to send in their orders to our nearest Business Office at once, and at all events not later than April 10th.

We cannot undertake to give effect in the new issue to Orders received after that date.

> Advertisers who wish to avail them. selves of the opportunities for effective, yet low priced, publicity, afforded by use



had my way, I'd see that both she , him by the hand and lead him to her and that little Freddie Banks got a father and say, "Father, this is Wil-first class whipping!" "Don't you think, Willie." said Mrs. Baxter-"don't you think that, considering the rather noncommittal method

of Freddie's courtship, you are suggesting extreme measures? "Well, she certainly ought to be pundear!" ished!" he insisted, and then, with a reversal to agony, he shuddered. "That's the least of it!" he cried. "It's the in-sulting things you always allow her to say of one of the noblest girls in the United States—that's what counts! On the very last day—ves, almost the orefty group hugings proposition to On the very last day-yes, almost the pretty, good business proposition to

last hour-that Miss Pratt's in this lay before you, young man." And when the white waistcoated. white sideburned old man had, chucktown you let your only daughter stand there and speak disrespectfully of her, and then all you do is to tell her to ling, left the room William would slow-'go play somewhere else!'" ly lift his arms. But Lola would move "You're all wrought up"-"I am not wrought up!" shouted William. "Why should I be charged

with"would say. "I have a question to ask "Now, now!" Mrs. Baxter said. you, sir." You'll feel better tomorrow." "What do you mean by that?" he de-"This question, sir," she would re-

manded, breathing deeply. For reply she only shook her in an odd little way. "You'll be all right, Willie," she said softly and closed the door. Alone, William lifted clinched hands

it was too late to show you what I felt? Ah, Ickle Boy Baxter, I never understood until I looked back upon it all after I had read 'In Dream' on the in a series of tumiltuous gestures at the ceiling; then he moaned and sank into a chair at his writing table. Prestrain that day! Then I knew!" "And now, Lola?" William would say. ently a comparative calm was restored to him, and with reverent fingers he "Do you understand me now?" Shyly she would advance the one short step she had yut between them, while he, with lifted, yearning arms, took from a drawer a one pound box of candy, covered with white tissue paper, girdled with blue ribbon. He set the box gently beside him upon the this fime destined to no disappointmenttable, then from beneath a large green At so vital a moment did Mrs. Baxblotter drew forth some scribbled sheets. These he placed before him ter knock at his door and consoling reverie cease to minister unto William.

and, taking infinite pains with his handwriting, slowly copied: mother. "I just wanted to know-I thought maybe you were looking out

and, taking infinite pains with this bandwriting, ilowly copied: Deer Loia-I oresume when you are raoon, and you will be on the train moving rapidly away from this old place here farther and farther from it all. As I sit here at my eld desk and look back upon it all while I am writing this farewell letter I hope when you are reading it you also will look back upon it all and think of one you called (Alias) Little Boy Baxter. As I sit here this morning that you are going away at last I look back and I can-not remember any summer in my whole life which has been like this summer, be-cause a great change has come over me this summer. If you would like to know what this means it was something like I asid when John Watson got there yester-day afternoon and interupted what I said. May you enjoy this candy and think of the giver. I will put something in with this letter. It is something maybe you would like to have and in exchange I would give all I possess for one of you if you would send it to me when you get home. Please do this for now my heart is braking. Yours sincerely. "KILLAM S. BAXTER. '(ALLAS) LITTLE BOY BAXTER.

CHAPTER XXI.

The Last Sad Rites.

olates. Upon the letter he placed a small photograph, wrapped in

issue paper, of himself. Then with a

pair of scissors he trimmed an oblong

of white cardboard to fit into the box

Upon this piece of cardboard he labori-ously wrote, copying from a tostured,

ILLIAM opened the box o

candy and placed the letter

upon the top layer of choc

fected by something seen in the glass. "By George!" he exclaimed aloud. Seizing a small hand mirror, he placed it in juxtaposition to his right eye and closely studied his left profile as exhibited in the larger mirror. Then ne examined his right profile, subjecting it to a like scrutiny, emotional, yet attentive and prolonged. "By George!" he exclaimed again. "By George But William would turn to her, and, He had made a discovery. There was a downy shadow upon his upper with the old dancing light in his eyes. "No, Lola," he would say, "not Wil-

What he had just found out was liam, but Ickle Boy Baxter. Always that this down could be seen projectand always just that for you, oh, my ing beyond the line of his lip, like a tiny nimbus. It could be seen in pro-And then, as in story and film and file "By George!" William exclaimed.

rushed his hair. He went so far this ime as to brush his evebrows, which

med not much altered by the o cration. Suddenly he was deeply af

He was still occupied with the two mirrors when his mother again tapped softly upon his door, rousing him as from a dream, brief but engaging, to the heavy realities of that day. "What do you want now?" "I won't come in," said Mrs. Baxter.

"I just came to see." "See what?" "I wondered-I thought perhaps you ueeded something. I knew your watch was out of order"-"F'r 'evan's sake, what if it is?" She offered a murmur of placative

laughter as her apology and said



plenty of money for car fare. He twenty minutes of 1, Willie." thinks they went somewhere on a "What?" street car. I thought maybe you no-"Yes, it is. It's"-She had no further speech with him Breathless, William flung open his "All right," she said placatively. "I door, seized the hat, racketed down the stairs and out through the front didn't mean to bother you, dear." door, which he left open behind him. Following this there was a silence but no sound of receding footsteps in- Eight seconds later he returned at a dicated Mrs. Baxter's departure from gallop, hurtled up the stairs and into the other side of the closed door. his room, emerging instantly with some-"Well, what you want?" William thing concealed under his coat.



THURSDAY, APRIL 9, 1925

e Finest of Fare

Durity Flour is the

Spring is here and every man needs clothing of some kind. We have a complete line of Gents' Furnishings. Perhaps you will want a new Spring Overcoat or a new Suit: If so, you will do well to see what we can do for you in this matter. We have been fitting out men for some years and our experience is at

How about a nice shirt and tie? Also

Hat or Cap and Socks too? We can give

you the latest creations at moderate figures.

to call our nearest Business Office and a representative will be sent to attend to their wants.

Maritime Telelegraph and Telephone Company Limited

## **Auto Repairs**

That Car of yours-Has it had the necessary work done on it to make riding a pleasure instead of a worry? If it needs overhauling, we are prepared to give you a price for the whole job. That means a whole lot to an owner of a car.

The ignition is a very important part of an automobile. We specialize in all electrical work on cars and can guarantee satisfaction.

Repairing of evry description on all makes of cars and no matter how small the job, or how large, it will receive careful and skillful attention. Our work is our asset and in every particular we endeavor to give every satisfaction. Can we help you over your' difficulties this year.

Our Phone is number 97.



Dried and Smoked Fish. Vegetables, Etc.

#### Home Made Sausage

R. T. Saunders Stand Phone 56

POULTRYMEN! Have you Eggs for Hatching this season? If so you should make use of our Classified Columns. Hatching this season? If so you should make use of our classified Columns.



reverie in his eyes.

Thes In Dream. oundation in fact he was satisfied that

no rival farewell poem would be offer-ed her, and so it may be that he thought "In Dream" might show her at last in one blaze of light what her eyes had sometimes fleetingly intimated she did perceive in part-the difference between William and such everyday, rather well meaning, fairly

window in her own room and looked "Nothing-nothing at all," said the compassionate voice. "I just thought I'd have lunch a little later than usual. William was already more than half-

not till half past-1-that is, if-well, I thought probably you meant to go to was a car line that ran to the station, the station to see Miss Pratt off on the but the distance was not too great for

o'clock?" "Why-why, Jane mentioned it." Mrs. Baxter replied, with obvious timidity. "Jane said"-

inky sheet before him: She was interrupted by the loud, des-In Dream perate sound of William's fist smiting By WILLIAM S. BAXTER. his writing table, so sensitive was his condition. "This is just unbearable!" By WILLIAM S. BAATER, The sunset light Fades into night But never will I forget The smile that haunts me yet Tarrough the future four long years I kope you will remember with tears Whate'er my rank er station Whilst receiving my education Though far away you seem I would see these in dream. he cried. "Nobody's business is safe from that child!"

"Why, Willie, I don't see how it matters if"-He uttered a cry. "No! Nothing matters! Nothing matters at all! Do you spose I want that child, with her

"What question, Lola?"

ply: "In all that summer, sir, so long

ago, why did you never tell me what

you were until I had gone away and

He started, placed the sacred box out

"I'm not coming in, Willie," said his

of the window and noticed where those children went-Jane and that little girl

from across the street-Kirsted, her

of sight and spoke gruffy.

"What you want?"

name must be." "No; I did not."

ticed wheth"-

"I told you I did not."

He placed his poem between the pho insults, discussing when Miss Pratt is tograph and the letter, closed the boy and tied the tissue paper about it or is not going away? Don't you know there are some things that have no again with the blue ribbon. Through business to be talked about by every out these rites-they were rites both in spirit and in manner-he was subject Tom, Dick and Harry?" "Yes, dear," she said. "I understand, to little catchings of the breath, half

of course. Jane only told me she met Mr. Parcher on the street, and he mengulp, half sigh. But the dolorous tokens passed, and he sat with elbows tioned that Miss Pratt was going at 1 upon the table, his chin upon his hands, o'clock today. That's all I"-"You say you understand," he wail-ed, shaking his head drearily at the

hurriedly. "Of course! I'm going now, I have to go hunt up those children, anyway. You try to be back for lunch at half past 1, and don't worry, dear. You really will be all right." He went to his mirror and, gazing long, long and piercingly at the Wil-liam there limned, enacted almost un-The look of suffering upon the mir-rored face slowly altered. In its place came one still sorrowful, but tempered with sweet indulgence. He stretched out his hand as if he set it upon a head at about the height of his shoul-

citement. She exposed her whole coun-tenance at the window and impulsively "Yes, it may mean-it may mean for ever," he said in a low, tremulous voice. "Little girl, we must be brave." And the while his eyes gazed into the mirror they became expressive of a momentary pleased surprise, as if made a face at him. even in the arts of sorrow he found himself doing better than he knew. But his sorrow was none the less gen-uine because of that.

darken the air. She was at some dis-tance, perhaps 200 feet, along the Then he noticed the ink upon his forehead and went away to wash. When he returned he did an unusual tracks, where the sleeping cars of the long train would stop. But there she thing—he brushed his coat thoroughly, removing it for this special purpose. After that he earnestly combed and stood, mistakable for no ether on this wide earth. brushed his hair and retied his tie. Next he took from a drawer two clean (Continued on page 4)

**Refreshes** Tired Eyes

way to the next corner, where there Mrs. Baxter to comprehend the nature 1 o'clock train." "How'd you find out she's going at 1 of the symmetrical white parcel now carried in his right hand. Her face became pensive as she gazed after the flying slender figure. There came to her mind the recollection of a seven-MIDDLETON. teen-year-old boy who had brought a box of candy-a small one, like William's-to the station once, long ago, when she had been visiting in another town. For just a moment she thought of that boy she had known so many years ago, and a smile came vaguely upon her lips. She wondered what kind of a woman he had married and how many children he had and whether he was a widower-The fleeting recollection passed. She turned from the window and shook her head, puzzled. "Now, where on earth could Jane and that little Kirsted girl have gone?" she murmured. At the station William, descending from the street car, found that he had six minutes to spare. Reassured of so much by the great clock in the station tower, he entered the building and, with calm and dignified steps,

NURINE FOR YOUR EYES

crossed the large waiting room. Those calm and dignified steps were taken by feet which little betrayed the tremulousness of the knees above them. He made sure that the person he vincial Highways Board for that purpose first had and obtained. sought was not in the waiting room Therefore he turned to the doors which gave admission to the tracks, but before he went out he paused for an instant of displeasure. Hard by the door stood a telephone booth, and from inside this booth a little girl of nine

or ten was peering eagerly out at William, her eyes just above the lower level of the glass window in the door. Even a prospect thus curtailed revealed her as a smudged and dusty little girl. To William she suggested nothing familiar. As his glance hapemption. pened to encounter hers the peering eyes grew instantly brighter with ex-

Three seconds later the dusty faced little girl and her moue were sped utterly from William's mind. For as the doors swung together behind him he saw Miss Pratt. There were no gates nor iron barriers to obscure the view. There was no train shed to

MIDDLETON,

TERMS STRICTLY CASH.

R. S. McKAY

SHOP WITH "THE OUTLOOK" ADVERTISERS

NOVA SCOTIA

S. H. Morrison

HIGHWAY NOTICE

NOVA SCOTIA

## **Closing of Roads**

The attention of the public is respectfully called to an Act to amend Chapter 77 of the Revised Statutes of 1923 of "The Load o Vehicles Act," passed the 9th day of April, 1924, A. D. Be it enocted by the Governor, Council and Assembly as fol-

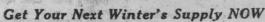
1. Section 7 of Chapter 77 of the Revised Statutes, 1923, the

"Load of Vehicles Act", is repealed and the following substituted therefor:

7. (1) No person shall operate a motor vehicle that is subject to the provisions of the Motor Vehicle Act on any highway in any municipality after the first day of March and before the first day o June following without the permission of the Superintendent of Highways or of such other officer as may be appointed by the Pro-

(2) The Provincial Highways Board from time to time each year may, and is hereby authorized and empowered with the approval of the Ministers of Highways, to exempt from the provisions of Sub-section 1 of this section, for the whole or any part of the period between the first day of March and the first day of June following in the year and for which the exemption is granted, every person operating any motor vehicle or a motor vehicle of any particular class that is subject to the provisions of the Motor Vehicle Act, on all highways within any municipality or mullicipalities which highways in the opinion of the Provincial Highways Board will not be unreasonably damaged by reason of the granting of such ex

A STRIKE IS ON



# You don't know how long the strike is going to last; nor do you know what effect it will have on coal prices and the supply. Better play safe and get your next winter's sup-ply in now. Prompt Service, Best of Coal from our bins is assured.



#### THE OUTLOOK, MIDDLETON, NOVA SCOTIA



SEWING ACHES

CONTAIN NO NARCOTICS

A standard the the

in her left, her little dog Flopit in the crook of one arm and a one pound boy Jessie sat down by her mother to of candy in the crook of the othersew. She was making a pillow-case ineffable, radiant, starry, she stood!

for her own little pillow. "All this?" she asked in a discon-tented tone, holding the seam out. "That is not too much for a little Near her also stood her young hostess and Wallace Banks, Johnnie Watson "That is not too much for a little girl who has a work-basket of her in a condition of solemn tensity. Miss

girl who has a work basie; "mother has given me a work basket, and I ought to be willing to sew," with that she took afew stitches quite diligently. "I have a dreadful pain in my side," "I have a form the station building, and she waved her parasol in greeting, attract-ing the attention of the others to him, so that they all turned and stared. Seventeen sometimes finds it embar-Parcher saw William as he emerged

"I have a dreadful pain in my side, said Jessie in a few minutes. "My thumb is very sore," she complained. "Oh, my hand is so tired!' was the matter with her foot, and then her eyes, and so she was full of trouble. At length the sewing was done. Jessie brought it to her mother. "Should I not first send for a doc tor?' asked her mother. "The doctor for me, mother?" cried the little girl, as surprised as she

"Certainly, a little girl so full of thing jocular about one- No, it cancould be. pains and aches must be ill, and the sooner we get the doctor the better.' "Oh, mother," said Jessie, laughing, "they were sewing aches. I am well now.'

moment something utterly different. He had seen himself parting from her, Unsurpassed for

the two alone as within a cloud. He had seen himself gently placing his box of candy in her hands, some of Childhood Ailments his fingers just touching some of hers to the very last. He had seen himself bending toward the sweet blond head Mrs. Howard King, R. R.

to murmur the few last words of sim-

Mrs. Howard King, R. R. No. 5, Truro, N. S., says—"I am the mother of four children and have always used Baby's Own Tablets when any if them needed a medicine, and I can recommend the Tablets as being un-surpassed for childhood aliments." Thousands of other mothers agree with Mrs. King as to the merits of the Tablets. There are thousands with Mrs. King as to the merits of the Tablets. There are thousands of homes throughout Canada where the Tablets are always kept on hand in readiness for the least sign of any of the minor aliments which afflict little ones. Baby's Own Tablets ne-ver fail to regulate the stomach and beside thus they benetic constraintion ver fail to regulate the stomach and bowels, thus they banish constipation and indigestion; break up colds and simple fevers; relieve colic and bring as he took off his hat, thinking to the baby through that dreaded teeth-ing period in safety. The Tablets er, he made but an uncertain gesture are guaranteed absolutely free from any injurious drugs. They are sold medicing degrees or by mail at 25 by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. became aware that all of the group were staring at him with unaccountle eagerness and had begun to laugh.

away the golden girl and honeysuckie He rose and, separating two of the it knew only a portion of the words of the world-meant to and would, not abating one iron second! Now a porter had her handbag. Now a porter had her hander yes, a Dear heaven, to be a porter-yes, a colored one! What of that now? Just eolored one! What of that now? Just "Mr. Parcher," said Jane as soon as "Mr. Parcher," said Jane as soon as to be a simple porter and journey with her to the far, strange pearl among cities whence she had come! "Mr. Parcher, Miss Pratt's gone. She's The gentle porter bowed her toward gone away on the cars." the steps of his car, but first she gave Flopit into the hands of May Parches "You think so?" he asked gravely. Flopit into the hands of May Parcher for a moment and whispered a word to Wallace Banks, then fo Joe Bullitt, Wallace Banks, then to Joe Bullitt, are in the hazy September sumight her hair an amber mist under the ador then to Johnnie Watson; then she ran to William. baggage room behind trunks, an' we saw her go. She got on the cars, an' it able little hat a small bunch of violet at her waist, a larger bunch of fra went with her in it. Honest, she's gone She took his hand. grant but less expensive sweet peas in her right hand, half a dozen pink roses "Don't forget," she whispered-"don't away. Mr. Parcher." Before speaking Mr. Parcher took a forget Lola."

He stood stock still. His face was long look at this telepathic child. In his fond eyes she was a marvel and a blank. She infolded May Parcher, kissed darling. "Well, thank you, Jane," he said. Jane, however, had turned her head and was staring at the corner, which her devotedly; then, with Flopit once

was out of his sight.

right here!"

there!"

"Oo-oo-ooh!" she murmured

"What's the trouble, Jane?" "Willie!" she said. "It's Willie an' that Joe Bullitt an' Johanie Watson

an' Mr. Wallace Banks. They're with

Miss May Parcher. They're comin'

Mr. Parcher gave forth a low moan

and turned pathetically to his wife,

"They've only walked up from the station with May," she said. "They

Relieved. Mr. Parcher turned again o speak to Jane, but she was not there.

it before Willie! I bet I ketch Hall

Columbia, anyway, when he does get

Jane shook her head. "I can't. I

row. It's because we walked after

Willie with our stummicks out o'

"How can I?" Jane inquired, with a

but she cheered him with a laugh.

von't come in. You'll see!"



"Why, Willie Baxter!" she cried, blink ing at him.

jumped upon the steps just as the train began to move. She stood there, | And in this she was not mistaken: or, it may be, not. She could not wave to her friends in

answer to their gestures of farewell, for her arms were too full of Flopit and roses and candy and sweet peas, but she here to the same the same below. "Come and roses and candy and sweet peas, but she kept nodding to them in a way but she kept nodding to them in a way outdoors an' play till half past 8." that showed them how much she thanked them for being sorry she was going and made it clear that she was thinked the house till tomorsorry too and loved them alL "Goodby!" she meant.

joint." Faster she glided. The engine passed "Can't you come out at all?" Rannie. urged. "Go ask your mother. Tell from sight round a curve beyond a urged. culvert, but for a moment longer they could see the little figure upon the steps, and to the yery last glimpse they had of her the small, golden head was still nodding "Gocdby!" Then those steps whereon she stood passed in their turn here to ask? Bande swing her foot "Well" about the store the store to be st

ed the curve and disappeared, but Wil- self to looking out. On the steps of right of the matter and if the brigh liam was still waving fareweil, not with his handkerchief, but with a sym-metrical one pound parcel, wrapped in white the porch sat William alone, his back toward the house. "Wille," said Jane softly, and, as he white tissue paper, girdled with blue made no response, she lifted her voice a little, "Will-ee!" "Whatchwant!" he grunted, not mov-"Never mind." said May Parcher. "Let's all walk uptown together and "Willie, I told mamma I was sorry I talk about her on the way, and we'll taik about her on the way, and we'n go by the express office, and you can send yous candy to her by express. "All right!" he returned cartly. send your candy to her by express, Willie." "Well, when I haf to go to bed, Wil-In the smallish house which all sumlie." she said, "mamma told me bemer long, from morning until late at night, had resounded with the voices upstairs by myself tonight. She paused, seeming to hope that he of young people, echoing their songs, would say something, but he spake not. murmurous with their theories of love or vibrating with their glee, sometimes "Willie, I don't haf to go for awhile yet, but when I do-maybe in about a shaking all over during their more boisterous moods-in that house, now half an hour-I wish you'd come stand comparatively so vacant, the proprithere. The light's lit upstai etor stood and breathed deep breaths. down around here it's kind of dark." "Hah!" he breathed sonorously. He He did not answer. gave himself several resounding slaps "Will you, Willie?" upon the chest, then went out to the porch and sat in a rocking chair near "Oh. all right!" he said. This contented her, and she so his wife. He spread himself out exherself so quietly upon the floor just pansively. "My glory," he said. "I believe I'll take off my coat! I haven't inside the door that he ceased to be

vines which screened the end of the porch from the street, looked out. Two small maidens had paused upon the sidewalk and same that instantly began again and same that sidewalk and were peering over the portion over and over with brightest patience. Thus: "My countres, 'tis of thes, Sweet land of liber-tee, My countres, 'tis of thes, Sweet land of liber-tee, My countres, 'tis of thes, Sweet land of liber-tee, Sweet land of liber-tee, My countres, 'tis'-

Jane spoke unconsciously. "It's Fred die," she said. William leaped to his feet. This was

something he could not bear. He made a bloodthirsty dash toward the gate which the singer was passing. "You get out o' here!" William roared The song stopped. Freddie Banks

fed like a rag on the wind. Now here is a strange matter. The antique prophets prophesied su cessfully; they practiced with some ease that art since lost, but partly re-discovered by M. Masterlinck, who proves to us that the future already exists, simultaneously with the present. Well, if his proofs be true, then at this very moment when William thought menacingly of Freddie Banks, the bright air of a happy June evening -an evening ordinarily reckoned ten years, nine months and twenty-one days in advance of this present sorrowful evening-the bright air of that happy June evening, so far in the fu-ture, was actually already trembling to a wedding march played upon a church He caught but a glimpse of her, run-ning up the street as fast as she could, with a white flower in his buttonhole

hend in hand with her companion. "Run, Rannie, run!" panted Jane. "I got to get home an' tell mamma about William who now (as we ordinarily William who now (as we ordinarily William who now (as we ordinarily

and is every detail accoutred as a wedding usher, was an usher for this very diag usher, was diag usher, was diag and hoarse as she could make it. "You get out of here!" she created. The shocking sudacity took William breath. He gasped. "You-" here for an the fuel and this gray. "We get along well because we so understand each of will and the shered a the shered and the shere train began to move. She stood there, on the lowest step, slowly gliding away from them, and in her eyes there was a sparkle of tears, left, it may be, from her laughter at poor Walliam's pageant with Jane and Rannie Kirsted, or, it may be, not. her to an open window downstairs. In

The shocking audacity took William's breath. He gasped. "Why, you-you"- he cried. "You-you sooty faced little girl?" 'In this fashion he directly addressed

in their turn beneath the culvert, and they saw her no more. Lola Pratt was gone! Wet eyed, her young hostess of the long summer turned away and stum-bled against William. "Why, Willie Baxter!" she cried, blinking at him. The last car of the train had round. The last car of the train had round. The last car of the train had round. The last car of the train had round.



THURSDAY, APRIL 9, 1925

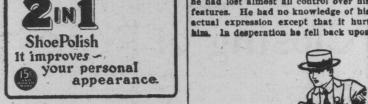
#### 50 Cent Dog is Now Worth its Weight in Gold **Declares Movie Man**

Orphan Pup Only Year and Half Old<br/>Becomes Star of Silver Sheet;<br/>Plays Leading Role in Pomona<br/>College Picture Now Being Filmed<br/>In Claremont.I never had a trained dog before. I<br/>worked on a ranch all my life till<br/>worked on a ranch all my life till<br/>was on the farm that I learned all<br/>that I know about animals.<br/>"I was living at the Principal Pic-<br/>ture studio on Santa Monica boule-<br/>vard about a year and a half ago.<br/>One day I passed a little girl on the<br/>street and she had a little pup in<br/>her arms that was no bigger than a

her arms that was no bigger than a

William felt certain that his attire For printing of any kind you will was in no way disordered nor in itself and do it right. We are the printers who do printing for the people. No strings on this joint. We do not depend of political influence or church gravity. But in spite of himself he relations to maintain a living. We took off his hat again and looked to relations to maintain a living. hope to merit your patronage by the see if anything about it might explain production of good printing for people who believe in good goods at a fair price. That's us. Let us show you this mirth, which at his action in-creased. Nay, the laughter began to be shared by strangers. price. next time you want any printing.

CHAPTER XXIL WILLIAM'S inward state became chaotic. A PROPER SHINE FOR EASTER TIME He tried to smile carelessly to prove his composure, but he found that he had lost almost all control over his features. He had no knowledge of his



The local all-round sportsman me the vicar, who was returning home with his fishing tackle. Stopping they talked for a moment, and then the sportsman, who prided himself eing a great angler, and often said so, inquired: "Hello, vicar! any luck?"

"Yes," replied the vicar, tapping his basket. "I have a trout in here, a pound and a half, that I pulled out

a point and a nait, that I puted out from the lower brook." "Oh, that's nohing!" bragged the other swelling out his chest. "I've caught dozens of fish of two pounds and over in that stream. "Ah, but you have the advantage

of me," complained the vicar. "Advantage? advantage, vicar?" exclaimed the sporty one. "Sam brook and you have the better gear.

"I know that." retorted the rever-end gentleman. "But you just re-member that I am a parson and you

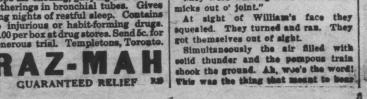
-000

Ring joyous bells of Easter, Death hath not conquered Life; Victorious is our risen Lord, And finished all his strife, From Calgary's mount of darkness, Lo starry lilles bloom; For by the Cross we conque And fealess face the tomb. -Sangste

Awake, thou wintry earth-Fling off thy sadness! Fair vernal flowers, laugh forth Your ancient gladness! Christ is Risen.



Just Swallow a RAZ-MAH Capsule Restores normal breathing. Quickly stops all choking, gasping and mucus gatherings in bronchial tubes. Gives long nights of restful sleep. Contains no injurious or habit-forming drugs. \$1.00 per box at drug stores. Send 5c. for generous trial. Templetons, Toronto. ture of a great mockery. micks out o' joint."





Were Walking Walking With icks Out of Jeint." They

hauteur. He managed to frown and walked proudly. At that they laughed the more, Wallace Banks rudely point ing again and again at William, and not till the oncoming sufferer reached a spot within twenty feet of these de-lighted people did he grasp the signif-

cance of Wallace's repeated gesture of pointing. Even then he understood enly when the gesture was supplemented by half articulate shouts: "Behind you! Look behind you!"

The stung your Loos bennd your The stung youth turned. There, directly behind him, he beheld an exclusive little procession consist-ing of two damsels in single file, the

first soiled with house moving, the sec ond with apple sauce. For greater caution they had removed their shoes, and each damsel as she paraded dangled from each far extend-ed hand a shoe. And both damsels, whether beneath apple sauce or dust smudge, were suffused with the rap-

They were walking with their "stum-CCZEMA experimenting when you use Dr. Chase's Ont ment for Eczema and Skii tions. It relieves at once an ally heals the skin. Sample

had my coat off outside of my own room all summer. I believe I'll take a away. He sat staring vacantly inte vacation! By George, I believe I'll the darkness, which had come on with stay home this afternoon!" that abruptness which begins to be noticeable in September. His elbows "That's nice," said Mrs. Parcher. "Hah!" he said. "My glory, I believe "Hah!" he said. "My glory, I believe sunk far forward in an attitude of des.

I'll take off my shoes!' olation. And, meeting no objection, he pro-The small noises of the town-that eeded to carry out this plan.

"Hah-ah!" he said and placed his town so empty tonight-fell upon his stockinged feet upon the railing, where ears mockingly. It seemed to him in-a number of vines, running upon credible that so hollow a town could a number of vines, running upon strings, made a screen between the porch and the street. He lit a large cigar. "Well, well," he said, "that tastes good! If this keeps on I'll be in as good shape as I was last spring before you know it!" Leaning far back in the rocking chair, his hands behind to the control of the contro his head, he smoked with fervor, but drawn whistle of an engine.

his head, he smoked with fervor, but drawn whistle of an engine. suddenly he juruped in a way which showed that his nerves were far from normal. His feet came to the floor with a thump, he jerked the cigar out of his mouth and turned a face of con-sternation upon his wife.

sternation upon his wife. "What's the matter?" "What's the matter?" "Suppose," said Mr. Parcher huskily sigh so hoarse, so deep from the tombs, so prolonged, that Jane, who had been relaxing herself at full length opon "suppose she missed her train!" Mrs. Parcher shook her head, "Think not?" he said brightening "I ordered the livery stable to have a carriage here in lots of time." "They did," said Mrs. Parcher so verely: "about \$5 worth." "Well, I don't mind that," he return ed, putting his feet un again. "After

"Well, I don't mind that," he return-ed, putting his feet up again. "After Gorgeously it rose higher, cleared the trees and resumed its wonted imperall, she was a mighty fine little girl in her way. The ouly trouble with me was that crowd of boys. Having to iisten to them liked to kill me, and I believe if she'd stayed just one more

day I'd been a goner!" nale voice, singing. It was not a mu-ical voice, yet sufficiently loud, and "Mr. Parcher!" a youthful voice re-

air of that June evening, almost eleven years in the so called future, was in-deed already trembling to "Lohengrin," then William stood with Johnnie Watson against a great bank of flowers at the door of a church aisle, that aisle was roped with white satin ribbons, and William and Johnnie were wait ing for something important to happen. And then, to the strains of "Here Comes the Bride," it did-a stately, solemn, roseate, gentle young thing with bright eyes seeking through a veil for William's eyes. Yes, if great M. Maeterlinck is right,

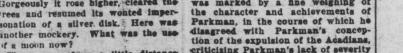
it seems that William ought to have caught at least some serie scho of that wedding march, however faint-some bars or strains adrift before their time upon the moonlight of this September night in his eighteenth year.

For there, beyond the possibility any fate to intervene or of any later vague, fragmentary memory of even Miss Pratt to impair, there in that moonlight was his future before him. He started forward furiously. "You -you-you little"-But he paused, not wasting his breat

upon the empty air. His bride to be was gone. THE END.

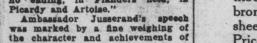
Canada's Debt to France. Canada's debt to the French for their exploration of Canada was rec-ognised by the speakers at the Park-man dinner at Montreal. "There is no nation, outside of our own Em-pire, bound to us by the ties that bind us to France, for Canada is born of French adventure," said Sir Arthur Currie, in his finished manner. "It was created by French soli-citude, pioneered by French eater-prise, and blessed by French reli-gion. Our earliest history is hers, our national arms bear her insignia. millions of our people speak her lan-guage, and thousands of our best and bravest have found their last resting place in her soil. We remember ove a century and a half ago, when Can a century and a half ago, when Can-ada passed to the sway of Britain, that French frigates passed down the river, bearing home those who desired to go, but left behind 60,000 Frenchmen, and these sleep along the banks of the St. Lawrence, but they are not forgotten, and Canada owes a great duty to them, but we also think of that other 60,000 whe to-night sleep, in peace that knows no 'ending, in Flanders field, in Picardy and Artoise." Ambasiador Jusserand's speech was marked by a fine weighing of the character and achievements of Parkman, in the course of which he disagreed with Parkman's concep-

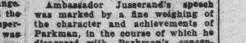
disagreed with Parkman's conception of the expulsion of the Acadiana criticizing Parkman's lack of severity



another mockery. What was the use of a moon now? There came from a little distance lown the street the sound of a young in judging an action which no Eng lishman with a heart—and by that he meant any Englishman at all— would justify.

Y it with an 'Outlook' ad.





There is always a way in which the individuality of a person is determined. Every lady, girl and young man appreciates a destinctiveness. The Outlook gets out a line of Personal Stationery that has found a certainly wonderful favor wherever shown. Of course

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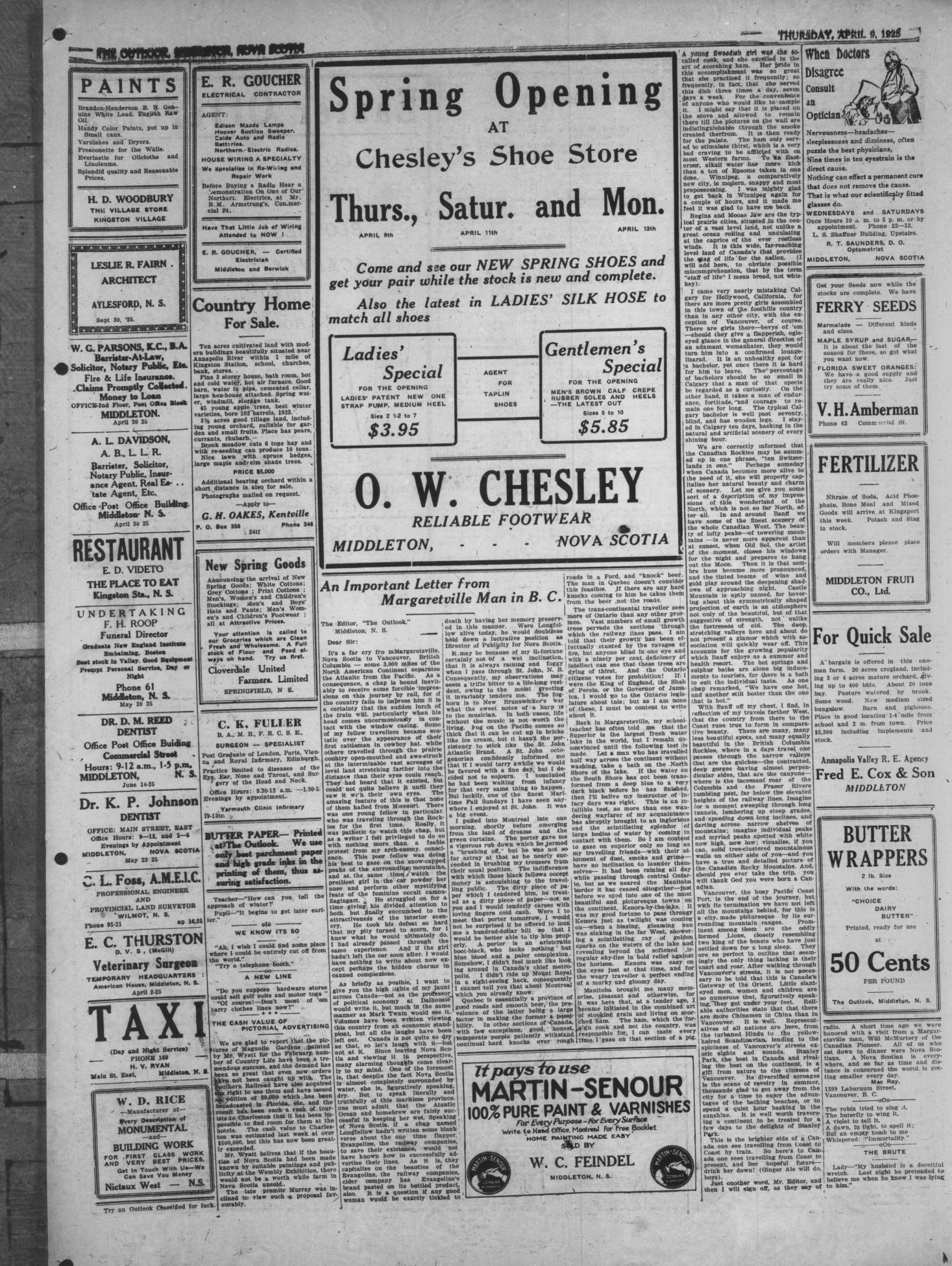
"Dr. Chase's Ointment also relieved me of eczema on my arms, which had bothered me for three years. My house is never without Dr. Chase's Medicines."

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