Put the Boys and Girls in

FLEET FOOT

WHAT you would have to 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.

DOMINION RUBBER

Fleet Foot Shoes are Dominion Rubber System Products

The Best Shoe Stores Sell Fleet Foot

A JEWEL IN THE ROUGH

His friend bowed, too, and then they all three laughed and felt instinctively 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 your father quite well," remarked Talbot to her. "This Pistol Shot has been an 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 stay 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 tranquil calm of her manner, 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 seconds, 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?"

Katrine smiled, such a pretty, arch smile that dimpled the velvet cheeks and illumined the whole face.

"Why, yes, do; I shall be delighted."

They all three went out together. The cold outside seemed so deadly that Talbot drew his collar up over his mouth and nose, unable to face it; the girl, however, did not seem to notice it, but laughed and chatted gayly in the teeth of the wind as they made their way down the street. It was still snowing—a peculiar fine, powdery snow, light and almost imperceptible, filled the whole air. Katrine walked fast with springing steps down the sidewalk, and the two men plunged along beside her. Such a sidewalk it was! In the summer a mere mass of mud and melted snow and accumulated rubbish—for in Dawson the inhabitants will not take the trouble to convey their refuse to any definite spot, but simply throw it out from their cabins a few yards from their own door, with a vague notion that they may have moved elsewhere before it rots badly—now frozen solidly but horribly uneven, and worn into deep holes. On the top of this had been laid some narrow planks, covered now by a thick glaze of ice, which rendered them things to be avoided and a line of danger down the middle of the path. Katrine made nothing of these slight inconveniences of the ground, but went swinging along in her large rubber boots, and talking and jesting all the way. At the bottom of the street, at the corner, there was a large wooden building, a double log cabin turned into a saloon. Lights were fixed outside in tin shades, and the word "Dancing" was painted in white letters on the lintel. Katrine stopped suddenly.

"Let's go in and have a dance," she said, and turned toward Talbot, as if she felt instinctively he was the more likely to assent.

"If you like," he answered from behind his collar. "But can you dance in those boots?"

"Oh, I can dance in anything," said Katrine, laughing.

"Oh, don't go in—come on," remonstrated 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 Katrina, 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 undisconcerted 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 you had one, he was surely entitled to your gratitude. Words failed Stephen; he only looked at her with that silent horor 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 morals or her pistols.

"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 themselves. Slim and tall and trim, with his well-cut head and figure, 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, pardner," slowly observed a thickset, crop haired man, edging close up to him, "you won't mind standing a drink for us?"

"Delighted," 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 rums—the latter for himself and Katrine. Talbot 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 hers straight as it was handed across the counter and tossed it down her throat at one gulp, seeming to enjoy it.

"Well, Jim," she said to the young miner 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 uncongenial 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 up on the 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.)

TEMPLETON'S RHEUMATIC CAPSULES

For fifteen years the standard specific for

Rheumatism, Neuritis, Gout Sciatica, Lumbago, Neuralgia

Many doctors prescribe them.

Write to Templeton 142 King St. W., Toronto, for free sample. Sold by reliable druggists everywhere for $1.00 per box. 69

DR. MARTEL'S PILLS FOR WOMENS AILMENTS

Thousands of women have testified in the last 25 years regarding the healing qualities of Dr. MARTEL'S FEMALE PILLS. A Scientifically prepared remedy for delayed and painful menstruation. Sold only in a Patented Tin-Hinge-Cover Box. At your Druggist, or direct by Mail, price $2.00. Knickerbocker Remedy Co., 75 Front St. East, Toronto, Canada.

This is to certify that fourteen years ago I got the cords of my left wrist nearly severed, and was for about nine months that I had no use of my hand, and tried other Liniments, also doctors, and was receiving no benefit. By a persuasion from a friend I got MINARD'S LINIMENT and used one bottle which completely relieved me, and have been using MINARD'S LINIMENT in my family ever since and find it the same as when I first used it, and would never be without it.

ISAAC E. MANN.
Metapedia, P.Q.
Aug. 31st, 1908.

PALE AND WEAK WIVES AND MOTHERS

Can Regain Health and Strength Through Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Many women who had a good color in their girlhood grow pale and colorless when they become wives and mothers. When the fading color in the cheeks and lips is accompanied by a loss of brightness in the eye and an increasing heaviness in the step, the cause will be found in the state of the blood.

Many causes contribute to the condition of the blood known as anaemia. Overwork in the home, a lack of outdoor exercise, insufficient rest and sleep, improper diet—these are a few of them. The important thing is to restore the blood to normal, to build it up so that the color will return to cheeks and lips, brightness to the eyes and lightness to the step. Dr. Williams Pink Pills are the great blood builder and nerve strengthener. They begin with the very first dose, and through a fair use make new blood that carries strength and health to every part of the body. The appetite increases, digestion becomes more perfect and energy and ambition return. The case of Mrs. Wm. McNish, Abbott Street, Brockville, proves the value of Dr. Williams Pink Pills in cases of this kind. Mrs. McNish says: "I was quite young when I married, and in raising my family I became all run down and a nervous wreck. I became so weak that I could hardly walk across the floor without sitting down to get my breath. I slept poorly and at times my nerves would twitch so that I could not keep still, and I was in constant misery. I tried many medicines, but they did not help me; indeed my condition was growing worse until one day a friend told me that she had been in a somewhat similar condition and had been cured by Dr. Williams Pink Pills, so I decided to try this medicine. After the use of a couple of boxes I felt they were helping me. My appetite was better and I slept better. By the time I had used half a dozen boxes I felt like a new woman, my health had fully returned and I could do my housework with ease. In view of what Dr. Williams Pink Pills have done for me, I cannot recommend them too highly."

The best time to begin taking Dr. Williams Pink Pills is the moment you feel the least bit out of sorts. The sooner you do so the sooner you will regain your old time energy. You can get these pills through any medicine dealer or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 from The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

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 heat 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 hookey 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 reshape 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.

Cures Constipation In a Sensible Way

They Work While You Sleep—Cost Only a Quarter—And Really Bring Lasting Results

It only takes one night to prove the wonder-working power of Dr. Hamilton's Pills. They are the smoothest, easiest acting laxative yet devised, the kind that a child or delicate woman can use with comfort.

You can cure costiveness quickly, surely and safely with Dr. Hamilton's Pills.

Headaches you can banish for a time.

Impaired digestion you can promptly restore.

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.

Poultry World

COMMON SENSE NEEDED.

(Philadelphia Record.)

In the boom days before the war, the poultry industry could have hardly been called in the safe and sane class. With rapid improvement in breeds, incubators, brooders, poultry house construction, great claims were made, and poultry keepers were lead to expect much. Those were the days of the $10,000 hen, the $6.41 net profit per hen from the commercial flock and other wild claims. Then came war and the industry stood still, with the ending of the world's war the poultry keepers again took up their tasks and for a time along safe and sane lines. War and high feed prices with at that time a poor market had reduced the poultry crop nearly one-half, and the fowls retained were naturally the best of the flock. The results were a better producing crop of poultry than ever before. The quick-get-rich systems fell by the wayside. The mushroom breeder found no purchasers for his class of goods. Only the old time breeders stuck it out. For a year or more the industry moved ahead on safe lines. The press gave out information that lead the beginner to expect a living from poultry only when conducted along proper lines. Good stock and equipment was advocated. No gold mine proposition was held before their eyes, and the leading experts were beginning to see a steady, healthy growth in the business they were interested in. When, all of a sudden again due to a great demand for all kind of stock, comes the mushroom breeder with cheap stock but great claims. The 350 egg strain is again becoming over-worked, as is the word utility, which means much but to often is tacked on fowls that are nothing more than scrubs.

Wonderful claims are made for some feed systems. Incubators that are fool-proof; pills that will make hens lay 200 eggs, etc., and in spite of the oft-repeated advice of the leading poultry experts who have made good on their own farms and plants, the beginner rushes in—and at the end of the year, fails. Safe and sane methods in poultry keeping is the only thing to follow if success is to be obtained. There is no short cut to riches in poultry keeping. Pills at 50 cents a box will not make 200 egg layers; incubators do not run themselves, and there is no $6.41 net profit per hen when commercially grown with the present high cost of poultry feeds and all that goes toward producing eggs and poultry. Is it any wonder that city dwellers cry about the high cost of poultry and eggs when they read how easy it is to obtain 200 eggs in a year from a hen, and with some paten egg pill to roduce them at 50 cents a box. When the truth of the matter is that unless the fowls are handled in the proper manner the balance will be on the wrong side of the ledger.

A halt should be made on all wild claims for poultry, it is misleading to the beginner. The breeder of experience never gets caught on these wild-cat schemes. The beginner still seems [illegible] keeping. There are many good breeders in so-called utility fowls—from whom the beginner can purchase chicks, eggs or stock. The leading fanciers have goods that are all that are claimed for them. Many good incubators and broods can be purchased from firms that do not claim they will hatch every egg placed in them (which is more than the hen can do, or that they are fool proof.

None of the leading brands of feeds claim 200 egg hens by the use of feed alone, or do brooders with a reputation claim that every chick purchased will lay 200 eggs. Beginners are led to expect too much and the reaction harms the whole industry. Truly, if some of the claims one sees now and then were true there would be a glut in the market, and the high cost of living sign could come down. So in starting poultry operations one should stop, look and listen. Purchase good quality chicks, eggs for hatching or stock from those who make a regular business of it. The price may be higher than expected, but the results in the long run will justify the extra cash outlay. Learn to expect the real results, remembering that no matter how good the eggs for hatching are that not every one is fertile, or every fertile egg will hatch a chick. Every chick hatched will not reach maturity, and those that do will not all be 200 eggers. But properly cared for the average on quality stock will prove a paying one. There may be short cuts to riches in other lines, but poultry is not one of them. Only by following a safe and sane policy can one succeed.

FEEDING UP FOWLS.

Adult fowls require practically no exercise during the fattening period, but young and rapidly growing birds need a tolerable amount of exercise, excepting just while they are being finished off. The most tender meat is secured from fowls that have been confined for a time, because their have grown soft from want of exercise. When rapid fattening is desired the ration should consist largely of barley meal, oats, buckwheat, and maize meal, but it should not be for gotten that variety is highly desirable if the appetite is to be maintained. If it is not, however, a good plan to return to corn after feeding for some time on soft food, as the digestive apparatus will have become used to the soft food, and will consequently probably experience some difficulty in grinding up and disposing of hard grain.

In fixing on a ration for fattening fowls the age of the bird should be considered, as young and growing stock need from 10 to 20 per cent. of animal meal, while adult birds, of course, need only the foods which will fatten them most quickly. Needless to say, the best and most profitable results are attained only when the sexes are separated before the fattening period begins. Everything which conduces the comfort of fattening fowls hastens the putting on of flesh. For this reason the coop should be neither too hot nor too cold, and must be kept perfectly sweet, wholesome, and free from vermin. Where any birds evince a disposition to fight, slat bottoms should be provided in their coops so that the poultry cannot fight without losing their foothold. Of course, the slats must not be sufficiently wide apart for the fowls to fall through, and they must be raised well above the ground and out of reach of soil damp.

Cramming machines are sometimes very useful to poultry raisers, but their consideration does not come within the present scope. It is useless to keep the coops clean if the fowls themselves are infested with vermin, so that birds should be treated with insect powder or sulphur before fattening begins, to rid them of lice, fleas, etc.

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 d'sease 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 experiences of the work Dodd's Kidney Pills have done.

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.

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 1709, 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 if by magic the song became the craze of the day.

HEALTHY CHILDREN ARE HAPPY CHILDREN

The well child is always a happy child—it is a baby's nature to be happy and contented. Mothers, if your little ones are cross and peevish and cry a great deal they are not well—they are in need of medicine—something that will set their bowels and stomach in order, for nine-tenths of all childhood ailments arise from a disordered state of the bowels and stomach. Such a medicine is Baby's Own Tablets. They are a mild but thorough laxative which regulate the bowels, sweeten the stomach, and thus drive out constipation, colic, indigestion; break up colds and simple fevers and make the baby healthy and happy. Concerning them, Mrs. Albert Hamel, Pierreville, Que., writes: "Baby's Own Tablets are the best medicine I know of for little ones. They relieved my little girl from constipation when nothing else would and I can strongly recommend them to other mothers." The Tablets are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

ONE BETTER.

(Cleveland Plain Dealer.)

"Mrs. Gadspur is deeply chagrined."

"What's the trouble?"

"She thought when Mr. Gadspur built a garage capable of housing half a dozen motor cars, with sleeping quarters for chauffeurs in the second storey, that the noses of all the neighbors had been put out of joint."

"And now the Whillibits, next door, are building a hangar."

Remove Those Unsightly Warts

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