DOMINION MEDICAL INSTITUTE
NERVE. SKIN. BLOOD. STOMACH & LUNG DISEASES
CONSULTATION FREE CORRESPONDENCE INVITED
70 Lombard Street TORONTO

Righted in Time

It was grim enough earnest to Moya. Each time she thought of Guy's deep true words, his sincere, grey-eyed gaze, she felt ashamed. What a silly child she had been! But there was only one thing for it now—to go on groping her way along the labyrinth, whatever way it might lead. There was no turning back now.

"I dare not," she said truly. "Not yet Barry, Not till—till he's gone. Oh, he won't stay long. We're not his kind of people. I realized that. We've little in common with him. He'd think ours an aimless, poor sort of life. He won't stay long. Besides there's the mater. Oh, no, Barry, we must carry it through, now we've begun it."

Barry swung himself down from the breakwater, avoiding an incoming wave with agility. It was not perhaps very chivalrous of him, but he was feeling rather sore just then. If he felt paltry, so did he. And he had ot make some recrimination to clear his own conscience.

"'We'!" he echoed emphatically. "I like that. 'You,' you mean I should think. There was not much 'we' about it. You engineered all this. You proposed it—proposed to me, madam, I'd have you know! Appealed shamelessly to my sense of pity—rushed me into a mad-cat scheme against my better judgment. No, I wash my hands of it. It's your look-out."

He took a too hasty step on the soft sand. Moya chucked gleefully. It was not pleasant to have one's actions cast in one's teeth. It made her feel spiteful.

"You'd better look out," she counselled acidly. "Wash your hands! You'll be washed away if you don't look out. Ah, I thought so!" As an unexpected big wave besieged Barry and besprinkled plentifully.

He gave her a parting scowl for farewell. Moya sat on there. Her contemplations were not the most delightful perchance. Barry, of course, was annoying. But still Barry was hardly to be blamed. If anyone was to be blamed it was undoubtedly the little figure sitting on the breakwater, the sunbeams playing into dark eyes that held shadows in them, for all that smiling radiance of a perfect summer day.

As for Barry, he went on along the sands, kicking stray pebbles out of his way with unnecessary violence, seeing how inoffensive they were, and very often quite pretty as they shone, wet and glistening like jewels, in the sun.

His own sense of self-esteem was as ruffled as Moya's. If she felt paltry, so did he. He had not considered one bit what that piece of good fun—their mock engagement—would entail. But just as Guy's words had opened Moya's eyes to the sacredness and depth of love, of which they had made such a mockery, so had Barry's mother opened his.

Like most boys, he had a deep love and reverence for his mother unspoken and unconfessed, and her gentle, loving words had made him feel "pretty shabby," as he called it to himself. She had spoken of love, of bethrothal and marriage in such a way as he had never thought of before. Far more had she said than he told Moya. She seemed to think it was the most sacred, and wonderful thing that could happen in life to him, instead of being—a kind of joke, a heedless bit of fun, embarked on in a mad moment.

"I feel a low-down cad," muttered Barry to those pebbles viciously kicked from his path. "Why didn't I think of that before, I wonder? Help Moya out of a hole!—it seems as if we're in a precious deep one at this moment. Oh, but why did the mother want to talk to me like that? I just wish she hadn't."

She had talked so simply so tenderly. She had told him of her own youth and its long-ago romance, now buried in his father's grave. He had been startled from his boyish heedlessness into a new considering of life.

He walked far along the sands and then struck inland down the narrow, verdant lanes. And, turning a corner, he met Una Raleigh.

She smiled at him in her wontedly quiet way. "Alone?" she said. "You alone, too? Why everyone seems solitary this morning. Everyone seems on their own. Is there no party, no excursion mooted? Is everyone pining for solitude? But I thought at least you would not be alone. Wherever is Moya?"

"I left her down on the sands," said Barry moodily, an undercurrent of irritability sounding through his voice—a warning note which said: "I have put up with a lot, but patience is near its breaking point." He did not seem to notice this lack of chivalry in the abandonment of his betrothed by the sad sea waves. But Una looked faintly surprised.

"I haven't congratulated you yet," she said. "Oh, I want to do so. I hope——"

But Barry broke in on her swiftly. "I'm sick to death of congratulations. Fed up with them! For goodness' sake spare me any more!"

Una was silent. He looked at her, then, and laughed awkwardly. "Moya and I are not the romantic kind, you know," he said.

"No," said Una slowly and added: "That was what she said."

"Oh, we don't want people to make a fuss about it," said Barry. "I hate a fuss!"

Una said nothing to that. He had turned round and was walking slowly by her side. And he gave another awkward, uneasy laugh in the silence.

"That isn't your idea of things, I know. But then you never do approve of me. You think me an empty-headed sort of chap. I don't come to your standard. I've always known that."

Una turned her clear, steady gaze on him, though her color had mounted a little.

"No," she said, in her gentle way. "I don't think that at all. I simply think you don't do justice to yourself."

Barry tried to laugh again, as if he would have laughed all sentiment away with scorn.

"You don't give yourself a chance," went on Una steadfastly. "You laugh away anything serious—smuggle away any deep feeling as if you were ashamed of it. No, that's what I think, if you really want to know."

He was silent a moment. "Why did you never tell me that before?" he asked then.

"Because you've never spoken in this way to me before, I suppose," answered Una. "And, perhaps, because I'm not in the habit of talking much about what I think to anyone."

She was not. It was more often people confided in her, told her their own thoughts. She was that rarity, a good listener. She had the gift of sympathy, and there was an even more rare peace of soul and spirit about her, so that with her one felt at peace, too, with the world and with oneself.

"You don't talk to me much anyway," said Barry point blank. "No, I often think you avoid me. I'm not good enough to waste time on, I suppose."

He spoke moodily again, frowning at the ground. Una stopped and faced him.

"Oh, why do you say that?" she cried distressed. "I don't do anything of the kind. If you must have it—I do keep out of the way. Because—well, I'm not as gay and lively as Moya. I'm much more likely to bore people with my dullness. And, besides——"

She smiled at him, but not very spontaneously.

"Oh, surely you need not be told. That two is company just now, and three is none. You must know that yourself—and would soon grumble if prospective sisters-in-law gave you and Moya their uninteresting society at every turn!"

Barry took a quick step forward as she turned away.

"Look here, Una, I'm going to have none of that nonsense. That's got nothing whatever to do with our engagement. If you're going to absent yourself like this——"

But she was hurrying away. She said over her shoulder: "Can't you allow me to share the fashionable and universal desire for solitude? No, you're not coming with me. I want to be alone."

But Barry, left alone, too, growled something unamiable, but unintelligible beneath his breath. Usually Una was the most sensible and understanding of girls. It was all rubbish if this engagement means an evening and uninterrupter tete-a-tete with Moya, and an end to other intercourse. It was absurd that people should look surprised if she sat on the sands alone and he equally chose to walk in the lanes alone. It was beyond all reason for Una to look as if she blamed him. Absurd. Ridiculous! Well, there were no words for it. Barry left off trying to find any.

Once let him get safely out of this engagement, vowed Barry, and he would never be such an ass as to get engaged in reality. Trust him for that!

CHAPTER IV.

"You and Barry haven't quarrelled, have you?" began Una, anxiously.

Moya turned round sharply, and her voice was quite as sharp as she answered: "Of course not. Whatever makes you think so?"

Una hesitated. She could not have put her reasons into words. Indefinable they were, but troubling for all that.

"Oh, I don't want to appear interfering," she cried, uncomfortably, and then the anxious words burst from her loving sister's heart. "But you don't seem happy, Moya. And—oh, surely the first few days of an engagement are so precious!"

Precious! Moya could have laughed aloud. Embarrassing, boring, irritating and annoying—she could have found plenty of adjectives for those first few days, but hardly the one which came from Una.

"I'm perfectly happy," she declarde, obstinately. "I'm quite willing to own that I may not come up to your standard of romance, Una. Please don't expect me to do so." And as for Barry, he'd simply hate anything verging on the romantic or sentimental."

Una looked earnestly at her. "Are you sure you understand Barry?" she asked.

"What do you mean?" said Moya to, that.

"Oh, Moya, dear, men are not like us. They often hide their deep feelings as if they were something to be ashamed of. But they want those feelings satisfied, all the same."

"And you mean," interrupted Moya, with a certain curiosity in her voice, "that Barry 's dissatisfied?"

A shadow of trouble passed over Una's face at those words. Her deep, clear eyes were perplexed and seeking.

Moya laughed lightly—perhaps she had to laugh in lieu of any other emotion. "You seem to know more about him than I do," she said, flippantly. "You just distress yourself about nothing. Because we don't come up to your standard, or fulfil that story-book ideal of yours."

She went out of the cottage singing gaily. Una followed her into the garden, but no further, as Moya went on to the shore. Moya never used to be flippant, thought Una, perplexedly. She used to be gay, the life of the family, but not flippant, unfeeling.

"Oh, dear, I wish things were different," thought Una, anxiously. But in what way she wanted them to be different she did not know. There was a lack somewhere, she only realized that—something lacking in Moya's and Barry's relationship, and something, too, brooding and gathering, like a rising storm in the home atmosphere that so little a time back was bright with the spirit of holiday.

(To be continued.)

a Terrible Penalty

frequently follows the neglect of an injury. Germs and dust get into the wound, it begins to fester, blood-poisoning sets in, and sometimes the loss of a limb is the result.

Safeguard yourself against such a possibility by applying Zam-Buk at once. This antiseptic balm destroys all germs and prevents festering and blood-poisoning. Then the healing essences promote the growth of new tissue and it is not long before the wound is completely healed.

Zam-Buk should be kept handy in every home, office, store and factory for cuts, scratches, burns, scalds and bruises. It is equally good for eczema, rashes, boils and ulcers. All dealers, 50c. box.

Kenora, Ont., Jan. 22, 1920.
The Minard's Liniment Co., Ltd.,
Yarmouth, N. S.
Dear Sir—Just a few lines in favor of your Liniment. I would not be without MINARD'S LINIMENT for anything, as it will relieve almost anything. When I go hunting I always take a bottle in my pocket. It is the best for Cold in the Head I ever used; and for Cold in the Chest, and every other part of a person, and for Sore Throat it has no equal. It is also a good liniment for the hair as I always use it. I have also taken blemishes off of horses with MINARD'S LINIMENT and I would use no other for any reason for Man or Beast, as I think it is far the best.
I remain,
Yours truly,
(Signed) DANIEL MAC LAREN

SUNKEN EYES BRIGHTEN QUICKLY, HEALTH RETURNS

In a Message to Ailing Women Doctor Hamilton Tells How It Is Done

In speaking of the ills from which women suffer, Dr. Hamilton points out that nine out of every ten women are by nature inclined to habitual constipation. Harsh purgatives are resorted to which only intensify the trouble. Although not generally known, it is a constipated condition of the bowels that causes half the sickness and tired weariness with which all womankind is so familiar It was after long years of study that Dr. Hamilton perfected the pills which have been of such marvellous benefit to women the world over. In his pills of Mandrake and Butternut every sufferer will find an absolute specific for constipation, sick headache and biliousness. It is safe to say that Dr Hamilton's Pills bring better health and keep the system in a more vigorous condition that any other medicine ever discovered. At all dealers, in 25c boxes.

Wash Out Your Pores With Cuticura Soap

And have a clear, sweet, healthy skin with little trouble and trifling expense. Contrast this simple wholesome treatment with tiresome massaging and other fads.

On retiring smear the face with Cuticura Ointment on the end of the finger, wash off in five minutes with Cuticura Soap and hot water, using plenty of soap, best applied with the hands which it softens, and continue bathing a few moments. Rinse with tepid water and dry gently.

Soap 25c. Ointment 25 and 50c. Sold throughout the Dominion. Canadian Depot: Lymans, Limited, St. Paul St., Montreal.

Cuticura Soap shaves without mug.

A SMILE IN EVERY DOSE OF BABY'S OWN TABLETS

Baby's Own Tablets are a regular joy giver to the little ones—they never fail to make the cross baby happy. When baby is cross and fretful the mother may be sure something is the matter for it is not baby's nature to be cross unless he is ailing. Mothers, if your baby is cross; if he cries a great deal and needs your constant attention day and night, give him a dose of Baby's Own Tablets. They are a mild but thorough laxative which will quickly regulate the bowels and stomach and thus relieve constipation and indigestion, colds and simple fevers and make baby happy—there surely is a smile in every dose of the Tablets. Baby's Own Tablets are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Species of Fern.

The Island of Mauritius, less than one-third the area of Deleware, has 235 native species of ferns, Java, a little larger than New York, has 460, while Brazil contains 387. All Europe furnishes but sixty-seven species, the arctic zone, 26; North America, north of Mexico, has about 1 . native species.

THIS WOMAN'S RECOVERY

Shows Remarkable Curative Power of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Chesley, Ont.—"Before using Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I was a total wreck. I had terrible pains in my sides and was not regular. Finally I got so weak I could not go up stairs without stopping to rest half way up the steps. I tried two doctors but they did me no good. I saw your medicine advertised in the newspapers and thought I would give it a trial. I took four bottles of the Vegetable Compound and was restored to health. I am married, am the mother of two children, and do all my housework, milk eight cows, and do a hired man's work and enjoy the best of health. I also found Vegetable Compound a great help for my weak back before my babies were born. I recommend it to all my friends who are in need of medicine, and you may print this letter if you wish."—Mrs. HENRY JANKE, R. R. No. 4, Chesley, Ontario.

It hardly seems possible that there is a woman in this country who will continue to suffer without giving Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial after all the evidence that is continually being published, proving beyond contradiction that this grand old medicine has relieved more suffering among women than any other medicine in the world.

FRUIT DESSERTS.

There are many refreshing fruit desserts to be made from fruits on the market, fresh or dried, that will be a more fitting end to the heavier foods of the nourishing winter meal. For instance, a delicious blanc mange can be made from figs, as follows.

FIG BLANC MANGE.

Use your favorite recipe for blanc mange, using the proportions for a quart of milk. While hot, add a half pound of washed figs cut in small pieces and cooked until tender, with one-fourth cupful of sugar and two tablespoonfuls of lemon juice. Turn the whole mixture into molds and serve when chilled with a meringue made from the whites of eggs, a tablespoonful of powdered sugar for each egg and about one-half tablespoonful of lemon juice.

SCALLOPED APPLES.

Butter a deep baking dish or casserole. Starting with the crumbs from a stale loaf of bread and three cupfuls of sliced apples, alternate crumbs and apples in thin layers, pouring over each melted buter and sprinkling with sugar and nutmeg. This will taek about two-thirds of a cupful of butter and only one-half cupful of sugar, unless the apples are very sour. Add the juice of half a lemon before you put on the last layer of bread crumbs, which should be on top. Bake until brown and the apples tender.

Best Medicine He Has Ever Taken

FATHER TELLS OF SON'S HELP FROM DODD'S MEDICINES.

He Recommends Everybody Who Has Shaking or Pain in the Heart to Use Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets and Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Birmingham, Sask., May 10.—(Special.)—"Dodd's Kidney Pills and Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets are the best medicines my son has ever taken."

This is the statement of Mr. Johannes Reinson, a well-known resident here. "When he started to take them," Mr. Reinson continues, "there was not much hope of him. Soon after starting to take the Dodd's Medicines he began to improve in health and now he is well."

He advises everybody who has shaking or pain in the heart to use Dodd's Kidney Pills and Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets.

The Dodd's Medicines act on the two essentials to good health. The Tablets help to digest the food and produce good blood. The Pills act on the kidneys, healing and strengthening them, thus ensuring that the blood is kept free from impurities. For the work of healthy kidneys is to strain all impurities out of the blood.

Ask your neighbors if Dodd's Kidney Pills do not heal and strengthen the kidneys.

DO INSECTS THINK?

They Do and the Honey Bee Proves It.

Certain insects are rated as intellectuals—the ant, the bee, the cockroach, and eke that old and too-intimate friend of ours, the bedbug.

They've got brains. Nor is this merely a figure of speech. The mosquito, an undeniably clever insect, possesses a recognizable brain; and so likewise does the housefly, which, though it neither toils like the ant nor spins like the caterpillar, is probably the smartest of the whole bunch.

The nervous system of a caterpillar is a mere thread along which is strung a series of tiny knots of nerve-stuff. One finds the same arrangement in a mosquito, but with a nerve-knot at one end expanded into a recognizable brain. The knots are called "ganglia."

It is much the same way with a human being. In a man the thread of nerve-stuff is represented by the spinal cord. An enlargement of one end of the latter (speaking in rather crude terms) is the brain that does your thinking; and the box of bone which houses your mind machine is a composite of several vertebrae at the top of your spine, expanded and modified in form to serve this important purpose. The intelligence of a spider, which is an arachnid, is more highly developed than that of an insect. Crabs and lobsters have fairly complex nervous systems, and must suffer frightfully when they are broiled or boiled alive; yet, because they cannot cry out, their frantic struggles under such torture excite no attention.

Even an oyster has a brain of a sort; and a clam likewise. The brains of fishes are very inferior, as compared with those of mammals, but the optic lobes are enormously developed, because finny creatures, to get the food they need, must be able to see well in dim light under water.

Reptiles generally are very stupid creatures, and so it is not surprising to find that their brains are remarkably small. That of a twelve-foot alligator is no bigger than your thumb.

It used to be imagined that thinking power had in timate to do with the complexity of the brain convolutions. But this is surely not a fact, for the brain of an elephant is more complex in this respect than that of a man; and the same is true of a whale's brain. The whale and the elephant seem to require more convolutions because they are such huge animals. It is a motor question for enormous bulks.

Her Ears Open.

A little girl who always has her ears open for the conversation of her elders, heard her grandmother diagnosing a case of the hives. Later this little girl noticed a red spot on her arm. She ran to her grandmother, exclaiming: "Oh, grandma, see, I have the heaves, too."

NEW DAYS.

God takes our yesterdays, dim and old,
Touched with sorrow and sinning,
And gives to us, with grace untold,
The years' soft dew and the dawn of gold—
Gives us the fresh beginning.

AutoStrop Razor
—sharpens itself

EXPERIENCE shows that only a sharp blade can give a perfect shave, also that a blade cannot remain sharp without stropping. Couple these facts with the further fact that the AutoStrop Razor is the only safety razor that sharpens itself, and you will be in no doubt as to which safety razor to use.

Any dealer will demonstrate the AutoStrop Razor to you, guarantee satisfaction, or refund of purchase price.

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complete with strop and twelve blades in an attractive assortment of cases to suit any purpose.

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Customs of Ancient Inns.

Abroad, where many quaint and curious hotels, taverns and inns of respectable antiquity abound, it is natural to find numerous odd customs. For instance, there is an inn in a town on the Rhine wherein whenever a patron is heard to swear he must place coin equivalent to the bar on the counter.

Until recent years there was a most respectable old inn in Warwickshire, the proprietor of which was accustomed to invite all his patrons to accompany him and his wife on Sunday morning to a church directly opposite the inn. On returning from service each customer was expected to partake of refreshments offered by the hospitable landlord free of charge.

Those who put up at one hotel in Edinburgh obtain, if they are accustomed to the ways of the place, a first- hand knowledge of the Scottish disposition. Patrons of this hotel must remember to keep their shoes or boots in their rooms overnight, otherwise their footgear will be blacked, regardless of its original color.—Tit-Bits.

ISN'T THIS ROMANTIC?

Two toes loved by four corns for five years and sentenced to die by five applications of Putnam's Corn Extractor. If you want to cure corns, "Putnam's" is the only thing—try this painless remedy, 25c at all dealers.

TIME TO GO.
(London Blighty.)

He had held forth for so long on the subject of his adventures that the entire smoking-room was distinctly bored. Finally he reached India.

"It was there that I first saw a man-eater tiger," he announced, boastfully.

"Pooh! that's nothing," said a mild-looking little man, edging towards the door. "I once saw a man-eating rabbit."

And he sauntered gracefully out.

Nell—Poor girl! She says her heart is broken. Belle—And yet she always boasted that she never made

AFTER CLOUDS COMES SUNSHINE.
AFTER DESPONDENCY COMES JOY.
AFTER SICKNESS COMES HEALTH.
AFTER WEAKNESS COMES STRENGTH.

In the spring when you're "all in"—fagged out—blood thin, if you will turn to Nature's remedy, a tonic made from wild roots and barks, which has stood fifty years as the best spring tonic—you will find strength regained. No need to tell you it's Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, put up in tablet or liquid form, and sold by every druggist in the land. After a hard winter—shut up indoors, your blood needs a temperance tonic, a tissue-builder and blood-maker such as this "Medical Discovery" of Dr. Pierce's.

SARNIA, ONT.—"I was in a very bad condition. I could not eat without feeling distressed. Had indigestion so badly I was always in misery. I had liver trouble as well, and the two just put me 'down and out' for about five years. I had many good doctors but got no relief. I took Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and before I had taken two bottles I was much improved, and in less then six months I was well. I could eat anything and do my work with pleasure."—MRS. ANNIE BARCON, 225 Burand St.

Cord or Fabric.

Chance never drew a neat picture nor built a fair house.

In the making of Partridge Tires nothing is left to chance—detail perfection is secured by craftmanship scientifically directed, and rigid inspection insures outstanding quality.

Partridge Tires are all that good Tires can possibly be.

PARTRIDGE TIRES
Game as Their Name