

Torrential Rain Three Floods

Denver, Colorado, Arkansas River, overbursts, is believed to least 250 lives since...

British Fleet Assembles

A despatch from The Daily Express that Great Britain new war in the North...

TWO THOUSAND IN

Strike Effects Near Printers, P...

A despatch from Rejected a final offer of printers of the Toronto...

SONG WRITERS I revise songs for publication...

find my glasses. I've been hunting ever since the medicine came...

Lynn patted one of the small bent shoulders with her strong young hand.

This time, however, it did seem as if Lynn were going to fail. She looked in all the old places and in every new one...

"Well, that's a new place!" Miss Minty exclaimed. "I wonder what I'll do with them next. Seems queer to think that they're always just the same..."

A radio station has been proposed for Greenland which would bring it into contact with the outside world...

Keep Minard's Liniment in the house.

Merchants PHONE YOUR RUSH ORDERS For anything in Fancy Goods, Cut Glass, Toys, Smallwares, Sporting Goods...

COARSE SALT LAND SALT Bulk Carlots TORONTO SALT WORKS G. J. CLIFF TORONTO

Crown Brand Syrup The Great Sweetener THE CANADA STARCH CO., LIMITED, MONTREAL

Woman's Interests

Summer Drinks.

Strawberry Shrub.—Place twelve pounds of strawberries in a large crock and pour over them two quarts of water...

Raspberry Shrub with Vinegar.—Pour one quart of pure vinegar over six quarts of red raspberries. Let it stand for forty-eight hours...

Chocolate Sauce.—Melt one ounce of chocolate over hot water and add one cup of sugar and one-fourth teaspoonful of salt...

Strawberryade.—Add one pint of strawberry juice, obtained by crushing fresh berries and straining through a jelly bag...

Curantade.—Crush one quart of currants and one pint of raspberries and strain through the jelly bag.

For a party. French punch is delicious. Grate one pineapple and boil with three cups of water twenty minutes.

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orange, candied cherries, slices of bananas, or mint leaves, and just before serving add one bottle of charged water.

Dental Hygiene in Childhood. The relation between sound teeth and sound health is close.

The child whose first teeth become infected or who loses them prematurely is to be pitied.

Young children should be protected from toothache; yet how often it is regarded as something they must expect to bear now and then!

The parent who does not take his young children to the dentist for regular treatment fails in a plain duty.

As Lynn Macon came swinging down the road under the June maples she seemed the very spirit of summer joy.

"What is it, Miss Minty?" she asked. "Is Miss Vera worse?"

Miss Minty's faded eyes filled with tears. "Sister's been suffering all night. I telephoned to the doctor, and he sent some medicine up, but when I tried to read the directions I couldn't"

There Can Be No Question! EVERY time you spend a dollar for advertised goods you create employment for somebody.

That may sound far-fetched, but if you reason it out you will find that it is so.

The world revolves upon industry. That which creates industry is the consumption or wearing out of goods, and the buying of other goods to replace them.

Without industry the world would stagnate. Without steady, persistent buying, industry would cease.

Those who refuse to buy at the present time, because of a false impression regarding values, or for some frivolous reason, retard industry, and by so doing impair the prosperity of themselves, the community they live in and the country at large.

The important thing to remember is, to buy from those who advertise in this paper. These merchants and manufacturers have faith and they are backing their faith with money to stimulate industry and prosperity.

(To be continued.) Minard's Liniment used by Physicians

Used Autos

BRISBANE SELLS THEM; USED BY CARSA. All types, all cars sold subject to delivery up to 100 miles, or best run of same distance if you wish. In as good order as purchased, or purchase price refunded.

plored for a few feet, only to return to the main way. More than once, too, a pit yawned suddenly at his feet, and had it not been for his inborn caution the Chateau Chauville would have added yet another secret to its dark history.

It must have been after an hour's walking that the walls on either hand seemed to recede from Vivian until at last they were lost in the gloom beyond the reach of the rays of the little torch.

The man hesitated, somewhat mystified by the loss of the friendly walls, and at the same moment his feet slipped sharply into contact with some obstruction. He stumbled, the torch fell from his hands, a thousand stars danced before him.

He came to himself in bewilderment. The darkness closing in upon him seemed in the silence to be pressing on him. His head ached abominably and there was a wound in the centre of his forehead that was warm and sticky to his touch.

Painfully he drew himself up on to his knees and so to his feet. Again his hands did duty for his eyes and a little cry of horror broke from the man's dry lips.

Beneath the touch of his sensitive hands a form was taking shape—the unmistakable shape of a coffin. It seemed to him that in the darkness he could make out the dim outlines, the sinister bulge of the sides, the iron cover, he dropped to his knees and felt for the friendly torch.

Row upon row they lay, that noble army of dead Dartistignys, the square ends of their earthly resting places standing out each from its little niche. On the slab before him lay the casket he had felt, a great coffin upon which a rusty cavalry sword and the moth-eaten remains of a flag showed in sombre pageantry.

Vivian Renton was not a nervous man, and although the hand which held the flame trembled a little and filled the place with dancing shadows, he felt no fear.

He knew quite well, now, where he was; old Henri had shown him proudly, only yesterday, the chapel in the grounds of Chauville, through the floor of which the dead of the house of Dartistigny had from time immemorial been lowered to their last resting places.

The old man had, by means of a lever concealed in the ironwork of the railing swung back the marble slab which covered in the vault so that his visitor might gaze into the gloom below—and with a start, Vivian remembered that the mechanism had in some manner stuck and refused to move when the caretaker came to replace the slab.

Henri had told him that he would have to send into Bois for the locksmith, and the man in the vault, as he held his torch high, wondered whether this had yet been done.

The distance, he judged, was not more than ten feet, the stone table reduced it to eight, and Vivian himself was but two inches short of six feet. He unwrapped from his waist the sash of red silk, which to sustain his role as a Bohemian artist, he wore swathed around him in place of a belt.

Then his eye fell upon the lid of the coffin and, reaching down, he picked up the sword that lay upon it. At his touch the sabretache and hilt fell away, but the blade itself, notched and red with rust as it was, still was strong enough to serve his purpose.

(To be continued.)

The Secret of the Old Chateau

By DAVID WHITELAW.

Synopsis of Previous Chapters. Vivian Renton and Eddie Haverton, modern soldiers of fortune, have been gambling with Hubert Baxter, a prosperous attorney, in his London apartments. After their departure late at night Renton returns to the house, murders Baxter and hides the body on the roof. While waiting for night to come again in order to make his escape, he finds in a desk a curious old yellowed document telling of a mysterious chest left in the care of one of Baxter's ancestors by a French nobleman, the Marquis de Dartistigny, of the Chateau Chauville. The chest has been handed down from one generation of Baxter's to another and carefully guarded in the hope that some day its rightful owner will be found. Renton decides to pose as the missing heir and claim the chest. He goes to France to make some useful inquiries about the Dartistigny family. The story of the mysterious chest goes back to the troubled days of the French Revolution and the escape of the Marquis and little granddaughter to England, where the chest and document were given to the Baxenters for safe keeping. Now, more than one hundred years later, Hubert Baxter's body is found, but the police find no clue. Meanwhile, Renton changes his name to Baptiste Dartin, and visits Canada; then he presents his fictitious claims to Robert Baxter, new head of the firm, and receives the treasure chest. Robert calls on Stella Benham whose heart is set on making a great success on the stage. She tells him he must wait a year for her answer. Dartin is at first greatly disappointed to find only a paltry thousand pounds in the chest. He is relieved to discover later a large key and a parchment telling where the real treasure is hidden. Giving Baxter a quaint locket and chain which he found in the chest, Dartin goes to France. By posing as an artist he gains admittance to the Chateau Chauville.

CHAPTER XI.—(Cont'd.)

Vivian carefully oiled the wards of the key from a tiny oil can he took from his pocket, and, after a few attempts, the heavy key turned—grated—there was a rattle of locks. The man stared in wonderment—nothing had happened.

Then his eyes travelled to the fireplace. The large slab that comprised the back of the deep grate had rolled aside, displaying a cavity through which he could, with stooping, crawl. It seemed to yawn invitingly.

He thought rapidly and decided that what was to be done had better be done at once. It would take old Henri at least ten minutes to return, even if he started back at that moment, and Vivian could see that the old man had settled down to his wood-chopping and was hardly likely to leave the job he had put off to watch the sketching.

Vivian tip-toed across the hearth and, bending nearly double, passed through the aperture. A circular chamber, choked with the accumulated dust of ages, perhaps ten feet in diameter and with stone walls which narrowed up, meeting in a small dome about a dozen feet above his head. Vivian told himself that he was in one of the round towers which formed the corners of the chateau. The air was hardly breathable, and it was so cold after the sunshine of the room that Vivian shivered slightly.

He came out again almost immediately into the dining-room and passed out through the French windows into the garden. He called to Henri and waved a farewell, then turned the corner of the tower. There he waited out of sight, watching until the old manservant entered one of the barns, when Vivian returned to the dining-room un-

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