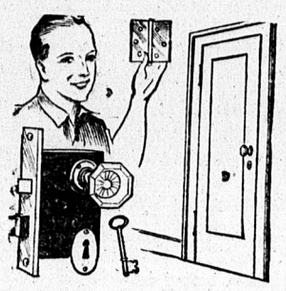
There is a lot of Beef Strength in a little BOVRIL

40



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Hinges, bolts, locks, keys, knobs, key plates, really locksmith's hardware, form an important item in our large and varied stock of general hardware. Carpenters and builders can save money by buying here, and be sure of getting the best and most durable qualities in every article bought.

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SMILES

GABBIE GERTIE

"A sparkling solitaire will usually catch your sweetie's aye."

"Your son Donald is attending college, is he not?"

"Yes."

"He always impressed me as being a studious boy."

"Yes, and that fact bothers me a lot. I am afraid he is going to be a scholar instead of a football player."

She (rapturously): Don't you just love the crisp weather of fall?

He: Sure. It's then that the cider comes.

* * * *

NO USE TO KICK

Football is like the game of life,
A round of struggle and of strife;
And ere we reach the longed-for goal
We're almost kicked into a hole.

"You are entitled to damages."

"But I've been damaged enough already, judge."

for STIFFNESS

Plenty of Minard's well rubbed in soon sets you right. Bathe the sore part with warm water before you start.

You'll soon limber up!

34

MINARD'S "KING OF PAIN" LINIMENT

EYES TESTED

AND

GLASSES FITTED

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The Old Order Changes

By DAVID LYALL

(Continued)

She laughed at the pure fantasy of the question. "From some ghastly 'No Man's Land' he did not stop to tell me about. He must have been a prisoner of war, lost, forgotten, left out of all the records. He looks as if he had worked in mines, or been in a dark, underground cellar, I am sure it will be an awful story when we hear it, and if he can bear to tell it. But all that really matters is that he is here in the flesh, alive and able to carry on. He has gone to Normanton, to his mother. Oh, Geoffrey, I am so glad about it I don't know what to do!"

Her gladness was reflected and intensified in his face. "Thank God thank God!" he said fervently. "Let us go over to Normanton, and tell them how glad we are."

She assented without demur, ran for her fur coat, drew a cap on her head, and thrust her hand through his arm. "How are they all? Is Granny better?" she asked as they stepped out from the fragrant warmth of the house into the chill night air.

"Granny is better, and your father in great form. Your mother was judging at a Baby Show at the Town Hall with Bee in attendance, your father and I had tea alone, and one of our delightful talks. I should never have been able to carry on here without him, Mary. I married not only the dearest woman in the world, but her whole delightful family."

Mary said never a word, but smiled delightfully. The purest happiness was hers. There is none like it when the man a woman loves is approved, welcomed and appreciated by her own family. It justifies her choice in some private particular way, fills her with the purest contentment.

"And tell me, darling, was he surprised at finding you? Had anyone told him?"

"Nobody had told him anything. He arrived on some queer kind of boat at Hull, this morning, and made a cross country journey home in a motor-car. He addressed me as Miss Freeland, and seemed to imagine I was there on some business connected with his mother or with Mardocks school."

"And when you told him—or did you leave his mother to do that?"

"No, no, I explained everything as quickly as I could. Told him how you had come from South Africa, and his mother was at Normanton. Then I offer to get round the car, and send him over, or fetch his mother. He decided to go to her."

"But he took it well?"

"I don't think he realized what it all meant in the least. It was quite pitiful. He had a kind of lost child look about him. Of course, he can't be quite normal, no one could, after having been through what I am sure he must have been through. But home will cure and heal him. Oh, won't Mrs. Manning be a happy woman! I am seeing them now Perhaps we ought not to go just yet, but the sooner they understand that we are as glad as we can be, the better, don't you think? They must not be any flaw in the joy of their reunion. They have both suffered so much."

The DOOM TRAIL

By A. D. HOWDEN SMITH

Author of Porto Bello Gold, etc.

GUARDIAN'S NEW SERIAL STORY

Read in the fascinating vein of romance of those thrilling events which preceded and made possible the achievements of General Wolfe and afterwards George Washington and his associated patriots.

Read also a splendid love story and a splendid tale of adventure which has all the elements of frontier life when that life was at its newest in America.

Read "The Doom Trail." The NEW SERIAL STARTING THIS WEEK

They walked some distance in silence, Manning closely clasping the hand nestling in his own. When they came to the overhanging yews by the white gate of Normanton, and the shadows closed on them in the avenue he turned to her suddenly.

"Mary, do you understand that you are now the wife of waif and stray, a person without name, home, or resources," he said quickly. "That's the other side of the picture. Do you realize it?"

"Yes, Geoffrey, I realize it fully. I realized it the moment I understood who was standing before me in the library."

"Well, and what have you to say to it?"

"Nothing, just nothing at all," she answered, and there was a little breathless thrill in her voice.

"You don't mind being wife to a homeless, nameless, penniless wanderer, then?"

"No, I glory in it! He has a name which I love and honuor above everything on earth next to God's. As for the home, wherever he is, it is home for me. And for resources, we can live on very little and I shall have a chance to show the stuff I'm made of, and what my hands were given me for."

When he had no answer she clung to his arm.

"Darling, we shall be free; don't you realize that? Free! The whole earth to choose from; children of the sun and wind at will. Oh, Geoffrey, say you're glad—say it quickly!"

He laughed a deep, triumphant, happy laugh, and folded her to his heart.

CHAPTER XXVI

Miles opened the door to them and it was easy to see that he was shaken out of his usual immobility of speech and deportment. Even a well-trained servant may have a heart, and on occasion make display of it. He held out a wavering hand to the new squire, whom he had found so human a creature.

"Oh, sir! oh, sir! Isn't it wonderful?" he cried in a trembling voice. "Master Harry raised from the dead, so to speak! We can't 'ardly believe it yet."

"How are they? Where are they Miles? Do you think we could see them just for a moment?" cried Mary, with her eyes aglow.

"Oh, yes'm. Master Harry es gone up to 'ave a bath and Sarah is getting on with the very late dinner. Mrs. Manning is in the drawing-room. Will you go there now?"

Husband and wife exchanged glances.

Then Mary whispered: "Geoffrey will you let me go first? There is something I want to say to your aunt, and I would like to say it when there is no one else there. She will know what to expect from you, but I want to make myself very clear before you have seen her at all so that she may know you haven't influenced me."

Manning nodded. Mary threw off her coat and made for the drawing-room, in which she had taken tea occasionally in the Linacres time, though she had never been invited to it since Mrs. Manning took up her residence. She did not tap at the door, but simply opened it and walked in. Mrs. Manning was standnig on the hearthrug. Traces of the tremendous shock she had received were visible on her features. She could not still the trembling of her lips. When she saw Mary it seemed as it her figure involuntarily stiffened, as if her whole being instantly went on the defensive. She had remembered in the midst of her unspeakable joy what it would mean to those who had supplanted her, and who in their turn were now supplanted at Mardocks. That Mary should be there alone and unattended, was perhaps in itself a significant fact.

For the fraction of a second they regarded one another in silence, then Mary ran forward, holding out her hands.

"Oh, dear Mrs. Manning, we have come. I begged Geoffrey to let me come in by myself first, though he is waiting in the hall, just to say how glad we are, how desperately glad! We would rather this happened than that we had been left a million of money. Money!" she added with scorn, "money is nothing; love and happiness everything! Oh, please believe that I, personally, have never been as glad of anything in my life, excepting when I knew that Geoffrey loved me."

Weak After Operation

"After having an operation, I was very miserable, weak, nervous and very near unfit to work. I saw Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound advertised and tried it and believe it helped me wonderfully. I have no weak spells any more, the pains have left me and my nerves are much better. I feel safe in saying Lydia E. Pinkham's medicines have helped me wonderfully."—*Mrs. Wm. H. Beechteller, Box 143, Port Colborne, Ontario.*

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Old Offenders Write To Judge

SIR ROBERT WALLACE IS THE RECIPIENT OF REMARKABLE LETTERS.

LONDON, Eng., Feb. 18.—Sir Robert Wallace, K.C., who has retired after 24 years as chairman of London Sessions, has received two remarkable expressions of gratitude from old offenders to whom he once gave a chance to make good.

A woman who would not give her name rang him up and said:

"Nearly twenty years ago I appeared before you on a charge of embezzlement. You gave me another chance and I have never looked back since.

"I am now in a position of trust in a large city firm. I just want to thank you now that you have retired."

Sir Robert also received the following letter from an ex-convict:

"When I came before you I was not a first offender. I had no hope, no help, no prospect, save another bitter spell of prison.

"Yet you gave me another chance, and ever since I have earned my living honestly.

"I want you to know that I have never forgotten what you did for me."

These two happy gestures by reformed criminals mean more to Sir Robert than all the high tributes paid him by distinguished colleagues of Bench and Bar.

And he talked with a press representative of his memories and experiences during the long period of work as a judge.

He revealed an attitude of mind startling in its difference from that of the majority of criminal judges. He said:

"I think that one of the first ideas that a judge should fix in his mind, when he sees an accused person before him, is, 'There, but for the grace of God, go I.'

"What do those who lead a happy and protected life know of the miseries and temptations that beset their less fortunate fellows?"

In Memoriam

MRS. MARY MCLEOD

The death of an aged lady, Mrs. Mary McLeod, took place on Thursday the 12th inst. at midnight at the home of her nephew, Mr. Jas. Stewart, West Point. Mrs. McLeod was the widow of the late Mr. Donald McLeod, who passed away many years ago. Mrs. McLeod removed from Brae to West Point several years ago and spent the remainder of her life at the home of Mr. and Mrs. James Stewart, by whom she was cared for. Definite arrangements for the funeral had not been made at the time of writing. Mrs. McLeod was much esteemed by young and old and her death will be regretted by a large circle of friends and acquaintances.—O.

Chest COLDS

—yield to this double-action salve

When colds reach the bronchial tubes it is important to start Vicks double-action treatment at once.

Vicks begins its twofold relief the moment it is rubbed on the throat and chest:

(1) Like a poultice or plaster, it acts through the skin, thus relieving tightness and soreness.

(2) Its healing ingredients are released as vapors by the body heat, and breathed in direct to the inflamed parts.

This method of treating colds originated with Vicks. Today, the whole trend of modern medical practice is away from needless "dosing."

VICKS VAPORUB

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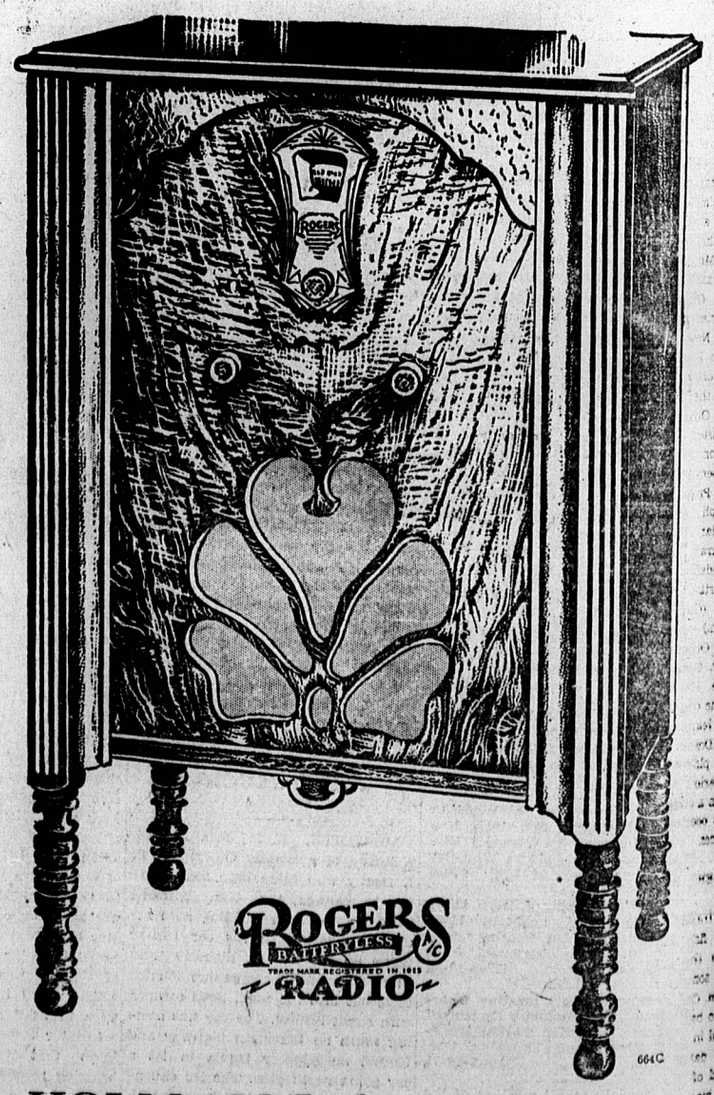
Sensational *New* Rogers Radio Value!

Rogers Console Radio, complete with Rogers *Fully-Guaranteed* Tubes

Now On Sale ... *Only* $149



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Only a limited quantity available, so act quickly. Come in and let us show you this newest "Rogers"...NOW!

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