

Nature makes the cures after all.

Now and then she gets into a tight place and needs helping out.

Things get started in the wrong direction.

Something is needed to check disease and start the system in the right direction toward health.

Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil with hypophosphites can do just this.

It strengthens the nerves, feeds famished tissues, and makes rich blood.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS

Send 10c., name of paper and this ad. for our beautiful Savings Bank and Child's Sketch-Book. Each book contains a Good Luck Penny.

SCOTT & BOWNE
125 Wellington Street, West Toronto, Ont.

A LADY IN WAITING.

Inez, having disposed of her sables in a corner of the dark settee, took off her gloves and, leaning her elbows on the table surveyed the tea room.

"Girls," she said suddenly, "will you look? Her three companions turned their exquisitely coiffured heads with a jerk.

"Of all things!" they ejaculated, and their amazed eyes met.

"I is Charlotte!" they exclaimed in a second breath.

As if some echo of their words had reached the waitress at a table across the room, she turned and with a perfectly immovable face, gazed on them, but deep down in her eyes was a sparkle of mischievous recognition.

"Charlotte Stetson," Inez began, but the waitress leaned over on pretense of brushing away the crumbs. "Hush!" she warned. "Nobody knows me. This is supposed to be a dark disguise." And she was away before they could answer her.

She brought the soup and chops and salad and sweets, and they, too interested to eat, watched the perfection of her service as she filled glasses, carried trays, placed doilies, made out the check and pocketed triumphantly the tip which Inez maliciously left on

the mahogany.

"Where in the world did she learn to do that?" Inez demanded as the door of the tea room closed behind them and they made their way to their motor.

"Charlotte always could do things," Margaret said. "But why—why is she doing it—waiting on tables in a tea room?"

"Perhaps she has lost her money," Mavis Wright suggested.

"Lost nothing," Inez said elegantly. "Why she can't lose it. Did told us only the other night that nobody made such safe investments as her father had done."

"Then why?" Mary Lennox demanded, and they shook their heads and gave it up.

But the next day they were back again in the tea room at one o'clock.

"Charlotte, you've got to tell us!" Inez said to the expert waitress. "Why are you doing such a thing?"

Charlotte planted the menu card in front of her friend. "I can recommend stuffed crabs, madam," she said in a mincing tone.

Away she went to come back presently with flaming cheeks. "Inez, Inez," she breathed, "Reginald Barrett is just coming in. If he asks you about me, tell him I have lost all my money and am earning my living this way."

"Ah-ah!" Inez said melodramatically. "Now I know what you are up to." Then, as a dapper little man, with an upturned blond mustache stood in the doorway she whispered, "I'll help you out!"

Reginald came over at once.

"Can you make room for five at your table?" He asked Inez. His eyes fell on the trim waitress. He gasped. "Why—why—"

And as Charlotte whisked herself away he turned to Inez. "How much that girl looked like Charlotte Stetson!"

"It is Charlotte," Inez's tone was lugubrious. "Poor thing?"

"Why?" Reginald demanded. "Why 'poor thing'?"

"She has lost everything and has to work."

"Oh, but it can't be!" Reginald's tone was dismayed. I had understood that her money was absolutely safe." He stopped. "I—er—of course it is very sad."

Charlotte coming back with the crabs, received an illuminating look from Inez.

"Can I serve you?" she asked Reginald demurely, and he stammered: "Oh yes, I'm sincerely sorry to find you—here—Miss Stetson."

"Please don't talk about it," Charlotte's eyes were clouded, and her tone of distress seemed so genuine that Inez stared.

The girls delayed long over the lunch, and Reginald delayed with them, uncomfortably watching Charlotte as she deftly made the tables for afternoon tea.

The room was almost deserted, except for the five, when through the door-way came a big, broad-shouldered figure. Charlotte, who was bringing in finger bowls, saw him first, and her tray dropped with a crash. Her face was white as she bent to pick up the three brass bowls. Her dress was wet, her crisp apron was bedraggled.

As the big man sprang to assist her, she fled from the room. And then the big man walked over to Inez and demanded, "What was Charlotte doing in that dress?"

"Oh Dick!" Inez stretched out her hand in welcome. "Dick Wentworth when did you get back from Arizona?"

"Yesterday," he told her tersely, "but I want to know what Charlotte is waiting in a tea room for!"

Inez glanced at the girls, at Reginald, and then brought out bravely, "She is earning her living."

She expected an expression of sympathy, of condolence, but instead the big man's face was radiant. "Charlotte poor!" he exclaimed. "Oh where is she?"

"I will find her," Inez promised, "and take her home with me." And she went in search of Charlotte, whom she discovered, red cheeked and wet eyed, in a little room adjoining.

"Oh, Inez," she gasped when she saw her friends, "what does Dick Wentworth think of me?"

"Think!" Inez told her. "Why he looked radiant when I said that you were poor."

On Charlotte's face dawned an expression of bliss that puzzled Inez.

"What has come over you, Charlotte?" she demanded. "You look as though life suddenly were one sweet song."

"Well," Charlotte blushed as she told it, "it begins to look as if the little plot of my making had been carried beyond my expectations."

"We can't talk about it here," Inez said. "Get your things on and come to my home, and we will talk it over."

When they reached the front door, they found the three girls and Reginald and Dick waiting for them. Reginald refused to go with them in the motor.

"I am starting on a long journey," he explained stiffly to Charlotte. "I should have told you before, but my plans have been made hurriedly."

"Bon voyage," Charlotte wished him lightly, but as he went down the street she shrugged her shoulders. "Good-bye, little man," she said, and laughed, waving her hand to his retreating figure.



PANTRY TALKS

I am the Queen of the Flour Bin, the lady-in-chief of the Royal Pantry, the oracle of the Royal Household.

I want the attention of Big Folks and Little Folks, of Experienced housewives and Inexperienced—of Rich housewives and Poor—Young housewives and Old.

For I have stories to tell. Secrets—flour secrets—to unfold.

And these secrets have come by Experience—by actual knowledge of flour, actual study of different grades of flour.

If I can tell you the secret of making better Bread and Cakes and Pies and Pastry, that will be profitable to you.

And if I can tell you why one flour is more economical as well as more wholesome than another, that, too, will be profitable.

For I mean to go into the flour question deeply, giving Whys and Wherefores, Facts and Figures.

So if you follow my little stories from time to time, as they appear, you will learn lots of things about flour that nobody has told you before. These Pantry Talks of mine will be chiefly about

Royal Household Flour

so named because it was the flour selected for use in the Royal Household of Great Britain. It is the one flour in Canada which stands out head and shoulders above all the rest. It is made in Canada by the largest millers in the British Empire—The Ogilvie Flour Mills Co., Limited, and, because of its high quality and absolute uniformity, has given the greatest satisfaction both for Bread and for Pastry.



Once in Inez's luxurious home, Dick demanded five minutes alone with Charlotte, and when he had her to himself, he said: "I love you. You know it, Charlotte."

"How should I know it?" she asked. "You have never told me."

"How could I tell you," he demanded fiercely, "when you were rich and I was poor?"

"What difference would that make?" Charlotte asked softly, "if you loved me?"

"A man has his pride," Dick stated. "And a woman her love," Charlotte whispered. "Oh Dick, Dick, don't let money come between us!"

"It can't now," said Dick securely, "for you haven't any."

"And then Charlotte, with her head up, confessed: "I am not poor. I simply tried my little plot to get rid of Reginald Barrett. I knew his motives were mercenary, but mother wanted me to marry him. So while he was in New York for a few days I planned my descent into poverty. I suppose it was silly."

She stopped, then went on softly. "And I did not dream that you were in town—that you would know. That is where my little plot carried beyond my expectations."

"And now that you are rich I must go away!"—Dick began but Charlotte interrupted him with a little cry. "and leave me to be al-

ways a lady in waiting?"

"I don't understand."

"I shall always be waiting for your love, Dick." Her mouth and eyes pleaded together.

And then he surrendered. "Anyhow, my old mine is commencing to make good," he stated later, "so I am not quite a beggar."

"You are rich," Charlotte told him as she laid her flushed cheek against his coat—"you are rich because I love you, Dick, dear."

Not in Detroit.

(From the New York Times.)

The patois of the typical East Sider is something of a mystery to the uninitiated. Even those who come in daily contact with them are sometimes at a loss to quite grasp the meaning of the attempted English pronunciation. Myra Kelly, whose magazine stories of East Side life are well known, tells a yarn which humorously illustrates the point. A friend of Miss Kelly's, who is interested in settlement work, met Moskowitz one day, and Moskowitz seemed very woe-begone. "What's the matter?" asked the settlement worker. "You look sick."

"Ches, I am sick," replied Moskowitz. "I got cold in de troit."

"In Detroit?" exclaimed the settlement worker. "I didn't know you had been west."

When were you in Detroit?"

"Not in Detroit—in de troit!" earnestly explained Moskowitz, voicelessly jabbing his finger in his Adam's apple.

NOTICE OF SALE.

To Samuel C. Potter, of the Parish of Richmond, in the County of Carleton and Province of New Brunswick, Farmer, and Phoebe Potter his wife, Benson G. Potter and Frederick Potter, of the Parish of Richmond, in the County and Province aforesaid, and all others whom it may in anywise concern:

NOTICE is hereby given that under and by virtue of a Power of Sale contained in a certain Indenture of Mortgage bearing date the Fourth day of June in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and seven, recorded in the Carleton County Records in Book O No. 4 on pages 414, 415 and 416 as NUMBER 49416 made between the said Samuel C. Potter and Phoebe Potter, his wife, of the one part, and James McLean late of the Parish of Richmond, in the County and Province aforesaid, now deceased, of the other part; there will for the purpose of satisfying the monies secured by the said Indenture of Mortgage, default having been made in the payment thereof, be sold at Public Auction in front of the Law Office of Louis E. Young, in the Town of Woodstock, on MONDAY THE EIGHTEENTH DAY OF APRIL NEXT at the hour of eleven o'clock in the forenoon, all the lands and premises described in the said Indenture of Mortgage as follows:—"All that certain piece or parcel of land situate in the Parish of Richmond, in the said County of Carleton, in the Fourth Tier or Range from the River Saint John, more properly bounded and described as follows:—On the South side by lands owned by James McElhinney; on the West by lands owned by Henry Farrington; on the North by lands owned by Ernest Hay and Arthur Duff; and on the East by lands owned by Henry Hay and Lee Campbell; containing one hundred acres more or less and being same land and premises conveyed to the said James McLean by Mary Hay by Deed dated the Fifth day of July A. D. 1869 and registered in Book W on pages 158 and 159 of Carleton County Records, and conveyed by the said James McLean to the said Samuel C. Potter by Deed of even date herewith."

Together with all and singular the buildings and improvements thereon and the appurtenances thereto belonging.

Dated this Fourteenth day of March A. D., 1910.

JOHN F. McLEAN,
Administrator of the Estate of
James McLean, deceased.

NOTICE OF SALE.

To John H. McElhinney, of the Parish of Richmond in the County of Carleton, Farmer and Mill Owner, James H. McElhinney of the same place, Farmer and Mill Owner, and William J. McElhinney of the same place, Farmer and Mill Owner, and all others whom it may concern:

NOTICE is hereby given that under and by virtue of a POWER OF SALE contained in a certain Indenture of Mortgage bearing date the Fifteenth day of June in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and nine, and made between John H. McElhinney, James H. McElhinney and William J. McElhinney of the one part, and J. Norman W. Winslow of the Town of Woodstock in the County of Carleton aforesaid, Barrister-at-Law of the other part; and registered in the Office of the Registrar of Deeds and Wills for the County of Carleton, in Book S, No. Four on pages 629, 630, 631, and 632 of said Carleton County Records, which said Mortgage was subsequently assigned by the said J. Norman W. Winslow to the undersigned Clara A. Leighton of the Town of Woodstock in the County of Carleton, Spinster, by an Assignment of Mortgage bearing date the Thirtieth day of June in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and nine, and registered in the Office of the Registrar of Deeds and Wills for the County of Carleton, in Book S, No. Four on page 632 of said Carleton County Records, there will for the purpose of satisfying the money secured by the said Indenture of Mortgage, default having been made in the payment of the same, be sold at Public Auction in front of the Office of J. C. Hartley in the Town of Woodstock in the County of Carleton, on SATURDAY, THE NINTH DAY OF APRIL next, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, the lands and premises mentioned and described in the said Indenture of Mortgage as follows:

All that certain Lot, Piece or Parcel of land situate lying and being in the Parish of Richmond conveyed by Richard O'Callaghan to the late Mary Ann McElhinney by Deed dated the Thirtieth day of November A. D. 1872, and recorded in Book "L" Number Two, of the Carleton County Records on pages 409 and 410, containing two hundred acres, more or less. Also all Mills and Machinery including Pottery, Shingle and Lath and cut off saw machines and attachments, shafting, pulleys and belting, boilers and engine now on or about above described land. Also all that certain other Lot, Piece or Parcel of land situate, lying and being in the said Parish of Richmond being part of Lots Number Seven and Eight in the fourth tier granted to one John Bell being the same Lot of land conveyed by one William Bell to the late William McElhinney, by Deed dated the nineteenth day of April A. D. 1841 and recorded in Book "E" on pages 489, 490 and 491. Also all the other Lot, Piece or Parcel of land situate, lying and being in the said Parish of Richmond known and described as part of Lot Number Eight in the Fourth Tier in the Grant to one William Bell and situate on the West side of the Main Road from Richmond Corner to McKenzie Corner, containing twenty acres more or less, and being the same Lot of land conveyed by Allen Bell to the said William McElhinney by Deed dated the Eighth day of April A. D. 1877, and recorded in Book "E" Number Two of Records on pages 314 and 315. Also all other lands owned by said Mortgagee situate in said County of Carleton and not hereinbefore described. Together with the buildings, improvements and erections thereon standing and being, and the privileges and appurtenances to the same belonging.

Dated at the Town of Woodstock in the County of Carleton this Seventh day of March A. D., 1910.

CLARA A. LEIGHTON,
Assignee of Mortgagee.

J. C. HARTLEY,
Solicitor.

The Man

Whose yacht goes ashore on the Maine coast has a rocky time;

Who shoots wild animals in Africa has a perfectly killing time;

Who sails up into the clouds in his airship has a high old time;

Who seals up beer-bottles has a corking time;

Who plays golf in a cow-pasture in a red coat has a bully time;

Who reads Pickwick Papers has the Dickens of a time;

Who slips on the ice and tears his trousers has a ripping time;

Who is arrested for overspeeding his motor has a fine time;

Who gets poor hands at bridge has the deuce of a time;

Who holds his fiancée on his lap has a fair to middling time.—Harper's Weekly.

Get a move on you in the right direction then keep going.

THOUSANDS HAVE WEAK LUNGS AND DON'T KNOW IT

Editor Used a Well Known Tonic and System Builder

The Editor and Manager of the *Burk's Falls* "Arrow," is only human. This being so it is not surprising that he should feel and suffer as other men. Mr. Alex. Fawcett says: "I had a very severe attack of La Grippe which left me very weak, spiritless and run down. I seemed to have lost all ambition. 'At this point I realized that my condition was likely to become more serious unless I took myself in hand. One day while in this 'Half dead and alive condition' I was listlessly looking over recent files of my paper, *The Burk's Falls Arrow* (of which I am Editor and Manager), when my eyes rested on an advertisement of PSYCHINE. This clearly and explicitly set forth a case so exactly resembling my own that I at once purchased a bottle at the Medical Hall. After taking two or three doses I felt like a new man, and before half the second bottle had been used, every trace of the bad effects of La Grippe had left me. 'PSYCHINE is a marvel and I have strongly recommended it to some of my friends similarly afflicted and they have used it with equally beneficent results.'

For Sale by all Druggists and Dealers,
50c and \$1.00 per bottle.

Dr. T. A. SLOCUM, Limited - Toronto

PSYCHINE
(PRONOUNCED SI-KEEN)
STRENGTHENS WEAK LUNGS



Rural Phones

Solve These

Every-Day Problems

Problem I. Bad Roads:—
The old way was to curse nature and idly await sun's return.
The new way is to telephone for what you want, and smile because you get the information in a thousand part of the time.

Problem II. Weather Forecasts:—
The old way was to work on belated information, and to excuse the losses with "That's what the farmer has to put up with."
The new way is to telephone every morning to the weather man and overcome much of the needless hustle and bustle of the old way.

Problem III. Prices Current:—
The old way was to ask a neighbor or trust to the newspapers.
The new way is to get information in the nick of time over the phone, thus knowing when to sell and when to hold.

Problem IV. Emergencies:—
The old way of procedure when some one took sick, was to harness up the "driver" and make all haste for the doctor. Effort in this direction often procured as its only result the information: "doctor is out."
The new way is to call up the doctor on the phone, and know instantly what can be done pending the medical man's arrival.

Problem V. Help:—
The old way was to allow men to go on boys' errands—waste half a morning walking to Smith's only to find that his harrow was already loaned.
The new way is to make the phone your errand boy—buy, borrow, begot by means of the "silent partner."

We have prepared a Booklet describing fully a rural phone system. Hadn't you better instruct us to send you this interesting bit of information, seeing it costs you nothing.
Ask for Booklet 3117



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Manufacturers and Suppliers of all apparatus and equipment used in the construction, operation and maintenance of Telephone and Power Plants. Address Office nearest you.
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