

ALCOHOL

is almost the worst thing for consumptives. Many of the "just-as-good" preparations contain as much as 20% of alcohol; *Scott's Emulsion* not a drop. Insist on having *Scott's Emulsion* FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS

Master Courtney Makes a Call
An Afternoon Visit to the Jolie Theater and What Came of it.

Continued from last week.
The stout man laughed again, but this time not so noisily. Of course she is, he said. There isn't but one Posie. And you want to see her? Well, sonny, run around the corner to the stage door. You'll find somebody there to take your note and your flowers. Then come back here to me if you want to see the show.

The lad thanked him and presently found the stage door and passed into a long bare hallway.

He walked carefully, being new to the road. And presently he came up to an old man in a chair, which was leaning back against the wall and the old man was fast asleep.

The boy stared a moment or two at the ancient doortender and then—in a polite endeavor not to disturb his slumbers—softly passed him, and a moment later found himself looking out upon the stage.

There was a queer odor in the air and such strangeshadows, and from somewhere in front came a sound like the sea made when he and his mother went away one summer and he played all day in the white sands. It was the great audience laughing but it didnt sound like any laughter the boy had ever heard.

There were people watching about all gayly dressed, and there were more people out on that level field, the stage, and there was music some where.

It made the boy a little dizzy at first, but presently his head grew steadier and he noticed he was standing near three young women who were close to the brick wall.

The boy started at these young women. They were very fluffy and very ruffly, and short in skirts and pink in legs, and their hair was wonderful and their complexions dazzling red on dazzling white. The boy stared hard at these beautiful creatures, but they did not see him, because he was small and in the shadow, and they were waiting the signal to go. Perhaps he would of have mustered up enough courage to ask them where

he could find the lady he sought. But he hesitated a moment, and then it want necessary.

Is your angel in the house, Posie? said the girl at the right, and she looked toward the girl who stood nearest the boy.

I told you he only came night, said the girl addressed. Hes no time for mats. Hes too busy making money.

The girl laughed softly.

Theres somebody I know, said the girl at the right, who will keep him busy all right. Say, she added, theres a boy of his at home, aint there? What are you goin' to do with him?

The girl who stood near the boy laughed.

Oh, the Kiddy has a grandmother over in England that'll be glad to take him off his fathers hands.

And then something was said in the wings and the three girls gave themselves a little shake and ran on to the stage. And the boy turned and went past the sleeping door tender and along the dingy hall. He was close to the door when he noticed he still had the violets in his hand. He stared at the fragrant bunch and then flung it in a dark corner.

When the boy reached home he rang the bell and the butler admitted him.

Just out for a little walk, Balcom, he said in his pleasant voice, but his face wore a serious look. Do you know whether papa is to be home to dinner?

I think not, master Courtney, the butler replied. He left no word.

The boy went straight to the phone and called up his father's office.

This is Courtney Stiles, he presently said. Tell my father, please, that I want to talk with him. There was a moment's silence. Yes, its Courtney papa. I have a particular favor to ask you. I want you to take dinner here with me. There is something I want to say to you. Oh will you come. Thank you, papa. Hh hung up the receiver and called to the butler. Papa will take dinner with me he said in his quaint way.

He looked very small when he faced his tall father across the table, and the man's heart smote him when he looked at the quiet little face that was so strangely like the boy's dead mother—somehow he had failed to notice it before.

The dinner was a quiet one, for Courtney had little to say while Balcom was in the room, but when his

Do not use Soap, Naphtha, Borax, Soda, Ammonia or Kerosene with GOLD DUST

GOLD DUST has all desirable cleansing qualities in perfectly harmless and lasting form. The GOLD DUST does need no outside help. No matter what you wish to clean—dishes, clothes, pots and pans, floors and woodwork, refrigerator, bath room or what not, GOLD DUST alone will do all the work—and do it better than anything else.

More than that, GOLD DUST will do all the hard part of the work without your help, saving your strength and temper.

GOLD DUST is a good, honest, vegetable oil soap in powdered form—scientifically combined with purifying ingredients of magic power.



"Let the GOLD DUST Twins do your work"

Made by THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY
Makers of FAIRY SOAP, the oval cake.

father had lighted a cigar, and the stout butler had gone away. the boy leaned a little forward and looked straight in his father's eyes.

Papa, he said. I went to see her to day.

His father gave a little start.

Went where, my son?

I went to the Jolie theatre to see Posie Paulding.

What!

Courtney saw a dull red surge across his father's face and he noticed how his father's hand clutched the edge of the table. He knew that he was very angry, and he waited just a moment.

Nobody went with me, papa. It was just my own idea. I heard she was to be my new mamma, and I—I wanted to see her. His brave little voice shook right here and he had to stop a moment to catch his quivering breath.

Go on, my son.

And Courtney went on.

I bought some violets for her, he said, but I—I didn't give them to her. She is beautiful, papa, and her dress was lovely, but her face is so red and white, and she smells so very sweet, and her voice hurt my ears.

Did she know you, son?

No, papa. I didnt get the chance to tell her. But she spoke about me just the same.

What did she say?

She was talking with the two girls and I couldnt help hearing what they said, and one of them asked about me, and she said that my grandmother would be glad to take me off your hands.

The man said something sharp and quick under his breath.

What else, son?

Nothing else, papa—only when the girls ran on to the stage I came away And when I was going down the long hall to the street I saw I was still carrying the violets. Then I threw them in a dark corner and came straight home.

Well, son?

The boys voice shook a little.

And when I got home I went into the parlor and told mammas picture all about it.

The room was very still for a moment.

What else, son?

You mustnt be angry, papa. But I have seen Posie Paulding and I want to go to my grandmother.

The man looked at the boy for

what seemed a long time. Then he arose and laid down his cigar.

Side by side they passed from the room and across the hall and into the great entrance and the room sprang into glowing radiance.

In front of the portrait of the beautiful women they passed, the man and the boy, and presently when the man looked down he saw that the boys eyes were filled with tears.

Why, son, son, he said very gently, and put his arm about the little shoulders. Do you want to go to your grandmother?

Yes, papa.

The man drew a long breath.

You shall go, son—and I will go with you.

Oh papa!

But he saw a shadow and a question on the upturned face.

Just you and me, son.

HOW TO WASH PONGEE SILK

Pongee silk can be washed in water and come out looking as well as if dry cleaned, but few people seem to know that it cannot be washed in the ordinary way at all if good results are expected.

The first little point to remember is not to wash it in hot water or rub soap on it, especially strong soap. Instead dip it into a lukewarm suds of some pure white soap and carefully wash it out until it is clean, rinsing in several waters without bluing. Never rub it on a washboard, but gentle wash it out with the hands.

The next little point is in connection with the ironing, and the secret of quickly and successfully ironing pongee is simple to allow it to be hung in the sun and air until it is bone dry before beginning and then iron it carefully on the wrong side. That is all.

Do not on any account sprinkle pongee and never try to dampen the whole thing at once before one part is ironed another will become dry, and redampening the dry parts will decorate your suit with shadows, and then to get rid of these objectionable places you will be obliged to rewash it all over again. Dont try even to iron pongee over a damp cloth, for this method will produce shadows also. And, of course, ironing pongee on the right side, as so many do, leaves an unsightly gloss all over it.

There is no reason why pongee should not look as new and silky after it has been properly laundered as when first bought if these directions have been followed and it is allowed to become bone dry before beginning to iron it.

If a frock of pongee is embroidered in colors it is best to wash a small piece of it before risking the entire suit. If colors run at all, then wash it in gasoline or better, send it to the dry cleaners.

KING IS IN FAVOR OF EARLIER HOURS

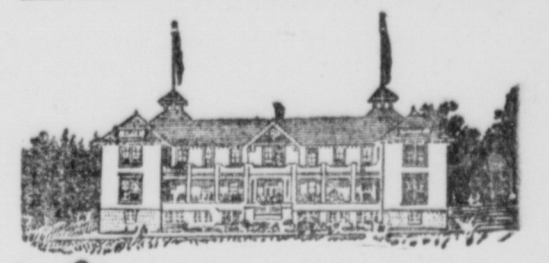
London May 1—Following the ban on the hobble skirt by the Lord Chamberlain, inspired by the Queen, society is eagerly discussing King George's direction that future Courts are to be held one hour earlier. The guests will begin to arrive at half past 8 o'clock instead of at half past 9. The King and Queen will enter the throne room at half past nine, instead of at half ten, which will permit the Courts to be brought to a close at midnight instead of in the small hours.

King George is a firm believer in early hours. He told a friend recently that a man cannot expect to succeed in business if he does not begin early if he is up half the night.

The ruling will have a far-reaching result, leading to 7 o'clock dinners, and theatre performances beginning at 8 o'clock sharp.

Would You Provide for the Care of Canada's Needy Consumptives?

THEN SEND YOUR CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE MUSKOKA FREE HOSPITAL FOR CONSUMPTIVES



MUSKOKA FREE HOSPITAL FOR CONSUMPTIVES. MAIN BUILDING FOR PATIENTS.

A national institution that accepts patients from all parts of Canada. Here is one of hundreds of letters being received daily:—

John D. McNaughton, New Liskeard, Ont.: A young man not belonging here, and suffering from, it is believed, consumption, is being kept by one of the hotels here. He has no means and has been refused admission to our hospital. The conditions where he is offer him no chance. Could he be admitted to your Free Hospital for Consumptives? If not, could you inform me where he can be sent, and what steps are necessary to secure prompt admittance?

NOT A SINGLE PATIENT HAS EVER BEEN REFUSED ADMISSION TO THE MUSKOKA FREE HOSPITAL BECAUSE OF HIS OR HER INABILITY TO PAY.

Since the hospital was opened in April, 1902, one thousand five hundred and twenty-four patients have been treated in this one institution, representing people from every province in the Dominion.

For the week ending November 20th, 1909, one hundred and twenty-five patients were in residence. Ninety-six of these are not paying a copper for their maintenance—absolutely free. The other twenty-nine paid from \$2.00 to \$4.90 a week. No one pays more than \$4.90.

Suitable cases are admitted promptly on completion of application papers.

A GRATEFUL PATIENT

Norah P. Canham: Enclosed you will find receipt for my ticket from Gravenhurst, hoping that you will be able to oblige me with the fare. I was at your Sanatorium ten months, and I was sent away from there as an apparent cure. I am now working in the city, and I am feeling fine. I was most thankful for the care I got from the doctors and staff, and I must say that I spent the time of my life while I was there.



TAKING THE CURE IN WINTER AT MUSKOKA FREE HOSPITAL FOR CONSUMPTIVES.

The Muskoka Free Hospital for Consumptives is dependent on the good-will and gifts of the Canadian public. Money is urgently needed at the present time to make it possible to care for the large and increasing number of patients that are entering the institution.

Will you help? Where greater urgency?

Truly, Canada's greatest charity.

Contributions may be sent to W. J. Gage, Esq., 84 Spadina Ave., or J. S. Robertson, Sec'y-Treas. National Sanitarium Association, 417 King St. W., Toronto, Canada.

You were in on the ground floor of the scheme?

No I was in the cupola. when the bottom dropped out I fell clear into the sub-cellar.—Puck.

Insistent Canvasser—But, sir, this is something you cannot afford to be without.

Merchant—My dear man, if I could afford one-tenth of the things I'd be as rich as Mr Carnegie—Boston Transcript.

Shiloh's Cure
quickly stops coughs, cures colds, heals the throat and lungs. . . . 25 cents.

"Constipation for Three Years"

Bad Dizziness, Bad Breath, Headaches, Bad Color, Poor Appetite.

Dr. Hamilton's Pills Cured Quickly.

These who doubt if constipation and chronic stomach trouble can be cured, need only read the striking testimony of Mrs. B. C. Curran, of Westport, to know that ever, if all else had failed, certain cure attends the use of Dr. Hamilton's Pills.

For full three years I have suffered the torture of biliousness, constipation, and stomach disorders. I had terrible pains in my head. My appetite faded away, and when I did eat anything it disagreed and made me very sick for hours after each meal. The active pains in my chest, and the dizzy headaches I had to endure almost set me wild. Sometimes attacks came on so severely that I had to go to bed. I would feel so worn, depressed, and utterly miserable that for hours I wouldn't speak to my family. My system was poisoned with wastes and nothing helped me till I used Dr. Hamilton's Pills. Without this grand system-cleaning remedy I would still be sick, but each day brought me better health and spirits. I was cured and made as strong, ruddy, and healthy looking as one could wish, and will always use and recommend Dr. Hamilton's Pills.

Thousands who are in an ailing, low state of health need nothing else but Dr. Hamilton's Pills. They cure blood disorders, pimples, rashes, bad color, biliousness, liver, stomach, and kidney troubles—25c per box at all dealers.