

Flying Machines

A few years ago flying machines were hardly thought of, nor was

Scott's Emulsion

in summer. Now Scott's Emulsion is as much a summer as a winter remedy. Science did it. All Druggists

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

If the housemaid hadn't come into the library with the butler the boy behind the big chair wouldn't have remained quiet.

He had hidden there to scare the butler, and while it would be a mild scare the butler always simulated extreme terror when the boy suddenly sprang up from his hiding place and cried 'Boo!' and it was a perennial delight to hear him cry. My word, but you gave me such a turn! And although he asserted it was bad for his weak heart, why, what's a weak heart among friends?

But when the housemaid came in with the butler she delayed the surprise. The boy had never ventured to scare the housemaid. She was a prim person in a very stiff little cap and the boy concluded in his wise little mind that Mary's nerves were not the sort to be rudely upset.

And so he crouched a little lower and waited.

The butler was talking to Mary, and while his tone was low the boy could hear what was said because they came very close to the big chair that sheltered him.

They say it's a plain case of fascination at first sight, don't you know? said the butler to Mary.

Yes not the first one, Mary replied. "Paint and ruffles have caught as good men as he. I thought better of him," said the butler. He didn't seem that sort. But they say he's clean off his head.

What does the girl call herself? Mary asked. Not that I care to know the butler lowered his voice.

She calls herself Posie Paulding, he answered. Shes at the Jollie Theatre in the new comic opy. They have her billed as one of th Three Graces. She dances mainly My friend Mr Chop leigh has seen her, an he says shes a stunner. Im going down myself be fore th weeks out.

The grim housemaid shook her head.

Posie Paulding, she repeated with profound disapproval, No doubt shes really Sally Binks, with an old mother at the washtub. An whats her game?

Earache, Toothache!

To Cure the Pain in Ten Seconds and Get Instant Relief, Nothing Equals

NERVILINE

Fifty years ago Nerviline was used from coast to coast and in thousands of homes this trusty liniment served the whole family, cured all their minor ailments, kept the doctor's bills small. Today Nerviline still holds first rank in Canada among pain-relieving remedies—scarcely a home you can find that doesn't use it.

From Port Hope, Ont., Mr. W. T. Greenaway of the Guide newspaper staff writes: "For 20 years we have used Nerviline in our home, and not for the world would we be without it. As a remedy for all pain, earache, toothache, cramps, headache, and disordered stomach, I know of no preparation so useful and quick to relieve as Nerviline."

Let every mother give Nerviline a trial. It's good for children, good for old folks—you can rub it on as a liniment or take it internally.

Wherever there is pain, Nerviline will cure it. Refuse anything but Nerviline. 25c per bottle, five for \$1.00, all dealers, or The Catarrhzone Co., Kingston, Ont.

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 you 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.



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

Marriage, of course. No doubt shes quite clever enough for that. Marriage and a settlement. It will be sudden an quiet, and theyll go abroad for a time, an then theyll come back here. The housemaid shook her starched cap mournfully.

Its a queer kind of stepmother to bring home to th boy, poor lamb—an after th sort o mother he had.

The butler agreed with Mary. The best thing to be done with Master Courtney, he said, is to send him over to England to his grandmother.

The housemaid nodded again. Its quite th best thing, she said, an I hope th master will see it that way. He hasnt bothered much with th kiddie lately, Ive noticed. But are you quite sure, Mr Balcom, that its really as serious as you say?

The butler lowered his voice again. Its all th talk in the-artrical circles he said. Flowers, an candy, an joolry every night a most an little midnight supper parties now an then. My friend Mr Chopleigh has a niece in the chorus an she told him only yesterday that they were rehearsing th understudy for th Grace, something fierce, because they didnt know at what moment Posie would skip.

The prim housemaid had started for the door. Now she paused and directed a severe look at the butler.

Men will be such silly fools, she declared and left him to digest this parth in dart.

The butler did not answer the accusation, but retired.

Then the boy came out and straightened his cramped legs, and drew a long breath. He was a little pale and his lips trembled. He had received a shock and it had unsteadied him. And what bothered him and hurt him worst of all was the sympathy these well meaning friends had given him.

Of course he had never thought of having a new mother. Such things were possible, he knew, because Tom my Oliver had a new mother, and Tommy had told him she was very nice. But the new mother who was coming must be different in some way. He wished he had somebody to talk to.

When you are nine years old there are things in your mind that you want to confide to other people, the right sort of people, if they are. He wasnt at all sure that Mr Balcom

A big sob arose in the boy's throat but he resolutely choked it down.

Then he slowly passed out of the

room and across the hall and into the long parlor. There was a painting of a woman at one end of the room, a full length, lifesize portrait of a lady. Before this picture the little boy seated himself on a low chair and stared upward at it long and earnestly.

She had died when he was seven, this beautiful mother.

And now the big sob came up in his throat and would not go back.

But presently he stood up and took a firm grip on himself, a straight little fellow, a handsome little fellow, with his mother's brown eyes and his father's firm chin.

I know what I'll do, he said aloud and there was a manly ring in the childish tones. Pretty soon he was out in the street, with the door carefully closed behind him, and his face turned toward the down town district.

Presently, the glided front of the Jollie, with its florid Moorish decorations, came in sight as he turned the corner.

There were people entering the lobby, quite a line of people, and the boy walked slower. When he reached the front of the house he suddenly stopped and looked around.

The butler had said something about flowers. Perhaps it would be right for him to get some. We wanted to do what was customary.

There was a florist a few doors down the street. He went there and bought a little bunch of violets which quite exhausted his stock of coins.

Then he came back and entered the lobby, holding his flowers in their white wrapping close to his side. A stout man with a red face and a big diamond horse shoe in his shirt front was standing near the ticket window. The boy approached him.

If you please, sir, he said, I'd would like to see Miss Posie Paulding.

The stout man started at the lad and his white package.

What! he cried. You, too! Then he turned with a wink to the man at the ticket window. Even the babes are hypnotized, he said.

The boy understood that this referred to him in some way, but as the stout man seemed to be a very good-natured stout man, he couldn't take offence.

So he waited till the red faced person had finished his laugh.

She's one of the Three-Graces, he explained.

Continued next week.

THE VOICELESS

We count the broken lyres that rest
Where the sweet waiting singers
slumber—

But oer their silent sisters breast
The wild flowers who will stoop to
number?

A few can touch the magic string,
And noisy Fame is proud to win
them—

Alas for those who never sing,
But die with all their music in
them!

Nay, grieve not for the dead alone
Whose song has told their hearts
sad story—

Weep for the voiceless, who have
known
The cross without the crown of
glory!

Not where Leucadian breezes sweep
Oer Sapphos memory haunted bil
low.

But where the glistening night dews
weep
On nameless sorrows churchyard
pillow.

O hearts that break and give no sign
Save whitening lips and fading
tresses,

Till death pours out his cordial wine
Slow-dropped from Miserys crush
ing presses—

If singing breath or echoing chord
To every hidden pang were given
What endless melodies were poured
As sad as death, as sweet as heav-

en!

—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

ENGLISH AS SPOKEN

Hillier, English bicycle and tricycle champion in the days of the high wheel and hard tire, used to tell an amusing story about his trainer.

It appears that the trainer would at times get on Hilliers nerves, by calling him Mr Hillier. One day, in exasperation, Hillier said to him: 'Why do you always call me Mr Hillier? It is not my name you know.'

The trainer stood back in astonishment and replied, 'Well, if a haich and a hi an a hel and a hel and a hi and a he and a har dont spell Hillier, I'd like to know what it do spell.'—Lippincotts

SURE SIGNS

'Of' Kidney Trouble

If your back is constantly aching and if you experience dull shooting pains, your kidneys are out of order. If your urine is thick and cloudy or your passages frequent scanty and painful, your kidneys and bladder are out of order. Neglect quickly brings on rheumatism, diabetes, lumbago, sciatica and etc.,

Mrs John Wagner of 110 Hollis St., Halifax, N S, says: "Dull shooting pains would catch me across the small part of my back and extend into my shoulders and neck, often causing me to suffer with severe head aches and spell of dizziness. Spots would dazzle before my eyes and everything would turn black, I would fall to the floor and be unable to get up again without assistance. A friend told me of Booth's Kidney Pills and I began their use. The first box gave me relief and I am now well and strong."

All druggists sell Booth's Kidney Pills, 50c a box with a guarantee to relieve or your money back. They are the world's greatest specific for

Kidneys and bladder trouble. Post paid from the proprietors The R T Booth Co, Ltd, Fort Erie. Sold and guaranteed by E W Mair.

King friend, whined a begger, I'm trying to get to Glasgow, and Ive got the price of a ticket all but sixpence—Will you help me out?

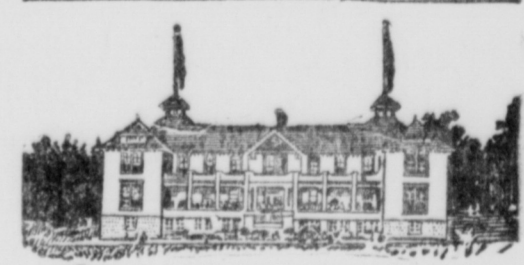
No; but I can give you come excellent advice, replied the gentleman he addressed. Take the train to within a sixpenny fare of Glasgow, and then walk,—Tit Bits.

'So thats the baby, eh? Thats the baby? Well, I hope you will bring it up to be a conscientious, God-fearing man.'

'I am afraid that will be rather difficult. Pshaw! As the twig is bent the tree's inclined. I know; but [this twig is bent on being a girl, and we are inclined to let it go at that.]

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 \$4.00 a week. No one pays more than \$4.00.

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 CURS 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., St Spedina Ave., or J. S. Robertson, Secy-Treas. National Sanitarium Association, 47 King St. W., Toronto, Canada.

THE BEST GUIMPES.

Guimpes and chemisettes are so much worn that everyone is interested in convenience of arranging them. Unfortunately there is no way in which one may plan an attached guimpe so that it is really easy to remove and then put back in the waist in a hurry. The best plan of all is a smooth underwaist of fine lawn to which the net or lace sleeves and yoke are attached. This is especially desirable with the present mandarin or kimono waist, which must have the air of fitting loosely, even when it is snug, and if undersleeves are attached to it, they rarely fit well. The separate guimpe can be laundered with freedom, whereas when attached to the bodice there is always the risk that it will shrink when removed for washing, and refuse to go in smoothly afterwards.