

Progress and Development

RECONSTRUCTION means more than a return to pre-war conditions, in points to even greater progress and development. Firms or individuals who have plans for increasing the scope of their business operations should seek the advice of their banker. Avail yourself of our facilities.

THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE

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Confessions of an Every-Day Wife By Idah McGlone Gibson

DAD IS VERY ILL.

"Is father dangerously ill?" I asked breathlessly as Robert met me at the door.

"He is better now than when I sent for you," he answered evasively.

I slipped into the room where my dear old daddy was lying breathing with great difficulty. He evidently heard me, for he opened his eyes slowly and greeted me with a faint smile.

I went over to the bed, took one of his hands and he sighed contentedly.

For a long time I knelt by the bed. His nerveless fingers were clasped in mine and as he made no sign I thought he was asleep and tried softly to withdraw my hand. As I did so, his fingers gripped mine and his lips seemed to move.

I thought I distinguished the words. "Don't go," and answered quickly, "I will not leave you daddy dear, not for a moment if you want me here."

His eyes wandered to the other side of the bed where they found Letty. She quickly bent down and kissed his forehead. "You go and sleep baby doll," he requested, but the effort was such that great beads of perspiration stood out on his forehead.

Robert came quickly forward. "Do not try to talk, Commissioner," he said. "I'll see that Mrs. Letty gets her rest and Margot and I will stay with you during the night."

Dad's face lighted up with love as he looked into Robert's face. With infinite effort he lifted the hand which clasped Letty's and signified that he wished to grasp Robert's hand. Robert impulsively reached out and took both Dad's and Letty's hands into his capable grasp.

With another sigh Dad closed his eyes and in a moment was asleep.

As soon as Robert knew from Dad's breathing that he was asleep he gently loosened Letty's hand and his own from Dad's—and Letty made her way immediately out of the room, a faint flush on her pale face.

Robert's face was ghostly as he turned to me and said: "Margot will you stay with your father a little while? I must go out on a special call and in the meantime, if possible, I will send you a nurse. I think, however, the danger is over for the present."

"Are you sure you are able to stay up all night, Margot?" asked Theo, who had been wandering about the house and who had entered the room just outside of father's. "You know, Robert, Margot has been having the most awful headaches lately and today she was taken with one so suddenly that she was unable to go to motoring with me."

Robert's mouth showed a ghost of a grin, which only he and I understood.

"Oh, Theo!" I exclaimed, "I'll be all right. My headache is over now and beside you certainly know that I would stay with Dad anyway if I could manage to sit up. You go home and go to bed and I'll see you in the morning."

For a moment I thought Theo looked very much relieved, and he kissed me goodbye in rather a hurried manner.

"You will go home, dear," I whispered.

Theo looked at me a moment without speaking and I had an intuition that I had made a mistake—that I had put a new idea in his head.

"Come on, Rob," he said, "I'll ride home with you."

"I am going back now, Theo," Robert answered. "I have some calls to make and I shall look in on Margot and the Commissioner again before going home."

"You don't think Dad is still dangerously ill?" I asked in alarm.

"There is always danger where there is a heart like your father's, Margot. If he should have the least excitement it might prove fatal. I have been trying to figure out what caused his last seizure. He was so well this afternoon and Mrs. Letty said that she was much surprised when she came into the room a few moments after she had left him to find him on the floor unconscious."

"It was very lucky that I was in the house, as I think only prompt treatment brought him through."

Robert did not look at me while he was talking, but I could see an indescribable emotion pass over his face as the door opened and Letty came in looking a picture in the beautiful orchid negligee that I had brought her from New York.

(Tomorrow—"Thoughts of the Future.")

DEALER IN RAIN.

One day in a shop where the proprietor keeps a watchful eye on his assistants, he overheard one of them say to a customer: "No, we have not had any for a long time."

The proprietor looked daggers at his assistant, but said suavely to the customer: "We have plenty in reserve, madam—plenty downstairs."

The customer first looked surprised,

then burst out laughing and at once left the shop.

"What did she say to you?" the proprietor demanded of the assistant. "We haven't had any rain lately."

It is almost time for the frost to get on the pumpkin.

When a woman is unable to say anything nice about a man she tries to make up for it by saying he comes from a good family.

Patriot Wins Out In Spite of Cynic

A Heated Discussion Results in the Cynical Observer Being Worst by a Real True Canadian Woman.

"I wonder why the representative figure of this country is a woman, and why we always hear of Miss Canada," asked a girl at a luncheon the other day.

"Because the country is so young and beautiful!" was the gallant answer given her by a man sitting nearby.

The theme being given, conversation buzzed around the table for some minutes. The Cynic was present, and added the acid touch:

"Oh, yes, Canada is always represented by a woman until there is money attached. Then it's a Mr. Canada alright."

The subject was threshed out pro and con without any resultant good being accomplished until the coffee arrived.

"Let's forget it," spoke up a good patriot. "I know where we can all turn the place. I know a place where every woman can represent Canada by her money."

"I see it's going to be a case of 'heaping coals of fire' whatever it is," said the Cynic. "Let's have it."

"Well, it is Victory Bonds. Why should we all be discussing the matter of getting some money out of the country. None of us want to. We were just talking." The enthusiastic waxed eloquent.

"But to be able to lend some money to our country—that's a privilege that will come to all of us very soon. I don't really believe many of us realize just what a fine thing it is to be able to buy stock in our own country. Remember it is our own country now, for this year we have all voted."

"Apropos of Victory Bonds," said the mere man, "I heard a most remarkable thing the other day."

"What was it?" asked feminine curiosity all at once.

"A bond dealer told me that 30 per cent. of the bonds brought them to be sold had never had the coupons detached."

"What coupons?" asked a fair-haired matron. "Tom gave me a Victory Bond, but I didn't know it had coupons."

She looked so beseeching that the business girls hadn't the heart to laugh outright. The mere man looked volumes.

"Well, it's a gold mine you have sure enough," replied Nora. "You get your bond and you'll find the nicest little coupons all around the edge and every one of them is real money."

"Real money?" queried the puzzled one. "I'm sure there is no such thing."

"Don't be silly. I mean what is as good as money," was the answer. "You cut those bonds off and go to any bank and they will give you real money for them."

"My bond is a thousand-dollar one. How much money will I get?"

"When did you get the bond?"

"Just about this time last year—when the campaign was on."

"Then on the first of November you can cash them for a whole year. Cut the ones off you should have last May, and then the ones marked 'November 1st' and you will have \$55 all at once."

"What will you do with it?" asked the patriot insinuatingly.

"Don't worry, darling. I'll buy another Victory Bond with it, if you say so. What makes you feel we should all buy bonds?"

"I do feel every woman should buy bonds this time," said the patriotic little woman. "I feel we should more this year than before because now we have the vote we must share some of the responsibilities of the country."

"Is that the only reason?" sniffed an "anti" who was present.

"Oh, goodness, no," she laughed. "There are such a lot of reasons. The fact that the country needs the money is one, and the fact that it is a fine investment for me is another."

"What does the country need the money for?" asked another woman.

"There are three big reasons. One is to defray the cost of demobilization. We were all glad to get our boys back, and now the expense must be met. Then there are the obligations to the soldiers and to the dependents of the fallen. None of us would repudiate that debt of honor. Lastly there is the necessity of Canada having enough money on hand to give credits to Great Britain so that she can buy our surplus food stuffs and keep the factories running."

"Is this the last Victory Loan?" asked a little September bride.

"Yes, the very last one, and the last chance we will have of buying bonds."

"I received some money as wedding presents that I think I will put into bonds," she said. "What interest do they pay?"

"Much more than a bank. They pay 5 1/2 per cent. Isn't that fine?"

"Suppose I wanted my money suddenly, could I ever get it?" said the fair-haired woman, who had evidently been thinking.

"You could get it in short notice. Bonds are selling to-day for more than par, and there is never as many to sell as there are buyers wanting them."

"I know that is true," spoke up a business girl. "I needed some money last winter when I had to go to the hospital with the flu, and I cashed one of my hundred-dollar bonds. Do you know I got one hundred and five dollars for it!"

That argument clinched the affair. There will be several bonds bought as a result of that luncheon, and the little patriot went home feeling a glow of satisfaction over her converts.

ARE YOUR BOWELS MAY HAVE STAGNANT? HAVE YOU INDIGESTION?

When a Quarter Will Buy You a Guaranteed Remedy, Why Not Use It Today?

Many a person carries around in their system a cesspool composed of half-digested, putrid, decaying food that the overloaded stomach can't get rid of because of constipation. No wonder that anaemia, blood rashes, headaches and rheumatism are so common. No better cure is known than DR. HAMILTON'S PILLS OF MAN-DRAKE AND BUTTERNUT. Taken at night, you're well next morning. They flush out the system, sweeten and tone the stomach, improve digestion, filter and purify the blood, restore lost complexion, give vim, buoyancy and robust good health to young and old. To look, feel and always be at your best, use DR. HAMILTON'S PILLS regularly, 25c per box.

NO STRINGING POSSIBLE.

He was such a bashful young man that Millicent began to feel that it was time to give him a little assistance. So one evening as they sat alone in the parlor she said: "Isn't it funny, that the length of a man's arm is exactly the same as the circumference of a lady's waist?"

Here was a chance, surely, even the slowest of mortals would seize it.

"How very strange!" lisped the bashful one. "If we could have a piece of string we might measure it."

And so Millicent has changed her steady.

HAS A CORN ANY ROOTS?

Yes, and branches and stems as well. Can it be cured? Yes, by applying Putnam's Corn Extractor; it's painless, safe and invariably satisfactory. Insist on only Putnam's Extractor, 25c, at all dealers.

PAINFUL NEURALGIA

Is Caused by Thin, Watery Blood and Cured by Enriching the Blood.

Most people think of neuralgia as a pain in the head or in the face, but neuralgia may affect any nerve in the body. Different names are given to it when it affects certain nerves. Thus neuralgia of the sciatic nerve is called sciatica, but the character of the pain and the nature of the disease are the same. The cause being the same, the cure to be effective must be the same. The pain in neuralgia is caused by starved nerves. The blood which carries nourishment to the nerves has become thin and impure, and no longer does so, and the pain you feel is the cry of the nerves for their natural food. You may ease the pains of neuralgia with hot applications, but you can only cure the trouble by enriching and purifying the blood. For this purpose we know of no medicine that can equal Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. These pills actually make new, rich blood and thus act as the most efficient of nerve tonics. If you are suffering from this most dreaded of troubles, or any form of nerve trouble, give these pills a fair trial, and see how speedily you will be restored to good health.

You can get Dr. Williams' Pink Pills from any medicine dealer, or by mail at 50 cents a box of six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

PROROGATION OCTOBER 25

Ottawa, Oct. 14—A liberal caucus to consider the grand trunk railway legislation did not materialize this morning, but will be held on Wednesday. It is not expected that the debate will be proceeded with today, but formal notice will be given that the resolution will be considered tomorrow, and the opposition is likely to make a demand for more information.

Members are anxious to bring the session to a close and while there may be some marking of time, this week,

in view of the large number of absentees taking part in the Ontario provincial campaign, the house will probably make up for lost time next week in the hope of prorogating Saturday October, 25.

If it is right to turn men's clothing for another year's wear, why not turn women's costumes too? One good turn deserves another.

Dressmakers in Chicago say that skirts are to be of modest length. This will cause dissatisfaction among men, who believe such a length will be too long.

WRIGLEYS

5c a package
before the war

5c a package
during the war
and

5c a package
NOW

THE FLAVOUR LASTS
SO DOES THE PRICE!

