

Gift Appeal sumptives orner-General

atorium for Consumptives, must have an important Canada. We quote—



men of Canada do you will not of the Canada It will, in every out the land?

hospital ves

admission, because of his or ion could be provided for three used in extension of buildings

od? al is interested.

the work at Muskoka for needy ational Sanitarium Association.

Justice, Osgoode Hall, Toronto; National Sanitarium Association.

\$2,500 SALARY

As Provincial Minister now two-and-a-half years ago hard-ware clerk at \$800 per week, and who was a farm-ers son, 27 years of age and without pull... Of our training in... of two years' branches and... of our faithful service to his com-pany made the difference.

The difference between the big men and the little men, the successful and the un-successful is only a differ-ence of training. We have transformed thousands of little men into big men.

You may study partly at home and partly at College. Fall Term Opens Aug. 29.

Orangeville Business College Geo. Spotton, Principal.

Fourteen Calls

in eight hours received by our Employment Bureau... indicate the changes we have for placing competent young people in good office positions. We cannot supply half the calls we receive for lack of material.

The CENTRAL BUSINESS COLLEGE of Toronto. W. H. Shaw, Principal.

Fall Term Opens Aug. 29th

BELLIOTT Business College TORONTO, ONT.

unquestionably first class in Departments. Write to-day for our Handsome Catalogue.

FALL TERM Opens Sept. 1st, 1910, at the

NORTHERN Business College Owen Sound.

Individual instruction in all Business subjects. Eater any time. Information free.

A. Fleming, G. D. Fleming, Principal, Secretary.

Term of 1909

Canadian Business College Toronto

W. Turner & Co.

Asaya-Neurall

Physicians agree that a vigorous nervous system is essential to the successful treatment of Consump-tion. "ASAYA-NEURALL" feeds the nerves with lecithin (obtained from eggs)... Its use maintains full nerve vigor, re-stores courage when hope is fail-ing, and thus tends incalculable aid in throwing off the disease.

W. TURNER & CO.

A WINDSOR LADY'S APPEAL

To All Women: I will send free full instructions, my home treat-ment which positively cures Leucor-rhea, Ectocervical Displacements, Pain-ing of the Womb, Painful or Irregular Periods, Uterine and Ovarian Tumors or growths, also Hot Flashes, Nerv-ousness, Melancholy, Pains in the Head, Back, Bowels, Kidney and Bladder troubles where caused by weakness recurring to our sex. You can continue treatment at home at a cost of only about 12 cents a week. A book, "Woman's Own Medical Advice," also sent free on request. Write to-day. Address Mrs. M. Sum-ner, Box 840 Windsor, Ont.

The Lure of the Mask



By HAROLD MAC GRATH

Copyright, 1908, by the Bobbs-Merrill Co.

CHAPTER II (Cont'd.)

"Well, Jack, I've got it bad this trip. I offered to marry her last night and was refused." "It seems to me that your Kitty is not half bad. What would you have done had she accepted you?" "Married her within twenty-four hours."

"Come, Dan; be sensible. You're not such an ass as all that." "Yes, I am," moodily. "I told you that I was a jackass half the time. This is the half."

"Not for love or money?" "Are you sure about the money?" "Seven hundred or seven thousand. It wouldn't matter to Kitty if she made up her mind to marry a fellow. What's the matter with me anyhow? I'm not so badly set up. I can whip any man in the club at my weight. I can tell a story well, and I'm not afraid of anything."

"Not even of the future?" added Hillard. "Do you really think it's my money?" "Well, seven thousand doesn't go far, and that's all you have. If it were seventy, now, I'm sure Kitty wouldn't reconsider. What's she like?" asked Hillard, with more sympathy than curiosity.

Merribew drew out his watch and opened the case. It was a pretty face. More than that, it was a refined prettiness. The eyes were merry; the brow was intelligent; the nose and chin were good. Altogether it was the face of a merry, kindly little soul, one such as would be most likely to trap the wandering fancy of a young man like Merribew.

"And she won't have you?" Hillard repeated, this time with more curiosity than sympathy. "Oh, she's no fool, I suppose. And now she's going to Europe! Some manager has the idea in his head that there is money to be made in Italy and Germany during the spring and summer. American comic opera in those countries—can you imagine it? He has an angel, and I suppose money is no object."

"This angel, then, has cut out a fine time for his bank account, and he'll never get back to heaven once he gets tangled up in foreign red tape. Every large city in Italy and Germany has practically its own opera troupe. Poor fellow!"

"I long to get my hands around her throat!" "Tell your Kitty to strike for a return ticket to America before she leaves." "You think it's as bad as that?" "Look on me as a prophet of evil, if you like, but truthful."

"I'll see that Kitty gets her ticket." Merribew snapped the case of his watch and drew his legs from under the table. "I lost a hundred last night too."

"Possibly not." "Lord, if I could only hibernate for three months like a bear! My capital might then readjust itself if left alone that length of time." "See you at the club tonight," laughed Hillard.

They nodded pleasantly and took their separate ways. Merribew stood very high in Hillard's regard. He was a lovable fellow, and there was something kindred in his soul and Hillard's, possibly the spirit of romance. What drew them together perhaps more than anything else was their mutual love of outdoor pleasures. Take two men and put them on good horses, send them forth into the wilds to face all inconveniences, and if they are not fast friends at the end of the journey they never will be.

For all his aversion to cards there was a bit of the gambler in Hillard, as once in his office he decided on the fall of a coin not to withdraw his personal from the paper. He was quite positive that he would never bear that vice again; but, having thrown his die, he would let them lie.

Now, at 11 o'clock that same morning, two distinguished Italians sat down to breakfast in one of the fashionable hotels. The one nor the other had ever heard of Hillard. They did not even know that such a person existed, and yet serenely unconscious one was casting his life line, as the palmist would say, across Hillard's. The knots and tangles were to come later.

"The coffee in this country is abominable!" growled one. "The waiter smiled covertly behind his hand. These Italians and these Germans! Why, there is only one place in the world where both the aroma and the flavor of coffee are preserved, and it is not, decidedly, not, in Italy or Germany. And if his up exceeded 10 cents he would be vastly surprised. The Italian never wastes on necessities a penny which can be applied to the gaming tables. And these two were talking about Monte Carlo and Ostend."

The younger of the two was a very handsome man, tall, slender and nervous, the Venetian type, his black eyes, keen and roving, suggesting a hasty temper. The mouth, partly hidden under a graceful military mustache, was thin lipped, the mouth of a man who was always master of his vices. From his right cheek bone to the corner of his mouth ran a scar, very well healed. And the American imagination might readily have pictured villas, maids in durandie vile and sword thrusts under the moonlight. But the waiter, who had served his time in a foreign army, knew no folj or rapier could have made such a scar, more probably the saber.

His companion was equally picturesque. With white head and iron gray beard, he wore in his buttonhole a tiny bow of ribbon, the badge of foreign service. "I'm afraid, Enrico, that you have brought me to America on a useless adventure," said the diplomat.

"She is here in New York, and I shall find her. I must, have money—must! I owe you the incredible amount of 100,000 lire. There are millions under my hand, and I cannot touch a penny." "Do not let your debt to me worry you."

"You are so very good, Giuseppe!" "Have we not grown up together? Sometimes I think I am partly to blame for your extravagance. But a friend is a friend or he is not." "But he who borrows from his friend loses him. Observe how I am placed. It is maddening. I have had a dozen opportunities to marry riches. This millstone is eternally found on my neck. I have gone through my part of the fortune which was left us independent. She has all of hers, and that is why she is so strong. I am absolutely helpless." "Poor friend! These American women! They all believe that a man must have no peccadillo once he has signed the marriage contract. Body of Bacchus! The sacrament does not make a man less human than he was before. But this one is clever. She might be Italian born."

profit by this sentiment. Give me patience, patience. If I say to her, 'So much and you may have your freedom.' There is always that cursed will. The crown of Italy will never withdraw its hand. No. With his wife's family on his hands, especially her brother, the king will never waive his rights."

"And, remember, we have but ten days." "We shall not find time heavy. I know a few rich butchers and grocers who call themselves the aristocracy. And some of them play bridge and cards."

The diplomat smiled in anticipation. "I have followed her step by step to the boat at Naples. She is here. She will not be hard to find. She has wealthy friends."

"You say she is beautiful?" "Yes, and a beautiful woman cannot hide. Think of it! Chateaux and villas and splendid rents, all waiting to be gormozinated by the state! Let us get out into the air before I become excited and forget where I am."

The waiter stepped forward with the coats and hats. CHAPTER III. MME. ANGOT.

THREE nights later, as Hillard and Merribew were dining together at the club, the steward and came into the grill room and swept his placid eye over the groups of diners. Singling out Hillard, he came solemnly down to the corner table and laid a blue letter at the side of Hillard's plate.

"I did not see you when you came in, sir," said the steward, his voice as solemn as his step. "The letter arrived yesterday." "Thank you, Thomas." With no small difficulty Hillard composed his face and repressed the eagerness in his eyes. She had seen; she had written; the letter lay under his hand! He said that romance had taken flight! True, the reading of the letter might disillusion him, but always would there be that vision and the voice coming out of the fog. Nonchalantly he

turned the letter face downward and went on with the meal. "I did not know that your mail came to the club," said Merribew.

"It doesn't. Only rarely a letter drifts this way." "Well, go on and read it. Don't let me keep you from it. Some chum, I'll wager. Here I pour all my adventures into your ear, and I on my side never so much as get a hint of yours. Go on, read it."

"Adventures, fiddlesticks! The letter can wait. It is probably a bill."

"A bill in a fashionable envelope like that?" Hillard only smiled, tipped the cradle and refilled Merribew's glass with some excellent Romanee Conti. "When does Kitty sail?" he asked after a while of silence.

"A week from this Saturday, Feb. 2. What the deuce did you bring up that for? I've been trying to forget it." "Where do they land?" "Naples. They open in Rome the first week in March. All the arrangements are complete." After coffee Merribew pushed back his chair. "I'll reserve a table in the billiard room while you read your letter."

SAVED FROM THE KNIFE

Appendicitis Cured By "Fruit-a-tives"



Dr. J. E. Walker, Markdale.

Just about a year ago, our daughter Ella was taken with terrible pains in the right side. The pain was so bad that we at once put her under the care of Dr. J. E. Walker, Markdale, Ontario. We took her to a hospital in Kingston where Dr. J. E. Walker was an eminent specialist. He said she had Appendicitis and advised an operation. We were ready to do anything to save her life. As we had had no success in other ways, we were ready to do anything. But our daughter was afraid of that. Luckily for her an uncle came and insisted on Ella taking Dr. J. E. Walker's 'Fruit-a-tives'. Good results were secured almost from the first and the continuous treatment cured her. 'Fruit-a-tives' saved our daughter from the surgeon's knife and to-day she is happy and the best of health."

Are Your Children Properly Fed?

LET us talk about the right feeding of children. Of course, you want your children to grow up strong and healthy. You want to equip them for the battle of life with a good constitution and good red blood. Now, the first step is to see that they are properly fed. The word "properly fed" means much in the diet of children. For it isn't quantity that counts, but quality.

There is no better food for growing children than plenty of good bread and butter. They thrive on it because it is a complete, well-balanced food. But the bread must be good. The best is made from ROYAL HOUSEHOLD FLOUR, which contains enough of the starch. Gluten makes bone and muscle, and is the right combination of both to make properly balanced bread.

Bread made from OGDON'S FLOUR is richest in blood building gluten. Children like it better and thrive on it. With 'Royal Household' flour you have everything but the very best for your children. It is the same, absolutely uniform, year after year, and is just as good for Pastry as for Bread.



Advertisement for 2 in 1 Shoe Polish, containing text and a small image.

the official radius of the Madison square branch of the postoffice, for such was the postmark. Common sense urged him to dismiss the whole affair and laugh over it as "the lady in the fog" had done. But common sense often goes about with a pedantic strut and is something to avoid on occasions. Here was a harmless pastime to pursue, common sense notwithstanding. The vein of romance in him was strong, and all the commercial blood of his father could not suppress it. He rang for paper and a messenger and wrote: "Mme. Angot—There is a letter for you in the

department of this office." Mrs. Merribew's initials were not necessary. Once the message was on its way he thought of Merribew, whom he found kicking the balls about in a spiritless manner. A hundred to seventy-five days "what?" "The mere fun of the game, of course. Make it cigars, just to add interest."

(To be Continued.)

Walker's Grip Powders Cure. Sold by W. Turner & Co.

PATENTS PROMPTLY SECURED

We select the business of Manufacturers, Engineers and others who realize the advisability of having their Patents... Our Inventor's Advice sent upon moderate. Our Inventor's Advice sent upon moderate.



Flour

W. Turner & Co. Toronto