

WHY WOMEN CANNOT SLEEP.



The highly organized, finely strung nervous system of women subjects them to torments of nervous apprehension which no man can ever appreciate.

The peace of mind, the mental poise and calmness under difficulties, which are necessary for happy womanhood, are only possible when the sensitive organism is in a perfectly healthy condition.

Chatham, Ont.—"A few years ago I suffered a general break-down and got very weak and thin. I was in an awful state. I was very much discouraged and at times thought I would lose my mind.

"I take great pleasure in recommending Dr. Pierce's medicines; they are all that I recommended of them."—Mrs. MARGARET BRYANT, 87 Park Ave., Chatham, Ont.

Grand Trunk Railway TIME-TABLE

Trains leave Durham at 7.05 a.m., and 3.45 p.m. Trains arrive at Durham at 11.20 a.m., 2.30 p.m., and 8.45 p.m.

Canadian Pacific Railway Time Table

Trains will arrive and depart as follows, until further notice: P.M. A.M. P.M. 5.25 8.10 lv. Toronto N. 8.10 9.13 11.55 ar. Saugeen J. 7.55 4.35

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

HARVEST HELP EXCURSIONS

\$12.00 TO WINNIPEG

Aug. 15th and 29th From all stations in Canada, Brockville, Scotia Jct. and east, also north of Scotia Jct.

Aug. 17th and 31st From all stations Lvn. Ont., and west to and including Toronto, Weston, Meaford, Polgrave and north to and including Huntsville.

Aug. 19th and Sept. 2nd From all stations Toronto, Caledon East, Owen Sound, Warton and west and south thereof in Canada.

First Aid to the Kidneys

Unless you are a physician or a druggist you have no idea how much kidney trouble there is. Elderly people suffer this most, because they have neglected themselves most.

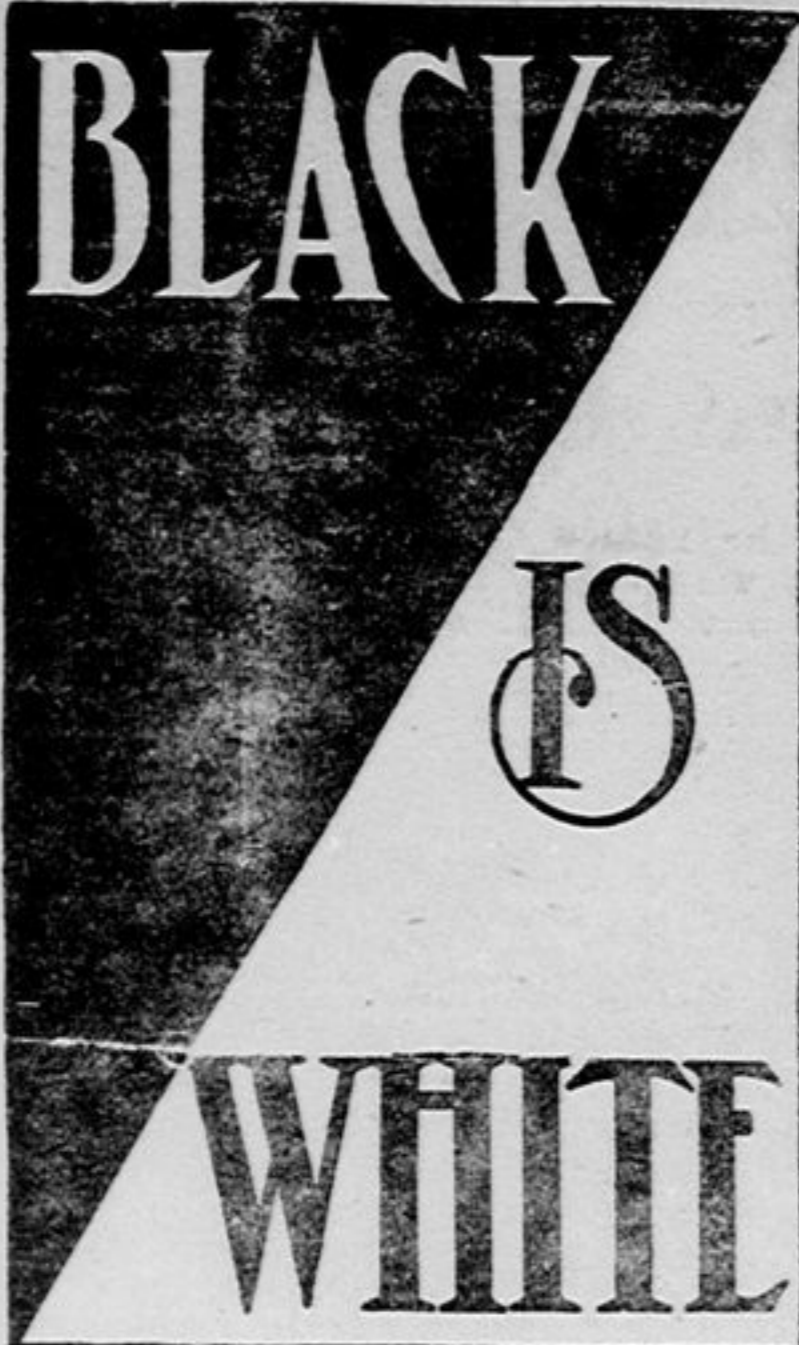
Penstar

Buchu and Palmetto Compound

which contains buchu, saw palmetto, corn silk, couch grass, uva ursi and potassium acetate. Anyone who knows will tell you that science has not yet revealed any better combination of kidney remedies for acute kidney troubles.

Geo. B. Dingman Druggist

Central Drug Store G. T. R. Town Ticket Agency



By George Barr McCutcheon

A Tempest Rages.

Yvonne stopped in the doorway. Ranjab was holding the curtains aside for her to enter. The tall figure of Frederic loomed up behind her, his dark face glowing in the warm light that came from the room.

Frederic interrupted, a trifle too eagerly. "I'll walk around with you, Lydia. It's raining, however. Shall I get the car out, father?"

"No, no!" cried Lydia, painfully conscious of the rather awkward situation. "And please don't bother, Freddy. I can go home alone. It's only a step."

"I'll go with you," said Frederic decisively. He stood between her and the door, an embarrassed smile on his lips. "I've got something to say to you, Lydia," he went on, lowering his voice.

"James, dear," said Mrs. Brood, shaking her finger at her husband and with an exasperating smile on her lips, "you are working the poor girl too hard. See how late it is! And how nervous she is. Why, you are trembling, Lydia! For shame, James."

"Certainly. The place you were escaping from when we came in." It was clear to all of them that Yvonne was piqued, even angry. She deliberately crossed the room and threw herself upon the couch, an act so childish, so disdainful that for a full minute no one spoke, but stared at her, each with a different emotion.

Lydia's eyes were flashing. Her lips parted, but she withheld the angry words that rose to them. Brood's expression changed slowly from dull anger to one of incredulity, which swiftly gave way to positive joy. His wife was jealous!

Frederic was biting his lips nervously. He allowed Lydia to pass him on her way out, scarcely noticing her so intently was his gaze fixed upon Yvonne. When Brood followed Lydia into the hall to remonstrate, the young man sprang eagerly to his stepmother's side.

"Good Lord, Yvonne," he whispered, "that was a nasty thing to say. What will Lydia think? By gad, is it possible that you are jealous? Of Lydia?"

"Jealous?" cried she, struggling with her fury. "Jealous of that girl! Poof! Why should I be jealous of her? She hasn't the blood of a potato."

"I can't understand you," he said in great perplexity. "You—you told me tonight that you are not sure that you really love him. You—"

Frederic paled. "You're not trying to say that my father would—Good

Lord, Yvonne, you must be crazy. Why, that is impossible! If—if I thought—" He clinched his fists and glared over his shoulder, missing the queer little smile that fitted across her face.

"You do love her, then," she said, her voice suddenly soft and caressing. He stared at her in complete bewilderment.

"I—I—Lord, you gave me a shock!" He passed his hand across his moist forehead. "It can't be so. Why, the very thought of it—"

"I suppose I shall have to apologize to Lydia," said she, calmly. "Your father will exact it of me, and I shall obey. Well, I am sorry. How does it sound, coming from me? I am sorry, Lydia. Do I say it prettily?"

"I don't understand you at all, Yvonne. I adore you, and yet, by heaven, I—I actually believe I hated you just now. Listen to me: I've been treating Lydia vilely for a long, long time, but—she's the finest, best, dearest girl in the world. You—even you, Yvonne—shall not utter a word against—"

"Al—e! What heroics!" she cried ironically. "You are splendid when you are angry, my son. Yes, you are almost as splendid as your father. He, too, has been angry with me. He, too, has made me shudder. But he, too, has forgiven me, as you shall this instant. Say it, Freddie. You do forgive me? I was mean, nasty, ugly, vile—oh, everything that's horrid. I take it all back. Now, be nice to me!"

She laid her hand on his arm, an appealing little caress that conquered him in a flash. He clasped her fingers in his and mumbled incoherently as he leaned forward, drawn resistlessly nearer by a strange magic that was hers.

"You—you are wonderful," he murmured. "I knew that you'd regret what you said. You couldn't have meant it."

She smiled, patted his hand gently, and allowed her swimming eyes to rest on his for an instant to complete the conquest. Then she motioned him away. Brood's voice was heard in the doorway. She had, however, planted an insidious thing in Frederic's mind, and it would grow.

Her husband re-entered the room, his arm linked in Lydia's. Frederic was lighting a cigarette at the table. "You did not mean all that you said a moment ago, Yvonne," said Brood levelly. "Lydia misinterpreted your jest. You meant nothing unkind, I am sure." He was looking straight into her rebellious eyes; the last gleam of defiance died out of them as he spoke.

"I am sorry, Lydia, darling," she said, and reached out her hand to the girl, who approached reluctantly, uncertainly. "I confess that I was jealous. Why shouldn't I be jealous? You are so beautiful, so splendid. She drew the girl down beside her. "Forgive me, dear," and Lydia, whose honest heart had been so full of resentment the moment before, could not withstand the humble appeal in the voice of the penitent. She smiled, first at Yvonne then at Brood, and never quite understood the impulse that ordered her to kiss the warm, red lips that so recently had offended.

"James, dear," fell softly, alluringly from Yvonne's now tremulous lips. He sprang to her side. She kissed him passionately. "Now, we are all ourselves once more," she gasped a moment later, her eyes still fixed quizzingly on those of the man beside her. "Let us be gay! Let us forget! Come, Frederic! Sit here at my feet. Lydia is not going home yet. Ranjab, the cigarettes!"

Frederic, white-faced and scowling, remained at the window, glaring out into the rain-swept night. A steady sheet of raindrops thrashed against the window panes.

"Hear the wind!" cried Yvonne, after a single sharp glance at his tall, motionless figure. "One can almost imagine that ghosts from every graveyard in the world are whistling past our windows. Should we not rejoice? We have them safely locked outside—ah—e! There are no ghosts in here to make us shiver—and—shake."

The sentence that began so glibly trailed off in a slow crescendo, ending abruptly. Ranjab was holding the lighted taper for her cigarette. As she spoke her eyes were lifted to his dark, saturnine face. She was saying there were no ghosts, when his eyes suddenly fastened on hers. In spite of herself her voice rose in response to the curious dread that chilled her heart as she looked into the shining mirrors above her. She shivered as if in the presence of death! For an incalculably brief period their gaze remained fixed and steady, each reading a mystery. Then the Hindu lowered his heavy lashes and moved away. The little by-scene did not go unnoticed by the others, although its meaning was lost.

"There's nothing to be afraid of, Yvonne," said Brood, pressing the hand, which trembled in his. "Your imagination carries you a long way. Are you really afraid of ghosts?"

She answered in a deep, solemn voice that carried conviction. "I believe in ghosts. I believe the dead come back to us, not to fit about, as we are told by superstition, but to lodge—actually to dwell—inside these warm, living bodies of ours. They come and go at will. Sometimes we feel that they are there, but—ah, who knows? Their souls may conquer ours and go on inhabiting—"

"I FEEL LIKE A NEW BEING"

"FRUIT-A-TIVES" Brought The Joy Of Health After Two Years' Suffering



MADAM LAPLANTE 85 St. Rose St., Montreal. April 4th. "For over two years I was sick and miserable. I suffered from constant Headaches, and had Palpitation of the Heart so badly that I feared I would die. There seemed to be a lump in my stomach and the Constipation was dreadful. I suffered from Pain in the Back and Kidney Disease.

I was treated by a physician for a year and a half and he did me no good at all. I tried "Fruit-a-tives" as a last resort. After using three boxes, I was greatly improved and twelve boxes made me well. Now I can work all day and there are no Headaches, no Palpitation, no Heart Trouble, no Constipation, no Pain or Kidney Trouble and I feel like a new being—and it was "Fruit-a-tives" that gave me back my health."

MADAM ARTHUR LAPLANTE. 50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size, 25c. At all dealers or sent postpaid by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

note in her voice produced a strange effect upon him. It seemed like a call for help, a cry out of the darkness.

They were all playing for time. Not one of them but who realized that something sinister was attending their little conclave, unseen but vital. Each one knew that united they were safe, each against the other! Lydia was afraid because of Brood's reiterations. Yvonne had sensed peril with the message delivered by Ranjab to Frederic. Frederic had come upstairs prepared for rebellion against the caustic remarks that were almost certain to come from his father. Brood was afraid of—himself! He was holding himself in check with the greatest difficulty. He knew that the smallest spark would create the explosion he dreaded and yet courted. Restraint lay heavily yet shiftingly upon all of them.

A long, reverberating roll of thunder ending in an ear-splitting crash that seemed no farther away than the window casement behind them brought sharp exclamations of terror from the lips of the two women. The men, appalled, started to their feet.

"Good Lord, that was close," cried Frederic. "There was no sign of a storm when we came in—just a steady, gentle spring rain."

"I am frightened," shuddered Yvonne, wide-eyed with fear. "Do you think—"

SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTH WEST LAND REGULATIONS.

The sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years old, may homestead a quarter-section of available Dominion land in Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta. Applicant must appear in person at the Dominion Lands Agency or Sub-Agency for the District. Entry by proxy may be made at any Dominion Lands Agency (but not Sub-Agency), on certain conditions.

Duties.—Six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each of three years. A homesteader may live within nine miles of his homestead on a farm of at least 80 acres, on certain conditions. A habitable house is required except where residence is performed in the vicinity.

Live stock may be substituted for cultivation under certain conditions. In certain districts a homesteader in good standing may preempt a quarter-section alongside his homestead. Price \$300 per acre.

Duties.—Must reside six months in each of three years, cultivate 50 acres and erect a house worth \$300.

SAVE YOUR MONEY FOR THE DOMINION WAR LOAN TO BE ISSUED IN SEPTEMBER. By purchasing a bond you will help to WIN THE WAR and obtain for yourself an investment of the highest class yielding a most attractive rate of interest. DEPARTMENT OF FINANCE OTTAWA.

Cheaper Than the Cheapest If possible I wish to dispose of my entire stock before the end of the present year, and if prices at cost and below cost will move the buying public then our stock will be sure to move. We are determined to get rid of it, so we advise you to see for yourself. The stock consists of Dry Goods including, flannellets, blankets, woollen goods, men's underwear, ladies' underwear, men's pants and overalls, gingham, muslins and ladies' and gent's sweaters. ALL MUST BE SOLD Call and get our Moving sale prices. There's money in it for you. Eggs and Butter taken as Cash. S. SCOTT Opposite the Old Stand Durham, Ontario

Window Screens Half or Full Sections Screen Doors To Suit Requirements Insect proof with 14 mesh wire, and made to fit. Windows may be opened to desired height, free of all obstruction, while screen remains in place. Best and cheapest, because they last and can be re-wired at any time. See us for Mill and Carpenter work. C. J. Furber & Co. Durham, Ont.

Special Prices on Feed We have a stock of good heavy mixed Feed on hand which we are selling at special prices in ton lots. If you need Feed get our prices. The Rob Roy Cereal Mills Co. Oatmeal Millers. Day No. 4 Night No. 26

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