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A SON OF COURAGE
 BY ARCHIE P. MCKISHNIE
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CHAPTER XXV.
Mr. Hinter Makes a Confession.

It was the evening of the next day. Frank Stanhope lay on a couch in a darkened room, a black bandage across his eyes. Eric Landon sat beside him, holding his hand. The pungent odor of ether hung in the air. Out in the dining room old Doctor Allworth, from Bridgetown, was discussing with the specialist things known only to those men of science.

Eric was very happy—happier than he had ever expected to be again. Doctor Cavallit had pronounced the operation a success; in a week or ten days the bandage might be taken off. God's world of light and beauty was to be his again—and here!

Stanhope felt the unconscious tightening of her fingers and spoke her name ever so softly. She gave a little contented sigh, and nestled her cool cheek against his own.

"I was dreaming of the foot of the Cascahuay," he whispered, "and the light."

"And it reached straight across through the blackness to you?" she asked.

"Straight to my misty radiance I saw you standing. You stretched your arms out to me and along the shimmering track, drawn by your great and tender woman's love, I sped to you."

"And found me, Frank?"

"Found you," he echoed joyfully. "Found you as I have prayed through countless days I might, some day, find you, blue-eyed girl with heart of gold; found you with your hope, your loyalty, your tenderness and your forgiveness."

"And now," she whispered, "there lie the days of sunshine and happiness ahead of us, Frank; and oh, how we will enjoy them, you and I and Billy."

"Yes, we mustn't forget Billy, God bless him!"

In the outer room the learned discussion was terminated suddenly by a loud exclamation from the old doctor.

"God love us, it's a crow!" he cried, "and the rascal has appropriated my glasses. Laid 'em on my chair-arm for an instant and the cheeky beggar swooped in through the open window and picked 'em up."

"That's Croaker," laughed Eric. "Billy won't be far behind him. I had better go out and explain things, Frank."

She touched her warm lips to his and went into the adjoining room to find Croaker peered on a certain pole, animatedly congratulating himself on the now and wonderful thing he had done so fortunate as to discover.

"Croaker," Eric called. At the sound of her voice the crow stopped trying to tear the nosepiece from the lens and cocked his head sideways. "Kowak!" he gurgled, which meant "I thought I knew you, Miss, but I guess I don't."

"Croaker, good old Croaker, come down and I'll get you a cookie," Eric begged.

Croaker considered this last statement a moment. Then he carefully

I'll follow my renowned friend into the parlor and learn how Frank is coming along." And sitting the action to the words, he edged slowly around the table and backing into the parlor, closed the door.

"Ringo," cried Eric, "slapping the con's fat sides, 'you can't possibly see your friend, Frank now so come down and a scramble among the leaves.'"

She caught her hat from a peg, opened the door, and Ringo gambled out before her. Down the path to the hedge road, already the frost-patched leaves, crimson-veined and golden, were being swung to earth by a stiff wind that promised snow. With Ringo galloping clumsily beside her, Eric went down the road, trailing a snatch of a song.

She did not realize what a perfect picture she presented with her golden wind-strewn, her red lips parted, and her kindling a lighter in her hand. But the boy who met her on the curve in the road realized it, and his face grew wistful as he asked: "Is he all right, Billy?"

"He is all right, Billy," she answered softly.

Billy's grey eyes grew big with realization and a long sigh escaped his lips. He bent above the con, who had had spruced the dust, all four feet in the air, inviting the marshes and girl saw something glitter and spark in the dark fur and her throat tightened. "Oh, Billy, Billy," she cried, "and with all the admiration of a nature stooped and gathered by and animal close to her."

A little later they went back up the road, side by side. Ringo having strayed into the tangle, perhaps hoping to find a set of legs which had not yet sought its winter home. They paused to watch a red squirrel flash along the zig-zag fence and hat, with twitching tail, as the chatter of him from swaying hickory tree-top. A silent, black bird-like creature seemed to brush the grey, low-hanging skies above the shrill whistle of wings told of wild ducks seeking the marshes and the celery beds of the bay.

"Eric," spoke the boy as they turned to resume their way, "Ma told me to tell you that she'd be over again in an awful time keepin' to your. She's had a swarin' over to see how her friends gettin' along an' she says she simply over the supper. I guess the whole Settlement is over with you. You'd better look along an' tell 'em the good news."

He turned away as they reached the gate—then hesitated.

"Anything I can tell him, Billy?" asked Eric, noticing his reluctance.

"No, but I guess," he answered, "I ought to tell you, I guess, that Mr. Maddoc, who's in the house at the foot, Mr. Maddoc an' there an' stay at teacher's, as you likely know?"

Eric nodded. "They told me all about it. How they are going to shoot from your Mad Point, and how good they was at it. Let them," he smiled.

"As if there was anything any of us wouldn't do for them now. Well, Mr. Maddoc, who's his wife Joe Scuff drive down for their stuff to-night, was comin' along up with me when we met

Hinter, 'bout a mile back on the road." He paused and searched the girl's face. "You see, Eric," he said, "I've been tellin' Mr. Maddoc all about the boy Hinter an' Scroggie had been sayin' they had water for us, an' how they had a barrel of oil exploded an' everything." Somehow, I didn't mind tellin' him at all. Why I even told him about the Twin Oaks store get hold of Last Man's Swamp, an' everything."

"He was awful interested, an' asked me to show him the fence-in well. So we took 'cross the fields an' he saw even climbed up one side of 'em, an' looked over. When he came down he said: 'Just as I thought, Billy. The expression you spoke of was a charge fer the road an' I guess he was thinkin' hard, 'cause he didn't talk any more. Then, as we was climbin' the fence, the road he asked: 'What kind of a charge?' 'Why, I says, 'there he is now.' Hinter had just stepped into the opposite Madoc slid down an' went right up to him. Hinter's face turned white, he said: 'Mr. Maddoc, he couldn't speak for a minute, an' then all he said was mumble something.'"

"'Billey, Mr. Maddoc says to me, 'would you go on a piece an' leave me alone with this man. You see we've been here before an' I want to ask him some questions.'"

"So I came on an' I guess Mr. Maddoc had a whole lot of questions to ask, fer he ain't come yet."

Her arms were stretched against the gate, hands clenching its rough pickets. "There, he's coming now, Billy," she whispered as the lawyer's tall form swung about the curve in the road. "No, don't go yet; perhaps he will have something more to tell us."

But the lawyer, apparently, had no intention of telling them. He had his hat to Eric, gravely a smile of good-fellowship to Billy and turned up the path to cottage.

No sooner had Billy gone, leaving Maddoc alone with Hinter, than the lawyer's manner underwent a light change. His big face lost its excitement, his bushy eyebrows puckered, and his cold eyes beamed upon them. "The man before me," he said, "is a fellow of a different stamp. He's a lawyer, Jacobus—or whatever your name happens to be now—what are you doing here?"

Hinter, with an effort, shook off his first cringing fear. "I think, with an effort, I think, I tell you that it's none of your business," he said, "I am not under your jurisdiction here."

"Oh, is that so? Well, my smooth jurisdiction extends further than you think. Now see here, Jacobus. You know—and I know—that I have enough on you already to put you away where you'll do little harm for several years to come. Do you want me to do it?"

The man's answer was no more than a spiritless murmur. Maddoc, he knew, had his record and had spoken truly when he said he had the goods on him. "No," he repeated with a shudder.

(To be continued.)

Woman's Sphere

Winter Care of the Hands and Face.

A little care and a few toilet requisites will keep the hands in a presentable condition, no matter what your household tasks may be. Learn first to protect the hands, especially in cold weather. With the aid of a dish-mop and a wire dish-cloth, the hands need be kept in the wash-water only a small part of the time, while the dishes can be washed quite as well and much more quickly than when a dish-cloth only is used. White canvas gloves will afford the protection needed, and a paper bag drawn over the hand before blacking the stove is also a protection.

Careful drying of the hands is of great importance, especially in cold weather. Exposure to the air when the hands are not quite dry causes the skin to chafe and roughen, and no amount of care will counteract carelessness on this point.

While soap and water are good cleansing agents, the stains which follow the paring of potatoes and apples can usually be removed with a piece of lemon or a mixture of cornmeal and vinegar. When grime or stains have settled into the skin use a soap paste, which is usually a mixture of soap and powdered pumice stone. In extremely cold weather it is advisable to remove grime by rubbing the hands thoroughly with vaseline; rub as if using soap until the vaseline is worked into all the interstices of the skin, then wipe off with a soft cloth, which can be burned, and wash the hands with warm water and soap.

An excellent lotion to be applied to the hands combines equal parts of glycerine, spirits of camphor and boiled soft water. The healing effects of this lotion will be appreciated when applied to the cracks which sometimes occur on the ends of the fingers. Another good lotion calls for two parts each of boiled, soft water and vinegar, and one part of glycerine.

Minard's Liniment Used by Veterinaries

Sea-Water Ice is Used for Packing Fish.

An innovation in the fish industry of France is the making of ice from sea water, by a process which eliminates the concentration of salt, that usually occurs when brine or salt water freezes. This "salt ice" performs the double service of keeping the fish cold, and also of "salting down" the fish as a means of preserving them.

There never was a right endeavor but it succeeded.—Emerson.

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The Toronto Hospital for Incurables, in affiliation with Bellevue and Allied Hospitals, New York City, offers a three years' course of training to young women, having the required education, and desiring to become nurses. This Hospital has adopted the eight-hour system. The pupils receive uniforms of the School, a monthly allowance and travelling expenses to and from New York. For further information apply to the Superintendent.

GERMANY REBUILDS MERCHANT FLEET

BOOM DUE TO GOVERNMENT POLICY.

Indemnity Paid Ship Owners Conditioned on Spending 90 Per Cent. in New Ships.

Germany's merchant fleet is being rebuilt with phenomenal speed, and the shipping in German harbors is already back to three-fourths of its pre-war dimensions. Some of the more enthusiastic predict that in four years Germany will have 5,000,000 tons of shipping, and so will have regained a merchant fleet equal to that which in 1914 ranked second among those of the nations of the world.

In 1920 Germany ranked thirteenth in this respect, with 400,000 tons out of a total of 5,400,000. German shipyards have been going at top speed in the last year and unemployment has virtually ceased to exist in this trade. This is all the more remarkable because, according to German figures, the cost of building ships in Germany is 25 per cent. higher than the cost of buying finished ships abroad, even considering the low rate of interest in shipbuilding has been that the Government in paying 12,000,000 marks indemnity to shipowners for losses under the treaty required that 90 per cent. of this be spent in building new ships in German shipyards and permitted only 10 per cent. to be used in new purchases, the buying back of ships or the chartering of foreign vessels.

Value of Close Co-operation.

It is expected that Germany will be able to build 600,000 tons annually during the next few years. The rest of the 5,000,000 tons, which is the present goal. It is expected to obtain through purchases and represents the roughest kind of optimism, which is not shared by all students of conditions.

Characteristic of the situation is the close co-operation of the steel and coal interests with the shipping lines and wharves. There is a wharf known as the "Hugo Stinnes Company for Ocean Shipping and Trade." The Thyssen steel works are financially associated in both the Hamburg Shipbuilding Company and the Vulkan Werft at Bremen. The Krupp Company controls the Germania Werft at Kiel. In addition to the flourishing cartel between American companies and the Hamburg-American and North German Lloyd Lines, there are other similar contracts. The North German Lloyd has a working agreement with the Southwestern Steel Company of Galveston, with two British firms and with the Nippon Yusen Kaisha or organization of Tokio.

Figures recently issued show how Hamburg is in the ascendancy after being nearly paralyzed three years ago. Nine million five hundred thousand tons of shipping arrived there in the last year as against 4,500,000 tons in 1920, 1,500,000 tons in 1919 and 14,000,000 in 1912.

Hamburg also leads German ports as a shipbuilding centre, having brought fifty-five units into service with a total of 321,000 tons, in the last year.

HEROIC ACT OF INDIAN

Ecy Defers Bill Saves Orphan

A dispatch from Ottawa—Five children, the eye witness of a round-up of the Kulkani River, for the capital (Ottawa).

The round-up was so vigorous that four out of the five were driven into the water, during the night. The boy who watched the episode, gathered and rescued the last of the children, and he is now in the hospital.

The same day, the patients died. The bodies, the boy left in the shack, with his own, and set out on his nearest neighbor.

When he returned, two days later, the boy, including the last of the shack, and had buried the furniture to keep the children and young children on the dog sled to Watson, where all medical attention is feared, may die.

Compact Facts

A coal fire which has for over one hundred years been burning in the bowels of a mountain of high prices for fuel. However, it is found along the River, where a sea of burning was in 1799, an Alexander Macdonald, a Canadian has large amount of it situated in the western portions of the only coal fields on the North American continent. The deposits of bituminous coal in the Athabaska River 150 to 200 feet thick, drawn by the heat of the sun into deep pools. It represents the largest reserve of solid securities in the world. Such facts as these are a boon to many of our people, only a few of the many "Compact Facts, Canada" just issued. Natural Resources Institute of the Department of the Ottawa, from whom copies obtained.

Saar Valley Trouble Caused by

A dispatch from London—Word has been received from friends of R. D. Waugh, of Winnipeg, who is the Chairman of the Saar Valley League, that the League of Nations has decided to send a commission to the Saar valley, to investigate the recent trouble in the region caused by the League of Nations.

Warships Supply Germany With Raw Iron

A dispatch from Berlin—The German fleet, according to Adm. von Tirpitz, has about thirty British warships in the Baltic. It is expected that the League of Nations will be able to supply Germany with raw iron for 500,000 tons.

Bobby's Sacrifice.

Bobby, freckled and snub-nosed and lacking two teeth in front, was capable of all kinds of mischief, writes a West coast school-teacher, but his good-natured grin, his keen sense of honor and his devotion to me had won my heart. I was a good deal disturbed because some one was stealing from the children's lunch baskets in the coast room. I tried in vain to find the thief; finally I called the school to attention and after pointing out the meanness of the offense I asked every pupil in order whether he were guilty. The third child was shaking his head in solemn denial when Robert rose.

"You needn't ask anybody else, Miss Elizabeth," he said. "I've been taking that stuff."

My heart sank. I had never thought of Bobby in connection with the stolen food. I had him remain in his seat after school, and while I talked to him he dug one bare toe into a crack in the floor and wigged it back and forth.

"Aw!" he blurted out at last. "I didn't know you was going to be disappointed an' everything. I thought you was going to lick me."

When I sent him home I stood in the doorway and watched him. At the curve in the road he waved his hand, and a lump came into my throat. As I turned to go back into the empty school-house I heard crying. Following the sound, I discovered Julius, an undernourished little chap who carried his leg in a brace, crying unreasonably. I drew him to me.

"Tell me all about it," I said.

"Bobby didn't take them cakes and things," he sobbed. "I did it, an' he knew it, an' he was afraid you would lick me."

I had to swallow twice before I could say anything to Julius, and because I knew that he always came to school hungry what I did say was not harsh.

The next morning when I entered the school-house Bobby was just putting his hat on the hook. He hung his head, but I laid out my hand. "Bobby," I said, "I know all about it, and I want to shake hands."

Wheels Turn Easier.

Imperial Mica Axle Grease gives perfect lubrication between hub and axle. Its mica flakes smooth the roughness of the spindle and hub, enabling the grease to do its work more thoroughly. Saves friction, wear and tear, horse power and axle trouble. Goes twice as far as ordinary axle grease and lasts twice as long.

Harness Lasts Longer.

Imperial Eureka Harness Oil will keep leather soft and pliable and double the life of harness. Tugs and straps remain soft and are easily adjusted, as the oil penetrates to every fibre of the leather. Prevents cracking and breaking of stitches and needless repair. Imperial Eureka Harness Oil gives a rich black, lasting finish.

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