

**From Out the Night  
You Hear the Cry:**

**"Oh! Why Can't I  
Get to Sleep?"**

Thousands of people all over the country ask this question, but still continue to toss, night after night, on sleepless beds, or walk the bedroom floor until near dawn. Their eyes do not close in the sweet and refreshing repose that comes to those whose heart and nerves are right. Worry or disease has so debilitated and irritated the nervous system that it cannot be quietened. Or, again, there is palpitation of the heart, the sleep is broken by terrible dreams, you wake up with smothering spells, sinking sensations and a fear of impending death.

To be able to lie down at night and in a few minutes fall asleep—to know no dream or waking until morning—then to bounce out of bed full of vigor, freshness and good spirits, ready for each and every duty the day may demand, is a blessing that can be easily achieved by using

**MILBURN'S HEART  
AND NERVE PILLS**

They soon induce healthful, refreshing sleep, not by deadening the nerves, but by restoring them to healthy action, and removing all symptoms of heart trouble, which is often the cause of nervousness and sleeplessness.

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are 50c. a box at all dealers, or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

**War Bond Interest  
Coupons and Cheques  
Cashed Free.**



The Merchants Bank will cash all War Loan coupons or interest cheques when due, on presentation, without making any charge whatever for the service.

If you have not a Savings Account, why not use your interest money to open one with this Bank?

**THE MERCHANTS BANK**  
OF CANADA  
Head Office: Montreal  
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The amount of REAL FOOD in a QUART OF MILK is not appreciated by mothers as it should be.

Good Milk, clean Milk is essential to all young people.

Get PRICE'S MILK in bottles at 14c. per quart.  
PHONE 845.

Price's Dairy

**It Is Not Enough**

to have the bowels move. It is more important to persuade liver, kidneys, skin, and bowels to act in harmony and against self-poisoning. BEECHAM'S PILLS act favorably upon all organs concerned in food-digestion and waste-elimination; they remove causes as well as relieve symptoms.

**BEECHAM'S PILLS**

Worth a Guinea a box.

Sold everywhere in Canada. In boxes, 25c., 50c.

**Victory Shoe  
Store**

Everything that's new in FOOTWEAR.  
The Store Where Dollars Bring Their Value.

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**Show Me, Angela!**

By BARBARA KERR

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She was such an alluring bit of femininity. Her dark brown hair was beautifully marcelled—not that she had spent twenty-five perfectly good dollars and had the job done, that is permanently waved at one sitting, but she was a twice-a-week customer at Miss Perwig's, and as this was one of the bi-weekly days and she knew that it was thoroughly and efficiently done.

She knew that the two curly little horns, one over each ear, were just so, and were skewered into place with her numerous invisible hairpins; that her hair was roached back with a most bewitching "cowlick" at the most becoming angle of her forehead, and that her "widow's peak" was pointed precisely over the left eyebrow. Therefore by and because of all these signs her coil was the last word.

Her complexion was arrived at by the benzoic method. It was now seven months and twenty-one days since water had touched her face. Her make-up box took up the whole end of a clothes closet, and her bills for cosmetics, creams and other beautifiers were greater than those of her father for clothes.

But her devoted parents had no fault to find with Angela's tout ensemble, nor the cost thereof, for she was vastly easy for all to look upon, and a finished feast for the tired eyes of indulgent parents.

And to all this Angela Burton was wise. She had capitalized her appearance and knew it. More than once it had brought her what she desired. But now, and it was a fearful, almost terrifying moment, Tommy Hampton, her old sweetheart, who had always stood so in awe of her, was returned from France, and in their first minutes he was saying to her:

"No use, Angie! You've got to show me something besides good looks—You're a peacherino, all right, all right, but I've been around some—I've seen all kinds of girls—and the girl that interests me now is the girl with the goods—and not dry goods, either—"

"Oh, I suppose that Lieutenant Hampton is going to marry money!" retorted Angela scornfully.

"No!" thundered Tommy, "but if you don't, you'll soon be short of grease to run that complexion of yours."

She sprang to her feet in a rage.

"Now that was pretty coarse work, Angie, but it's the honest-to-God truth. I didn't start out to be a beast. I was only going to tell you that my ideas on what was inside our heads and not what we were painted up to look like. I've seen girls ragged, uncombed—yes, as savage as we were—who'd go with us to the gates of hell and kiss us, and cry over us when we came back. And they looked a good deal more like angels to me than you do, Angie, you and I are a century apart. I'm looking for a mate, not a piece of bric-a-brac for a corner whatnot. You won't do, Angie. You're just scenery—"

Clapping her hands over her ears Angela sped up the stairs and Tommy took his hat and left.

She was too angry for words. No one in the world had ever before told her she was utterly useless. In order to revive her self-respect and dry her tears with bits of absorbent cotton, she sat down before her mirror. Then her vitalizing sense of humor came to her rescue.

"So you're scenery, Angie?" she mumbled to her reflection. "Well, he didn't say you weren't interesting scenery—oh, no, but he said a lot!" Gazing at herself intently and after a moment's thought, "No, we'll not deface the scenery—it's all I'm traveling on, just now, but we'll show Mr. Hampton—"

Angela was nobody's fool. There were as many convolutions in the brain inside of her marcelled head as there were waves in her hair. Thoughtfully, preoccupiedly, she went through her closet, took down an old blue linen, put it on; then laid out on the bed a clean white collar and cuff set, put on a big apron and hurried to the phone.

"Yes, dad, I've some extra time on my hands, and if you want to bring out an old friend to dinner we'll set him up a nifty little handout. Any one you bring is all right," she assured her father. Then she repaired to the kitchen and told her mother what she had done, adding: "But it wouldn't be any more trouble to fix for two than one. Let's have Uncle Joab, too." And they called him. He was delighted.

Angela was more to him than merely an only sister's child. She was the charming replica of his mother, long since dead, whom he had idolized. So when Angie got him off by himself and helligly proposed to rent his farm he chuckled and with a wise little wink he asked:

"Are you the farmer, Angie, or is there a partner in the background?"

**How Sickly Women  
May Get Health**

If they could only be made to see that half their ills are caused by impure blood, it wouldn't take long to cure them with Dr. Hamilton's Pills, truly a wonderful medicine that invigorates, strengthens, renews, very tired, worn out, woman that rics Dr. Hamilton's Pills will improve rapidly, will have better color, increased appetite and better digestion.

No better rebuilding tonic can be found than Dr. Hamilton's Pills which are safe, mild and health giving. For forty years Dr. Hamilton's Pills have been America's most valued family medicine, 25c per box at all dealers.

"Now, uncle, haven't I been out there enough with you to know a lot about farming? Anyway, no one ever said I couldn't learn." Then, demurely, "Of course, I might take on a partner later. Who knows?"

And the dotting uncle agreed that she couldn't do worse than some of the tenants he'd had, and she might try, as the present renter was leaving.

"And," continued Angie, patting his cheek and straightening his tie, "I'll have some first-class advice on tap all the time, for I shall keep one room just for you, and whenever the side-walks begin to hurt your feet you'll have a place in the country where you can come and hibernate. Oh, we'll have loads of fun, Nunkie, see if we don't."

"But it's a hard life—country life is—for a woman," discouraged her uncle wistfully. "You'll have to part with some of your style and good looks."

"Well, even at that I'll not part with more than some of the girls who are living in flats, half starved, without chick or child—no room for even a pet cat. And those boarding-house women—why I can spot them as far as I can see them. I've thought it all out carefully, Uncle Joab, and I want to try—and you know—grandmother lived there and she was the prettiest woman in this country when she died. I knew you'd let me."

When everything was planned and almost ready Angela sent her mother to dress. "Now doll up a bit, mother, for my dad, your old steady, likes it." And she took off the big apron and put on the white collar and cuffs over her blue linen as became the daughter who was to serve.

Dad was more than pleased when Angela led him and his two old guests to talk of the olden times, how they started in life, what the girls did and the hardships of the mothers. The old men were charmed. They resented it when the bell rang and a messenger delivered a note to Angela, who slipped away to her own room to read it.

"Monday evening and lonesome."

"I needn't have been such a beast, Ann. I could have left if I did not like the artificial makeup. But somehow I can't be sorry, for it had to come out some time, sooner or later—guess I've become uncivilized. I'm headed for the up-country and when I get a beginning I'm going to ask some real, grownup, human girl to marry me. She'll not get an angel, as you know. S'pect you'll feel sorry for her. Will leave tomorrow at two." He started to write "love," but crossed it out and signed, "Respy, Tom."

After Angela had her cry out she went and washed her face with water, then indited her reply:

"Tuesday,  
Busy Day.

"Dear Mr. Hampton—Fine for you! I'm started on just such a career myself. Uncle Joab is going to let me manage his farm next year. I'll have to economize, for it will take lots of grease for complexion and other farm machinery. But I'm figuring to marry later on some competent young man to help run the farm. It will be much cheaper than hiring, but you needn't feel sorry for him, for I'll treat him white when he proves to me that he is a full-size man. And I shall not expect him to tell me how to comb my hair. Respy, A. BURTON."

The note was handed to Tom an hour before train time. He read it, grinned appreciatively, then on second reading laughed broadly. He felt that it should be answered at once.

"Dear Ann—Have you any one in view for that place? I might be persuaded to take it. Answer. TOM."

And she did, sending it to the station, where a rather disconsolate and crest-fallen Tommy was wondering whether Ann might relent.

He fairly snatched the note from the hand of the messenger, turned aside from the crowd and read:

"Dear Mr. Hampton:  
No. But I never persuade and pay too. You might bring around your recommendations from your last place, and we'll talk it over. Uncle Joab and I are going out to look over the farm at three. I might add, that I am disposed to give an old soldier preference over other applicants, all other things being equal. Respy, A. BURTON."

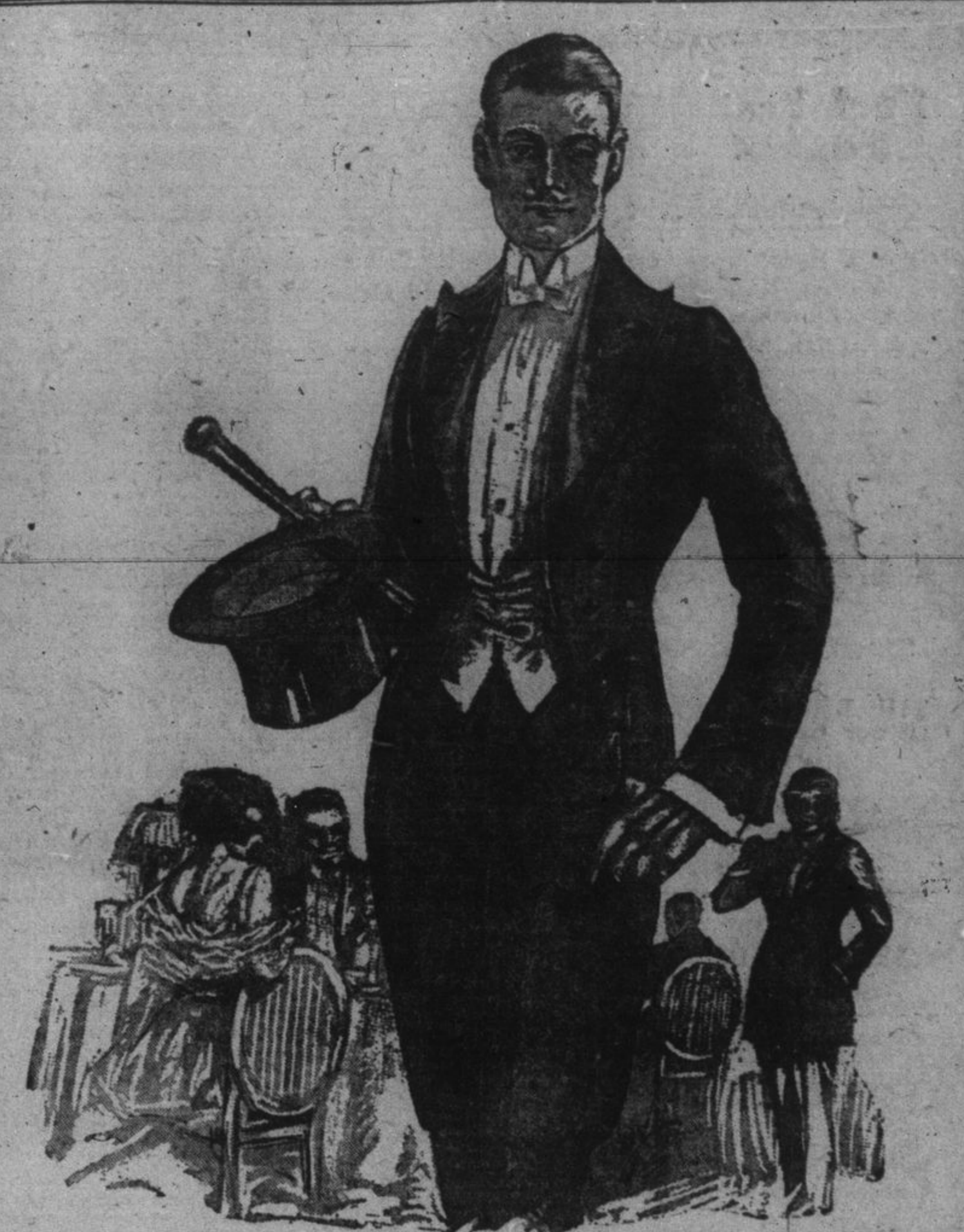
Tom dismissed the messenger, deciding to answer the note in person. He called at a jeweler's on the way and still arrived at Burton's in time to prove that he was qualified to fill the place, and to go with Angela and Uncle Joab out to look over the farm at three.

**New York's First Bank.**

The first bank in New York city, in point of age, is the Bank of New York in Wall street, which was organized 185 years ago. A number of prominent merchants and citizens met at the Merchants' coffee house and elected officers of the financial institution. Alexander Hamilton was the real founder of the Bank of New York, but Gen. Alexander McDougall was chosen as its first president. Hamilton drew up the constitution of the bank, which had its first headquarters in the Walton mansion. Both Hamilton and Aaron Burr were stockholders, and the former was a director for years. For many years after its organization the Bank of New York, with the Bank of North America in Philadelphia and the Bank of Massachusetts in Boston, held the entire banking capital of the United States. The Bank of New York has occupied its present site since 1798.

**Ancient Bell.**

At Holywell, North Wales, an ancient bell is preserved, formerly used to call people to church. A walking ringer was employed, who wore a leather strap round his neck, with a large, heavy bell attached to it, which rested on a cushion buckled over his knee. Thus equipped, he paraded the town, jingling his bell to summon the congregation.



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MY evening clothes are hand-tailored for men who want to be correct and not corrected.

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