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Small text describing Cuticura products and their availability.

Sunday Services in Churches

Calvary Congregational Church—Pound, Sailors' Missionary, at both Charles and Bagot streets. Services 11 a.m. and 7 p.m. Y. P. S. Monday, 8 p.m. Prayer meeting, Wednesday, 8 p.m. All are welcome. Rev. A. F. Brown, pastor.

Union Street Baptist Church—Corner Union and Collingwood streets—Rev. J. K. Fairful, pastor. Services 11 a.m. and 7 p.m. Sunday school and Bible classes 3 p.m. Everybody welcome.

St. Paul's—Canon Fitzgerald, M. A., T.C.D., rector. Morning prayer, 11 o'clock. Evening prayer, 7 o'clock. Holy Communion first Sunday in month at 11 a.m.; last Sunday in month at 8 a.m.

St. Luke's Church—Nelson street. Rev. J. de P. Wright, M.A., B.D., rector. 10th Sunday after Trinity. 11 a.m., Morning Prayer; 4 p.m., Holy Baptism; 7 p.m., evening prayer. Music, solo, Mrs. T. J. Morris.

The Gospel Hall—Princess street, near Barrie. The hour of the Sunday evening meeting has been changed to 7 o'clock when a Bible message will be given by Mrs. Carr-Harris. Subject, "The Sweetest Thing in the World." Prayer meeting, Wednesday, at 8 p.m.

Queen Street Methodist Church. Corner of Queen and Clergy streets—Rev. W. S. Lennon, B.A., B.D., pastor, 30 Colborne street. Services at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m. The pastor will preach at both services. Sunday School at 10 a.m. Seats free. Strangers welcome.

First Church of Christ, Scientist—Johnson street, between Bagot and Wellington streets—Sunday school at 9.45 a.m. Service 11 a.m.; subject "Spirit." Public reading room, same address, open every afternoon, except Sunday, 3 to 5 o'clock. All are cordially invited to the service and reading room.

Princess Street Methodist Church—Rev. J. A. Waddell, Minister. Services, 11 a.m. and 7 p.m. Geo. D.

St. James' Church—Cor. Union and Arch streets, T. W. Savary, rector, the rectory, 152 Barrie street. Tenth Sunday after Trinity. 8 a.m. Holy Communion; 11 a.m. morning Prayer and Litany. Sermon subject, "The Secret of a successful Voyage," 3 p.m. Sunday School; 7 p.m. Evening prayer and sermon. Sermon subject, "Lydia."

Bethel Congregational Church—Barrie and Johnson streets. Pastor, C. Patterson. 260 Division Street. 11 a.m. "The End of This Age." 7 p.m. "Rejoicing Among Angels." Sunday school 10 a.m.; prayer service, Wednesday, 8 p.m.; Junior League, Friday, 6.45 p.m.; Senior League, Friday 8 p.m. Everyone invited.

Sydenham Street Church, Methodist. Rev. T. G. Brown, minister. Services 11 a.m. and 7 p.m. Morning preacher, the minister; evening preacher, the Rev. J. C. Antill, D.D., of Montreal. Morning class at 9.45 a.m. Sunday school and Bible classes at 2.45 p.m. Prayer meeting, Wednesday, 8 p.m.

St. George's Cathedral—The Very Rev. G. Lothrop Starr, M.A., D.D., Dean and Rector, 78 Wellington St., Phone 2159. Rev. W. E. Kidd, M.A., M.C. Curate, 7 Wellington St., Phone 8699. 10th Sunday after Trinity. 8 a.m. Holy Communion. 9.30 a.m. Sunday School St. George's Missions. 10 a.m., Sunday School, Cathedral. 11 a.m., morning prayer, preacher, Rev. Canon F. D. Woodcock, 4 p.m. baptisms, 7 p.m., Evensong (1 hour). Preacher, Rev. W. E. Kidd.

Cathedral. 11.00 a.m. Missionary Prayer. Preacher, Rev. Canon F. D. Woodcock. 4 p.m. baptisms. 7 p.m., Evensong (1 hour). Preacher, Rev. W. E. Kidd.

It's Up to You if You're Going to Win.

BY THE REV. CHARLES STELZLE.

This isn't an appeal to cripples or to those who may have fallen by the wayside—those who are out of the game; it's written to the men and women who have ability and who know they have it, but who haven't quite hit their pace.

They're waiting for someone to come along and pick them up and place them where they're sure they belong.

But not many men have greatness thrust upon them—they achieve it because they get out and hustle for it.

The fact is, most of those who have it in their power to place "deserving" people are too busy to notice much outside of their own routine.

They are interested in people who have genius and talent but like most of the rest of us, they're looking elsewhere than right at home to find it.

So it's up to you to prove to them that you're above the average.

It is possible that you're plodding along, faithfully doing what you're given to do, will finally land you where you belong—although it may take a long time.

But if you actually have more than ordinary ability, you will have plenty of chances to prove it—and thus get there sooner.

I asked the official in charge of the finger-print department at police headquarters in New York how many men's finger impressions he had made.

"Three hundred thousand," he replied. "Did you ever find any two alike?"

"Never," he said, "and we never will."

There aren't any two of us exactly alike—not even in the small detail of finger-prints.

Nor are we alike mentally,

morally, or physically—excepting in broad outlines. We've often been told that what will cure one man may kill another.

We're individualists—every one. We haven't been run through any kind of a machine to make us look alike or talk alike.

A row of fence-posts placed alongside a road will remain the same for many years, or until they rot—because they are dead! But a row of trees planted in the same place will grow, and hence change, every day, because they are alive.

Even though we are alike, we could not possibly remain so. As our lives expand, our conception of all related subjects changes.

We do not believe about anything just what we believed about it ten years ago—provided that we are living and growing.

If we always believed just as we did, it's a sign that we're "dead" and the pity of it is we don't know it!

And here is just where your life's success or failure is determined.

If you are afraid of your own ideas and shrink from thinking about them or expressing them.

If you fall into the rut dug by mediocre men—

Then you will surely sink into a commonplace job and your life will be just ordinary, weak, colorless.

But if you have the courage to live your own life—to think your own thoughts, to look fearlessly into the face of the world, to remember that God created you as you are and that He expects you to make good in your own way—then you'll win out!

Let's say there are one hundred of you—each twenty-five years old. Where will you be at sixty-five? The statisticians have doled it out like this:

Thirty-six of you will be dead, five of you will be "rich".

Five of you will be supporting yourselves by "regular" work.

But fifty-four will be dependent on friends, relatives or charity.

The chances are ten to one that you'll be either dead or dependent.

This isn't a very cheerful outlook, is it?

But what are you doing to get ready for the time when you may be out of the game?

If you're just an ordinary man, it's dead certain that you're going to lose out.

The statistics are all against you. But you've got it in you to make the statisticians look like 30 cents—it's plainly up to you.

Here are several things you can do:

You may beat the law of averages by getting a mental equipment that will swing you "over the top"—that is, you can get an education that will pull you out of the common run of men.

You may have your life insured so that if you should live to be 65, there will be some money coming back to you that will carry you along comfortably.

You may save your spare cash—and a lot of it that you are spending for unnecessary things—so that you will have a bank account which will make you independent of your friends and of charity.

There's one thing that this group of statistics brings out—the great mass of men are very ordinary.

This should be encouraging to you, because it demonstrates that it does not require a superhuman effort to get above the level of the crowd.

Probably you feel that you never had a fair show. You think the boss "has it in" for you, some fellow is always working against you.

Too bad—but maybe they are more than half right.

They may not have been square

In the way they expressed their disapproval of you, but have you always given the other a square deal? Perhaps so—but here's a suggestion for you—quit coddling yourself—it never helped a man to think he was being terribly abused, whether he was right or wrong.

You are quite welcome to all notions that you can carry concerning social and economic reforms—I'll not quarrel with you about these. But won't you remember this: no matter what the coming social system may be, it will be the personal equation that will determine the place you are to occupy in the new order of things.

Fit yourself personally, to think clearly and definitely by cutting out every habit that befuddles your brain.

Then equip yourself, by hard study, even though it involves great sacrifice, to master your own job in all of its details, doing it better than it has ever been done before. For it's the chap who crowds his present job that is most likely to pick the bigger ones.

This sort of thing will count so long as the world shall last. It is the kind of competition that will never be driven out by any social system. It is fundamental in the law of human progress.

Yachting and Politics.

The Cowes regatta brings with it the reminder of a rather curious fact—one can recall the names of great statesmen who have been a devotee of yachting.

In all other sports there are many statesmen in the lists. Derby, Palmerston, and Lord Rosebery are among the "Premier" racing men; the front benches always contribute handsomely to the pavilion at Lord's in the great matches; Mr. Balfour has been a patron of Association, and the present Lord Chancellor and others of Rugby football. Golfing statesmen are innumerable, and the same is true of shooting statesmen, but has any statesman of the first rank achieved anything at Cowes?—London Chronicle.

Valuable Crowns in Vatican.

In the pope's treasure house are two crowns which are valued at several million dollars. One of them was the gift of Napoleon to Pius XII, and contains the largest emerald in the world. The other, the gift of Queen Isabel of Spain to Pius IX, is worth probably \$2,000,000.

Restored her to splendid glowing health. The lady who writes as above lives right in Ontario. She did not really know what her complaint was until a friend advised her to take a bottle of "Marlatt's Specific" for gall stones and appendicitis. It accomplished results she hadn't dared to hope for; what years of doctoring had failed to do.

You yourself are not in perfect health, are you; perhaps headaches or biliousness or even bowel trouble. Then you can't do better than try a bottle of "Marlatt's Specific." Recommendations from druggists and prominent people all over the Dominion verify the good principles of this medicine. Get a bottle today and get back that glowing health so cherished and attractive.

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GUILTY : : : : : By Juanita Hamel



There's always the question of who is to blame—or to whom the credit should go—when a heart is lost. The case is immeasurably complicated when not one but two are missing. For when only one is lost Cupid may be blamed. But when two are missing Cupid, himself, has to do in his judicial robes and pronounce the verdict with a frown as he gazes over the exhibits—labelled A and B—and sadly views the lovely face of the culprit he must sentence.

THE BANKRUPT SALE Of The Veteran Clothing Co.

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