



"Support the Constitution — With a daily pinch of Kruschen."

## Top of the Poll

He's in! In by a record majority! Everyone rallied round him. His vigorous policy of cheery health, bounding spirits, lighthearted vitality, and lively optimism for everyone, and his slogan, "Good Health for half a cent a day!" drew all parties to his banner.

Since the dear old boy first came to Canada, his popularity has increased by leaps and bounds. Millions have watched for his appearance all over the country, millions have profited by his inspiring example to join the happy, care-free army of Kruschen optimists. The habit, that he taught has

now become a National institution.

Every morning the cheery members of the Kruschen Army drop a pinch of Kruschen Salts into their breakfast cup of coffee or tea. It keeps them always jolly and healthy, bubbling over with life and spirits. The Kruschen habit halves their worries and doubles their joys.

Are you in the movement? If not, join yourself at once. Your own constitution is part and parcel of Canada's Constitution. Keep yourself fit and well, and you will do your duty by both.



Tasteless in Coffee or Tea

Put as much in your breakfast cup as will lie on a 10 cent piece. It's the little daily dimwit that does it.

# Kruschen Salts

### Good Health for Half a Cent a Day

A 75c bottle of Kruschen Salts contains 160 doses — nearly enough for six months — which means good health for less than half a cent a day. The dose prescribed for daily use is "as much as will lie on a 10 cent piece" taken in the breakfast cup of coffee or tea. Every druggist sells Kruschen. Get a bottle to-day, and start to-morrow.

SOLE IMPORTING AGENTS: CHARLES GYDE & SON, MONTREAL.

## CROSS-WORD PUZZLE

Number 67 horizontal means rich plum cakes. If you've ever eaten them you'll probably know their names.

**Horizontal.**

- Proceeding by degrees.
- Eighth part of a circle (pl.).
- To test food with mouth.
- To bring up.
- Within.
- Liquety.
- Eons.
- To exist.
- Matching dishes.
- Clattering snake.
- Sheltered.
- Composition for three.
- Closes the eyes of a hawk.
- To pant.
- All.
- Beam.
- Mallet.
- Graduated (as a series of bowls).
- To give.
- Genus of evergreen trees.
- Opposite of soft.
- Actually.
- Device for freeing garden of obnoxious plants.
- Tapestry.
- Bone in chest.
- To arrange cloth gracefully.
- Broad smile.
- Blackbird.
- To halt.
- Field.
- Shows.
- One in cards.
- Paid publicity.
- Partner.
- To allot.
- Exclamation of laughter.
- Tardier.
- Variety of corundum used for polishing.

**Vertical.**

- To sparkle.
- Preposition of place.
- To obstruct a stream.
- Employer.
- Volume of maps.
- Smallest part of a word.
- Verbally.
- Birds' prisons.
- Row on row.
- Similar to a donkey.
- Point of a compass.
- Church spire.
- Sinew which transmits sensation.
- To surround.
- Binds.
- To rip.
- Fluid rock.
- European bunting (bird).
- Male geese.
- Screams.
- Pierced.
- Twenty-four hours.
- Stimpleton.
- Kind of loose overcoat (pl.).
- Sinned.
- Melody.
- Metal string.
- Granted facts.
- Age.
- Says again.
- To venerate.
- Censures.
- Rhythm.
- Fragrant oleoresin.
- Polynesian chestnut.
- Stalk.
- Craw.
- Sea eagle.
- Sixth note in scale.
- You.

**REPLENISHMENT**  
 PLAIN BAKE M  
 RE WARE FATE PI  
 EWE RESPIRE SOS  
 SEAL SPELL BEAR  
 EPPOR VAN LOAF  
 N GOIL R LOAF P  
 I SEED G BETS E  
 HOANS ACC SEEPS  
 ELLS CLEAR DALE  
 NIT DAYHAN MEN  
 TO TEAS STOA AT  
 S HEAD TOTA S  
 CONFECTIONERS

Answer to Thursday's Crossword Puzzle.

was relieved by a cleft. She liked his hand that rested on the arm of the chair—a lean, bronzed hand with long square-tipped fingers, a hand one could cling to and trust, a hand that had a comforting and protecting touch.

Something—a sense of impending loss—suddenly stabbed Patricia. She was frightened by the sensation that swept over her.

To hide what she felt must be obvious, she rose quickly. "I must go in. I promised to help Madame de Marzel with a frock she's making. We'll see you again before you sail!"

He rose too and extended his hand, shaking his head.

"I think not. We're turning out nose to sea at five o'clock and I must go aboard very shortly. So—I'm afraid—this is goodbye."

She put her hand in his and smiled up at him and for all he could see she was the same quiet, poised, aloof young woman he had come to love during his sojourn at Madame de Marzel's villa.

"Goodbye," she said softly, "and good luck. It's always easier for the ones who go than for the ones who stay. You have new scenes, new experiences. We have only memories."

She left him and went, with her light, quick step to the veranda where Cartwright sat starting moodily at the sea. She stopped a moment and spoke to him and Patterson watched her, watched until the screen door closed after her.

At five o'clock, it was she who watched from her bedroom window and saw the Nastasia skimming the waves like a seagull, grow smaller and smaller in the distance—a little steaming fleck of white on a vast, blue, rolling sea.

(To be Continued)

A monument to Robert Fulton, inventor of the steam boat, is to be erected in a small French town where he conducted tests with a miniature steamboat in 1802.

Moving pictures have been successfully transmitted by wireless by means of a machine designed by an American inventor.

Dew is moisture from the air, from the ground and from plants. It is formed readily upon surfaces that radiate heat.

## HEARTS ADRIFT

By Mildred Barbour.

### ONE TURNS HOMEWARD.

"What are your plans?" Patterson asked Patricia. "Surely you are not going to remain here forever?"

His yacht was in the harbor, white, shining graceful, on the smooth blue of the sea. He was sailing that afternoon.

Patricia's eyes rested wistfully on the little boat. She was experiencing a keener nostalgia than any she had known since her voluntary exile at Madame de Marzel's villa. She wanted desperately to go home, to see the waterfront of New York, as the people aboard the Nastasia soon would see it.

But she answered Patterson's question with a shrug and said quietly:

"I have no plans. It's too late to go back now, since I have stuck it out so long. I can only wait and see what the future holds."

Despite her gallantry, Patterson sensed her wistfulness and the hopelessness that was in her heart. It touched him deeply.

"I shall be sorry to go," he said sincerely. "It's been very pleasant here. I think I've been happier than ever before in my life. Certainly, for the first time, I've lost the driving, impelling force which has made me one of Life's wanderers. For once, I wanted to stay put. The Marquise's villa here, the garden, the pleasant associations—and other things—have made me realize what a home could be and what life could mean with the right—" he was going to say "woman," but after a searching glance at Patricia's calm face, he substituted "people," and sighed.

"But it is we who shall miss you," Patricia said quickly. "You've been heaven-sent. I can't fancy existence here without you."

He bent toward her with an eagerness that startled her. "You really mean that?"

Her eyes opened wide before the intensity of his tone.

"Of course. As you have just said, it has been pleasant here, playing in the sunlight in the most beautiful spot in all the world. For the Riviera is beautiful. And the sea here is like no other sea. And can you ever forget the languor and fragrance of the air? If I spent the rest of my life in one of our cold, dirty northern cities with slush covered streets and biting winds whistling around the corner of hideous buildings, I could still shut my eyes and summon up the warm, perfumed beauty of the Riviera."

Patricia was a little amazed at her own eloquence. She wondered what curious instinct impelled her to the necessity for conversation with Patterson on this, his last day. She had a little panicky feeling that she must talk and talk, so that there might be no silences.

He had lost his look of eagerness while she spoke of the beauties of the Riviera. Thrusting his hands into his pockets and looking seaward where the Nastasia swung gently at anchor, he said rather moodily:

"I agree with you entirely. But since I've seen most of the lovely places in the universe, I must enlarge on your contention and claim that my stay on the Riviera hasn't been pleasant solely because the sea is blue and the sun bright and the air filled with the scent of flowers. I have found those same things, in greater or less degree, elsewhere. It's been my new friends who have held me here, and whom I shall leave reluctantly, even sadly."

Patricia nodded. She was dismayed to find herself trembling a little—for no reason that she could name.

She lifted her eyes to his strong profile etched against the soft, green background of the mimosa that sheltered their chairs from the afternoon sun. She liked his high, broad forehead with the dark hair waving smoothly back over level, steady brows. She liked the straight, well-chiselled nose, the firm, pleasant mouth, the chin whose strength

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