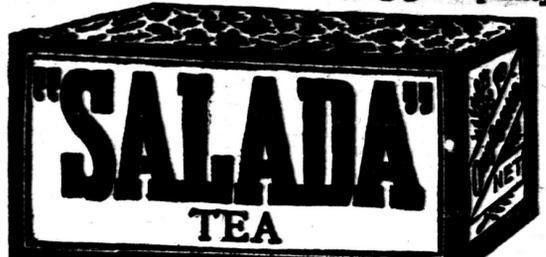


1910
WANTED
\$2.00 per day
Toronto, Ont.
GROWING
the path of
they are
the China
Spencer
and 11 per
free samples
at street east.
Pills
STANDARD
for wofically
pre-
worth. In
and per-
drug stores.
trap or buy
Canada's
dealer. Your
prices. You
are solicited.
and of ex-
charge; remit
to the
Shipping tags
TORONTO
Russia.
the needs of
of telegraphs
met solely
way's tall-
in suffi-
demands of
Sweden
tion, and
a valuable
1905 that
of the pre-
who visited
potes come
at feed the
in the
St. Mar-
APPEAL
with full
which
Cleveland,
omb, Pat-
and Over-
of Plumb,
the Head,
or troubles,
lar to our
at home at
My book,
also sent
Address,
ndor, Ont.
adminis-
in Vir-
"was
Ferguson,
he invited
given his
fits. The
ft-up.
ed. The
on the
inserted
mas gifts
admired.
cher and
as of cut
the past
de burn-
red last

"SALADA" is the same wherever or whenever you buy it—always of unvarying good quality.



Its native purity and garden freshness is perfectly preserved in sealed "SALADA" Packets.



Their horrible yell produced a magical effect upon the white, masked bandits. In less than a minute it takes to recount it, Joe had whipped up his horse and was plunging through their midst. They seemed for a time fairly paralyzed at the menacing danger which confronted them.

"Now, I guess you will have no objections to letting me pass," cried Joe, jerking the bridle from the leader's hand.

"Pass?" they all cried, in a breath. "Why, of course you will, but surely you will stop and take a hand with us in defending ourselves. A shot from your right hand might turn the tide of the skirmish in our favor if we are nearly equally numbered."

"I don't know why I should risk my life in your defense, for you would have taken mine a moment since without a scruple. But if you will hand me one of your rifles, a pistol, anything, I will wing as many redskins as I can, not for your sakes, particularly, but for my own," replied Joe, hurriedly.

There was no time for further words. A belt containing a brace of seven-shooters and cartridges was flung to him, and at that moment the redskins dashed into sight. For a moment they seemed fairly bewildered at the score or more of faces that loomed up before them, when they had expected to behold but one fleeing form. But they were equal to the occasion; the Pawnee is seldom or never taken at a disadvantage. Though surprised at the number of whites, they had no thought of shirking the fierce contest on that account.

The Indians seemed to have increased in numbers. There were fully fifty of them advancing like an avalanche upon the bandits from around the sharp bend in the road!

As they neared in sight, riding furiously, half a dozen abreast, the rifles of the desperate robbers made wild havoc among them.

In the midst of the whites they beheld their escaping captive, and with demoniac yells of fury their first arrows were pointed at him. But luckily their aim was so hurried, the flew haphazardly past him. The firearms of the bandits and the dexterity with which they use them gave them great advantage over the Pawnees, and in the terrific battle which ensued the latter were cut down like grass with the scythe.

In the midst of the carnage Joe thought it wisest and best for his own safety to make his escape as quickly as possible for the safety of Hadley depended upon his reaching there as quickly as possible and warning the villagers of their peril.

The excitement was at its height, both the bandits and the savages fighting like veritable demons for supremacy. No one seemed to notice Joe when he edged his horse further and further away from the centre of the conflict, dropping out of sight eventually behind a heavy clump of trees, which effectually shielded both himself and horse.

Turning quickly he galloped as swiftly as the noble little animal could carry him through the forest, heading for a point which opened out upon the main road, some three or four miles beyond.

The mad shouts, the firing and cursing, and the neighing of the terrified ponies of the Pawnees, effectually drowned the sound of his horse's galloping hoofs.

How would the skirmish end, Joe did not stop to consider the matter. They were both the enemies of the villagers. To his great anxiety, his pony began at last to show signs of the heavy strain to which he had been subjected. "I see that you must rest, poor fellow," murmured Joe, patting the glossy, arched neck, as he slid down from the animal's back.

Should he push onward and abandon

CHAPTER XXVI
It is not pleasant to leave our horse in a stall and go to bed, but I can only do my best, you will see, in the meantime, I am going to try and get some sleep, but I shall be troubled in my mind all about the thrilling experience through which our Norine was passing at that identical moment, and so near the spot where Joe was hiding in ambush from his foes.

When Norine had stolen away from the cottage her little heart was so torn with conflicting emotions that she scarcely heeded in which direction she turned her footsteps; nor did she heed the darkness of the night or the bitter cold. All she thought of was the handsome lover whom they said was false to her.

She would not believe it, though an angel cried it out from heaven trumpet-tongued; even now the fire of his impassioned love-making seemed to thrill and burn her heart, as each whispered word returned to her in vivid imagination.

"They say you are false, my love, but I'll still believe you true. It would kill me to doubt you, Clifford," she wailed, clutching her hands tightly over her heart.

She had not intended to take the path toward Barrison Hall. Indeed, she scarcely knew that she had wandered that far, until it suddenly loomed up before her. And oh, joy, joy, as she stood by the gate she saw the great oaken door swing open and the subject of her thoughts come down the walk.

Norine did not attempt to conceal herself. Indeed, she uttered a cry of delight, which came from the very depths of her poor, tortured little heart. Clifford Carlisle heard the sound and paused abruptly.

"Is that you, Norine?" he demanded, in a very annoyed tone of voice, as he attempted to peer through the darkness toward the spot from whence the sound proceeded.

"Yes," sobbed the girl, springing to his side, adling, as she caught his arm in the clasp of her trembling fingers: "Oh, how fortunate I am in seeing you, Clifford, dearest."

He shook off her hand roughly, exclaiming: "I see; you sent in the old man to tell me the story you had made up between you, because you found out that I had inherited a fortune. But it did not work. I am not a man to be coerced into anything that I do not choose to do—mark that, Norine. No doubt you have the old man somewhere behind you to hear what is taking place at this moment. If so, it is lucky for him that the darkness is shielding him. I am not a fellow to be trapped in that way, depend on it."

"Oh, Clifford, do not speak so unkindly to me, or I shall die," wailed Norine, wringing her hands. "Grandfather is not here. I did not send him here; I did not know he was coming here to seek you. I had kept everything a secret, as you desired me to do, and I betrayed my love for you to him to-night quite by chance. They were speaking ill of you, Clifford, and I could not bear it. It was like plunging a sharp knife through my heart, and I told them so."

An impatient impression broke from her companion's lips. "I will walk with you as far as the post office, where I am going to mail some letters, and you shall tell me what you mean," he said, taking her arm in a not very pleasant mood.

With faltering voice Norine told him truthfully just what had occurred. She expected him to vigorously rebuke her charge that he did not love her, but instead, to the girl's great astonishment, he broke into a snoring laugh—a laugh that made the blood run cold in her veins.

"Well, whatever comes of the affair, you have brought it on yourself, Norine," he declared. "It would now be a rather difficult matter to take you with me when I go East; the opportunities for getting off are so perilous."

"Not if we were married," she faltered, timidly, "and—ah—I will consent to marry you and go with you, Clifford."

He laughed a harsh, grating laugh, answering sneeringly: "I am sure I ought to be very much obliged to you for your kindly intentions, Norine, but the fact of the matter is, I cannot marry you under the terms of the will just yet, until I reach New York and transact some business that remains to be attended to there. Do you comprehend?"

"Oh, Clifford!" moaned the girl. "I cannot part from you; I should surely die! You cannot mean to send me away without marrying me, and—ah—telling me with you, as you have so often told me you would if I would consent to go with you, dear."

He bit his lip in vexation. He had been very careful not to use the word marriage in talking with Norine in the past; and now to hear her pin her faith to his promise of making her his wife annoyed him exceedingly, to say the least.

"You must listen and heed what I have to say, Norine," he replied, doggedly and evasively. "I cannot marry until I reach the East, as some one of full possession of this fortune. Now do you understand the position I am placed in? If you wish to go with me under these circumstances, well and good; if not, I must leave you behind me. I leave you free to make your own choice. I don't want you to ever have it to say that I ever persuaded you in this matter."

Norine was so much of a thoughtless, innocent child that she did not realize the drift of his carefully selected words.

CORNS CURED
GOLD IN NEW YORK.
Where it is Stored and How it is Used.

What ransom would a foreign foe whose ships of war had passed the guardian forts demand of New York City? "What a city to loot!" the Russian exclaimed as he looked, from a lofty window out over the million lights of London, and even more suggestive of such a thought is a view of New York with its thousand treasure chests.

New York is a great storehouse for gold—almost any day the vaults are guarding \$200,000,000 worth of the yellow metal—about one twenty-fifth of all the gold in existence, and the total amount in the city, including private holdings, has risen as high as \$300,000,000, or more than the world's production in a year.

The bulk of the gold is held by the sub-treasury and by the New York clearing house, and in the form of bars in the assay office. The clearing house has on hand usually about \$125,000,000, and the sub-treasury \$50,000,000, while the value of the bars in the assay office may be much more or much less than \$50,000,000.

At the clearing house is stored all the surplus gold belonging to the banks composing the association, and the amount, of course, fluctuates, but at all times the great chest is well lined.

The great box which contains the gold at the clearing house is said to be the best and safest vault in the world, surpassing in safety the vaults of the treasury at Washington and those of the bank of England. It is located somewhat lower than the sidewalk, and is 25 by 20 feet in size, with a 12-foot ceiling. The top, bottom and sides are 6 1/4 inches thick, and made of chrome steel plates, each plate being 3-16 inch thick, so tempered as to be almost diamond hardness, and so bolted together as to "break joints" at every point.

With the finest tools it would require a man twenty-four hours of the hardest kind of work to make a small hole in the floor, or top. However, the gold would probably be safe enough if in a wooden box.

The treasure chest is placed in a large chamber, 40 by 50 feet in size, and 20 feet high, which is at all times brilliantly lighted. The treasure chest does not touch the walls or floor, but is supported in the centre of the chamber on four solid masonry piers that rest on bedrock. These piers raise the great box 6 feet 6 inches from the floor, so that the watchman who is constantly on duty can walk not only around but under the chest, and it is, of course, impossible for cracksmen to get at the book by means of a tunnel. In addition to all of which the treasure chest is surrounded by a grill made from two-inch bars of finely tempered steel.

STOCKING DYE CAUSED POISON.
A case at Kingston shows vividly the danger of neglecting to apply Zam-Buk to a cut or a sore. Mrs. R. Harrison, living in Place d'Armes, while attending to her household duties, struck her ankle against a sharp objection on the furniture. She took no notice of the injury, deeming it trivial. In a day or two the ankle began to swell and cause excruciating pain. A doctor, called in, found that oozing from her stocking had entered the wound and set up blood poison. Treatment with Zam-Buk followed, but it was several days before the limb was out of danger. "Had it not been for the powerful antiseptic properties of Zam-Buk and its exceptional healing virtues, the wound might have had a very serious result," says Mrs. Harrison. "But I believe it had applied Zam-Buk at the time of the injury, it would have prevented the blood-poisoning altogether."

I NEVER LEARNED TO PLAY THE CLARINET.
PRINTERS, COMPOSITORS AND pressmen, and machinists—At once, who are clarinet players; to locate in good town. Address Bandmaster, Red Oak, Iowa.—Tribune adlet.

I played the devil early in my time; Played jokes upon the "comps" of other days; I inked the office towel when its grime became immortalized in liting legs; Set type along the trail of Westward Ho.

Playing each free lunch counter that I met; As journeyman I played the rambling bo— But never learned to play the clarinet.

When "points" replaced bourgeois and minion lean, And linotype supplanted stick and rule, I played sonatas on the new machine, I sang a keyboard as a printing tool, I played the country weeklies, Dana's Sun;

The Arizona Kicker's type I've set, I've played a Gordon, played a Washington— But never learned to play the clarinet.

I've had my pleasant hour with Eugene Field; Dave Henderson was not too proud to treat; A dime or two Ben King would always yield.

I've stuck type on Hy Grady's southern sheet; Marse Henry's awful copy I have set; Medill would smile the old tramp print to greet— And yet I never learned the clarinet.

Soon will I cease to hear the click of type, Or falling matrix in the type machine. My years are full, the time will soon be ripe To send this first edition from the scene.

In the print shop St. Peter keeps on high Some music all must play or be reset; And so, before my form begins to pi, I'll learn to operate a clarinet.

A FORM OF POPULARITY.
(Washington Star.)
"My husband is one of the most popular men in his club," said young Mrs. Torkins, proudly.
"I'm sorry to hear that," replied Miss Cayenne. "It indicates that he never wins."

Starvation Amid Plenty
Not Uncommon To-day—The Reason is Explained.

"For a period last summer the thought of food excited feelings of nausea," writes Mrs. C. A. D., of Bloomington. "The heat had made me listless and the distaste for food reduced me to a condition of semi-starvation and brought me to the verge of nervous collapse. Tonics were useless to restore an active desire for food. The doctors told me my liver and kidneys were both at fault, but the medicines they gave me were too severe and reduced my strength so that I had to abandon them. At the suggestion of a friend who had been cured of blood and skin trouble, I began the use of Dr. Hamilton's Pills. The difference I first noticed was, that while they cleansed the system, instead of feeling weaker I felt better after taking them. Indeed their activity was so mild it was easy to forget I had taken them at all; they seemed to go right to the liver, and in a very brief time not only did all source of nausea disappear but I began to crave food and I digested it reasonably well. Then I began to put on weight until within three months I was brought to a condition of good health. I urge Dr. Hamilton's Pills for all who are in poor health."

Get this best of all medicines to-day and refuse a substitute for Dr. Hamilton's Pills of Mandrake and Butternut. Look for the yellow boxes. Sold by all dealers, or the Cattaraugus Co., Kingston, Canada, at 25c per box.

THE VIVAPHONE.
Living Speaking Pictures of Politicians.

One of the features of the campaign is the display on the bioscope of politicians making speeches while their actual words are delivered by a gramophone.

An exhibition was given on Wednesday by the Hepworth Manufacturing Company in a hall in the Strand. Strangely lifelike effects were produced. On a screen appeared the picture of Mr. F. E. Smith. He began speaking, and his words appeared to come from the picture itself. His head was thrust forward in emphasis, anger and scorn crept into his tone, and his hand was raised to hammer in his argument. After Mr. F. E. Smith came Mr. Bonar Law, with calm, earnest, determined face, putting forth his lucid and deliberate arguments with that paucity of gesture which is his distinguishing trait in the House of Commons. It was interesting to see the expression creep into his face as he came to a point on which he felt particularly warmly interested, too, to hear his voice deepen at the same point.

The name of the instrument which produces these wonderful results by synchronising voice and picture is the vivaphone. The talking machine is the telephone kept up its persistent clamour.

Odd Facts About the North Pole.
At the North Pole all meridians meet and every direction is south. So the fixed meridian upon which the determination of longitude and time depends is lacking, and it is necessary to assume an arbitrary direction as the meridian. A parallel of latitude is reduced to a single point and longitude entirely vanishes. Time also vanishes, for it is always local noon. All winds blowing over the pole blow from the south and also toward the south at the same time. The magnetic needle points due south. The stars do not rise and set, but describe a circle around the horizon.

The north star is not directly overhead, but describes a circle four and one half times as broad as the sun's face. If a man should walk westward on a parallel of latitude, and one-half mile from the pole at the rate of one mile an hour, he would be traveling west at the same velocity with which that part of the earth is going west. So he would not be moving at all, but would be treading the earth under his feet in the same way that a dog walks on a rolling barrel.

The auroras shed their mysterious radiance over the long polar nights. The phenomena of auroras extend through a zone the centre of which is near the magnetic pole, but the maximum effect is observed at a considerable distance from this pole. Inside this belt of maximum effect auroras are seen to radiate from points both north and south of the zenith, but at places outside the belt they stream only from the north.

There appears to be an intimate relation between the distribution of aurora and that of barometric pressure in the polar regions. To science the discovery of the pole is of great importance. A knowledge of the ocean depth, winds and temperature at the pole are of the greatest value in geography and meteorology.

Some Causes of Failure.
Long years of experience have demonstrated to the seekers after the underlying causes of business failure the fact that, generally speaking, four-fifths of all failures are due to faults inherent in the person, while about one-fifth are due to causes outside and beyond his own control. This proportion varies slightly in some years of stress, but on the whole the percentages are so constant that in themselves they constitute a virtual guarantee of statistical accuracy. Under the head of faults due to the subject himself the following causes are grouped by Bradstreet's:

Incompetence (irrespective of other causes).
Inexperience (with other income tax).
Lack of capital.
Unwise granting of credits.
Speculation (outside regular business).
Neglect of business (due to doubtful habits).
Personal extravagance.
Fraudulent disposition of property.

On the other hand, the following causes are classed as not proceeding from the faults of those failing:
Specific conditions (disaster, panic, etc.).
Failures of others (of apparently solvent debtors).
Competition.

When Jack Frost wants to become an aviator he merely takes the form of an inch.

MADE IN CANADA
ROYAL YEAST CAKES
Most Perfect Made
SOLD AND USED EVERYWHERE
E. W. GILLETT CO. LTD.
TORONTO, ONT.

Free! 14 Karats Solid Gold Shell Rings
We will give you your choice of one of these beautiful rings, guaranteed 14 karats, set with a diamond, sapphire, emerald, or ruby, engraved, or set with elegant simulated stones. The rings are made of the finest gold, and are set with the most beautiful stones. The price is only \$1.00. Write for details to E. W. Gillett Co., Ltd., Toronto, Ont.

Municipal Wages in Nottingham.
Night watchmen about the city property receive 3 shillings (75 cents) for 12 hours, equivalent to 6 cents an hour. Some other city workmen get 4 pence (10 cents) an hour. Street laborers receive 5 1/2 pence (10 to 11 cents) an hour, laborers for the waterworks 10 cents, and those in other departments 10 1/2 to 12 cents an hour.
Street car conductors are paid no more than laborers till they have served two years, when they receive the maximum rate of 12 cents an hour. Motormen are paid a shade more.
Of the policemen, 45 out of 320 receive less than 12 cents an hour in cash, but an allowance for boots and uniform and an allowance from a fund for their benefit slightly advances their hourly compensation. The pay of the police force works out a week at \$6.25 to \$9 a week for seven days' work, with 21 days' vacation each year.—Daily Courier and Trade Reporter.