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READ THE LABEL

FOR THE PROTECTION OF THE CONSUMER THE INGREDIENTS ARE PLAINLY PRINTED ON THE LABEL. IT IS THE ONLY WELL-KNOWN MEDIUM-PRICED BAKING POWDER MADE IN CANADA THAT DOES NOT CONTAIN ALUM AND WHICH HAS ALL THE INGREDIENTS PLAINLY STATED ON THE LABEL.

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ALUM IS SOMETIMES REFERRED TO AS SULPHATE OF ALUMINA OR SODIC ALUMINIC SULPHATE. THE PUBLIC SHOULD NOT BE MISLED BY THESE TECHNICAL NAMES.

E. W. GILLETT COMPANY LIMITED
WINNIPEG TORONTO, ONT. MONTREAL

WOOED UNDER FIRE

"I mean Miss Winchester. The count is infatuated with the California beauty. He has failed to win her by fair means, and I suppose now intends to try something else. Whether it is his object to hold her here until she promises to marry him or for a ransom I cannot say. It is enough that our lady friend is in danger and must look to us for protection."

"And she shall have it, even if I am compelled to cut down the number of the prince's crew by a round dozen. She is an American girl, travelling in a foreign country, and as such we are bound to peril our lives, if need be, to protect her against such rogues as this select company appears to be."

Sam speaks quietly, but earnestly; he is not the man to boast, but there is that in his voice to proclaim his intention. He means to do exactly what he says, and the two conspirators will have to look out for equalls.

"Then our motto is to watch and this isolated castle, and such things as would naturally come up. Altogether they seem a sociable party, though if one watched carefully, he would see a number of little things that indicate a peculiar state—straws that show which way the current flows; and these small matters give indications of the unnatural state of affairs beneath the surface of the stream.

The count never addresses a remark to Baron Sam, though speaking to the Canadian athlete. More than once, while Sam is speaking, his eyes fall upon the Americans, and to see the black frown that marks the count's physiognomy, one would not have much difficulty in guessing that the Italian has not forgotten.

[illegible] nothing to hoodwink us. game will soon be played for en[illegible] for us to catch on. Meanwhile, let them suspect that we know." [illegible] join the others, and appear to [illegible] home, and entirely unaware [illegible] adequate the [illegible] question [illegible] concerning the twain, his lonely life in [illegible]

How could he when with even the slightest movement of the arm he feels a twinge of pain that almost forces a groan from between his set teeth, and these suffering acute anguish, hears the hated voice of the man who has caused him to assume the role of a wounded warrior.

Italians have good memories—they forget not either a good deed or a grievance, and are celebrated for being remarkable haters, equal to the Spaniards or Corsicans.

Time time passes, and as the hour grows later the ladies show evidences of some fatigue; so that at any moment they may be expected to express a wish to retire.

Sam Buxton has made up his mind to take Aileen into the secret. With an ordinary girl he would have much doubt as to the propriety of such a thing, for the chances are she would become nervous and betray him, but Aileen is much different from the general run of girls—her early life in the mines with her father developed sterling traits of independent character that can be relied upon to carry her through a crisis.

So Sam touches her arm and says:

"Would you mind walking with me for a few minutes, Miss Aileen—I have something I desire to say to you—of the gravest importance."

The two Italians chanced to be engaged for the moment with Miss Dorothy, who is endeavoring to prove that her ancestors must have come over with Columbus. So Aileen, seizing the opportunity, turns and walks with the American down the hall—she accepts his arm, in order the better to insure them against interruption while they converse.

Sam's first move is to warn her against betraying emotion, and having thus steeled her nerves, he gradually leads to the subject, telling her of the startling discovery they have made, and what the consequences may be unless they combine to outwit the foe.

She takes it even better than he expected, and by no sign betrays emotion. Even when she speaks her voice is calm. Sam admires her more than ever—truly, she is a girl among a thousand.

"It is a strange question to ask, Miss Aileen," he says, finally, when all has been told, "but of considerable importance—are you armed?"

To diffuse a fragrant odor, drop a little oil of sandalwood on a hot shovel to secure a most agreeable balsamic perfume throughout the room

Charity may begin at home, but you frequently find it out when you call.

She gives a gurgling little laugh, that sounds like water bubbling over the rocks in a shady mountain dell—it pleases him to hear it, and he believes he could sit and listen to that sound for ages.

"Perhaps the answer may be still more strange, but remember my youth, and the peculiar manner in which I was brought up. Yes, I have always been in the habit of carrying a small revolver about my person."

"And I warrant you can use it, too."

"My father was my teacher, and he was the best shot in the mines. I can do justice to his lessons, I believe," she replies, modestly.

Sam glows with pleasure. Here is a girl after his own heart. He has little esteem for those weakly creatures who faint at the sight of a spider. He adores independence and capacity for taking care of one's self, and the scarcity of these qualities among the other sex has kept him a bachelor so long.

He gives her directions how to manage under certain conditions, and she repeats his words in a calm way that shows she understands.

The American is satisfied with his work, and feels that there is a good chance while all of them pull together. It cheers him to know that Aileen believes in him, and trusts him.

Unconsciously this California girl is growing very dear to Sam Buxton. Perhaps he may yet be another moth fluttering around the candle, to have his wings singed; yet this man is usually in the habit of winning when he takes a hand in a game; and the same kind fortune which has sent him to save Aileen Winchester, in the blizzard on Mount Blanc, may design that she shall draw the prize in the lottery.

He has kept her away from the others long enough, and can see the Italian looking toward him with dark frowns. Not because he fears their ill-humor, but from policy, Sam Buxton now cracks jokes, and has Aileen laughing. Then they stroll in the direction of the others and rejoin them.

It has reached the hour when it is natural that they should think of retiring. This is the critical time, since the gentlemen must be separated from the ladies, and it is then that the evil plans of the Italian will be put into execution. Sam has endeavored to provide for this in his talk with Aileen.

The young girl will protest against being led to any remote part of the castle—her sleeping-room must be near that of the countrymen whom she looks upon in the light of protectors.

In his courtly way the count finally declares that the others must be tired, and that his friend, the prince, will be glad to show the ladies to the best room the castle affords, a chamber in which kings have slept.

This tickles Miss Dorothy—it touches her heart; to sleep in a bed that royalty has occupied, even if it be a but a wreck, will give her exquisite pleasure. She opens her mouth to exclaim in rapture how eagerly she accepts, then elevates her hands in holy horror upon hearing Aileen respectully but firmly decline the honor.

"You will pardon us, prince, for appearing rude, but we are in a strange place, and do not wish to be far separated from our countrymen. If you have ever travelled in the States you would appreciate the feeling one has for those of her native land. We cannot be separated from our protectors."

"But," ejaculates the nettled prince, who seems to understand English and speak it fairly well, "you are under my roof—the honor of an Italian nobleman will be a guarantee for your safety, signorina."

"Over in our country, prince, we care nothing for titles—it is the man we look at. You are very kind, and I thank you, but I am determined not to be separated from our fellow-countrymen."

She says it in such a firm way that the owner of the castle is dismayed. Plainly, he is not used to having a girl twist him around her finger. He turns toward the count.

That worthy speaks some words in a low tone, as though mastering the difficulty, being keener of mind than the prince. The latter finally smiles again, and turns to Aileen, assuring her that he has no wish to separate the ladies from their protectors—that there is a room opening into the hall which they can use, if they wish, but it is not to be compared to the state room where royalty had been entertained. As for the gentlemen, cots will be spread for them in the great hall. Will this arrangement suit? It is the best he can devise.

Aileen glances toward Sam, as though asking whether this arrangement meets his approval, and upon receiving a nod in the affirmative, thanks the prince cordially, accepting the situation.

The two Italians are quite put out, and their faces show the fact. Some neatly contrived plan has been entirely disarranged, and they must scheme anew. The game is still young, however, and there is plenty of time.

As for Aunt Dorothy, she is secretly indignant at the seemingly cruel treatment of the nobleman, but is accustomed to the queer ways of her independent niece, so that she holds her peace, only rolling her eyes with despair, and shrugging her shoulders in a way that would be a credit to a French madam. She wants the dear prince and the Apollo of a count to understand that this is none of her doing—that she does not hold herself responsible for the vagaries of the independent young woman who has a fortune back of her amounting to millions. If it were left with Miss Dorothy, they would see how eagerly she would accept the honor Aileen coolly declines. It is evident that the Puritan spinster has been greatly taken by the prince—she may even be indulging in some sweet, maidenly thoughts on the subject of a princess—who knows?

The new situation renders necessary a rearrangement of the Italians' plans. They withdraw to consult. The prince orders his retains about like dogs. Some of them run this way, others that, until the scene is laughable in its confusion.

Evidently the apartment now offered to the ladies is the prince's own, and he is desirous of changing a careless old bachelor's room to one fit for the presence of ladies.

Our friends smile at the confusion, all but Miss Dorothy, who endeavors to sympathize with the prince, and looks another way as the different traps are carried out of the bachelor den.

The prince apologizes, and laughs with the rest to hide his confusion. By degrees order is restored out of chaos. A couple of cots are made up in the great dining-hall of the castle, which will serve Sam and his friend fairly well.

This looks like business, but the gentlemen are not at all deceived—they know that mischief is intended, and are not likely to be caught napping.

"All is ready, signorina," says the prince, bowing to Miss Dorothy. "You will pardon me if things are not what they should be. The lack of womanly hands about our castle is painfully evident at times."

"That is true, prince. No house can be well kept without a mistress. A princess here would transform this place to a delightful residence"; with which sly remark Miss Dorothy follows Aileen, who has said good-night to the gentlemen, and entered the apartment.

CHAPTER VIII.

"Make a note of that door," says Sam Buxton, in an undertone to his comrade.

"I did that just as soon as they entered," returns the other, "like the girl in the 'Forty Thieves.' I looked for a red chalk mark to identify it, and sure enough it was there, or something that answered as well. Notice the jamb, my boy, and you will see there is a piece missing. Remember that fact, and make it tell later."

They take it very coolly, these comrades true, and yet the danger is of no trifling nature—it hangs over their heads and shows a grim front that would discourage many men of iron nerve. It can be set down for certain that the Italians intend mischief, that they have plotted to bring about this very state of affairs, and except to accomplish their end. What this means can be easily guessed—the count will win a bride and get rid of a rival he hates worse than poison.

This, if our friends do not take the bits in their teeth, and run away with the whole outfit, a feat they are quite likely to perform.

The count is disinclined to count to Baron Sam, but of course the prince plays his part of a polite host with some skill. He is a good actor, and doubtless hopes to keep the foreigners from suspecting their peril.

All have gone from the dining hall but these four, and even the count, saying good-night to one, while he plainly ignores the other, vanishes from the scene. The prince likes not the idea of being left alone with two men whom he plots to destroy, and prettily makes an excuse for leaving them alone.

"If you want anything, signors, here is a bell—pull this cord, and a servant will appear. My castle and its attendants are at your service."

Very polite words these, but they come from a mouth that can speak double, and our friends do not believe them.

They have laid their plans to outwit the enemy, and if constant vigilance, brave hearts, and reliance upon their powers can accomplish such a happy result, they must succeed.

The great hall now looks gloomy, with only one light burning. It is a ghostly place at best, and under such conditions appears doubly so.

"Now comes the tug of war, Dud. We must be on the watch every minute from now until morning, if we ever hope to see Turin or Rome."

"How do you expect the attack to come?" asks the Canadian, in a matter-of-fact tone, as though speaking of some ordinary affair.

"I can't even give a guess, but we must be ready for any extraordinary business. There can be no doubt that they mean to murder us while we sleep, and when the affair once begins we must not be tender-hearted in our treatment of the rascals. They appear to be the scum of society, anyhow, and if fate sends them to an early death, the world will be none the loser."

"For my part," declares Dudley, with a look on his face that speaks of determination, "I mean to make my lead count. I am not concerned so much for Dudley McLane as for the young lady whom the fortune of circumstances has placed in our charge. We are bound to see her through this trouble— our credit as gentlemen is involved, and these rascally Italians will find to their cost that they cannot trifle with a subject of the Queen or Uncle Sam with impunity."

Their accommodations are not of the best, but if in the house of a friend they could make out with comfort.

Both are tired, and would be pleased to obtain rest, but men on duty cannot always do just what would be most pleasant for them. It is resolved to deceive their enemies. This can only be accomplished by making out that they are in the land of dreams.

So they arrange the cots to suit the circumstances of the case. Sam lies down first, his face in the direction of that door. Dudley is up a little longer, desiring to consume as much time as possible without arousing suspicions. The sooner morning comes the better they will be pleased.

At last all is ready. A lamp has been left to them, and this the Canadian places so that its rays will not shine in their eyes. His design is to keep their cots in the dark, while the door that is the object of their watchfulness remains under the light; and this policy Dudley has succeeded in carrying out admirably.

Silence rests upon the Italian castle. Considering that it shelters so many souls, this is rather a surprising circumstance.

Time passes, and midnight soon comes. A clock of antique make, which stands at one end of the great hall, and has called forth exclamations of delight from the Canadian, strikes the hour that has always been considered the most solemn of the twenty-four. It is then that graveyards are believed to yawn and graves give up their dead. More people die at this time than at any other, for human vitality runs lowest when the sun is at the extreme limit of his figurative circuit.

Both travelers watch, but it is with only a tremendous effort that they succeed in conquering the minions of sleep. A more difficult task than to remain awake, when all the senses long to be soothed in slumber, it never given to man.

As yet they have seen and heard nothing that is suspicious, but the time is at hand when the Italians will begin operations.

A man enters the hall—they can see him plainly. It is one of the attendants belonging to the castle.

He enters without any display of caution, but for all that it can be seen seen that he makes no unnecessary noise. Bending down, he arranges something at the lower table, then passes on to the one above. Sam and the Canadian breathe regularly just as men sound asleep would do. Now the man raises his head to listen—he even glances sharply in their direction, though this latter move will avail him little, thanks to their precaution in seeking the shadow.

Their eyes watch his every movement, for it is easy to believe that this man has been sent forward to note their condition and report. Upon his decision will surely rest the subsequent moves.

He is satisfied that all is well. They even catch the exclamation that drops softly from his lips, and as the light shines on his dark face it betrays such a revengeful expression that Baron Sam grasps his revolver more tightly, beliving the man is about to spring upon them.

In this he is mistaken, for the fellow turns and makes some sort of pantomime signal, after which he moves away.

Two pairs of eyes follow his action, for the guests of Prince Rubini are convinced that their enemies are about to act. The man is no longer alone, since several others of a stripe similar to his own have come from some hiding place, and joined him.

Sam can just reach his foot and touch his companion's arm he receives a responsive touch that gives solid satisfaction since it assures him of Dudley's watchfulness.

Evidently something is about to happen. The count believes his hour for revenge has come, and means to wipe out the past score in a way that must satisfy his Italian nature.

Two can play at such a game, however, and it will not be long ere some one must be surprised. Neither the count nor his noble friend has made an appearance on the scene, though our friends are convinced that the two leading spirits must be close at hand, superintending matters.

Perhaps they understand that considerable danger must attach to such a business. These foreigners have shown a capacity for resistance far above the normal, and in case one of them should free his arms it is more than likely some one will get hurt. Hence, the two noblemen are wise in remaining in concealment at this stage of the game. It will be better to appear on the scene when the men are held fast and rendered incapable of mischief.

Ah! the crisis has come.

Receiving some sort of signal from a source unseen by the American and his friend, the Italians seem to divide their forces. Most of them advance upon the apparently slumbering foreigners, while a couple creep in the direction of the door which has for an hour and more been an object of such keen vigilance to our friends on duty—the door, back of which lie the two whom they are resolved to protect at any hazard.

(To be Continued.)

BIG CRACKS ON HAND AND FINGERS

Eczema for Three Years. Broke Out on Head in Scales. Itched and Burned Badly. Cuticura Soap and Ointment Cured.

Lyons Brook, N. S.—"I suffered with eczema for three years. It started on my hands first in sores between my fingers and all over the palms of my hand and fingers were big cracks. Then it broke out on my head in scales. It itched and burned so badly I could not sleep. It was so itching and burning that I scratched and made sores and my hair came out awfully bad. I did not know what it was.

"I was treated for a long time and it did not do any good. I gave up my work for a month but as soon as I started doing my house-work again my hands got just as bad as ever. I used two bottles of ——— and it did not do any good. One day I read about Cuticura Soap and Ointment and decided to try them. I sent for a sample and I used them till I saw it stopped the itching and burning, so I got three cakes of Cuticura Soap and a box of Cuticura Ointment and that cured me." (Signed) Mrs. P. J. McKearney, May 27, 1912.

Not only are Cuticura Soap and Ointment most valuable in the treatment of eczemas and other distressing eruptions of skin and scalp, but no other emollients do so much for pimples, blackheads, red, rough skins, itching, scaly scalps, dandruff, dry, thin and falling hair, chapped hands and shapeless nails, nor do it so economically. Sold by druggists and dealers everywhere. For a liberal free sample of each, with 32-p. book, send post-card to Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Dept. D, Boston, U. S. A.

USEFUL BRUSH HOLDER

Enables Painter to Reach Long Distance and Save Ladder.

ADJUSTS TO ANY ANGLE.

Painters, janitors, porters, housemaids and heads of families who like to do the painting themselves will find the extension brush holder invented by an Illinois man a most convenient article. It will enable them to reach points that otherwise could be reached only by means of a ladder or by more or less dangerous climbing and will thus not only save the user trouble, but will eliminate an element of danger. A metal head is made to fit over the end of the pole which can be as long as is needed for the work to be done. The upper part of the head has a hinged-holding device in which the handle of the brush is placed and held firm by a thumb screw. This holding portion is also hinged to the lower part of the head and adjustable upon it, so that it may be turned at any angle at which it is desired to use the brush and held there by screw.

Asthma Can Be Cured

Mr. Munro Gunn says Catarrhozone cured him after six years of indescribable suffering.

Six Mile Brook, N. S., Dec. 1—For many years Mr. Gunn has been a resident of this town, and his Asthmatic trouble is well known. Very frequently he was completely prostrated, quite unable to work or sleep, and always gasping for breath.

"For six years," states Mr. Gunn, "I have suffered from Asthma more than pen can describe. Before using Catarrhozone I was unable to work or sleep, and never remained one whole night in bed. I would awaken with smothering spasms and coughing, and would have to go into the open air.

"Doctors said I would never get rid of the Asthma, but after using Catarrhozons I concluded they were wrong. I used the inhaler five minutes every hour, and obtained wonderful relief from the first treatment. When I had used three bottles of Catarrhozone I was cured, and never felt better in my life than I do to-day. I am never bothered with Asthma, and know Catarrhozone is a sure cure."

Japanese Swimmers.

The Japanese are fond of swimming, and it is the custom for students of the universities and schools to go to the seaside during the summer months and there train systematically.

Among the coast population there are found many long-distant swimmers. E. J. Harrison in his book on "The Fighting Spirit of Japan," tells of some remarkable feats performed by these swimmers. For example, they can jump into deep water and maintain a position with the water no higher than the joins while firing a musket, shooting with bow and arrow, writing on a slate, painting a picture on a fan with a brush or moving freely in every direction as though walking on solid ground.

The expert, while he rarely emulates the graceful high dive of the European or American, can leap from a great height and strike the surface of the water with his chest without sinking or wetting his face and head. In some mysterious way he contrives to escape the painful consequence which the impact would inevitably cause to the foreigner who should try this feat. It is said that the old-time samurai frequently made use of this trick when crossing a river or stream. In such cases they carried their armor and weapons on their heads.

In Illustration of the antiquity of swimming in Japan, it may interest foreign readers to be told that the famous "crawl" stroke, which Occidental swimmers first acquired not very long ago has been known and practiced in Japan for hundreds of years, in addition to several other methods of progression in the water that would come as a revelation to Europeans and Americans.—Newark News.

OUR BETTER HALVES.

(Kingston Standard)

We will undetake to say, without any fear of contradiction that there are thousands of men who are regretting to-day the fact that years ago they did not consult with their wives over their affairs, and that there are many thousands who have prospered financially, and in the ways of peace, comfort, loving confidence, and trust by having done so.

A boy doesn' have to go to war to be a hero. He can say he doesn't want any pie, when there is not enough to go around.

Split 40 Cords At Age of 85

A VERY INTERESTING CASE.

Few men of eighty-five years of age can boast of much else but poor health and failing strength. And such was the condition of Mr. Benj. Marsh, who is known to every soul in the neighborhood of his home at Lime Lake, Ont.

"Quite unsolicited," writes Mr. Marsh, "I wish to say how I have been bothered for years with stomach trouble. I tried everything I could think of, without benefit. I was terribly afflicted with swelling and gas, and had much distress between meals. I tried everything I could think of, but without benefit. Then I was recommended Nerviline. My, but Nerviline did me a power of good—made a new man of me, so that within the last three weeks I have been able to split about forty cords of stove wood. I will always stick to Nerviline and will always recommend it, and would like to meet anyone and convince them if in doubt as to what Nerviline has done for me."

For sour stomach, nausea, belching of gas, cramps and sudden sickness at night, nothing is more helpful in the home, nothing saves so much pain and distress as nerviline. Large family size bottles, 50c.; small size, 25c. at all storekeepers and druggists or The Catarrhozone Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

SPARKLING EYES AND ROSY LIPS

The Birthright of Every Girl Will Rich, Red Blood.

The sad eye that goes with bloodlessness as a sure sign of misery and weakness. Anaemia—that is bloodless—girls and women have dull, heavy eyes with dark lines underneath. The eyelid is pulled down, looks pale and bloodshot inside. This is not all. Anaemia works havoc all through the system; girls grow painfully weak and irritable; they are breathless and incapable of much exertion, while older women who are anaemic complain of being "never really well."

There is only one way to brighter, better health for pale, pining girls and women. That way is to invigorate the body with new blood—the rich, healthy blood that imparts strength, cleanses the system of all impurities and restores the bright eyes and red lips of perfect health. Thousands of girls and women know that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People make this new, rich, red blood, and so restore health and strength more surely than any other medicine known. There would not be an anaemic woman or girl in the land if those suffering from this condition would give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a fair trial. That is why so many recommend these pills to their suffering sisters. Mrs. R. B. Keith, Steeves Settlement, N. B., says: "At the age of 12 my daughter Sadie began to complain of constant headaches, and did not have her usual good appetite. I went to a doctor and got some medicine, but it did not help her, and finally she had to discontinue going to school. She seemed to be growing weaker every day and wanted to lie down all the time, and would continually complain of being tired. The doctor gave her a bottle of medicine, but with no better results. There was not a bit of color in her face or lips, and I was afraid she was going into decline. A friend who was in to see her said, "if she was my child, I would try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills," and I decided I would take the advice. In a couple of weeks we could see a difference, as her eyes looked brighter, and she would try to eat a little. When she began the pills she could not dress herself alone, but little by little her strength came back, until she could go for a walk. She continued the use of the pills several months, with the result that she was again strong and active. This was over two years ago, and she has been a strong, healthy girl ever since. We have since used the pills for other purposes and find them [illegible] family medicine."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills [illegible] all medicine dealers [illegible] Brockville, Ont. [illegible] mail at 50 cents a [illegible] $2.50 by writing The [illegible] cine Co., Brockville, Ont.

YOUR K[illegible]

Upon it Depends [illegible] Your Family.

It is surprising how careful we are with the things upon which we depend for comfort and the tools of which we rely for our livelihood. But how about the most important piece of machinery under the stars—that body of yours? It's far more delicate than the most intricate mechanical device, much more sensitive. A marvelous affair, strong with minute nerves crossed and chiss-crossed with tiny feed and drain pipes, equipped with a furnace, storage stations, little warehouses to hold emergency supply—in fact it is a manufacturing plant with more departments than you'd ever imagine, and every one of them needing constant attention. You are as healthy and as capable as you are sound and normal.

We have just begun to realize the relation between food and efficiency. A long time ago we found that it was adviseable to analyze coal and oil and products we use in factories so as to discover which particular grade would be cheapest in the long run. Cheapest, because it represented the maximum utility and minimum waste. Now we're intelligent enough to apply the same reasoning to the human factory. Sounds ridiculous, doesn't it? But don't forget that a lot of people used to sneer at the theories upon which much of the welfare and safety of every community depends to-day.

Good health is a personal responsibility and a simple habit. It is practically regulated in the kitchen. You're in reality custodian of your family's health. You select the foods, decide how they shall be prepared, with what they shall be seasoned. You're not fitted to assume this important task upon mere cook-book information. The age-limit of the human race will leap beyond al previous records of civilization, the physical perfection of human beings will advance immeasurably, the number of hospitals will lessen, the present age of invalids will decrease with a slump the moment that the housewives of America realize the necessity of studying food values and learn by the reform how many unnecessary years of suffering they have inflicted through their ignorane.

Throw away your cook-book; it has done harm enough. In its place, study the best and simplest treaties on food in its relation to health. Herbert Kaufman, in Woman's World for November.

HOW TO CONQUER RHEUMATISM AT YOUR OWN HOME

If you or any of your friends suffer from rheumatism, kidney disorders or excess of uric acid, causing lameness, backache, muscular pain, stiff, painful, swollen joints, pain in the limbs and feet; dimness of sight, itching skin or frequent neuralgic pains, I invite you to sent for a general FREE TRIAL TREATMENT of my wellknown reliable CHRONICURE with references and full particulars by mail. This is no C. O. D. scheme). No matter how many may have failed in your case, let me prove to you, free of cost, that rheumatism can be conquered. CHRONICURE succeeds where all else fails. CHRONICURE CLEANSES THE BLOOD and REMOVES the CAUSE. Also for a weakened, run-down condition of the system, you will find CHRONICURE a most satisfactory GENERAL TONIC that makes you feel that life is worth living. Please tell your friends of this liberal offer, and send to-day for large free package to MRS. M. SUMMERS, Box 8, Windsor, Ont.

WAR HURTS ALL BUSINESS.

(London Advertiser)

There is a popular impression even yet lurking about that war and armaments are good for business. Once upon a time, when international financial relations were looser and vaguer, it was a common idea that a country gained even from its own wars, especially if successful. That idea may be moribund in 1913, but still there are people who think their country may gain by other countries troubles or expenditures on armaments. The Balkan wars and their results have done something to shake the old superstition, though it may still last on like the belief in the influence of the moon on weather and mortal events. Classes and masses alike have suffered from the money stringency of 1912-1913.

"Why does your dog keep running to you? "He's a Russian wolfhound. His name is Mickzewicks. Every time I sneeze he thinks I'm calling him."—Washington Herald.