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"Conrad, my boy, there's one thing dead certain; we're in for an experience this time. No scaling a peak equal to the Matterhorn to-day. I've been lost in an India jungle, caught in a desert sandatorm, and experienced the delights of Canadian bash fire, which singed every hair from my head, but they all fade into insignizicance compared with being caught in a flerce snowsform half-way up the side of Mont Blanc Conrad, old fellow, suppose you wind that Switzer born again; give another call, and see whether we can discover some one on

the trail which we have foolishly lost." The speaker shows little evidence of the great anxiety he mentions; indeed, see him calmly smoother in order to see him calmly smoking a cigar while nduce warmth, one would hardly imagine he knows what alarm is. And yet his situation is little less than appalling, to say the least. Ascending terrible Mont Blanc late in the season, at-tended by a single guide, they have been dealy overtaken by the worst snew-Conrad remembers so early in

ter. The beautiful view has been out as if by magic, and around whirl clouds of fine snow that driven by a cold, fierce, wind, seems to cut the flesh like needles.

Others are on the mountains, too. for they have had glimpses of them from time to time at a distance. Through the blinding storm Sam Buxton and his guide have descended. Nearly half an hour has elapsed since the rush of the blizzard began, and Conrad at length, having lost all traces of the trail in the bewildering snow, candidly admits that they are lost, which remark draws out the words with which our story opens.

Sam Buxton is a character who would attract attention almost anywhere. In size he is rather below the average, and give no more evidence of muscular ability than comeliness; still his face, if nomely, has an nonest look, which grows moon one, and the more you know of Sam the better you like him. At any rate, he is fearless, bright as a new dellar, full of chivalrous notions, and

plays second fiddle to no man on earth. proportion of this world's goods, and travels for pleasure, though perhaps he may have some hazy sort of design in wanderings. At present his object been to plant an American fing upon the Matterhorn, a feat yet never accomplished, though at-

tempted by many an adventurous spirit.

Geying orders, the Swiss guide, a ready to swear by Baron se the American is sometimes call-ness his hands to his mouth, and at the force of his powerful lungs forth that musical Tyrolese call whicheean only he properly warbled by it rings, for the air is remarkably pure in these mountain regions.

Borom Som puffs away at his eight, while he strains his ears to discover tather there may be any response there is a switzer guide within se Course has given it a turn that is ant of distress; but it dies away and the howling of the bitter wimi, and the surging of the storm alone

Something like a frown creeps over his cheery face, but he chases it away with a laugh, while chrugging his shoulders as the last squalf sweeps down with

the fury of demons let loose. "Phew! how it stings; this big collas on my overcoat comes in handy, and these fur gloves, too. A wise head that of yours, Sam Buxton, to provide for an emergency, even if the weather did look summer like at starting. One thing worries me. ('onrad, see here," he half shouts, for although the Alpine guide is only half a dozen feet away the sweep of the wind renders it impos-

sible to converse with the natural tones. "What now, baron?" aske Conrad, who has spent a part of his life upon the summy Italian slopes of the Alps and bence sequired many of the habits of the people of Aosta. "When you need the glass and spoke

of seeing the party below, were there not females in it?"

"Si, excellency, I saw the flutter of ekirte," replies the other, who is a stardy fellow, twice as strong as Baron Sam, yet lacking much of the Ameriean's grit,

"How many would you eay?" "Two, at least, signor."

"Confound it! what a foolish thing to bring temales up on the exposed side of Mont Blane at this time of year.

Weak, Tired Folks Given New Vigor

Strength Returns, Health Renewed. Vitality of Youth Re-created

Exhaustion and Bodily Tiredness Every Day Being Turned Into Vigor and Ambition by Dr. Hamilton's

From Cheboque: Pt., N.S., comes the following from Mrs. W. A. Reynolds: A year ago my health began to fail. I lost appetite, became nervous and eleepless. My weight ran down, I became thin, hollow-cheeked, and had black rings under my eyes. I really felt as if the charm of life had left me sad when springtime arrived I was in the blues.' I read of Dr. Hamilton's Tills and got five boxes at once.

"Within a month' my appetite and color were good. I gained strength and felt like a new woman. New life and vices returned, and my friends scarcely www me. A medicine that will do this

should be in every home." Good health means much to you. Success and happiness depend upon it. The maintenance and source of health is found in Dr. Hamilton's Pills, 25c per or five boxes for \$1.00, at all drugcats and storekeepers, or by mail from as the glanees from her wonderfully Catarrhozone Co., Buffalo N.Y., and large and expressive eyes. enton Canada.

I, for one, object to women trying such dangerous experiments; they are more suited to the gentle side of life-drawing rooms, the drive at Nice, or eightseeing in the cities. Anyhow, if by reason of a great desire to climb the Alps they do make the attempt, let it be in the season-July or August-not when winter is ready to burst over the mountains and wrap them in a winding-sheet. Ugh! that fairly takes one's breath away," as another extraordinary guet comes tearing down from the wild region of the Matterborn-that bleak peak reached by human feet for the first time only a few years before, and all of that adventurous party perishing save an English gentleman, a Mr. Whymper, and two guides.

"We must push on, baron; to remain is death," exclaims the guide, uneasily.
"Go it, old man; I'm agreeable," and clinging to such projections as present themselves he swings his body from rock to rock with an agility one would hardly dream he possessed, all the while holding his eight between his teeth, and keeping a tight grip upon his Alpine

stail with its pointed, steel-shod base. Thus they flounder on for some time. while the blizzard rages furiously around. Conrad is alarmed-if his employer shows no signs of it—and almost loses his head, but the cheery voice of Sam Buxton steadies him, much as a careful drives soothes a restless steed.

They make progress, but it is impossible to decide whether it is in the right or wrong direction. Perhaps every step takes them deeper into the depths, since there is no means of telling whither they go unless the guide discovers some sign that may be familiar to him. The American tourist is persistent by nature begins to feel the cold hand of despair clusching at his heart when the storm, instead of abating, grows more furious, and it is impossible to see more than two yards in any direction.

"Jove! I reckon we'll have to wait for a rescue by the good monks of St. Bernard. Looks like a gone case to me. Conrad. Suppose you give one more warble, my man, and we'll see if anything comes out of the storm. If not, then we must camp as best we can in

The Swiss guide raises his benumbed hands, and again that weird Tyrolese call sounds musical in spite of the raging blizzard's mocking voices. Once more Sam Buxton bends his head to listen, then starts thrilled by strange emotions, for on the wings of the storm comes a ery. It is not what he has expected, but even more of a pitiful appeal for help than Conrad's call.

"Good heavens! man, did you hear that?" he says, clutching the guide by the arm. There is little need to ask, for Conrac

is as white as the snow around him, and trembles as though he might be a human aspen leaf. "Yes, I hear it; the spirits of lost

The American is practical, and detests anything hordering on superstition, hence he has little patience with this line of conduct. You're a fool, Conrad. That ery is

for help, and whether it comes from a lost soul or from a buman being in distress, Sam' Buxton isn't the man to hang back. Follow me or remain where you

"No, no, Baron Sam; you will go to your fate!" cries the guide, and truer

words were never uttered, though under mother meaning. His employer, with a snort of disgust at the man's superstitions fear, tears

snow-storm to discover the source of the ry that has answered Conrad's call. When he has gone twenty paces, with the guide following, for conrad fears

being left alone on the mountain even worse than an encounter with the spooks of former unlucky Bilgrims, Sam, seeing nothing, drops his eigar, and making a trumpet of his hands, bellows forth: "Hello, there! where are you?"
He has a voice hardly in keeping with

his body-a voice that is as strong as the roar of a lion in the African forest, and the shrill, mocking tones of the blizzard king fajis to keep it from covering quite an extensive space.

This way; I am too chilled to reach you," comes a reply very near at hand, and, electrified, Sam bounds over some loose rocks forming a sort of shelter from the blizzard's worst fury, to find himself face to face with-his

"Jerusalem! It's a woman!" he ejieaulates, almost parailyzed at the sight that greets his eyes. A tali, girlish figure, not too warmly clad, trying to rise and greet him with out-tretched hand, and a smile upon het face. Sam marks on the instant what a face it is, strangely beautiful, and yer possessing wonderful independence, as though the owner were used to having her own way and fighting her own bat-

He snatches off his fur glove to ac cept the proffered hand: it is almost as cold as ice, being poorly covered with kid gloves. She totters while endeavoring to stand in the snow, and bold Sam, qual to the emergency, swings his other arm cround her-his head is thus brought close to here, and she hears him sav:

"Pardon, miss or madam, this is no time for etiquette, and von were falling. Allow me," and without waiting for a reply he tears the moskery of gloves from her hands, rubbing the frigid members between his own warm ones until he has succeeded in producing a glow, after which he draws the fur gloves over her hands-never minding her feeble protests.

Nor does this American chevaller halt there, but throwing off his outer coat, proceeds to wrap the lady in it. She makes a struggle against the action, but his will conquers, and she can only murmur the thanks of her heart. which do not tell one-quarter as much

large and expressive eyes. "Conrad, we must make a last effort"



MOST PERFECT MADE

THE INCHEASED MUTRITI-OUS VALUE OF BREAD MADE IN THE HOME WITH ROYAL YEAST CARES SHOULD BE SUFFICIENT INCENTIVE TO THE CAREFUL HOUSEWIFE TO GIVE THIS IMPORTANT FOOD ITEM THE ATTENTION TO WRICH IT IS JUSTLY EN-

HOME BREAD BAKING RE-BUCES THE HIGH COST OF LIVING BY LESSENING THE AMOUNT OF EXPENSIVE MEATS REQUIRED TO SUP-PLY THE NECESSARY NOUR-ISHMENT TO THE BODY.

E. W. GILLETT CO. LTD. TORONTO, ONT. WINNIPEG MONTREAL

for this lady's sake. Lead on, man. If you save us it is five hundred lire in your pocket. The path, man-find us the path that leads to the monastery."

Spurred on by the hope of making a large fortune, as well as saving his ewn life, the Alpine guide again moves on, while Sam follows, leading the unknown hady who owes her life to him, half bearing her, in fact, for she is almost chilled to the marrow. Death stares them in the face, and even the boldhearted American grouns as he reels his strength giving out. She hears and

Now he staggers himself: the exertion is telling upon even that indomi-table spirit, but with set teeth and claim," and with the words Sam transstraining muscles Sam Buxton continues to push on after the hardy guide, while the storm rages and the snow upon the ground increases continually in depth. Hope, that anchor to the soul, has

become almost dead within them, when

"The post, Baron Sam! the post that cd Sam.

"If we can hold out ten minutes more, dear master, we are saved. Leave the

"Never! Show me the path, man, and then do you hasten below for help, past adventures. while I try and keep the spark of life me?? almost roughly, for the man's words have cut to the quick as though he had ever been guilty of leaving one in distress whom fortune had thrown with a single look that warms his heart. of the guides have to carry her. "It is unnessary, baron, Praise Heaven and the saints. I hear voices above. It is the lady's party descending. In a who does not express the most prominute they are here. Yes, we are saved," and then Sam realizes from the

A WONDERFUL DISCOVERY

An eminent scientist, the other day, gave his opinion that the most wonderful discovery of recent years was the discovery of Zam-Buk. Just think! As soon as a single thin layer of Zam-Buk is applied to a wound or a sore, such injury is insured against blood poison! Not one species of microbe has been found that Zam-Buk does not kill!

Then again. As soon as Zam-Buk is applied to a sore, or a cut, or to skin disease, it stops the smarting. That is why children are such friends of Zam-Buk. They care nothing for the science of the thing. All they know is that Zam-Buk stops their pain. Mothers should never forget

Again; As soon as Zam-Buk is applied to a wound or to a diseased part, the cells beneath the skin's surface are so stimulated that new healthy tissue is quickly formed. This forming of fresh healthy tissue from below is Zam-Buk's secret of healing. The tissue thus formed is worked up to the surface and literally casts off the diseased tissue above it. This is why Zam-Buk cures are permanent.

Only the other day Mr. Marsh, of 101 Delorimier Ave., Montreal, called upon the Zam-Buk Co. and told them that for over twenty-five years he had been a martyr to eczema. His hands were at one time so covered with sores that he had to sleep in gloves. Four years ago Zam-Buk was introduced to him, and in a few months it cured him. To-day-over three years after his cure of a disease he had for twenty-five years he is still cured, and has had no trace of

any return of the eczema! All druggists sell Zam-Buk at 50c. box, or we will send free trial box if you send this advertisement and a 1c. has swowed. CHPATER II.

Courad's words are true, for the voices draw nearer, and in hardly more than a minute a party of persons appear through the binding, surging snow, nur-rying downward, the guides leading, and keeping a bright lookout, for there is aiways extreme danger of losing the trail at a time like this, and that

means terrible disaster.

Many nave lost their fives in the defiles of the Aips, while others, wandering acout, fait over some precipice, or it may be are overwhelmed by the mighty avalanche that comes tearing down the sine of the mountain sweeping everything in its path into a chaotic mass far below.

Aireauy has Conrad hailed the guides and as the party discover Sam holding the senseless form of the lost lady, their cries of wonder and praise sound earnest, indeed, for they have given up all hope of ever seeing her again. By accident she had become separated from her party just at the time the storm, without much warning, swept over Mont Blanc-their cries were unanswered, and they despaired.

"Allow me to carry her, my dear sir," says a voice that gives the American a shock, for he finds himself looking into the face of the best friend he has on earth, a man six feet in height, and finely proportioned—a Hercules beside a pigmy when compared with Sam.
"Dudley McLane, for all the world!"

he shouts. "Good heavens! is it you, Sam, or your ghost? I believed you in Egypt," roars the giant, infolding the other in his arms and at the same time, of course

clasping the senseless girl. "Easy, old boy; you forget. None of your bearhugs here! I believed you home in Canada. This is, indeed, a strange meeting."

"When did you find Aileen?" asks the other, and Sam starts at the mention of the name, whether because of its singular nature, or for some other other reason, he does not choose to state.

"Wandering in the storm -we were also lost, and just round the path before you came," Sam replies, still holding the senseless form of the girl, whom he seems loth to give up. Did he not save her, and does not that, in a measure, give him a claim upon her?

"Come, the guides are muttering and threatening to desert, unless we move on. Give me the girl, Sam; I am better able to earry her."

"Pardon signor: allow me to relieve "Leave me-save yourself. I beg!" you of your burden. I have some right she cries, almost pleadingly, but he to assist the beautiful young lady, smiles and shakes his head "While there's life there's hops. One thing you must understand—we live or die tigether, since fate has thrown us in contact; I have some fight in me yet. On. Conrad, on; we must find to assist the beautiful young lady," says a soft voic in Sam's ear, a voice he recognizes as that of an Italian, and turning his head, he finds one of the party close to him, a man who has a graceful, willowy figure, an Adonis in the trail." Sam Buxton dislikes on eight.

"My friend spoke ahead of fers his burden to the Canadian, whose heart is like the trees of his native country, sturdy and unbending.

Something like a deep curse drops from the lips of the Italian as he turns souls that have met their death on Mont
Blane mock us, baron. They becken to
us. We are doomed!" he almost shrieks,
pointing in the direction whence the

suddenly he hears a chout shear. It
eams from Conved, and as his even fall
upon that woring he has a faint
glimpse of him dancing madly upon the

solde, and, knowing these not-morates
people well. Sam Buxton realizes that
by his action he has probably made a
bitter enemy, who may hereafter give
shear some indeed, being generally able to look out for himself.

marks the spet where Mensieur Carot threatening to mutiny unless the de-By this time the clamoring guides are was murdered! It was blessed by holy seen is continued. Sum natices that men; it has been an instrument in sav- they look to his friend the Canadian ing us. The path is here!" he shouts. as though fear of him is the only thing "Thank heaven!" grouns the exhaust- that keeps them from immediate descrtion. He smiles, for Dudley McLane has a way about him of commanding obedi-

lady here, wrapped in your coat, and him a natural leader in the field, though as a usual thing Sam had been the general who planned their work in

in both our bodies. Leave the lady I will taking them nearer the Hospice of St. away from the grasp that would detain not. Come! be speedy do you hear Bernard, whose doors will warmly receive them. Sam notes that the remaining lady of the party is evidently one who has acted as escort and chaperon to the younger traveller. She, on his hands—while she rewards him too, is about exhausted, so that two

The blizzard still keeps up in all its fury, and there is not one among them found eatisfaction when before them arise the hospitable walls of the monastery that for such long years has been a blessing to travellers and lost Alpine guides.

rom the monks, whose lives are devoted to this work, and whose fame has be come world-wide. The ladies are revived and made comfortable in a warm room, while the men seek warmth and good cheer in the large reception hall where a great fire blazes Sam Buxton draws his Canadian friend

aside. There are a number of other tourists present, who have ventured up the sides of Mont Blane, and whom the terrible blizzard sent back. Glad. indeed, are all of them to find shelter from the storm. Sam has questions to ask, and Dudley, on his part, desires to learn how his friend of many an adventure in the past chances to be here.

These two men have journeyed in and failing strength: And such was company over half the world: their the condition of Mr. Benj. Marsh, who tastes run much in common, and both are keen sportsmen. McLane has shown Sam the delights of salmon fishing on the rivers of Canada, and the pleasure | "I wish to eay how I have been both of moose hunting, while Buxton, on the other hand, has led the chase of the elk tried everything I could think of with in the Rockies and tracked the grizzly bear to his den.

"You called the lady I had the honor to serve by a queer name—I have never heard it but once-Aileen-was that it?" Sam asks.

"Miss Afleen Winchester, a California heiress to untold millions—a bright, brave, independent girl, travelling with her aunt and chaperon, Miss Dorothy Green, a New England spinster, of queer ways, but possessing a warm heart." Baron Sam gives an expressive grunt.

"I think I have heard of them before," he remarks, quietly, and then adds: "See here, Dud, perhaps you are in love with the heiress?"

At this the bluff Canadian laughs good-naturedly. "To confess the truth, my dear fel-

low. I have conceived quite an ardent attachment for the lady, but the trouble stamp (to pay return postage). Ad is she fails to return it. We are good dress Zam-Buk Co., Toronto. friends, but at present that is as far as

Between Fingers. Spread to Tips. Would Swell Up, Itch and Burn. Did Not Dare Put Hands in Water. Cuticura Soan and Cuticura Ointment Cured.

Carman, Manitoba.—"A breaking out between my fingers was the first trouble. It was very itchy and spread to my finger tips affecting the nails. It first appeared in watery blisters

and they were so intensely itchy I scratched them and let the water out making sores. They would swell up, itch and burn and finally the nails would loosen and come off. I spent many sleepless nights. I did not dare to put my hands in water except to

wash them. "I kept using ointments, -Cintment, but was not cured. Sometimes the remedies would help a little but I was not free from it altogether. I was that way for nine years trying everything. I heard of Cuticura Scap and Ointment and sent for them and before I had used them half a

dozen times I noticed an improvement. By washing with the Cuticura Soap and applying the Curicura Ointment frequently I was cured in three months." (Signed) Miss Florence E. Sanderson, May 20, 1913. For more than a generation Cuticura Soap and Ointment have afforded the most economical treatment for affections of the skin and scalp that torture, itch, burn, scale and destroy sleep. A single set is often sufficient.

Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment are 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. we could perhaps have gone further.

Why wasn't Dudley McLane the one to save Aileen?" he adds, with something of a mournful grimace.

"Kismet-it is rate, my boy. Now, who is that dashing looking Italian-he seowls at me every time our eyes meet, as though I have mortally offended him n some way."

"Ah, another Richmond in the field Sam. I expect to see you two looking over pistols at each other yet. That is ount Antonio Tivoli." The American utters a cry. "You know him?" demands Dudley.

"His name is familiar to me. I have the honor to be acquainted with his niece Beatrix Paoli," replies Sam, recovering his composure. "A charming name," comments the

"And the owner is agreeable-in fact her beauty dazzles one." "You don't appear to have suffered,

Sam Buxton," says the Canadian dryly, with a chuckle. THE "RITUAL MURDER."

(Chicago Tribune) The race hacred, religious bigotry, and

The race harren, religious bigotry, and gloomy superstition which make a trial for "Ritual murder" possible are like prehistoric monsters outliving the age of darkness. Mankind has fought them too long to let them breed now at the end of their days. The trial at Kiaf in a challenge of the degrees. trial at Kief is a challenge of the dearest bought victory of progress. If that chal-lenge were not taken up now, the effects of our indifference would be felt in every convery for a garagetion or our indifference would be felt in every country for a generation.

A realization of this must come to the Russian government. And it is the high duty of European and American peopies to bring this realization by a protest which cannot be ignored by any nation which hopes to keep a place in the Lonor of the modern world.

PARENTAL RESPONSIBILITY.

Montreal Daily Mail)

No public machinery for the maintenance of law and order amongst children, however wisely and sympathetically it may be enforced, can supplant the ordinary and intimate relation of a mother and a father to the child. No system which would supplant that relation could be defended. Pitiful is the plight of those children whose parents reject the responsibilities of fatherhood and motherhood, and force them to look to a hard and fast code of rules for correction which can only be administered with sympathy and kindness in the home, to be efficacious. (Montreal Daily Mail) to be efficacious.

Noodles With Spanish Peppers. 6 Ounces of Noodles, I Small Can of Spanish Peppers, I Cup of Stock or Gravy, Salt, and Pepper, Butter, Cook the noodles until tender, drain and add to them the contents of a small can of Spanish peppers which have been chopped and heated in a cup of good stock of gravy. Let these heat together; then season with salt, pepper and a generous piece of butter. Serve with yeal cutlet or with reast year Here a warm welcome awaits them, or with roast veal.-Pictorial Review

Split 40 Cords At Age of 85

Thankful to the Medicine That Gave Him Ability For the Task.

A VERY INTERESTING CASE.

Few men of eighty-five years of age can boast of much else but poor health is known to every soul in the neighbors hood of his home at Lime lake, Ont. "Quite unsolicited," writes Mr. Marsh,

ered for years with stomach trouble. out benefit. I was terribly afflicted with swelling and gas, and had much dis tress 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 goodmade a new man out 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 it in doubt as to what Nerviline has done for me"

For soue 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 Catarril ozone Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Tense is a queer thing. Even the friends, but at present that is as far as woman with a past may have a presit oces. Now, if fortune had favored me ent, and also a future.

The sun's path is called the call. It is a great circle of the sphere, curting the celestial square two points like degrees apart and may with it an angle of 23 1-7 degrees had as the abliquity of the cellptic. crossing points are called the sphine because the days and nights are equinoxes are the solstices, because and the point microsay het was equinoxes are the solstices, because and then seems to stand still for a days.

Three cellptic is so called because and occur only when the moor is cross-

Thre ecliptic is so called because eclipsed occur only when the moor is credit of it or is near it. for the infond's orbit count the ecliptic in two points, called never the ecliptic in two points, called never the ecliptic in two points, called never the ecliptic in the moon, when he alled node, is in line with the sun and the earth we have an eclipse, either the earth we have an eclipse. If she is near her node we have a partial eclipse:

The mann's nodes are not stationally have a partial eclipse:

The mann's nodes are not stationally the move backward on the moon's orbit completing a revolution in about years, when the eclipses of the best recur in the same order and at about the same intervals are before. The period of is years and I days is called the same and the Greeks and gave them the deans and the Greeks and gave them the data for computing eclipses.

Any intelligent person can trace the sun's path in the heavens. If the same rises exactly in the east and sets in the west it is the time of the equipments. If the sunrise and sunset points are farthest north and the sun at neonday is highest in the heavens it is the time of the sunset points are farthest south and the sun is very low in the heavens at noonday, it is the time of the winter solstice.—Harper's Weekly.

DISOBEDIENT



Little Willie-Don't tell my pape ou saw me, Mr. Steerer, 'cause he old me not to go near the steerage.

Catarrh Brands You An "Undesirable"

So Loathsome is the Disease That Few Will Associate With a Catarrhal Victim

Is Your Trouble Catarrh?



Poor remedies have given Catarra the reputation of being incurable wit is method is employed. Snuffing a powder or ointment up the nose won't cure Catarrh, neither will tablets, douching, or stomach medicines cure. These treatments fail because they only affect local conditions, they do not remove the cause which is germ life established in the lungs, bronchial tubes, and nasal passages. Ordinary remedies do not reach these remote parts, but Catarrhozene does, for it is breathed through the inhaler into every air cell in the lungs, into every air passage in the head throat. No matter where the Catara is Catarrhozone will reach it. It kills the germs, heals sore spots, clears the nose and throat instantly. Universally used; pleasant and clean; guaranteed to

Don't be an object of aversion to everyone you meet-get Catarrhozona to-day and use it regularly: it will cure, your Catarrh, Bronchitie, Throat Tronble, spitting, and gagging, Large air 50c. All dealers or the Catarrhozone Co. Buffalo, N. Y., and Kingston, Canada.

cure or money refunded.

LOOKS LIKE IT!



She has just returned from a fisshing school. wnat to they teach them there? Oh, how to carry ones self walk

gracefully, and all that sort of thing. BANISH THE PISTOL. (Detroit Free Press) As long as any man or boy in a As long as any man or boy in a city can go to a store and purchase a revolver without hindrance and without question, it is unreasonable to expect the police of that city to prevent crimes of

THE LESSON OF SULZER.

(Montreal Herald)
The lesson which his downfall teaches most of all is the danger in the lure of stock gambling by anyone, high or lowly, with money not one's own or which ene cannot afford to lose

MILLIONAIRE VS. PEOPLE. (Detroit Free Press)

Mr. Carnegie says the millionaires should be the trustees of the people. What the people want, however, is to be the trustees of the millionaires.

There is no prayer worth the name that is unaccompanied by effort to make the prayer come true.—Herbert L. Wil-