CROSS PURPOSES

The little town remained in her memory as a picture, as places sometimes do, which being seen but once, in one mood and under one aspect, are not blurred and confused by conflicting impressions. The sullen clouds were as much a part of it as the footworn pavement; and a man with an organ, grinding a tune which had been popular a season or two before, was just as important as the vicar who went by with a bundle of little tracts, and bowed to Miss Vivian. The carriage stopped and went on as Tiny directed, the tradesmen started out of their shops as if somebody had pulled a string, and stood bareheaded and smiling at the door while she consulted Mrs. Leicester's list of commissions. At one place she went in, and Mrs. Austin was left alone in a little square. The town hall was there, erected MDCCCXLIII.; there was also a drinking-fountain, with an inscription which she could not read. The great clock overhead struck four like a knell, and startled her just as she was thinking that Gilbert South certainly was not a hero, and yet ——

And a moment later Tiny came out and said "Home" to the coachman.

They did not talk much as they drove back. When the lodge-keeper swung the gate open at the sound of their approach, it occurred to Mrs. Austin to wonder what Tiny had been thinking about so intently all the time.

That evening, after dinner, South came to her and stood for a few minutes turning over some photographs which lay at her elbow. One of them was of a place which he knew and she did not, and in answer to a question of hers he described it. He pressed his hand on the table as he spoke, and a white scar across one of his fingers stood out more prominently and caught Mrs. Austin's eye.

"That cut of yours left a mark," she said, when he had finished. "How frightened I was! do you remember?"

Gilbert looked first at his hand and then at her, with a strange, startled expression, almost as if he felt a throb of pain in his old wound. "Yes," he said. "I remember." And all at once the color came into his face as if he were a boy again. "I was cutting a stick for your brother Jack," he added hurriedly, "and the knife slipped. Your mother tied it up for me."

"Yes, we found her in her storeroom. I think Jack thought you were going to die." Mrs. Austin, for a moment, instead of seeing seven or eight country gentlemen, most of them bald, and as many ladies, grouped in the Culverdale drawing-room, saw a sunshiny room, full of shelves and cupboards and boxes, where her mother, with capable hands, was bandaging that finger of Gilbert's, while Jack (poor fellow! he died at school) stood looking on, scared at first, and then, when he found that mother could set it all right, a little aggrieved because after all he hadn't got his stick. Oh, how long ago it all was, and how sadly the old home was broken up! She would have liked to take Gilbert's left hand in hers and hold it, just for the sake of that little scar and the dear people who were dead. And how deeply the memory of that time touched him! Why did he color up so suddenly at her question and turn away? Was there something special about this one incident? All at once it struck her that hitherto it had been Gilbert, and not she, who had said, "Do you remember?" Was he so pleased that she should say it? She recollected, too, that it was while he still had his hand bandaged that he spoke to her one evening by the white roses, and she promised to wait for him until he should come back to the old home. Perhaps that remembrance had called up his blush. Poor Gilbert, could he never forget his boyish inconstancy?

Mrs. Leicester heaved a deep sigh of relief when the guests were gone. "Dear me!" she said, suddenly, to Mrs. Austin; "is to-morrow really your last day with us? What are you all going to do to-morrow?"

There was a pause. "Are not we going to row down the river to some farm-house?" Mrs. Austin inquired, looking round.

"To old Green's," said Frank.

"Speak for yourself, my dear," said Mrs. Leicester, laughing and nodding. "You don't catch me rowing down rivers. I shall have to die some day, I suppose, but there are plenty of ways of doing it without being drowned."

"Drowned?" Mrs. Austin repeated, with a glance at Frank.

"My mother wouldn't venture in a ditch in a life-boat without making her will and saying good-bye to me," he answered.

"No," Mrs. Leicester replied, in a tone of cheerful assent. "I'm a coward about the water. It's a very good thing everybody isn't like me. I'm sure I should never have found America, or Australia, or any of those places."

"No," said Frank, "nor the Isle of Wight. You might have seen it was there, like the moon."

"I thought you said you must go to the Carletons to-morrow," said Tiny, in a low voice, to Mrs. Leicester.

"Good gracious, so I must! I forgot. And you must go with me, you know."

"I won't drown you, if you'll trust me," said Frank to Mrs. Austin.

"I am not afraid," she smiled. "But be able to go."

"You said you should like it." Frank persisted, turning his back to the others and looking fixedly at her.

"It would be very pleasant if it is a I don't want you to go entirely for me. I thought we were all going."

"I am going, anyhow," he said, "tomorrow or the next day. I want to speak to Green. Of course you will do what you like best. I thought you said you would like it."

"I am so sorry I must take Tiny," said Mrs. Leicester. "Old Mrs. Carleton is her godmother, and she wants to see her, so I really must. What will you do? Will you come with us, or will you go with Frank? I'm sure he is always very careful, and of course there isn't any danger, really."

Mrs. Austin had no desire to make Frank miserable on the last day of fine day," she replied, quietly. "But her stay. "Oh, I should like the row very much, if it is fine,' she said.

"That's settled, then," said Mrs. Leicester, cheerfully. 'Mr. South, if there's nothing you want to do tomorrow, I'm sure we shall either of us be very pleased if you'll join us."

Frank scowled. But Gilbert, while he professed his delighted readiness to go anywhere or do anything, had not the slightest intention of proposing to make one of the water party. He was convinced that it would be fraught with peril—for him. '"That hot-headed boy would certainly do his best to upset me into the river if I interfered with his arangements," he said to himself. "If he could contrive to give me a ducking without splashing her, it would fill his soul with pure delight." Gilbert thought he would call on old Mrs. Carleton, who was unlikely to indulge in any such pranks.

Mrs. Leicester was really sorry that she was obliged to break up the party on this last day. She could not see, for her part, why Mildred and Mr. South had not settled matters a week ago, and enjoyed themselves comfortably as an engaged couple, taking their share of privileges and joking remarks. But she supposed it was to be put off till the end of Mildred's visit, and she was anxious to give Gilbert a chance of coming to the point. She had noticed that Frank seemed to prefer Mrs. Austin to Mr. South, and was inclined to bestow the attention which should have been divided between his guests entirely on her. Frank was inconsiderate at times, but she would give him a quiet hint to leave the two to themselves when they came back from their respective expeditions.

Gilbert South, unconscious of her beneficent schemes, woke the next morning to a dreamy certainty that his visit to Culvardale had been a mistake from first to last. For years he had remembered Mildred Fairfax as the truest, the most loving, the most beautiful of womanhood. He had dreamed of seeing her again; their meeting had been the one desirable possibility of his life. At last it had come; and he had found her no longer young, beautiful still in her widowhood, but pale, calm, clear-sighted, self-possessed, putting aside his attempt to utter his repentance with gentle words about friendship. Frank might well worship her in his boyish fashion; he was quite right. he had never seen Mildred Fairfax. But for his own part, Gilbert, had he known her intentions, instead of gratefully blessing good Mrs. Leicester, would rather have been inclined to complain to her, very ungratefuly and unjustly, "You have

"Unsettled the pure picture in my mind;

A girl she was so perfect so distinct,
I detest all change,
And most a change in aught I loved long since."

That was the worst of it. He could not even go back to his dream. Call them up as he would with anxious efforts, his memories of his old love had been slowly dying, day by day, ever since he came to Culverdale. The actual recollections remained, cold, dead facts, but nothing more. There were moments when Tiny Vivian, just because of her youth and hopefulness, seemed nearer the true spirit of his former love than Mrs. Austin. It was not unnatural. If we idealize the past, and most of us do, there is an interval after which old books should not be reopened, old haunts should not be revisited, nor old loves sought out, except with a deliberate view to disenchantment. We expect too much. No sympathy is so perfect as that which we imagine. And Gilbert South had been especially fanciful and dreamy in his recollections. He had had, as it were, just a glimpse of Mildred's pure, girlish love, and then he had been drawn away by a woman older than himself who wanted a little amusement. He had been made a fool of, scarsely, by a practised flirt. Afterward he attempted to go back: he wrote a dozen letters of explanation and repentance, and of course sent off the worst. It was a failure, and partly in pique, partly in real disgust at himself, for he had a delicate taste, and his first faithlessness left an unpleasant flavor in his mouth, he swore constancy to Mildred's memory as he supposed, but in reality to himself as he would have had himself. It was that former self, as well as his former love, he had hoped to find again when he met Mrs. Austin.

With her it was different. She had trusted him, and he had failed her; the pain had been keen, but with a touch of scorn in it. And later, when the wound was healed and all bitterness gone, she thought of him, not unkindly, but as one whose nature was light and fickle. When she discovered how constantly he had looked back to that old love with she supposed was utterly forgotten, her memory awoke like the autumn blossoming of spring flowers.

On that last day all the interest seemed to be concentrated on the water expedition, as if it were indeed a voyage of vast importance. Nobody thought about the people who meant to call on old Mrs. Carleton; but one would have said that Frank and Mrs. Austin were going to discover a new island at least, and indeed the young fellow had such an impression concerning it is, if it happens to be verified, we call a presentiment. Mr. South and Tiny came down to the river to see them off, but, owing to some little delay in Frank's arrangements, they were obliged to go back, lest they should keep Mrs. Leicester waiting, and leave Mrs. Austin where she stood, a slim, dark figure at the water's edge. The dull gray surface, with its floating leaves and its grasses drawn by the silent current, was shaded by great groups of trees, whose dusky greenness was lighted here and there by gleams of autumn yellow. Mrs. Austin did not move; no breath of wind stirred the dark masses of foliage overhead; it was like a picture with something of melancholy statieliness about it. When Frank was ready the solitary figure disappeared from the bank, and they went gliding from under the shadow of the trees out into the wide, sunless fields.

Honestly, it was not a very beautiful scene. To Frank, who had known it all his life, the question of its beauty or ugliness did not occur; it was simply the river, and as such it had moulded his conception of all rivers. On its dark waters such childish dreams as he had known had embarked and set sail. As a boy he had fished there, just as four or five urchins were fishing now. They stared, open-mouthed and silent, at young Mr. Leicester and his boat, but took no notice of the lady who looked with a musing smile at the little rustic group as she went by. Presently came a curve in the stream, where a clump of alders grew, and bushes leaned despondently over the water, which was eating the earth away form their roots. The more distant prospect showed a monotonous variety of plowed land and pasture, with lines of trees following the hedges, and here and there a cottage or two and a bit of road. Mrs. Austin and Frank talked as they went. He told her how one bitter winter the river was frozen, and he skated to the farm where they were going now. He pointed out a lonely house, and spoke of the people who lived there. He showed how far the floods had reached in a wet season, a muddy expanse in which little files of cropped willows seemed to wade knee deep, and the water washed through the gates of lost meadows. And he broke off suddenly in the midst of what he was saying to ask, "Where shall you be this time to-morrow?"

"Half way to London, I should think," she answered; "I don't know how long the journey takes."

Frank looked at her, and was silent. He wondered whether he should speak as they came back.

The Greens' house stood by the roadside a little way from the river. The farm buildings and some big stacks had a pleasant, prosperous air; but the house itself was an ugly little plastered box, with a bit of tireless garden in front, blossoming with prim, sulphur-colored dahlias. Frank did not seem to have much to say to old Green, after all. The two exchanged a few words, and then came to the little parlor, where Mrs. Austin sat on a horse-hair sofa, giving the latest news of Mrs. Leicester and Miss Vivian to the farmer's wife. Frank was on very pleasant terms with his tenants, who evidently thought their young landlord a most important personage. Other people were "high," but vaguely "high," and a duke would not have impressed Mrs. Green as much as Mr. Leicester from the Manor House. The Prince of Wales, perhaps, as a young man residing in palaces, and holding a well-defined position as the Queen's son, might have eclipsed Frank, but it would have taken a prince to do it. Mrs. Austin perceived, with a single smile, how unimportant she was compared with her companion, but she was not in a mood to be amused by that or anything else that afternoon. She was glad to leave the house, to escape from hospitable offers of cake and home-made wine, and to find herself once more upon the road. Even then, however, the old farmer insisted that Frank should look at a shed which was not satisfactory, and she had to wait while the matter was discussed.

There was a little pond, with neat white railings, just opposite the house, and she strolled across and stood by it with a mysterious sense of loneliness and desolation upon her. Still as the afternoon was, she fancied that there was a mournful little rustling in the bows of a stunted oak which grew a few yards away. The little pool mirrored a vacant gray sky. It was absurd, and yet she felt as if she would have given anything to see Gilbert South coming toward her; instead of which, it was Frank who had torn himself away from the farmer and darted across the road.

"I've kept you waiting," he said; "I'm so sorry! Oh, and you are tired, aren't you?"

"A little," she allowed. "Nothing to matter."

"It's too bad of me! What can I do?" he exclaimed, with anxious solicitude. "Come in again, and let Mrs. Green make you some tea."

"Oh, no, no," she said. "I would rather go back."

Frank was in despair. "What a brute I am!" he reproached himself.

Mrs. Austin fairly laughed at the intensity of his remorse. "What would you do if I were very tired?" she said.

He hardly dared to speak to her as they went back, and perhaps it was owing to that enforced silence that later he recalled with especial vividness the plash of his oars on their quietly winding way, the little ripples lying among the dry autumnal reeds on either bank, and the light from the west, where a pale sun struggled feebly through the clouds, falling coldly on the beautiful face before him. For Mrs. Austin, meanwhile, a soft current of thought flowed with the river, setting eve more strongly toward a final resolution. If it rested with er to make Gilbert South happy, why should she not do it? He was not what she had once imagined him, yet he was truer and better than she had believed him during the years they had been parted. There was no man living whose thoughts and memories, nay, whose little tricks of speech and gesture were bound up with her past life as Gilbert's were; and the recollection of his troubled face haunted her like a reproach. "Why not?" she said to herself over and over again, to the measured sound of Frank's oars; "why not—why not—if it would make him happy?"

"I don't know why it is," she said to young Leicester, when they had landed, and were walking slowly up to the house, "but I have had a feeling all this afternoon as if something were going to happen."

"That's funny," said Frank; "so have I."

"Have you, really? If I had known that, I might have wonderd whether you were really going to drown me. But here we are, safely landed, in spite of our forebodings."

He surveyed the sullen sky. "Perhaps there's thunder in the air," he suggested.

"Perhaps. That might account for my feeling tired. I've been a dull companion, I fear."

"No," Frank was begining to say, when he stoped short. They had just come in sight of the house, and he stared at a farmer's chaise, driven by a laboring man, which was going away from the front door. "That's old Clayton's trap," he said; "what on earth has that come here for? And—why surely that's my mother coming to meet us—they can't possibly have been there and got back by this time!"

"There has been an accident!" said Mrs. Austin, with sudden certainty. "Go and see what has happened. Your mother is safe, but——"

(To be continued.)

PALE, WEAK GIRLS

Grow Into Weak, Despondent Women —How to Overcome the Trouble.

Healthy girlhood is the only path to healthy womanhood. The passing from girlhood to womanhood lays a new tax upon the blood. It is the overtaxing of the blood that makes growing girls suffer from headaches and backaches, from paleness and weakness and weariness, from languor, despondency and constant ill health. Unhealthy girlhood is bound to lead to unhealthy womanhood and a life of misery. Nothing but the blood-building qualities of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills can save a girl when she undertakes the trials and tasks of womanhood. That is the time when nature makes new demands upon the blood supply. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills actually make new, rich blood to meet these new demands. In this simple, scientific way Dr. Williams' Pink Pills give growing girls new health, and makes their dawning womanhood bright and attractive. Miss A. Sternberg, Haileybury road, New Liskeard, Ont., says: "I have much reason to be grateful to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, as they restored me to health, if, indeed, they did not save my life. In 1914 I began to feel run down, and the doctor who was called in said that mine was a bad case of anaemia. I lost flesh, always felt tired, and I got so nervous that I could scarcely hold a cup to take a drink. My heart would flutter alarmingly. The doctor did not seem to be able to help me at all, and my family and friends all thought that I was in a decline and could not recover. I was in bed for some weeks when my aunt came to see me and urged that I try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Mr. father got a supply, and by the time I had taken three boxes there was a noticeable improvement, and from that on I steadily progressed toward recovery. I continued using the pills for some time longer, and they restored me to my old-time health and strength. I shall never cease to praise this medicine and to urge all weak, run-down girls to give it a fair trial, as I have proved in my own case their great merit."

You can get these pills from any dealer in medicine or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 from The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Preaching Monkeys.

The author of "The History of Brazil" tells of a species of monkey called "preachers." Every morning and evening these monkeys assemble in the woods. One takes a higher positon than the rest and makes a signal with his forepaw. At this signal the others sit around him and listen. When they are all seated he begins to utter a series of sounds. When he stops these cries he makes another signal with his pay, and the others cry out until he makes a third signal, upon which they become silent again. This author, Mr. Maregrove, asserts that he was a witness to these preachings.

Put your good resolutions on ice. It's hard to keep them for any length of time without spoiling.

Pale-Cheeked Girls Tired-Out Women Quickly Built Up

WONDERFUL RECORD MADE BY NEW BLOOD-FOOD REMEDY.

Certain Results Guaranteed.

Pale people have pale blood.

In other words, the blood is watery and lacks red corpuscles.

The stomach is wrong.

Assimilation is poor and food is not changed into blood. Naturally the system is robbed of vitality, lacks strength and reconstructive power.

Don't slip from vigor into weakness.

Don't allow the appetite to fail, but instead use Ferrozone.

You're bound to feel rejuvenated and strengthened at once.

Appetite is braced up, digestion is stimulated, vigor imparted to the stomach. Everything you eat is transformed into nutriment that supplies what your thin, weak system needs.

Vital, life-giving blood that makes rosy cheeks and dancing eyes—that's the kind that Ferrozone makes.

The strength and buoyancy that defies depression and tiredness, that's the sort you get with Ferrozene.

Every pale woman can transform her bleached-out appearance with Ferroone.

Not only will it impart locks and spirits, but by rebuilding all weak, tired organs, Ferrozone establishes a soundness of health that's surprising.

For women and girls who want to feel well, to look well, to be well, and stay well, nothing known in the annals of medicine is so certain as Ferrozone.

Won't you try Ferrozone?

Concentrated cure in tablet form, that's Ferrozone, 50c per box or six for $2.50, at all dealers, or direct by mail from The Catarrhozone Co., Kingston, Ont.

FORSAKEN ENKHUIZEN.

At One Time One of Holland's Richest and Greatets Cities.

Of all the so-called "dead cities" of the Zuider Zee, Enkhuizen has most completely lost her former prosperity. One who wanders about her silent and empty streets can impossibly realize that this shrunken and depopulated city was once one of the wealthiest and most important in Holland.

Enkhuizen dates from the ninth century or ever earlier. In the zenith of its greatest, the seventeenth century, it possessed 40,000 inhabitants and a fishing fleet of 400 boats engaged in the herring trade. Enkhuizen sailors were well known for their courage and seafaring ability.

But less than a hundred years later the harbor of Enghuizen was silting up, and her commerce had already declined. Since then whole streets have been pulled down, as the population diminished, for only a few thousand inhabitants remain. But the ancient gate, the Dromedaris, that guards its now empty harbor still stands, a monument of the past greatness of Enkhuizen.

The noble western Kerk is built of the deep red, narrow bricks often used in Netherlands architecture. In its choir are some sixteenth century wood carvings. Its unlovely wooden belfry is detached, but connected with the church by a minute but attractive old house. The small, old, red-tiled houses, each with a different facade, form an irregular line that it singularly charming. The streets of the little town are very quiet and empty. Their stillness is almost unbroken except by sorae beautiful chimes.—Argonaut.

The Kilted Evzone.

The Greek soldier may present to some a highly humorous picture in his ballet skirts and tunic. Despite his peculiarities of dress—which, by the way, are scarcely more peculiar than those of some other nations—he is an excellent fighting man.

The evzone, as he is called, would no more abandon the skirt than would a Scot his kilt. It is a part of his national honor, a part of his personal being. It is a right handed down to him from ancient times. A bas relief of the soldier who fought at Marathon shows him in similar costume. His costume is no ephemeral piece of clothing, for it is worn with the dignity of ages behind it. The evzones are ignorant of fear, and if they look anything but soldierly their appearance is believed by their ability to fight under extraordinary conditions.

One of London's Seven Curses.

There are in London thousands of poor folks whose principal meals come from the fried fish shop which, because of its evil smell, has been described as "one of the seven curses of London." Yet to a hungry man the smell of fried fish is a most enticing odor. George Gissing has described haw maddening it was to him in his darkest days "to smell the fish he had no money to purchase," and how when affluent to the extent of a few coppers, he "eagerly bought and devoured the crisp golden colored slices of fresh cooked fish—surely the food of the gods."—London Chronicle.

You Write It.

How would you set down in figures the number eleven thousand eleven hundred and eleven? About half of a class to which the teacher put the question wrote the answer IIIII; the other half wrote it IIIIII.—Youth's Companion.

Sore Corns Go! Absolutely Painless

No cutting, no plasters or pads to press the sore spot. Putnam's Extractor makes the corn go without pain. Takes out the sting overnight. Never fails—leaves no scar. Get a 25c bottle of Putnam's Corn Extractor to-day.

THE HEIGHT OF MOUNT EVEREST

World's Highest Peak Was Never Ascended.

Is in Wild Country, and Attempts Are Barred.

For many years the East Indian government has prohibited any attempt at the ascent of Mount Everest. As long ago as 1902 six European Alpinists set out for India to view the world from the top of its highest mountain. But the virgin snows of Everest could not have cooled their ardor half so rapidly as did the cold water with which the Indian government soused them. The mountaineers simply met with a blank refusal, and the reason of it was perhaps obvious and logical.

The nearest approach to a railroad toward Mount Everest is about 100 miles away. To the north of this railroad terminal is a succession of parallel ranges of the Himalayas separated by deep valleys. It is one of the most difficult countries in the world to traverse, and no white man has ever crossed it.

The surveyors of India have never been nearer than eighty miles from Mount Everest. Some of the valleys are peopled by a few wild tribes who fiercely resent the intrusion of any strangers. The whole country lies in Nepal, which while still an independent state strictly forbade any person to go north among these mountains, and since Nepal came under the suzerainty of India the prohibition has been continued, for obvious reasons, by the Indian government.

When the ascent of Mount Everest is finally made it will probably be on the side of Tibet, whose southern boundary is not far from the mountain, but by her agreement with China the Indian Government is bound to keep explorers from crossing into Tibet from India. Permission was refused to Sven Hedin to cross the border on his last great expedition, when he finally crossed from Ladakh.

Some interesting facts about Mount Everest may not generally be known. Many persons have wondered how the determination of the height of Mount Everest could be so exact that its elevation is fixed at precisely 29,002 feet. It happened in this way: In 1849 and 1850 six trigonometrical determinations of the height of the mountain were obtained by the Indian survey at six different stations, all south of the mountain. The height of 29,002 feet assigned to Mount Everst was the mean of the six different values for the height just obtained.

But the geographical survey of India informed the world in 1908 that Mount Everest is higher than it was computed to be by those six trigonometrical determinations. It reported that between 1881 and 1902 six other determinations of the height of the mountain were made at five stations, all excepting one being nearer to the mountain than the previous surveys. These six new determinations gave a mean value of 29,141 feet after correction for refraction. According, therefore, to our present information, Mount Tverest is 139 fet higher than it was earlier computed to be.

Why is it then, that this latest result of the scientific computation of the height of Mount Everest has not yet appeared in books and maps? It is because the Indian survey is not convinced that the final determination has been reached. It says that the height, 29,141 feet, is a more reliable result than 29,002 feet, but the more recent determination is still probably too small. It desires to ackuire more thorough knowledge of the problems of refraction and of the effects of deviations of gravity upon trigonometrical work before announcing the final determination of the elevation of the world's highest mountain. Meanwhile it will retain on its maps the first determination of 29,002 feet.

This decision certainly commended itself. It would be more vexatious than useful to change the figures now and then in order to add or subtract a few feet as the latest determination of the mountain's height. It is better to wait until refinement of scientific method yields the closest approximation possible. This is the suggestion of the Indian survey, and all map makers have apparently adopted it.

A GOOD SUGGESTION

The tragic frequency of collisions between automobiles and railway trains at railway crossings is being dealt with boldly by the Long Island Railway, which has initiated a striking poster campaign showing the recklessness with which motorists ignore all danger signs, not only at their own risk, but often at the cost of many other lives. "Jail Might Stop Them—We Can't," is one particularly vivid picture, showing a touring auto with brilliant headlights dashing past a signal in front of a passenger train. Automobile associations all over the country are being appealed to in the hope that a concerted effort may be made to stop this reckless practice of speeding over grade crossings. Canadian automobile associations might well take this lesson from the United States, as accidents of a similar nature in this country are by no means rare. A train moves faster than the motorist may calculate. Another poster has the caption, "We Can't Stop the Horses," and shows a driver asleep with his team about to run through the gates.

Speaking of preparedness, as The Wichita Beacon frequently does, says The Kansas City Star, every schoolboy knows that he Pilgrim Fathers took their gunes to church with them and that the preacher set his up against the pulpit while he talked about the Prince of Peace.

Fatigue from Poisoned Blood

Sluggish action of the liver, kidneys and bowels leave impurities in the blood which render it poisonous. Poisoned blood is the cause of tired, languid feelings, as well as of headache, backache and bodily pains and aches.

By awakening the action of these filtering and excretory organs, Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills thoroughly cleanse the system, purify the blood and cure such ailments as indigestion, biliousness, kidney derangements and constipation. 25 cts.

Dr. Chase's Kidney Liver Pills