...e Female Pills
...er Womens Ailments

...y prepared remedy of proven
...nded by physicians. Sold for
...ry in Patented Tin Hinge Cover
...ature "Knickerbocker Remedy"
... Accept no other. At your
Mail Direct from our Canadian
Bros. & Co. Ltd., Toronto, Can.
price 12.00.

...RKET ... REPORTS

...TO MARKETS

...MERS' MARKET

...ese—		
...e dairy, ...	0 55	0 65
...y ...	0 60	0 65
...d, doz ...	0 37	0 40
...	0 00	0 35
...ultry—		
...	0 50	0 55
...	0 35	0 40
...eting ...	0 45	0 50
...		
...ts ...	1 75	2 00
...each ...	0 10	0 20
...skt. ...	2 50	3 00
...box ...	0 25	0 30
...		
...	0 60	....
...ch ...	0 35	....
...bchs ...	0 35	....
...h ...	0 10	0 15
...skt. ...	0 75	....
...	0 10	0 15
...	0 40	....
...s, for ...	0 10	....
...	0 13	0 15
...bunch ...	0 05	0 10
...h ...	0 10	....
...	1 50	....
...ck ...	0 50	0 75
...or ...	0 10	....
...unches ...	0 10	....
...	0 05	0 10
...	0 30	....
...	0 25	....
...h ...	0 05	0 10
...kt ...	1 20	1 60
...arrows, each.	0 10	0 15

...ATS—WHOLESALE

...arters ...	15 50	17 50
...arters ...	24 00	26 00
...oice ...	20 00	21 00
...n ...	16 00	19 00
...n ...	14 50	16 00
...n, cwt. ...	13 00	15 00
...n ...	20 00	23 00
...	25 00	28 00
... cwt. ...	23 00	25 00
...wt. ...	27 00	29 00
...s, cwt. ...	29 00	31 00
...lb ...	0 25	0 28

...UGAR MARKET

...ale quotations to the retail
...adian refined sugar, Toronto
... now as follows:—

...ulated ...	100-bags	$10 15
... yellow ...	"	9 75
... yellow ...	"	9 85
... yellow ...	"	9 55
...nulated ...	"	10 15
... yellow ...	"	9 75
... yellow ...	"	9 65
... yellow ...	"	9 55
...anulated ...	"	10 15
... yellow ...	"	9 75
... yellow ...	"	9 65
... yellow ...	"	9 55
...e granulated ...	"	10 15
... yellow ...	"	9 75
... yellow ...	"	9 65
... yellow ...	"	9 55

... over bags.
...5-lb. cartons, 80c and 50 2-lb.
... over bags, Gunnies, 5 20-lb.
... 50c. over bags.

...ER MARKETS.

...PEG GRAIN EXCHANGE

...ons on the Winnipeg Grain ... were as follows:—

	Open.	High.	Low.	Close
...	0 71	0 82¾	0 79⅞	0 80
...	0 77	0 80	0 77	0 77¼
...	1 25⅛	1 29⅜	1 25½	1 28
...	1 22	1 23½	1 20¾	1 20⅝

... 5 50 5 70 5 57 5 57

...NEAPOLIS GRAINS

...is—Flour unchanged. Barley, ... Rye, No. 2, $1.46½ to $1.47. ... Flax, $5.89 to $5.91.

...OLUTH LINSEED

...Linseed, on track, $5.89 to $5.93; ...5.89; September, $5.89 bid; October, ... bid; November, $5.67 asked; ...$5.62 asked.

Translations.

...ions are like photographs, ... reproducing drawings and ...sunsets. It is as though one ... not see the French cathe... the Pyramids should acquaint ...ith good paintings of them. ...are not the cathedrals or the ... They are the next best ...ess, as may be the case, the ...travellers are better. These, ...of the original, but a teach... ...interpretation—sometimes very ...sometimes not.—Andrew F.

...ver can tell—The man who ... to his art may marry in ... repent at leisure.

...ason's
...RN STARCH

...into juicy fruit ...running over.

...prove a happy

... and puddings ...rite for booklet.

... Montreal
227

SIR WILLIAM'S WILL

CHAPTER VII.

Jack Douglas, as he still called himself, was fortunate enough to catch a ship at Melbourne and was borne to England. It was a sad journey to him; for he had to endure the pangs of remorse, and the misery that is contained in the pregnant words, "It might have been!" If he had only been more patient, less wilful—alas! it was too late now; the old man whom he had loved, even in the moment of their greatest quarrel, had passed away; and the only consolation Jack could apply to his aching heart was contained in the hope that his dead father might in some way know that his son had always loved him and was now mourning for him.

He stayed in London for one night, and only because he arrived too late to catch a train; and the next day traveled, third-class—for the best of all reasons, there being no fourth—to Bramley.

So poignant, so absorbing was his grief that he had scarcely given a thought to the position in which his father ought to have left him. He was the present baronet, of course, but his father and he had cut off the entail, and Sir William had been free to leave the estates and the money to whom he pleased. It seemed to Jack that his father would have been acting quite justly in leaving them away from the son who had quarreled with him; indeed, that Sir William had very probably disinherited him.

But the reflection did not worry him much. He was too full of the dead man, of his terrible remorseful past to speculate as to the disposal of Sir William's property.

It was an early autumn evening when he got out at the small station and went down the steps. No one had recognized him; the porters were new hands, and the few persons about the station glanced at him without recognition; and even when he met the stream of work-people coming from the works he passed through it unknown.

As he looked round him at the little town, with its lighted windows twinkling in the slight September mist, a flood of memories swept over his heart and increased its aching. He felt fearfully lonely, much more lonely than he had ever felt in the vast solitudes he had just left.

If the crowd which had just swept by him had known that he was Sir Wilfrid Carton, the son of their late employer, how eagerly, how curiously, they would have stopped to stare at him, to greet him. Well, it was just as well that he should learn how he stood before making himself known. It was more than possible that he would have to pass out of Bramley again, disinherited, an outcast as of old.

He climbed the hill from the town and came in sight of the Hall, and stood and looked at it with set lips and moist eyes; but he did not walk up to the front entrance and demand admittance. He had another visit to pay before he crossed the threshold of the Hall; and following the winding road that skirted the house he came to the little church that lay in the hollow just outside the park. With unerring steps he made his way to the family tomb.

It was too dark to read the inscription, but Jack was prepared for that, and he lit a taper, and, by its flickering light, read the evenly cut lines which recorded the solemn fact that Sir William Carton, Bart., J. P., D. L., of Bramley Hall, lay beneath the great granite stone.

"A just and upright man, a wise magistrate, an unfailing friend of the poor."

Yes, he was all that, Jack thought, with a sigh; if he had only been a little more tender-hearted, if —— No, no! It was all his, the son's fault, he concluded, with another sigh that was almost a groan.

He read the inscription twice, standing bareheaded; then he extinguished the taper and moved slowly away from the tomb.

As he did so he was startled by seeing a light spring up behind the stained-glass windows of the church, and, as he stood staring at it, the organ began to play. The music stole out to him softly, almost consolingly, and he waited, leaning against the gate and listening. No doubt it was the organist, practising; but, with a twinge of sadness, Jack thought it must be a new one; for the music that was floating out to him was of a higher kind than the old schoolmistress of his time had been capable of evoking. Had all the place and everyone in it changed?

He shrugged his shoulders and opened the gate, and as he did so, a young girl came running down the path toward him. Her skirts were short, her hair was long and streamed behind her from under a red tam-o'-shanter.

"Is that you, Grimes?" she called out, in a clear girlish voice, with a touch of camaraderie, which Jack, who was a good comrade, noticed. "Has my sister finished? It's late."

Jack raised his cap.

"I'm not Mr. Grimes," he said. "Is there anything I can do?"

She did not start, but she stared at him with frank surprise.

"Oh, I beg your pardon. I took you for old Grimes, the sexton. No, thanks. I'll go in."

She passed him with a nod, then paused and looked at him. The light was on his face; and trust Mollie to observe that it was a good-looking one.

"Are you a stranger here?" she asked.

"Yes," said Jack; and, indeed, he felt a stranger at that moment.

"Oh," she said, reflectively; then, with another nod, she went on and entered the church. Jack looked after her with the interest he left in everything pertaining to the old place; then he left the churchyard and went toward the Hall.

But at the lodge-gate he paused. Supposing his father had disinherited him, had left the Hall, the estates, to someone else; it would be rather awkward to receive the information from the present owner.

Reluctantly he turned away for the second time and made his way down the hill into the town. As he passed the works, he saw a light in the dining-room of the house under its walls, and he wondered who was living there now. He had been born in that house, and it was only natural that he should regard it with interest. As he was looking at it, the door opened, and a tall, thin young man came out. He passed so close to Jack that he almost touched him; but he was walking with his head bent and apparently lost in thought, and scarcely glanced at the motionless figure.

"The new manager, I suppose," Jack thought. "Yes; everything is changed and new."

A little off the High street stood, with a square lawn in front of it, a lawn jealously enclosed by posts and chains—an old-fashioned house with a brass plate shining on the door. The sight of the house, the plate, gave Jack an idea.

He went up to the door and knocked, and a neatly dressed maid servant opened it.

"Is Mr. Granger in?" asked Jack.

"Yes, sir, what name?" she asked, respectfully, for though he wore a rough suit he looked a gentleman.

He hesitated a second or two, then answered:

"Douglas."

She showed him into Mr. Granger's study, and Jack looked round with moody interest. A large portrait of his father hung on one of the walls, and there were several of the Bramleys. Jack was gazing at his father's portrait as the old lawyer entered. The light was down and Jack saw that again he was not recognized.

"You wish to see me?" said Mr. Granger. "Pray take a seat."

Jack sat down and looked rather steadily and rather wistfully at the old lawyer.

"You don't know me, Mr. Granger?" he said, at last.

Mr. Granger peered through his glasses at him.

"Mr. Douglas?" he said, doubtfully. "I don't remember the name. And—and—yet there is something familiar in your voice—— Good heavens, it is Wilfred Carton!" he exclaimed, with a note of glad surprise, and he held out his hand and shook Jack's hand heartily. "Yes, yes, of course! But—btu you have changed, Mr. Wilfred—Sir Wilfred! I beg your pardon—much changed, older—and — er — graver. But I am delighted to see you, delighted. When did you arrive? Have you dined?"

Jack nodded; he felt as if a piece of bread would choke him.

"Thanks, yes," he said.

"A glass of wine; you look —er — tired! Yes, yes!" he rang the bell and ordered the wine, and drew his his chair up to Jack's.

"And so you have come back! I am glad, very glad; and very much relieved. You got my letter?"

Jack shook his head. "No," he said.

"No? I sent it to the place—Mintona."

"I left there before I tarrived, I suppose."

"Tut, tut! But your father's letter; that reached you?"

"No," said Jack, with a start and a sudden color, a swift light of relief, of gratitude in his eyes. "Did he write? Thank God!"

"He wrote, yes!" said Mr. Granger. "To Mintona."

"When?" came the sharp question.

"Some time ago, last year. I could give you the date."

"I did not get it," said Jack, in a low voice.

"Strange, strange!" remarked Mr. Granger. "Why was that, I wonder? If it had not been delivered it would have come back through the post office."

"My father thought I had got it, and would not answer?" said Jack, in a still lower voice.

"I'm—I'm afraid he did," assented Mr. Granger, reluctantly. "It's very unfortunate. You were there, at this place, Mintona, Sir Wilfred?"

"Yes," replied Jack, his brows knit, his lips tightly compressed. "I was there. If the letter had been delivered I should have got it."

"I don't understand it! But there it is. And"—he poured out a glass of wine—"and is it possible that you do not know the contents of your father's will, the dispsition of the property?"

"No," answered Jack. "It was the bare announcement of his death in a newspaper. I saw it by chance, and started for home the next day—I have seen no one, have obtained no information. I was passing your house and——"

"Came to me at once, of course!" broke in Mr. Granger. "Where else should you go, my dear Sir Wilfred? Under the—er—circumstances you would not like to go to the Hall."

"Under what circumstances?" asked Jack.

Mr. Granger rose to fill his visitor's glass again, but Jack put the decanter aside.

"No more, thanks. It is the first glass of wine I have had for—well, years. I came home steerage," he said casually.

"Tut, tut," muttered the old lawyer, with a frown of embarrassment. "Er—of course, you were not—in funds. If I had only known I could have sent you some money."

"Oh, that's allright, thanks," said Jack. "The people I was working for were—bricks, and lent me enough to carry me home. And now about my father's will, Mr. Granger?"

The lawyer took his chin in his hand and looked down at the handsome but weary face with a troubled frown.

"I'll tell you in as few words as I can," he said.

And he told him.

Jack's face grew grave and somewhat stern, and he was silent for some seconds after the lawyer's voice had ceased.

"Then I am an outcast still," he said, with a short, grim laugh. "Well! it is what I deserve. And, mind. I—I don't think any worse of my father, shan't think badly of him for doing what he has done. I was a bad son to him——"

The lawyer waived the assertion aside, and shook his head.

"There were faults on both sides, no doubt," he said. "But that your father was willing to forget and forgive, was eager to do so, I am quite sure. The letter, you know!"

Jack got up and straightened his shoulders, as a strong man does when he is recovering from a blow.

"Thanks," h esaid. "Yes; that consoles me. I'll be going——"

Mr. Granger put out his hand with an appealing, a remonstrating gesture.

"Good heavens! my dear young friend, you must not take it like that; you must not march off as if—as if the whole business were done with, concluded!" he said almost angrily.

"Isn't it?" said Jack simply.

"Isn't it! No; it certainly is not!" retorted Mr. Granger emphatically. "Surely, you do not understand, have not fully comprehended the purport of the will! Do you not see that you have only to comply with the conditions of the will, the desire, the wish of your father to—to become possessor of the property which, I am bound to admit, should have been yours without any such conditions."

"You mean that I can step into the estate by—by marrying this young lady, Miss Bramley?" said Jack, in his direct fashion, his eyes fixed steadily on the lawyer's.

"Certainly!" responded Mr. Granger, meeting the gaze unflinchingly. "And pray let me tell you that the condition is—er—by no means a hard one. Indeed, it is one which most men would consider as enhancing the value of the—er—bequest. You may not remember Miss Bramley, Miss Clytie——"

Jack looked before him as if trying to recall her, then shook his head.

"Quite so. Then let me assure you that a more charming, a sweeter, and, I will add, a more beautiful young lady it has never been my fortune to meet. I am quite sure that if—that if—you were to renew your acquaintance——"

He stopped short, for Jack was buttoning his coat, and there was a grim smile on his lips and a grimmer smile in his eyes.

"Look here, young man! You're not going to be a d——d fool, I hope and trust!" snapped the old lawyer.

"I don't know. I dare say," retorted Jack. "But, anyway, I'm certainly not going to be such a mean hound as to marry a girl—any girl, plain or beautiful, charming or otherwise—for all the estates in England—and out of it."

Mr. Granger almost shook his fist in the hard, set face.

"Now, see here!" he began; but Jack stopped him with a sudden question.

"Did I understand rightly that Miss Bramley would lose the property if she refused to marry me?" he asked.

Mr. Granger colored and bit his lip.

"What the devil has that to do with your—your proposed folly, with the madness you appear to be willing to perpetuate?" he demanded irritably.

"Nver you mind; let's have the answer," said Jack, too quietly, and his eyes were fixed on Mr. Granger's evasive ones.

"Ye-s. I see what you are driving at."

"And what has she done?" asked Jack, quickly.

"She can do nothing, arrive at no decision until twelve months have elapsed after your father's death."

(To Be Continued).

WANTED 50 GIRLS

With, or without experience on Hosiery and Underwear.

Learners taught.

Highest wages paid.

Steady work guaranteed.

We have a list of desirable boarding houses which provide all home comforts at reasonable figures.

Apply personally or by mail. Working conditions are ideal in this mill.

ZIMMERMAN-RELIANCE Ltd

Dundurn and Aberdeen Sts., Hamilton, Ont., Can.

If Thin, Nervous, Run Down, Depressed, This Will Help!

The wear and strain of life has tended in recent years to produce nervous debility in a large percentage of our population.

Thousands are affected with a feeling they can't exactly describe. They are always tired and droopy, lack ambition, have poor appetite, look pale and suffer from depressing headaches and insomnia.

This condition is ful of peril. It is the stepping stone to invalidism, the beginning of a shattered constitution.

We advise everyone in this condition to take a good medicine at once and try to get well while yet there is time.

Probably no better advice can be given than to use Dr. Hamilton's Pills, which have become famous in restoring the sick to good health. A general toning up of the system at once takes place. The whole body is vitalized by rich and purer blood. The appetite is increased, food is digested and naturally strength rapidly increases. Headaches go because the bowels are regulated and all wastes are carried off.

There is no experiment about using Dr. Hamilton's Pills because they certainly restore the sick, as a trial will quickly prove. Just as good for the old as the young, and suitable to the needs of women and children. This grand family medicine should be in every home.

FLYING AT NIGHT

Night flying is a fearsome thing—but tremendously interesting. Anyone who has ever been swimming at night will appreciate what I mean. All the familiar objects and landmarks that seem so friendly by day become weird and repellent monsters at night, writes Maj. W. A. Bishop, in "Winged Warfare." It is simple enough to go up in the dark, and simple enough to sail away, but it is quite something else to come down again, without taking off a chimney pot or "strafing" a big oak tree. The landing tests are done with the help of flares on the ground. My first flight at night had most of the thrills of my first solo. I "taxied" out to what I thought a good place to take off from. The instructor shouted a few last words to me about the noise of the motor. I turned the machine to face down the long line of lights, opened out the engine, race along the ground, then plunged up into utter blackness.

I held the controls very carefully and kept my eyes glued on the instruments that gleamed brightly under little electric bulbs inside the machine. I could not see a thing around me; only the stars overhead. Underneath there was a great black void. After flying straight-away for several minutes, I summoned up courage enough to make a turn. I carefully and gradually rounded the corner, and then away off to one side I could see the flares on the ground. I completed a big circuit and shut off the engine preparatory to landing. Suddenly, in the midst of my descent, I realized I had misfudged it very badly, so quickly put the engine on again and proceeded to fly around a second time. Then I came down, and to my intense surprise, made quite a good landing. This was only the beginning. I had to repeat the trick several times.

One other machine was up at the same time, doing its test. . . so I gazed anxiously out into the darkness, trying to see the little navigation lights we carried on our wings. It is hard to look into jet blackness. . . but I was afraid not to look for all I was worth. I continued to fly as much as I could in a dead straight line. Whenever I had to make a turn, I made a very gradual one, hardly daring to bank, or tilt my machine at all. It is funny, this feeling at night that you must not bank, and a most dangerous instinct to follow. The feeling that you are off an even keel upsets you, as you have no horizon or apparent ground below you to take your bearings by, and you have to go by the instruments, or tell from the "feel" of the machine itself, whether you are level or not.

However, at the stage of learning I had reached I knew nothing of the real feel of a machine, and was entirely dependent upon the instruments. This isn't a very reassuring state of mind, so when the instruments at last indicated I had attained the required height, it was with a happy heart that I throttled back my engine to come down. . . When you come down with your engine running, it takes a much longer time to reach the ground. Every thousand feet or so, as I lost height, I would completely try out the engine, and do a complete circuit. Underneath me I could see the little twinkling flares, and kept them in sight as much as possible on the downward journey, to make certain of not losing myself. Finally I reached the ground and made a careful landing. When I stepped out of the machine I had at last qualified as a pilot.

Wash The Kidneys!

After Bad Colds or Influenza Look to Kidneys and Bladder!

Owing to bad colds, over-eating or intemperance, or to the after effects of influenza—uric acid and toxins (poisons) are stored up in the body and cause backache, lumbago, rheumatic pains and stiff joints.

It is most essential that treatment be directed towards prompt casting out of the poisons from the body which cause these pains and aches. This means that the excretory organs—(the bowels, skin and kidneys)—should be excited to their best efforts. Every one should clean house—internally—and thus protect one's self from many germ diseases, by taking castor oil or a pleasant laxative such as Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets, which are made of May-apple, aloes and jalap. Take these every other day. This will excite efficient bowel action. If you suffer from backache, irritation of the bladder and the kidneys, shown by the frequent calls to get out of bed at night, considerable sediment in the water, brick-dust deposit, perhaps headache in the morning, you should obtain at the drug store "Anurie" (anti-uric acid), first put up by Dr. Pierce.

To build up the strength and improve the blood, take an iron tonic such as "Ironic," manufactured by Dr. Pierce, to be had in tablets at drug stores, or some good herbal tonic such as Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, made from wild roots and barks without

WHEN I choose a Hotel," remarked a traveller recently, "I do not do like a boy choosing apples, pick for the largest, nor I have learned from experience that 'other things being equal,' can be the quality or lacking. The architect can always guess the limit. Quality.

"The WALKER HOUSE at Toronto is an illustration. I always pick them. It is large enough to have all the advantages of the big hotels and small enough to have all the comforts of home.

"It is a standard for hotel choosing."

This traveller spoke from experience. The WALKER HOUSE (The Home of Plenty) offers entertainment of excellent character at an equitable amount and home comforts.

Be sure to make this the outstanding thing to remember when you plan your next trip.

Situated a stone's throw from the Union Depot and a three minutes' ride from the docks.

THE WALKER HOUSE.

TORONTO CANADA

RICHEST SOIL IN AMERICA

Crescent City, Florida.
June 25th, 1918.

Florida Land Owners' Association,
Crescent City, Fla.

Gentlemen:

Coming from St. Catharines, Ontario, Canada, which is in perhaps the best fruit and truck farming belt in the Provinces, naturally I was more or less sceptical of lands in any Southern States, but after looking over many tracts in Florida, it remained for me to see the lands you were offering, and I must say that they are the RICHEST LANDS I have ever seen. I would be pleased to have any Canadian write me for further verification of this statement and can honestly recommend not only your wonderful lands but the Association as a whole. The easy terms you offer makes it possible for practically any one to purchase and no one need hesitate about buying before they examine the lands as I know you will select only the best, and make a better selection than the purchaser would himself.

Wishing your Association much success I am,

Very truly yours,
David Beaver.

FLORIDA LAND OWNERS' ASSOCIATION, INC.
7 Prospect St.
Crescent City, - Florida, U.S.A.

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE.

THE CAUSE OF SICKNESS

Almost Always Due to Weak, Impoverished Blood.

Apart from accident or illness due to infection, almost all ill-health arises from one or two reasons. The great mistake that people make is in not realizing that both of these have the same cause at the root of them, namely poor and improper blood. Either bloodlessness or some trouble of the nerves will be found to be of the nerves will be found to be the reason for almost every ailment. If you are pale, suffer from headaches, or breathlessness, with palpitation, of the heart, poor appetite and weak digestion, the cause is almost always bloodlessness. If you have nervous headaches, neuralgia, sciatica and other nerve pains, the cause is run down, exhausted nerves. But run down nerves are also a result of poor blood, so that the two chief causes of illness are one and the same.

This accounts for the great number of people, once in indifferent health, pale, nervous and dyspeptic, who have been made well and hearty by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills; for no other medicine ever discovered is so valuable for increasing the supply of rich red blood and giving strength to worn out nerves. Men and women alike greatly benefit from a course of the splendid blood builder and nerve tonic.

If your dealer does not keep these pills you can get them by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

"WE WON'T."

Irish Answer Satisfied an Irish Sergeant.

The world has laughed and laughed again at the Irish bulls and blunders, and the men of the 10[illegible]nd Engineers stopped cursing Dickebush Lake and the Germans long enough to laugh at an Irish sergeant attached to the Dublin Fusiliers, who are harranguing his platoon before they went over the top in a raiding party.

Jerry was poking up No Man's Land with shell fire, and the Irish sergeant was plainly nervous.

He assembled his squad and said: "Min of mine, it's a foine body o min yez are. To-night we'll be goin' over the top and we may meet some of them Prooshian Guards. What I want to know is this: Are yez wid me, or agin me?"

"We are," said the platoon, duly impressed.

"Will yez foight or will yez run, if yez meet the Germans?" demanded the sergeant.

"We will," chorused the platoon.

"Yez will, what—will yez foight, or will yez run?" he insisted.

"We won't," yelled the platoon with fervor in every voice.

"Ah!" exclaimed the sergeant, "I knew I could depend on yez!"

Efficiency Can Be Overdone.

It may be that the new and much-vaunted religion of efficiency can be carried too far. A little less of it, at times, might work no great harm. Not that we would decry efficiency, mind you. Doubtless it is a fine thing. But look what it has done to the Germans.

The idea we are trying to get at is that if a man follow always and eternally the cast iron rules of efficiency, it is apt to make him stale as any other steady diet would do, or to weary him as it would weary him to be always prim and sedate and always to wear stiff collars and tight shoes.—Los Angeles Times.

Old Folks' Coughs, Catarrh, Bronchitis Quickly Cured

This Tells of a Method That Cures Without Using Drugs.

Elderly people take cold easily. Unlike young folks, they recover slowly. That is why so many people past middle life die of pneumonia.

Cough syrups seldom do much good because ehey upset digestion. Any doctor knows that a much more effective treatment is "CATARRHOZONE," which heals and soothes the irritated surfaces of the throat.

In using Catarrhozone you do not take medicine into the stomach—you simply breathe into the throat, nose and lungs rich piney balsamic vapor, so full of healing power that colds, catarrh and bronchitic disappear almost instantly.

The germ-killing balsamic vapor mixes with the breath, descends through the throat, down the bronchial tubes, and finaly reaches the deepest air cells in the lungs. All parts are soothed with rich, pure medicinal essences, whereas with a syrup the affected parts could not be reached, and harm would result through benumbing the stomach with drugs.

A Catarrhozone inhaler in your pocket or purse enables you to stop a cold with the first sneeze. Large size costs $1.00 nd supplies treatment for two months; small size, 50c; trial size, 25c; all storekeepers and druggists, or The Catarrhozone Co., Kingston, Canada.

Almost Lost Precious Card.

One of those "absentee registrants" signed up at the city postoffice one day last week, and received his registration card for transmission to his local board in his home town.

This man must have been an absent-minded registrant as well, as the sequel will show. He calmly placed the registration card in an envelope, addressed the envelope to his local board, put on the stamp, and walked out into the street.

As he passed a trash box he dropped the letter into the opening and went his way with a clear conscience of having done his first duty under the man power law.

Luckily for him a postman coming out of the building saw the mistake he made and rescued the letter from the trash. By this time the registrant had boarded a car, so the letter carrier dropped the letter containing the precious card into the letter box. —Washington Star.

Household Hints.

Should you desire jelly to set quickly, the safest way is to dissolve the gelatine in a small quantity of hot water, then add cold water to make up the necessary amount.

When frying fish, if it is put in hot fat, skin side up, and allowed to brown quickly, then finished slowly so as to cook it through, it will not break up.

Put two teaspoonfuls of white sugar in the water while cooking cauliflower; it will keep it white.

If a pinch of bicarbonate of soda is used in all kinds of fruit and puddings, less sugar will be required; also a pinch of salt should go in everything we cook.

It is not necessary to say, keep milk covered and in a cool place; lacking ice, wrap the bottle in a wet towel and stand it in a vessel of cold water.

To keep milk sweet in hot weather, add one teaspoonful of lime water to each pint before putting it away; shake the bottle. Lime water is beneficial. Sour milk may be made good use of in some cakes and pastry; if milk is beginning to turn, add a generous pinch of bicarbonate of soda to each pint, bring it quickly to a boil in a saucepan, previously wet with cold water, use it soon after.

Yes, Why Is It?

Said the facetious feller, "Why is it when a man goes to a butcher shop and learns that the price of a chuck roast is 55 cents a pound he involuntarily allows his mind to revert to thoughts of the flesh and the devil?" —Indianapolis Star.

Times of Life's Deep Emotions.

At certain periods of life we live years of emotion in a few weeks and look back on those old times as on great gaps between the old life and the new.—Thackeray.

An extremist is a fellow who is either looking out for number one, or who is a back number.