

### BEER, BUT NO CIGARETTES

A Land After Andy Broder's Heart—But Law Doesn't Favor Prosecution of Adults, Nevertheless

MILWAUKEE, May 18.—This city whose beer is famous throughout the land, familiar even to the non-bibulous, who see its virtues placarded on freight cars and flaring signs, has no strong temperance party. Local opinion is still as far off as the Rocky Mountains. And yet, strange to say, a blue law prevails regarding cigarettes. The insidious white tube of rice paper filled with tobacco is strictly barred from this city of the sparkling amber beverage, and the contiguous State of Wisconsin. It may not be manufactured, sold or given away within the borders of that commonwealth.

In view of Andrew Broder, M.P.'s efforts to have a statute passed in the Dominion Parliament, making the manufacture and sale of cigarettes a criminal act throughout Canada, the statute relating to this in the State of Wisconsin, only State in the Union enforcing such a law, may be of interest. Here it is:

Sale, manufacture, or giving away of cigarettes and cigarette papers prohibited; penalty, Section 4608f. Any person who shall, by himself, his servant or agent, or as the servant or agent, of any other person, directly or indirectly, or upon any pretense, or by any device, manufacture, sell, offer for sale, keep for sale, give away, or otherwise dispose of, or bring into this State for the purpose of selling, offering for sale, or giving away, or otherwise disposing of any cigarettes, cigarette paper, or cigarette wrappers, or any substitute therefor, or any paper made or prepared for the purpose of making cigarettes, or any substitute therefor, or for the purpose of being filled with tobacco for smoking; or who shall own, keep or be in any way concerned engaged or employed in, owning or keeping any such cigarettes, cigarette paper, cigarette wrappers, or substitute therefor; or who shall authorize or permit the same to be done

### THE RETURN OF TARZAN

By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

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Tarzan and Abdul found seats near the center of the room, though the terrific noise produced by the musicians upon their Arab drums and pipes would have rendered a seat farther from them more acceptable to the quiet loving ape-man. A rather good looking girl was dancing, and receiving Tarzan's European clothes and scenting a generous gratuity, she threw her silken handkerchief upon his shoulder, to be rewarded with a franc.

When her place upon the floor had been taken by another bright eyed Abdul saw her in conversation with two Arabs at the far side of the room near a side door that let upon an inner court, around the gallery of which were the rooms occupied by the girls who danced in this cafe.

At first he thought nothing of the matter, but presently he noticed from the corner of his eye one of the men nod in their direction and the girl turn and shoot a furtive glance at Tarzan. Then the Arabs melted through the doorway into the darkness of the court.

When it came again the girl's turn to dance she hovered close to Tarzan, and for the ape-man alone were her sweetest smiles. Many an ugly scowl was cast upon the tall European by swarthy, dark eyed sons of the desert, but neither smiles nor scowls produced any outwardly visible effect upon him. Again the girl cast her handkerchief upon his shoulder, and again was she rewarded with a franc piece. As she was sticking it upon her forehead, after the custom of her kind, she bent low toward Tarzan, whispering a quick word in his ear.

"There are two without in the court," she said quickly, in broken French, "who would harm m'sieur. At first I promised to lure you to them, but you have been kind, and I cannot do it. Go quickly, before they find that I have failed them. I think that they are very bad men."

Tarzan thanked the girl, assuring her that he would be careful, and, having finished her dance, she crossed to the little doorway and went out into the court. But Tarzan did not leave the cafe as she had urged.

For another half hour nothing unusual occurred, then a surly looking Arab entered the cafe from the street. He stood near Tarzan, where he deliberately made insulting remarks about the European, but as they were in his native tongue Tarzan was entirely innocent of their purpose until Abdul took it upon himself to enlighten him.

"This fellow is looking for trouble," warned Abdul. "He is not alone. In fact, in case of a disturbance nearly every man here would be against you. It would be better to leave quietly, master."

"Ask the fellow what he wants," commanded Tarzan, and the Arab, "He says that the dog of a Christian" insulted the Ouled-Nail (dancing girl), who belongs to him. He means trouble, m'sieur."

"Tell him that I did not insult his or any other Ouled-Nail, that I wish him to go away and leave me alone; that I have no quarrel with him nor has he any with me."

"He says," replied Abdul, after delivering this message to the Arab, "that besides being a dog yourself that you are the son of one and that your grandmother was a hyena. Incidentally you are a liar."

The attention of those near by had now been attracted by the altercation, and the smearing language that followed this torrent of invective easily indicated the trend of the sympathies of the majority of the audience.

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At the instant that the man fell a half dozen fierce plainmen sprang into the room from where they had apparently been waiting for their cue in the street before the cafe. With cries of "Kill the unbeliever!" and "Down with the dog of a Christian!" they made straight for Tarzan.

A number of the younger Arabs in the audience sprang to their feet to join in the assault upon the unarmed white man. Tarzan and Abdul were rushed back toward the end of the room by the very force of numbers opposing them. The young Arab remained loyal to his master and with drawn knife fought at his side.

### Fly Swatting Is Useless

Our Dominion Entomologist says: "I am convinced that the practical results of the fly swatting campaigns that have been carried on by some of our newspapers are useless as fly reducers."

But the fact that one ten-cent packet of WILSON'S FLY PADS is capable of killing a bushel of flies proves them to be the best of all fly killers and recommends their continuous use to good housekeepers. WILSON'S FLY PADS are sold by all grocers and druggists everywhere.

With tremendous blows the ape-man felled all who came within reach of his powerful hands. So closely packed was the howling mob that no weapon could be wielded to advantage, and none of the Arabs dared use a firearm for fear of wounding one of his compatriots.

Finally Tarzan succeeded in seizing one of the most persistent of his attackers. With a quick wrench he disarmed the fellow, and then, holding him before them as a shield, he backed slowly beside Abdul toward the little door which led into the inner courtyard. At the threshold he paused for an instant and, lifting the struggling Arab above his head, hurled him as though from a catapult full in the faces of his oppressing fellows.

Then Tarzan and Abdul stepped into the semidarkness of the court. The frightened Ouled-Nails were crouching at the tops of the stairs which led to their respective rooms, the only light in the courtyard coming from the sickly candles which each girl had stuck with its own grease to the woodwork of her door frame.

Scarcely had Tarzan and Abdul emerged from the room ere a revolver spoke close at their backs from the shadows beneath one of the stairways, and as they turned to meet this new antagonist two muffled figures sprang toward them, firing as they came. Tarzan leaped to meet these two new assailants. The foremost was a second

in the trampled dirt of the court, disarmed and groaning from a broken wrist. Abdul's knife found the vitals of the second in the instant that the fellow's revolver missed fire as he held it to the faithful Arab's forehead.

The maddened horde within the cafe were now rushing into in pursuit of their quarry. The girls had extinguished their candles at a cry from one of their number, and the only light within the yard came feebly from the open and half blocked door of the cafe. Tarzan had seized a sword from the man who had fallen before Abdul's knife, and now he stood waiting for the rush of men that was coming in search of them through the darkness.

Suddenly he felt a light hand upon his shoulder from behind and a woman's voice whispering: "Quick, m'sieur! This way. Follow me!"

"Come, Abdul," said Tarzan, in a low tone to the youth; "we can be no worse off elsewhere than we are here."

The woman turned and led them up the narrow stairway that ended at the door of her quarters. Tarzan was close beside her, and instinctively he knew that she was the same who had whispered the warning in his ear earlier in the evening.

As they reached the top of the stairs they could hear the angry crowd searching the yard beneath.

"Soon they will search here," whispered the girl. "Hasten; you can drop from the farther window of my room to the street beyond. Before they discover that you are no longer in the court or the buildings you will be safe within the hotel."

But even as she spoke several men had started up the stairway at the head of which they stood. There was a sudden cry from one of the searchers. They had been discovered. Quickly the crowd rushed for the stairway. The foremost assailant then leaped upward, but at the top he met the sudden sword that he had not expected—the quarry had been unarmored before.

With a cry the man tumbled back upon those behind him. Like temples they rolled down the stairs. The ancient and rickety structure could not withstand the strain of this unaccounted weight and jarring. With a creaking and rending of breaking wood it collapsed beneath the Arabs, leaving Tarzan and Abdul upon the floor.

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### THE DEMAND

"A Trial Package will bring Enlightenment"

"SALADA" CEYLON TEAS "ARE DELICIOUS TEAS" SEALED PACKAGES ONLY REFUSE SUBSTITUTES

Is increasing enormously Can we tell you the Reason Why?

Scout Notes "Caister men never turn back" it is some years ago now since the cables around the English speaking world carried that stirring message from sea to sea.

Watching them go stood an old sailor, whose two sons were in the lifeboat. He saw them reach beyond the harbor and waited with bated breath for what would surely happen when they passed out of its shelter. The fear was realized, the seas took the lifeboat, hurled it capsized back from where they had so daringly ventured from, drowning every member of its crew.

At the Board of Trade enquiry the old man was asked during his evidence why, when they knew the sea was running so high outside the harbor they did not turn back.

"Turn back," said the old fellow: "Sir, Caister men never turn back."

The next day the scenes of 't's disaster were pictured, hearts were stirred and in every land where English speaking people live, public subscription lists were opened that the old man might be comfortably provided for and not left helpless by his bereavement.

He had spoken a message of courage we always admire, of such stuff are the heroes of to-day made.

HIS CHANCE. "I believe," said the beautiful heiress, "that the happiest marriages are made by opposites."

"Just think how poor I am!" argued the young man.—Judge.

You will never be disappointed in any work we do for you—because we never promise the impossible. We know what cannot be done, and what can be done, including renovating clothing, lace, feathers, gloves, rugs, draperies, etc.

Parker's Dye Works TORONTO.

Brantford Branch, 40 George Street.

ENJOYMENT LOST. "Jes my luck, Jes as I was dreamin' of seven tubs of ice cream, I gott'er fall outter bed an' wake up."

Cook's Cotton Root Compound. A safe, reliable regulating medicine. Sold in three degrees of strength—No. 1, 2, 3. No. 2, \$3; No. 3, \$5 per box. Sold by all druggists, or sent prepaid on receipt of price. Free pamphlet. Address: THE COOK MEDICINE CO., TORONTO, ONT. (Branch: Windsor)

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Phone 365 Brantford

**The Gold Dust Twins' Philosophy**

WHEN young Miss Housewife first aspired, to build the home her mate desired, she dreamed of castles in the air, with never toil nor woe nor care. She half imagined, in a way, that keeping house was only "play."

Too soon the sordid side of life—the dust and grime and soot and strife—each one, in turn, reminded her, that little problems must occur. A part of thrift is in the knack of fighting dirt around you, back of keeping constantly at work where dust and germs of illness lurk.

Another National Campaign: "Swat the Dirt."

Ah! Ye who feel that, once begun, a housewife's work is NEVER done, have cheer! The Gold Dust Twins make play of any task that comes their way. A mop—a cloth—a busy brush, and honestly it makes us bluish, to think we ever played the drone by working in the house alone.

*The Gold Dust Twins*

Let me send you FREE PERFUME  
Write today for a testing bottle of  
**ED. PINAUD'S LILAC**

The world's most famous perfume, every drop as sweet as the living blossom. For handkerchief, atomizer and bath. Fine after shaving. All the sales in the perfume—you don't pay extra for a fancy bottle. The quality is wonderful. The price only 75c. (6 oz.) Send 4c. for the little bottle—enough for 50 handkerchiefs. Write today.

PARFUMERIE ED. PINAUD, Department M.  
ED. PINAUD BUILDING NEW YORK

**Strong Blood**

Or weak blood governs for good or ill every part of the body. The medicine that makes weak blood pure and strong is HOOD'S SARRAPARILLA. For over a third of a century it has been the leading blood purifier.

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**The Gentlemen's Valet**  
Cleaning, Pressing, Dyeing and Repairing

Ladies' Work a Specialty  
Goods called for and delivered on the shortest notice.  
G. H. W. BECK, 132 Market St.

**DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS**

CURES ALL KIDNEY DISEASES  
RHEUMATISM  
GRAVEL  
DIABETES  
BACCHIC

**Mann's Coal**  
We Have Plenty of Coal Have You?

**Wrigley's Spearmint**

lets you smoke all day — no bad effects