

Coughs, Colds Bronchitis

If there is an ailment in the throat or chest, it is surely essential that the remedy be conveyed direct to the affected part. It's because the healing vapor of Catarrhazone is breathed into the sore, irritated throat and bronchial tubes, because its balsamic fumes kill the germs and destroy the cause of the trouble. These are the reasons why Catarrhazone never yet failed to cure a genuine case of Catarrh, Asthma, Bronchitis, or Throat Trouble.

The wonderfully soothing vapor of Catarrhazone instantly reaches the furthest recesses of the lungs, produces a healing, curative effect that is impossible with a tablet or liquid, which goes merely to the stomach, and fails entirely to help the throat or lungs.

To permanently cure your winter

ills, your coughs, sneezing, and Catarrh, by all means use a tried and proven remedy like Catarrhazone. But beware of the substitutor and imitator. Look for Catarrhazone only. 50c and \$1, at all dealers.

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Seeking Rest

A Weird Story of Two Figures
Met at Midnight

By F. A. MITCHEL

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City folk who go to the seashore for a couple of weeks, or at most a few months in "the season," see only the summer phase of it. Of the other phase they are as ignorant as the inhabitants of the earth are of the other side of the moon, which never presents its further hemisphere to us. These summer visitors doubtless think that in winter the coast is bleak. So it is at times, but it is only a different kind of bleakness from that which occasionally prevails in hot weather. In winter we have snowstorms; in summer we have fogs.

But a bright, crisp day in winter at the seashore—can there be anything more stimulating? It sets the pulses throbbing and brings the crimson to the cheek. And a moonlight night! The white snow reflects the moonbeams, and the ice breaks them into prismatic colors, while far out at sea there is the same shimmer on the restless waves that there is in summer.

It was on such a night that I set out to walk from a friend's house, a couple of miles inland. The snow on the road had been beaten into ice, and the footing was hard. From the eastward I could hear continued rustling which I have heard from my birth and which I could then hardly live without. I walked facing the moon, which was at the full and stood midway between the horizon and the meridian.

My dog, a collie, was scampering about ahead of me, evidently as much exhilarated by our surroundings as I. Suddenly I heard him give a quick growl; then he came running back to me whining and rubbed against my legs. I was surprised, for usually



"WAS CONDUCTED TO ME LYING ON THE ROAD."

when we walked out together either by day or night he paid little or no attention to those we met on the way. I spoke to him encouragingly, but looked ahead to see what had frightened him. I saw two silhouettes, for the moonlight was on their backs, leaving their faces dark, the one a man, the other a woman. There was something singular in their motion or something the matter with my vision, for they would advance and halt, advance and halt, keeping up this motion continuously, which seemed to me to be like the swaying of an object moved by waves. But as they drew near me I did not notice such motion, though this might have been because I was interested in the persons themselves.

They were both young and, strange as it may appear, were walking encircled in each other's arms, clinging so tight that I wondered how they could move at all. Both were pale, and there was an expression on their faces which I can only describe as unrest. They stopped when we met, though my vision continued to impart to them something of the swaying I have mentioned. And just then, whether it was a breeze from the eastward or something in the clothes of this singular couple, I smelled the sea. They did not speak to me, so I addressed them.

"You are out late," I remarked for the want of something better to say. "Yes," replied the young man. "We are going up on to the hill yonder." There was but one hill, and that was only an eminence on the crest of which was our cemetery. There were no houses there, only the tombstones, which even from where we stood were

'WELL, WELL!'

THIS IS A HOME DYE that ANYONE can use



DYOLA
ONE DYE—ALL KINDS OF GOODS

While in the moonlight, why in the world should this young couple wish to go up there at midnight?

"There is a fine view of the ocean up there," I remarked.

"But it's cold," said the girl, with a shiver.

"It isn't the view we want," said the young man; "it's the rest. The dead there are undisturbed. They lie tranquil by day and by night. They do not hear that continued distant rustle of the waves we hear now nor the boom the waters make when they dash against a rock. Nothing is so frightful as a great black cold wave. It is merciless. Did you ever get caught out among them?"

"No," I stammered. "I never did."

"Then you don't know the terror there is in waves. We know, don't we?"

He looked down at the girl of whom he asked the question, and she replied with a look of dread and by clinging closer to him.

"We were bathing," the man continued. "The waves were running high, and we had been advised not to go in. The beach was shelving and the undertow strong. Both good swimmers, we delighted in buffeting the huge rollers, and when women and children were dancing in the shallow foam or a few clinging to the rope, squinting to let an expended breaker sprinkle their shoulders, we walked hand in hand out to meet the advancing monsters, at first turning aside to let them pass us, then jumping above them and at last diving under them. In this way we got beyond their white manes and swam, now buoyed up toward the sky and now lowered toward the bottom of sand."

"Oh, the exhilaration of sport on the monster's backs! They were our playfellows, tossing us like friendly giants, whose laugh is a roar. We swam side by side on our chests, on our sides, on our backs, under the surface. Why should we fear our enormous comrades? When they threw us up we knew that they would break our fall when we came down, as a strong man will catch a child."

"But, when I looked and saw that we were drifting, suddenly I became conscious that the billows would not help us back. It was then that their merciless nature first struck me. We stopped our play and struck out for the shore. But we gained nothing against the current setting seaward. Then you, darling, became frightened. I strove to encourage you. I assisted you with one arm, while I swam with the other. When we rose upon a wave we could see that our danger was known to those on the beach. The bathing master had plunged in and was coming for us, while others were trying to launch a boat. But the bathing master could not reach us. Now and again, despite my support, you sank beneath the surface; then all grew black."

He ceased, while the two clung to

IT WAS STONE IN THE BLADDER

GIN PILLS PASSED IT

"Five years ago, I was taken down with what the doctors called inflammation of the bladder—intense pains in the back and loins, and difficulty in urinating, and the attacks, which became more frequent, amounted to unbearable agony. I became so weak that I could not walk across the floor. My wife read in the papers about GIN PILLS and sent for a box. From the very first, I felt that GIN PILLS were doing me good. The pain was relieved at once, and the attacks were less frequent."

In six weeks, the Stone in the Bladder came away. When I recall how I suffered and how now I am healthy and able to work, I cannot express myself strongly enough when I speak of what GIN PILLS have done for me". JOHN HERMAN, Hamilton, Ont. Regular size, soc. a box. 6 for \$2.50—at all dealers. You can try them free by writing for a free sample to National Drug & Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited, Dept. A Toronto.

each other as if they were again sinking under their playfellows, whose merciless nature they had not understood till their own welfare came in conflict with their inorganic force.

"But you were saved at last?" I gasped, shuddering. "The boat reached you and took you in?"

There was no reply. The couple passed on, moving in that same undulating motion with which they had approached. I watched them till they turned to ascend the cemetery hill. Then the moon seemed to go under a black cloud and—

It was near dawn when I felt a shake and something hot pouring down my throat. Then I knew that I was being choked. I was lifted up, rugs were put about me, and I was placed in some sort of conveyance, for I heard the sound of wheels and felt a jolting. Now and again liquor was poured down my throat till the vehicle stopped and I was carried into a warm room, and hot water bags were placed beside me. Then I opened my eyes and saw that I was at home.

As soon as I was able to talk I was asked how and why I had collapsed on the road. Had I been struck, had I felt illness coming on?

It is difficult for me to explain that shrinking from giving the true cause of my breakdown. Was it a dread of being considered insane? Did I fear insanity myself? Was it the result of nervous weakness? Was it a dislike to talk about my frightful experience? All these causes were mingled. The only reason I gave was that I had been walking on the road and supposed I must have received a stroke.

But a physician declared he could not find that any portion of my physical makeup had given way. The only danger I had incurred was that of freezing. My dog had gone home without me and barked at the door. My brother, hearing him, had got up to let me in, supposing that I had left my night key at home. When he opened the door the dog ran away, barking, now and again running back to the house, then starting on. My brother, realizing that the dog was trying to persuade him to follow, put on his coat and hat and was conducted to me, lying on the road. I was nearly frozen.

Within a few hours after my arrival at home I was as well as ever—that is, bodily. Mentally I had received a shock. Those about me, seeing that I did not wish to be questioned about the cause of my trouble, refrained.

One day I heard that the bodies of a young man and a young woman who had been drowned during the previous season had been recovered. They had been thrown in a sort of cove during a storm and were found so tightly locked in each other's arms that they were separated with difficulty. They were taken to the cemetery on the hill and buried there.

One would suppose that I would now say something about my meeting at midnight. The discovery only drew me the tighter within myself. Not for the world would I be pointed out as the man whose brains had suddenly given way and had supposed he had met with a supernatural experience. I rather chose to keep my own counsel. The day may come, though probably not in my time, when a method will be discovered by which we can communicate with the dead—may even see and hear them. Then those whose natures seem to be so constructed that they can have this communication unaided will be able to tell their stories and still be believed to be mentally sound. We do not know that all our senses were born in primitive man. Perhaps a new science may be developed for discerning the supernatural.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the past 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligations made by his firm. W. L. DING, KINNAIR & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price, 75c. per bottle. Sold by all druggists. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Petrols, March 28.—The pumping station belonging to Mr. J. E. Armstrong, which is directly south of the town, was completely destroyed by fire between Tuesday evening and Wednesday morning. The cause of the fire is so far unknown, but it is thought that the gas fire with which the rig is run, spread to the remainder of the building. The plant is a total loss, but a wire was received by Mr. George Morris, the local manager, to have the building replaced at once by a concrete structure. The building was partially covered by insurance.

Chest Inflammation

Suffered From a Heavy Cold, Pleuritic Pains in Side—Constant Coughing.

"Anyone that goes through all that I suffered last winter will appreciate the value of a remedy that cures like Nerviline cured me." These are the opening words of the solemn declaration of E. P. Von Hayden, the well-known violinist of Middleton. "My work kept me out late at night, and playing in cold drafty places brought on a severe cold that settled on my chest. I had a harsh racking cough and severe pains darted through my sides and settled in my shoulders. I used different liniments, but none broke up my cold till I used Nerviline. I rubbed it on my neck, chest and shoulders, morning and night, and all the pain disappeared. Realizing that such a heavy cold had run down my system, I took Perrozone at meals, and was completely built up and strengthened. Since using Nerviline I have no more colds or pleurisy, and enjoy perfect health."

It is because Nerviline contains the purest and most healing essences and medicinal principles, because it has the power of sinking through the pores to the kernel of the pain—these are the reasons why it breaks up colds, cures gumbago, stiffness, neuralgia, sciatica, and rheumatism. Refuse any substitute your dealer may suggest—insist on Nerviline only. Large bottles, 50c, trial size 25c. Sold everywhere, or The Catarrhazone Co., Kingston, Ont.

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S. H. MITCHELL

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