

YOU SHOULD BE AFRAID OF A COUGH OR COLD.

Coughs and colds do not call for a minute recital of symptoms as they are well known to everyone, but their dangers are not so well known. All the most serious affections of the throat, the lungs and the bronchial tubes are, in the beginning, but coughs and colds.

Many people when they contract a slight cold do not pay any attention to it, thinking perhaps that it will pass away in a day or two. The upshot is that before they know it, it has settled on their lungs.

Too much stress cannot be laid on the fact that on the first sign of a cough or cold it must be gotten rid of immediately, as failure to do this may cause years of suffering from serious lung trouble.

DR. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP

will cure the cough or cold and prove a preventative from all throat and lung troubles, such as bronchitis, pneumonia and consumption.

Mrs. B. E. Druce, Brighton, Ont., writes: "I am sending you my testimony of your Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, telling you what it did for my little girl. The doctor had given her up as she was, as we thought, going into a decline with the cough she had. I was told by a lady friend to try 'Dr. Wood's' and when she had taken two bottles she was on her feet again, and four bottles cured her."

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup is the best cure for coughs and colds. It is put up in a yellow wrapper; three pine trees the trade mark; the price, 25c and 50c; manufactured only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Deafness and Catarrh SUCCESSFULLY TREATED BY "ACTINA"

Ninety-five per cent of the cases of deafness brought to our attention is the result of chronic catarrh of the throat and middle ear. The air passages become clogged by catarrhal deposits stopping the action of the vibratory bones. Until these deposits are removed relief is impossible. The inner ear cannot be reached by probing or spraying, hence the inability of specialists to always give relief. That there is a successful treatment for most forms of deafness and catarrh is demonstrated every day by the "Actina" treatment. The vapor generated in the "Actina" passes through the Eustachian tubes into the middle ear, removing the catarrhal obstructions and loosens up the bones (hammer, anvil and stirrup) in the inner ear, making them respond to the vibration of sound. "Actina" is also very successful in relieving headaches. We have known people afflicted with this distressing trouble for years to be relieved in a few weeks by this wonderful invention. "Actina" has also been very successful in the treatment of la grippe, asthma, hay fever, bronchitis, sore throat, weak lungs, colds and headache and other troubles that are directly or indirectly due to catarrh.

"Actina" can be used with perfect safety by every member of the family for any affliction of the ear, throat or head. A FREE TRIAL of the "Actina" is given in every case. Send for our FREE TRIAL offer and valuable FREE BOOK. Address Actina Appliance Co., Dept. 84C, 811 Walnut St., Kansas City, Mo.

E. D. The Drum; H. Hammer; A. Anvil; S. Stirrup; S. C. Semi-circular Canals; C. Cochlea.

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Chiclets
REALLY DELIGHTFUL
THE DAINTY
MINT-COVERED
CANDY-COATED
CHEWING GUM

an' singin' some of 'is wild songs while the thunder crashed an' the lightning flashed!"

The Scotsmen in the back seat, until now very reticent, began to thaw. One of them, leaning forward, called:

"Mon! Air ye no' goin' to pit in till it's ower?"

"These 'ere lydies—" began Joe, shrugging his shoulders.

We protested, our latent courage coming to our rescue.

"Mon!" exclaimed the other Scot scornfully, "if there's a banshee seen by ony o' the pairty we'll gie ye all a siller dollar! Pit in, pit in, afore we're drowned!"

This magnificent offer, coming from a son of the heather, staggered us all, momentarily.

"Make it five yer honor, an' I'll put in," said Joe, brazenly.

The Scots consulted together.

"We'll split the odds an' ca' it twa-fifty," announced the one who had first spoken.

And we drove under the slight shelter of a grove of jack-pines by the side of Tim O'Leary's cabin.

"Go right in ev'rybody!" cried Joe, and we scuttled in out of the driving rain, finding ourselves in a dampish cave-like, earthy-smelling and extremely dark interior.

The pines sighed and bent almost double while torrents of rain beat upon the mountain side, and began to drip through the pine rafters upon us, as we stood in a huddled group about the open doorway of the hut. One of the men struck a match but the wind instantly extinguished the light, and we were obliged to grope about in search of a dry area, within. At every lightning flash however, the interior of the cabin was illuminated, but it gave back nothing except emptiness—not a chair or bench, not even an empty nail-keg was visible. It grew darker without, and to make matters more weird and awe-inspiring, a peculiar sound like a low crooning chuckle began to be heard, in the intervals of the thunder-claps, coming apparently from behind us in the back of the hut, where one small aperture, once a window, showed gray against the gloom. Joe had remained, as a faithful teamster should, with his horses, but sheltered as he was beneath the wagon-top we could not see him.

Thus a quarter of an hour passed. Then, suddenly, without so much as a second's warning an ear-piercing demoniac shriek rent the air and with hearts standing still and the breath smothered in our throats we beheld a white-garbed form in long flowing raiment, and with wildly-rolling eyes, pass within ten feet of the door, waving its ghostly arms and uttering its weird laugh which was half shriek. We fell back upon one another, our gaze fixed unbelievably upon this apparition and not one of us capable of uttering a syllable. The figure, grayish-white against the semi-darkness, passed slowly and then reappeared, its rain-soaked garments flapping like sails in the wind, but the spirit beneath unafraid of the elements.

"Shut the door!" the teacher at length managed to gasp.

The door was closed with some difficulty and the two Scotsmen leaned their broad backs against it in a "come-one-come-all" attitude, forgetful that spirits may penetrate the thickest of man-made barriers. A flash of lightning just then showed their faces ghastly white. It makes a Scotsman feel sick to lose so much money at one fell swoop, but if the faces of the rest of us were of a similar hue it was from a different cause. The little teacher had just resolved to faint away as gracefully as possible when again we heard the faint crooning sound behind us. The ghost must have glided around the cabin to the rear. Now was our chance. We whispered the word to the door-keepers and although the idea was somewhat slow in penetrating to their minds, after five minutes' parley they grasped it. The door was flung open, and, regardless of the drenching rain we bolted one and all for the wagon without a glance behind. How we clambered in and urged Joe to whip up the horses at top speed and were on the trail again in less than two minutes none of us afterward could remember. The storm was abating and

about three miles further west, in the fresh wet stillness, we slowed down. Beyond the last range of mountains, the rays of a storm-clear sunset were glancing in long horizontal bars of red-gold across the pine-clothed slopes and five miles below us in the valley lay Coalport, our destination.

The Scotsmen had maintained a discreet silence, but Joe turned now and addressed them.

"It's as good a time now, as any, yer honors, to settle the little matter of the bet."

They paled visibly and clutched their pockets, convulsively. But before either had time to speak, if indeed they were able to enunciate at all, a new voice interposed.

It was that of the little Ruthenian bride and it was the first time she had spoken since we had left Sandy Plain in the early morning. Her voice was as sweet as a silver bell—and to the Scotsmen must have sounded fully as sweet as a belfry full of silver bells.

"I like de monney firs' rate," she said, slowly, with a tinge of wistfulness in her eyes, "but I bet me if you look onner de seat you fin' de ghost!"

And truly, there we did find it—or its outward and visible signs in the form of two white linen dusters which were tucked away, wet and mud-stained in the extreme end of the wagon, under the last seat.

Joe gave vent to a low crooning chuckle and fargetful of the horses, whipped those faithful beasts along the last lap of our journey, and spoke no more to us. The Scots were somewhat slow in dove-tailing the little matter together, but at length they turned to each other and slapped one another upon the shoulder, simultaneously, to the great delight of the bystanders at the hotel where we had just drawn up. A short whispered consultation ensued between them and finally they leaned forward and touched the little bride on the arm.

"Shake hands. You've saved our lives!" they cried together. After we had alighted the little bride stood looking fascinatedly into the palm of her hand and as we passed along, she shyly exhibited its contents—two shining silver dollars, her wedding gift from the sons of Scotland.

As for Joe, he escaped with his life, which is saying a good deal considering the fact that he nearly became a ghost in earnest before the brawny Scotsmen had finished with him.

"Do I understand that the home team won by default?" asked the visitor in the outer office. "Yes; by de fault of de home pitcher," explained the office boy.

A school teacher complained to the principal the other day that one of the big boys was flirting outrageously with the music teacher, who came in once a day. The principal spoke severely to the class and ended by saying that out of consideration for the feelings of the culprit, he would not name him in public. At the close of the session, however, he was to come to the principal's office for an interview.

Yes, you guessed it. All the boys in the class showed up.

"Fed and Watered"

In a certain neighborhood there resided an honest farmer, who was not easily swerved from the path of rectitude. He owned a horse which a couple of traders wished to possess. They called on the farmer and after some haggling gave him his price and drove off with the prize. They had scarcely gone three miles when the horse dropped dead in the road.

Seeing the farmer a few days later, they approached him with: "What kind of a horse was that you sold us the other day?"

"A good all around horse, sirs."

"Yes, he was. He dropped down dead before we got three miles from home."

The farmer listened in open-mouthed astonishment, and then exclaimed: "Upon my word of honor, gentlemen, he never done that way for me."

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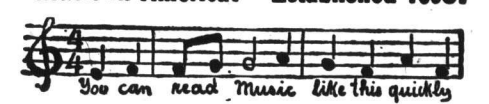
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