

BODY

Health and Happiness

Finger Nails
of Many Ills.

ED KEENE HIRSHBERG

M. D. (Johns Hopkins).

and the income from
finger nails that have
been on them.
soft and polished, be the
these arts are no protec-
tion, open pores, boils or

Tommy and Fore Throat
kitchen sinks, barbers,
hairdressers, beauty doc-
tors often have beautifully
shining finger nails. These
fingers are the most impor-
tant of the body.

Then, from the body's purity, the
nails will remove the impurities, secret
accretions, all which makes for physical
health to yourself as well as to others.

Answers to Health Questions
D. M. S.—Can a red birthmark in the
cheek be made invisible or removed?
Yes. Go to the X-ray department of
the nearest hospital and have them look
at it.

G. W.—Recently my ears began to
ring, and I grew dizzy. My heart is
D. K.

This comes from half a dozen causes,
such as a malarial miasm in the blood,
poor circulation, disorders of the semi-circular
canals of the ear, and hyperactivity of the
stomach.

READER—What will remove moles?
There are several different kinds of
moles. A stick of camellia will remove
some. An "ice cream" of carbolic acid
will remove others. The X-ray or
radium will destroy others. The knife
is a simple, safe and sure way to take
out moles.

The electric needle, acids, concentrated
light and the selenium are also used.
Moles should always be removed, be-
cause one or more percent of them be-
come, in later years, cancers.

P. L. G.—What a lot of good you are
doing for the people. Thank goodness
some one takes the public into his medi-
cal confidence and sets us free from
quacks.

What does stinging in rubber boots
mean, a cold in the hip? Do you advise
surgery or salicylates?

"Thank you, Dr. Hirschberg, if you
often are decidedly unhelpful. They
remove the elasticity and adaptability of
the skin, muscles and blood channels. It
is much the same as scurvy, and ex-
hausting your blood with force. This causes
stinging in the rubber boots. The thing
to do is to remove the boots as
quickly as you can, wash them as
soon as possible, and massage the feet
and legs with alcohol and vinegar three
times a day to keep them fit to protect
you."

Dr. Hirschberg will answer ques-
tions for readers of this paper on
medical, hygienic and sanitation sub-
jects that are of general interest. He
will not undertake to prescribe or of-
fer advice for individual cases. When
the subject is not of general interest
letters will be answered personally if
a stamped and addressed envelope is
enclosed. Address all inquiries to
Dr. L. K. Hirschberg, care this office.

e to Girls
NIE LAURIE

cannot allow him to stay any longer
than 10:30 o'clock. He takes offence
at that, then you are well rid of him.
But he won't, he's just dead in love
with you that's all and can't bear to
tear himself away, so you must do the
tough, lie about sensible, little girl.

One Effective Remedy.
"He says that he is compelled by his
muse to write poetry."
"Why doesn't he get an injunction?"

An Advantage.
"She never blushes except when she
wants to."
"How much nicer it would be if she
could blush every time she wanted to."

Good for Kindling.
"Did his speech set the audience on
fire?"
"No, it was too dry."

No Longer Secrets.
"She says that she never has any
secrets."
"That's right. She tells them."

Symptoms.
"Well, they have been married three
days or two years. He regrets her
frightfully."

hina
tell
days
or two
years.
He re-
grets
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fright-
fully."

WEDDING STATIONARY
FOR THE JUNE WEDDING

Every invitation made by us, whether it be
printed or engraved, is made from Old Berkshire
Mills, from the Eton, Crane & Pike mills. Our
engraving is done by the best Toronto engravers.
Our prices are less than the larger cities. All we
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Automatic Subscribers
talk to many Brant
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extra charge. DO YOU?

TRY IT

THE RETURN
OF TARZAN

By EDGAR RICE
BURROUGHS

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CHAPTER IV.

The Countess Explains.

"Y OUR Paris is more dangerous
than my savage jungles,
Paul," concluded Tarzan,
after narrating his adven-
tures to his friend the morning
following his encounter with the apaches
and police in the Rue Maile. "Why
did they lure me there? Were they
hungry?"

"I don't feign a horrified shudder,
but he laughed at the quaint sugges-
tion."

"Well," said he, "among other things
it has taught you what I have been
unable to impress upon you, that the
Rue Maile is a good place to avoid
after dark."

"On the contrary," replied Tarzan,
with a smile, "it has convinced me
that it is the one worth while street in
all Paris. Never again shall I miss
an opportunity to traverse it, for it has
given me the first real entertainment
I have had since I left Africa."

"It may give you more than you will
relish even without another visit," said
D'Arnot. "You are not through with
the police yet, remember. I know the
Paris police well enough to assure you
that they will not soon forget what
you did to them. Sooner or later they
will get you, my dear Tarzan, and
then they will lock the wild man of
the woods up behind iron bars. How
will you like that?"

"They will never lock Tarzan of the
Apes behind iron bars," replied he
grimly. There was something in the
man's voice as he said it that caused
D'Arnot to look up sharply at his
friend. What he saw in the set jaw
and the cold, gray eyes made the young
Frenchman very apprehensive for this
great child, who could recognize no
law mightier than his own might
physical prowess. He saw that some-
thing must be done to save Tarzan
with the police before another encoun-
ter was possible.

"You have much to learn, Tarzan,"
he said gravely. "The law of man
must be respected whether you relish
it or no. Nothing but trouble can
come to you and your friends should
you persist in defying the police. I
can explain it to them once for you,
and that I shall do this very day, but
hereafter you must obey the law. If
its representatives say, 'Come! you
must come,' if they say, 'Go! you must
go,' now we shall go to my great
friend in the department and let up
this matter of the Rue Maile. Come!"

Together they entered the office of
the police official a half hour later. He
was very cordial. He remembered
Tarzan from the visit the two had
made him several months prior in the
matter of the finger prints. Having
heard Tarzan's story, he assured him
that no harm would come to him from
the police as a result of his night's ad-
venture.

On their return to D'Arnot's apart-
ments the lieutenant found a letter
awaiting him from an English friend,
William Cecil Clayton, Lord Grey-
stone. The two had maintained a cor-
respondence since the birth of their
friendship on that ill fated expedition
in search of Jane Porter after her
theft by Terkoz, the bull ape, from
whom she had been rescued by Tar-
zan.

"They are to be married in London
in about two months," said D'Arnot
as he completed his perusal of the let-
ter. Tarzan did not need to be told
who was meant by "they." He made
no reply, but he was very quiet and
thoughtful during the balance of the
day.

That evening they attended the
opera. Tarzan's mind was still occu-
pied by his gloomy thoughts. He paid
little or no attention to what was
transpiring upon the stage. Instead,
he saw only the lovely vision of a
beautiful American girl and heard
naught but a sad, sweet voice ac-
knowledging that his love was return-
ed. And she was to marry another!

He shook himself to be rid of his un-
welcome thoughts, and at the same in-
stant he felt eyes upon him. With the
instinct that was his by virtue of train-
ing he looked up squarely into the
eyes that were looking at him to find
that they were shining from the smil-
ing face of Olga, Countess de Conde.
As Tarzan returned her bow he was

positive that there was an invitation
in her look, almost a plea.

The next morning found him be-
side her in her box.

"I have so much wished to see you,"
she was saying. "It has troubled me
not a little to think that after the ser-
vice you rendered to both my husband
and myself no adequate explanation
was ever made of what must have
seemed ingratitude on our part in not
taking the necessary steps to prevent a
repetition of the attacks upon us by
those two men."

"You wrong me," replied Tarzan.
"My thoughts of you have been only
the most pleasant. You must not feel
that any explanation is due me. Have
they annoyed you further?"

"They never cease," she replied sad-
ly. "I feel that I must tell some one,
and I do not know another who so de-
serves an explanation as you. You
must permit me to do so. It may be
of service to you, for I know Nikolaus
Rokoff quite well enough to be pos-
itive that you have not seen the last of
him. He will find some means to be
revenge upon you. I cannot tell you
here, but tomorrow I shall be at home
to M. Tarzan at 5."

"It will be an eternity until tomor-
row at 5," he said as he bade her good
night.

From a corner of the theater Rokoff
and Paulvitch saw M. Tarzan in the
box of the Countess de Conde, and
both men smiled.

At 4:30 the following afternoon a
swarthy, bearded man rang the bell at
the servants' entrance of the palace of
the Count de Conde. The footman who
opened the door raised his eyebrows in
recognition as he saw who stood with-
out. A low conversation passed be-
tween the two.

At first the footman demurred from
some proposition that the bearded one
made, but an instant later something
passed from the hand of the caller to
the hand of the servant. Then the latter
turned and led the visitor by a
roundabout way to a little curtained
alcove off the apartment in which the
countess was wont to serve tea of an
afternoon.

A half-hour later Tarzan was ushered
into the room, and presently his
hostess entered, smiling, and with out-
stretched hands.

For a few moments they spoke of
the opera, of the topics that were then
occupying the attention of Paris, of the
pleasure of renewing their brief ac-
quaintance which had had its inception
under such odd circumstances, and this
brought them to the subject that was
uppermost in the minds of both.

"You must have wondered," said the
countess finally, "what the object of
Rokoff's persecution could be. It is
very simple. The count is intrusted
with many of the vital secrets of the
ministry of war. He often has in his
possession papers that foreign powers
would give a fortune to possess—se-
crets of state that their agents would
commit murder and worse than murder
to learn."

"There is such a matter now in his
possession that would make the fame
and fortune of any Russian who could
divulge it to his government. Rokoff
and Paulvitch are Russian spies. They
will stop at nothing to procure this in-
formation. The affair on the liner—I
mean the matter of the card game—
was for the purpose of blackmailing
the knowledge they seek from my hus-
band."

"Had he been convicted of cheating
at cards his career would have been
blighted. He would have had to leave
the war department. He would have
been socially ostracized. They intend-
ed to hold this club over him—the price
of an avowal on their part that the
count was but the victim of the plot
of enemies who wished to besmirch

his name. He was to have been the papers
they seek."

"You thwarted them in this. Then
they concocted the scheme whereby
my reputation was to be the price in-
stead of the count's. Was it not too
horrible? But I happened to know
something of M. Paulvitch that would
send him to the gallows in Russia if
it were known by the police of St. Pe-
tersburg. I dared him to carry out his
plan and then I leaned toward him
and whispered a name in his ear. Like
that—and she snapped her fingers—
he flew at my throat as a madman.
He would have killed me had you not
interfered."

"The brutes!" muttered Tarzan.
"Why do you not turn the scoundrels
over to the authorities? They should
make quick work of them."

She hesitated for a moment before
replying.

"There are two reasons," she said
finally. "One of them it is that keeps
the count from doing that very thing.
The other, my real reason for fearing
to expose them, I have never told—
only Rokoff and I know it. I wonder
why it is that I want to tell you the
thing that I have not dared tell even
to my husband. I believe that you
would understand and that you could
tell me the right course to follow. I
believe that you would not judge me
too harshly."

"I fear that I should prove a very
poor judge, madame," Tarzan replied.
"For if you had been guilty of murder
I should say that the victim should be
grateful to have met so sweet a fate."

"Oh, dear, no," she expostulated. "It
is not so terrible as that. But first let
me tell you the reason the count has
for not prosecuting these men; then, if
I can hold my courage, I shall tell you
the real reason that I dare not. The
first is that Nikolaus Rokoff is my brother.
We are Russians. Nikolaus has
been a bad man since I can remember.
He was cashiered from the Russian
army, in which he held a captaincy.
There was a terrible scandal for a
time, but after awhile it was partially
forgotten and my father obtained a po-
sition for him in the secret service."

"There have been many terrible
crimes laid at Nikolaus' door, but he
has always managed to escape punish-
ment. Of late he has accomplished it
by trumped up evidence convicting his
victims of treason against the czar,

and the Russian police, who are al-
ways only too ready to fasten guilt of
this nature upon any and all, have
accepted his version and exonerated
him."

"Have not his attempted crimes
against you and your husband forfeit-
ed whatever rights the bonds of kin-
ship might have accorded him?" asked
Tarzan. "The fact that you are his
sister has not deterred him from seek-
ing to besmirch your honor. You owe
him no loyalty, madame."

"Ah, but there is that other reason.
If I owe him no loyalty, though he be
my brother, I cannot so easily disavow
the deed. I hold him in because of a
certain episode in my life, of which he
is cognizant."

"I might as well tell you all," she
resumed after a pause, "for I see that
it is in my heart to tell you sooner or
later. I was educated in a convent.
While there I met a man whom I sup-
posed to be a gentleman. I knew lit-
tle or nothing about men, and less
about love. I got it into my foolish
head that I loved this man, and at his
urgent request I ran away with him.
We were to have been married."

"I was with him just three hours—
all in the daytime and in public places
—railroad stations and upon a train.
When we reached our destination,
where we were to have been married,
two officers stepped up to my escort as
we descended from the train and
placed him under arrest. They took

me also, but when I had told my story,
they did not detain me, other than to
send me back to the convent under the
care of a matron. It seemed that the
man who had wooed me was no gen-
tleman at all, but a deserter from the
army as well as a fugitive from civil
justice. He had a police record in
nearly every country in Europe."

"The matter was hushed up by the
authorities of the convent. Not even
my parents knew of it. But Nikolaus
met the man afterward and learned
the whole story. Now he threatens to
tell the count if I do not do just as he
wishes me to."

(To be continued.)

D. A. Fergusson, postmaster of
Smith's Falls since 1876, and its may-
or for three consecutive terms, died
at his home of pneumonia.

**For the
Blood**

HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA pos-
sesses the extracted values of the
best vegetable remedies pre-
scribed by leading physicians.
That its formula has proved won-
derfully potent is proved by its
record of great success. For your
blood medicine get HOOD'S.

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are merely a habit**

—of enjoying
the clean—pure—
healthful

**WRIGLEY'S
SPEARMINT**

This beneficial enjoyment is more
beneficial the more you enjoy it. Every
refreshing, juicy stick helps preserve and
brighten your teeth. If everyone enjoyed
it after every meal, what wonderful teeth
—what sturdy digestions—what a pure,
refreshed taste—we'd always have!

Get these benefits and enjoyment regularly.

**Be SURE it's
Wrigley's**

Chew it
after every
meal

**After the day's work,
enjoy O'Keefe's "Pils-
ener" Lager. It will take
all the tiredness away!**

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"The Light Beer in
The Light Bottle"

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refreshment. It is the
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