

# The Tangle of Fate

"Oh!" cried Bonnie, all of a tremble, and darted out, banging the door violently.

Then she stood in the dark little hall irresolute. Who was that man? What was he doing in her bed? Where was Imogen?

The slamming of the door awakened somebody. A door opened across the hall, and Imogen stood in the faint light in her long white gown.

"Is that you, Bonnie? Come in here, dear. We will sleep in the guest room tonight."

Bonnie darted in, and the door was shut again as Imogen dragged the shivering young creature over to the fire.

"You are as cold as ice! How late you are! I've been lying awake for hours listening for the sound of your footsteps to call you in here. I can't think how I missed you!"

"I stole in softly so as not to wake you, and blundered right into your room, and—oh, Imogen, what is that man doing in there?"

"He is a stranger, Bonnie. He came after you went to the party, and wanted to board with us just a few days while looking at some lands he wants to buy. And he was so elegant, Bonnie, and our bedroom was the very nicest in the house—and I put him in there. Do you mind, Bonnie?"

"No, but I can never look him in the face again after bumping into his room that way! What did you say his name was, dear?"

"It is Lincoln La Valliere."

"Oh, what a pretty name! It sounds as if it came out of a novel, doesn't it, dear?"

"Yes, but Bonnie, how tired and ill you look! Didn't you enjoy the party?"

"No, not one bit. It was hateful. I'm sorry I went! Oh, Imogen, I wish I were dead!" and plump went the curly head into Imogen's lap, while Bonnie's slight frame shook with hysterical sobs.

Imogen Dale was twenty years old, and, away from the blooming Bonnie, she would have been considered a beauty.

She was a tall, stately looking creature, with a clear, pale skin set off by intensely dark hair and eyes. In manner she was quiet and reserved, and the country people said that she was a strange girl. She had never been popular among them like her maiden sister, golden-haired Bonnie. They were so different, that Imogen was proud and held herself aloof from them. She was undemonstrative, certainly, and seemed to care little for their society. It was possible that a stay of two years at a city boarding school had perhaps given her higher ambitions than the country life, but life seemed to hold little interest for her now. Three years before her mother had died suddenly, and she had been summoned from school to keep house for her father and care for her younger sister, mischievous little Bonnie. Since then life had flowed on uneventfully. Of lovers Imogen had had not a few, but she had given to each one a cold refusal. To her father she said frankly, when he twitted her with being hard to please, that she looked higher than a country chlopper.

"They are good enough in their way, papa, but I want to marry a city gentleman, white-handed and rich," she said, with a flash of color on her pale cheeks, and a proud gesture of her white hands.

Imogen had flashes of temper, too sometimes; she did not pretend to be a saint, she said, when her father remonstrated with her for scolding Bonnie now and then—Bonnie, who was the old farmer's idol, in spite of his clumsy efforts to hide it from his elder daughter.

But it was a very gentle Imogen who who smoothed down Bonnie's golden curls as the little head lay on her lap, and the bitter sobs sounded distinctly through the room.

"What is the matter, dear? Did they frighten you at the Halloween party? I told you so. I have known girls frightened almost out of their wits as these ridiculous parties. And there is no truth in any of their nonsense. I do not believe in anything so silly as trying one's fortune."

"But, but you—did when—you were young, didn't you?" sobbed Bonnie, remonstratingly; "and you know—for you have heard it told a hundred times—that Aunt looked into the pool at Uncle Ned Foster's old mill and saw her husband!"

"Goodness, Bonnie, you have never been over to the haunted mill to-night, and got scared, have you?" exclaimed Imogen, flustered.

"No, no, Imogen, you know I haven't! What a foolish idea!" cried Bonnie, and sobbed harder than ever, for the false hood had almost blistered her pure lips.

"Well, something has frightened you. I know that, or you wouldn't be so excited, child. But don't cry so hard. Imogen will not let any harm come near you now, my little sister. Do let me help you to undress, so you can get to bed, or you will be too sleepy to go to school in the morning."

Bonnie shuddered, wildly at her closing words. To school to-morrow! Ah, there would be no teacher at the old school-house on the hill. Miles Westland would be lying deep in the pool, while every one was wondering what had become of him. And she—oh, heaven! she, Bonnie Dale, who would not have willingly harmed a butterfly—she had pushed him down into the water with her own frenzied white hands.

"You are shivering like a leaf—you are cold as ice—get into bed this minute, or you will certainly be sick to-morrow," commanded Imogen, and she heaped the warm blankets over the trembling little form, put on the bed, and crept into the bed by her sister, whose white shoulder was heaving with suppressed sobs.

"You have certainly been frightened, Bonnie. Come, tell me about it," she whispered gently. "Did you try your fortune, and did you see any one in the glass?"

"Yes," murmured Bonnie.

"Who was it, dear?—some of the boys you know?"

"No—no."

"A stranger?"

"Yes—the man in our room," and volatile Bonnie's bitter sobs suddenly changed into a low amused laugh as she thought of the blue eyes that had looked over her shoulder in such amazement.

"What do you mean?" asked Imogen, a little curiously, and Bonnie explained laughingly how she had gone into her own room, looked into the glass, and

met the startled gaze of the stranger looking over her shoulder.

"At Ella Deane's I did not see any one in the glass—perhaps—this man is my fortune, Imogen," she said, tremulously.

"Nonsense! Don't get such notions into your foolish little head, Bonnie. Mr. La Valliere is a rich and refined city gentleman. He would not marry a little country girl like you," Imogen answered, a little sharply, as she turned her back to Bonnie, pretending to be asleep.

Bonnie, sobbing softly to herself on the pillow, soon fell asleep, too, and side by side the two sisters slept and dreamed, dreamed of a handsome face with laughing blue eyes and clustering chestnut curls crowning a beautiful broad white brow that seemed to tempt the kiss of love.

But in that other room across the hall Lincoln La Valliere lay broad awake all hours. When Bonnie's entrance had startled him from sleep he had been dreaming of her sister, stately, dark-haired Imogen, but now, lying broad awake, he thought only of golden-haired Bonnie.

CHAPTER IV.

"Why doesn't he come?" cried Ella Deane, impatiently.

"Why doesn't he come?" echoed all the other scholars at the old red school-house on the hill.

They were speaking of the young schoolmaster of Miles Westland, who was past nine o'clock, and all the boys and girls had arrived. They came early to talk over the fun of last night, but it was lesson-time now and past, and they were expecting him every minute—all but Bonnie Dale. She alone of all the merry pupils knew that he would never come again.

She had come to ward off suspicion, because if anything ever came to light concerning the manner of Miles Westland's death she did not want them to have it to say that it was no wonder Bonnie Dale did not come to school that morning with the guilty secret of the young schoolmaster's death hidden in her breast. She knew he would not be there, that he was living stark and dead in the old pool by the haunted mill.

No, they should not say these cruel things of her, she vowed to herself, and she was there as early as any of them, and though she was strangely pale, she was gay and insouciant as ever, hiding her trouble under a mask of brightness.

"Well, what if he is late? We have a longer play than she explained."

"But he has never been late before since school began. I really think he must be sick. Some of us boys ought to go over to his place, perhaps, and inquire," observed Gus Hamilton.

"Yes, do, but don't hurry him, please. We have so much to talk about yet," Bonnie Dale cried, flippantly, as they started.

"Then do you talking before he comes, so that you won't be kept in again this afternoon," chaffed one of the boys, as he closed the door.

The merry young things all laughed at this, and Bonnie tossed her head with pretty petulance as she said:

"I mean to be good to-day, so that I can get home soon. We have company, girls, at home—the very handsomest young man I ever saw."

"Who is he?"

"Where did he drop from?"

"What's his name?"

"Did he come to see Imogen or you?"

These were some of the eager questions that rained upon Bonnie, and she innocently told all that she knew about the handsome stranger, taking some little triumph in relating the laughable circumstances under which she had seen his face last night in the mirror.

"Oh, oh!" groaned the girls, and amid the laughter that followed one boy said:

"Look out, Bonnie, he will be your fate."

A crimson blush rose to Bonnie's cheek, but she answered lightly:

"Oh, no, for sister said that a rich city girl like me, Mr. La Valliere would not marry a little country girl like me."

"Maybe she thinks he'll marry her because she's been to a city boarding-school two seasons?" cried a tart voice.

"Oh, no, sister wouldn't have him, because she's already engaged!"

"Imogen engaged?"

"Goodness, Bonnie! Who to?"

"What's his name?" etc., etc., etc., came the storm of ungrammatical questions from the curious schoolgirls.

"Well, I'll tell you," said Bonnie. "You see, Imogen answered an advertisement from a rich young man last year who wanted to correspond with a nice girl with a view to matrimony. She told me she was sick and tired of the country, so they were as good as engaged, and it won't be long, she says, before the wedding. But, oh, dear, nervous Imogen wouldn't like it for me to talk about it—yet. I think she wants to surprise everybody. Girls, you must not tell anybody, please."

And then everyone remembered that the last word, and the boys who had gone after the schoolmaster entered with excited faces.

"Miles Westland has never been home since he started for Ella Deane's party last night," they said.

And then everyone remembered that he had gone away in a huff because Bonnie's chestnut had jumped away from his, and they had chaffed him over it.

"He has committed suicide, Bonnie, because he couldn't get you!" cried one of the merriest girls.

Bonnie shuddered, and grew deadly pale.

"Don't say such dreadful things, Mollie Miller!" she cried, almost pleadingly.

"Well, he's just gone off in a huff about nothing, I reckon," said Arthur Vaughan. "He'll come back when he gets ready, perhaps, but as we don't know when that will be, I move that we adjourn and go outing in the woods."

"Done!" shouted the school, unanimously, and in a moment the old red school-house was emptied, and the boys and girls were pairing off for a nutting expedition.

Not one of them supposed that anything had happened to Miles Westland more than that he was indulging in a fit of pique because they had called him fat night. Not a pupil in the school was ignorant of the young man's unrequited passion for Bonnie Dale. Some sympathized with him—"a fellow-feeling makes us wondrous kind"—others regarded it as a joke, and derided the hapless lover.

So they dismissed the matter from their minds, fully believing that Miles would come back as soon as his fit of

# Annual Clearing Sale

Our annual "Clearing-up Sale is now on. Every January we make it a point to dispose of all broken lots of Shoes left over from the season's business. These are not trashy shoes, bought for "bargain sale purposes," but are simply broken lots of our regular stock shoes. We are anxious to get rid of these odds and ends before new spring shoes arrive—and the following reduced prices will move them out quickly. COME AT ONCE, as it is quite natural that the BEST BARGAINS will be the quickest sellers.

- 63 pairs of Men's Patent Laced and Buttoned, selling all season at \$4.00 and \$4.50, Cleaning-up Sale price \$3.00.
- 35 pairs of Men's Gun Metal and Velours Calif, laced and button, selling all season at \$4.00 and \$5.00, Cleaning-up Sale price, \$3.15.
- 9 pairs of Men's Tan and Black Hunting Boots, selling all season at \$6.00, \$6.50 and \$7.00, Cleaning-up Sale price, \$5.00.
- 107 pairs of Women's Vici Kid, Gun Metal and Patent, laced and button, selling all season at \$4.00, \$4.50 and \$5.00, Cleaning-up Sale price, \$3.15.
- 78 pairs of Women's Gun Metal, patent calf and box calf, selling all season at \$3.00 and \$3.50, cleaning-up sale price \$2.75.
- 14 pairs Women's Patent Button, regular all season \$4.50, sale price \$3.50.
- 12 pairs Women's Box Calf Laced, regular \$3.50 and \$4.00, sale price \$2.95.
- 9 pairs Youths' Patent Laced, regular \$2.00, sale price \$1.50.
- 8 pairs Boys' Patent Laced, sizes 3, 4, 5 1/2, regular \$2.50, sale price \$1.95.
- 45 pairs Child's Kid Laced and Button, turn sole, sizes 4 to 7, regular price \$1.00, sale price 75c.

We have many other lines, all being offered at BARGAIN PRICES. WARM SLIPPERS—A lot of English Felt Slippers. Your choice 20c for children's, 25c for women's. Some of them worth up to \$1.00 per pair.

All sale goods NET CASH at time of purchase. Store will be kept open on THURSDAY night until 9 o'clock.

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## AIDED ELOPEMENT.

Charles Murphy, of Brockville, Arrested on Peculiar Charge.

Brockville, Jan. 27.—Charles Murphy, a young man of twenty-two years, was arrested and remanded for one week to-day on a charge of aiding a young married woman, Mrs. William Lake, to elope. On Monday morning, in company with a young man named Barnhart, Mrs. Pyke, who is still in her teens, walked to the village of Lyn, for the purpose of boarding a westbound express.

The pair were intercepted at the station, however, by the girl's father and uncle, and a sound horse-whipping was administered by the latter to Barnhart. The woman was brought back, and that night, it is alleged, was aided by Murphy to make another unsuccessful attempt.

Less than three weeks ago Barnhart left town with another young girl, who was found by her parents in Toronto.

## THREE ELEVATORS

To be Erected During Present Year at Fort William.

For William, Jan. 27.—Pile-driving on the foundation of the Thunder Bay elevator, situated a short distance from the Atikokan Iron Works, commenced yesterday and a large force of men is already engaged on the work, it being the intention of the contractors, Messrs. Barnett & McQueen, to rush the work to completion at the earliest possible time. The site of the elevator is 1,000 feet from the shore line, though the water is nowhere more than two feet in depth.

With the commencement of the Western Elevator Company's building in West Fort William aid the work already going on on the Grand Trunk Pacific elevator this makes three large elevators which will be erected in the two cities during this year.

## HAS A CORN ROOTS?

Yes, and branches and stems as well. Can it be cured? Yes, by applying Putnam's Corn Extractor; it's painless, safe and invariably satisfactory. Insist on only Putnam's.

## NOW A LORD.

Rt. Hon. John Sinclair Raised to the Peerage.

London, Jan. 27.—The Right Hon. John Sinclair, who has been Secretary for Scotland since December, 1905, has been raised by his Majesty to the Peerage. The elevation is due primarily to Mr. Asquith's desire to have a member of the Cabinet intimately connected with Scotland in the upper House. Since the formation of a Liberal Government the services of such Peers have not been available, and the conduct of Scottish business is thought to have suffered therefrom.

The new peer served in Canada from 1897 as Secretary to the Earl of Aberdeen. He married in 1904 Lady Marjorie Gordon, Lord Aberdeen's only daughter.

London, Jan. 27.—Mr. John Sinclair's elevation to the peerage is believed to be not unconnected with the probability that he will be appointed to succeed Earl Grey as Governor-General of Canada.

Killed in the Lumber Woods. St. John, N.B., Jan. 27.—A telephone message from St. Martin's, N.B., to-night reports John Etchehnam, of Chapel Grove, near here, killed in the lumber woods to-day. He was falling a tree, and it became caught, and when he dislodged it it fell upon him. He fell with his head upon the blade of his axe and received fatal injuries.

## TIMES PATTERNS.



## CHILD'S GUMMIE.

No. 5662.—The design shows a gummie that is daintily made of alternate bands of tucked material and Valenciennes lace. The fineness at the waistline is regulated by a tape inserted in a casing. The bishop sleeves are gathered into narrow bands of the lace which is also used to finish the neck, Indian lion, batiste, organdy, China silk and dimity are all suitable for reproduction, and motifs of duty lace or hand embroidery may be added, if a more elaborate effect is desired. For a girl of 8 years, 1 1/2 yards of 36-inch material will be required.

Address, "Pattern Department," Times Office, Hamilton.

It will take several days before you can get patterns.

The South African war raised the national debt of Great Britain from 635 millions to nearly 797 millions sterling. The famous "Salada" Tea has raised the standard of tea consumption throughout the entire American continent.

## SURVIVES BAD FALL.

Strange Accident to Brakeman at Peterboro'.

Peterboro', Jan. 27.—This afternoon at 5 o'clock Leo Sullivan, a brakeman in the employ of the Grand Trunk Railway Company, while attempting to climb to the top of a box-car in a freight train that was crossing the bridge over the Pereau Works Company's dam, came in contact with an iron guide-post and had his right thigh broken, while at the same time losing his grip on the roof of the car he was thrown 33 feet over the bridge and over the edge of the dam, where he lighted upon a bank of ice. There he sustained further injuries about the head. He was removed to St. Joseph's Hospital and will probably recover.

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At R. McKay & Co's, Friday, Jan. 29th, 1908



# Wonderful Inventory News Carpet Department

Shrewd buyers will do well in the matter of savings if they visit this splendidly established section of the McKay store to-morrow. Only two days more, then inventory. REMNANTS OF CARPETS AND RUGS tremendously reduced for a big clearance for Friday. Read carefully the events below and take advantage of the greatest savings ever offered from the Carpet section.

- Reversible Door Mats 29c
- Reversible Hearth Rugs 79c
- Reversible Hearth Rugs, full size, Oriental colorings, worth \$1.25, inventory price for Friday \$1.00
- Wilton Sample Ends \$1.39
- Wilton Sample Ends, 2 yards long, extra choice, worth \$3.00, inventory price for Friday \$1.39
- Wilton Sample Ends 59c
- Wilton Sample Ends, 1 1/2 yards long, best quality, worth \$1.25, inventory price for Friday \$1.00
- Velvet Sample Ends 75c
- 25 only Velvet Sample Ends, 1 1/2 yards long, worth \$1.50, inventory price for Friday \$1.00
- Brussels Rugs \$8.75
- 12 only Brussels Rugs, size 9-0 x 6-9, extra choice bargain, worth \$13.00, inventory price for Friday \$8.75
- Brussels Rugs \$10.50
- 10 only Brussels Rugs, size 3 x 3 yards, worth up to \$18.00, inventory price for Friday \$10.50
- Tapestry Rugs \$8.00
- Tapestry Rugs, size 4 x 3 yards, extra fine colorings, worth up to \$12.00, inventory price for Friday \$8.00
- Tapestry Rugs \$9.90
- Tapestry Rugs, size 4 x 3 1/2 yards, heavy make, fine patterns, worth \$13.00, inventory price for Friday \$9.90
- Wilton Rugs \$21.50
- Wilton Rugs, size 3 x 3 yards, rich colorings, high grade quality, worth \$30.00, inventory price for Friday \$21.50

## Wonderful Price Cutting and Extraordinary Sale of Women's and Children's Winter Coats

Women's 48 and 50 Inch Cloth Coats at \$2.98

A good assortment of styles and colors, in fancy stripes and checks, all nicely trimmed and tailored, regular \$10.00 to \$12.00 values, on sale Friday at \$2.98

Walking Skirts \$1.89

A splendid assortment of colors and black, in gored and pleated models, regular \$3.50 and \$4.00, sale price \$1.89

Tailor-made Suits \$5.98

Manufacturer's sample Suits in a splendid assortment of colors and styles, semi and tight fitting, regular \$15.00, clearing price \$5.98

## Wonderful Blanket Offer

To clear, 200 pairs of blankets before Saturday night, we are placing as many pairs on sale for Friday's selling, splendid long selected fleeces. White Wool Blankets, in largest sizes, regular prices \$6.00 and \$5.50 pair, on sale Friday \$3.98 pair

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## GIRL'S DEATH.

DETROIT WOMAN ACCUSED OF MANSLAUGHTER.

Victim's Mother Held as a Witness—Confessed That She Had Arranged for an Operation—Not Known Exactly When Girl Died.

Detroit, Jan. 28.—Mrs. "Dr." Eliza Landau, of 184 Howard street, who has several times been under police suspicion in the matter of alleged unlawful operations, was locked up in Central Station this afternoon, formally charged with manslaughter, in connection with the death of seven-year-old Etta Sowler, of Bothwell, Ont. The girl's mother, Mrs. Mary Durance, is also held temporarily as a witness, though Chief of Detectives McDonnell stated to-night that she might be prosecuted for complicity in the case. The chief had Mrs. Durance in an adjoining room while Mrs. Landau was making her statement.

Afterward he confronted Mrs. Landau with the mother, who had confessed previously that she knew of her daughter's plight, and had arranged with Mrs. Landau for the operation. In the face of that accusation Mrs. Landau stubbornly protested that she is innocent of the charge. The exact date of the Sowler girl's death is still a mystery. The case came to light when an undertaker was called to "Dr." Landau's home, yesterday morning, and informed that the girl had died Tuesday afternoon without receiving medical attention.

He promptly notified Coroner Bennett, and the consequent autopsy revealed the true state of affairs. Mrs. Durance broke down after severe cross-questioning and declared that she had brought the girl here Saturday, and after arranging for an operation had left her in Mrs. Landau's house and returned to Bothwell. Monday she was summoned here in haste and found the girl dying.

## NEW HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Nationality and Religion of the Members.

Ottawa, Jan. 27.—An analysis of the personnel of the new House of Commons with respect to places of birth and religious gives the following interesting figures:

In the last Parliament there were 200 native-born Canadians; in the new House the native-born number 204. There are six English-born as compared with four in the last House. Ireland sent four sons to the old House, but there are only two native Irishmen in the new House. In each House the membership included three men who were born in the United States. Scotland had three representatives in the

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For timetables and other information apply to TORONTO TICKET OFFICE, 51 King street East.

## GENERAL PASSENGER DEPARTMENT.

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\*No passengers carried.

Steamers sail from Portland at 2 p.m. Second-class, \$42.50 and \$46.00, according to steamer.

An 20 first-class passengers are carried until the 26th February, sailing second-class passengers will have use of all passenger decks.

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For full information apply to local agent of DOMINION LINE, 17 St. James Street, Montreal.

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