TANGORANG TO THE TOTAL OF THE T

Daniel Hunter advanced upon him, and demanded his daughter.

"No. You shall not have her. I know nothing about her being your daughter. She is mine—my bride—my wife. She has pledged her marriage vows to me—here—at this altar. She is mine, and even were you her father you could not force her from me!" exclaimed Falconer. The maiden slightly struggled to free herself, but the pressure was increased,

painfully, while he glared defiance at her father. her father.

"Do not struggle, Maud, my child; be quiet, be cool, remember the sacred roof we stand under. If he designs to enact a disgraceful scene here in this church, he deceives himself that is all. We will

he deceives himself that is all. We will be patient with him, and when he is tired of that tragic acting, he will release you, and you will come to me," said Dan-iel Hunter, colly taking a seat. But, to the surprise of all, Falconer O'Leary lifted up the maiden in his arms, and bore her down the aisle and

ut of the church.

Daniel Hunter calmly arose, and went after them. Mr. Lovel and one or two gentlemen from the pews followed. Fal-coner bore his bride toward the little gon But Daniel Hunter overtook him, med his strong hond upon his shoul-wheeled him around, and said:

der, wheeled him around, and said:
"See here, I bore with your insolence
just now because I did not choose to
permit a disturbance in the church. We
are outside now, and I command you to release my daughter; for if I have to force you to do it, you shall suffer the

"Never. She is my wife. Off, sir, I say, or do you take the consequences!"

exclaimed the madman, and still holding Maud in a tight grip with his left and, he put his right hand in his bosom and drew a nisto! and drew a pistol.
"Oh. Falconer!" shrieked Maud, and

On, rationer:
she fainted away.
Daniel Hunter instantly closed upon
him, and having both hands free, soon nim, and naving both hands free, soon overmastered him, and wrested from his hand the pistol. He threw the weapon at a distance, and received his fainting daughter in his arms, just as an officer, reaching the spot, arrested Fal-

coner O'Leary.

Daniel Hunter bore his daughter into the vestry room, where, prompt assistance being rendered, she soon recovered.

Mr. Lovel was present, looking very

"Is the carriage from Howlet Hill here,

1" inquired Mr. Hunter.

"It is, sir. We came in it," answered

"In that case, I will enter it with my daughter, and return at once to the Hall. I will send it back for you and Lucy. It shall be here by the close of the morning service."

"Do not trouble yourself, Mr. Hunter;

we can easily remain in the village until evening, and dine at the hotel."

"By no means; you shall have the carriage in time, and you must join me

"Very well, then, as you please; in the meantime, I shall endeavor to hold

curiosity in check until you can give the explanation of this strange piece of family history.

"My dear Lovel, Dr. Channing I think it was who said, 'the true greatness of human life is almost always out of sight.' I can say the real romance of life is often quite as invisible! If we knew the life history of the commonplace people about us, how very much the reverse of commonplace they might seem! But more of this another time."

"Shall I call the carriage for you?" "Shall I call the carriage for you?"

"I thank you—if you please."
Mr. Lovel went out, and Daniel Hunter, leading his feeble, pale and trem-bling child, followed. The carriage drew up to the door, and Mr. Hunter placed Maud in, and was about to follow her, when he paused, drew Mr. Lovel aside, and asked: "What has been done with that mad-

'O'Leary? He is taken in custody." "O'Leary? He is taken in custody."

"Get him set at liberty immediately, Lovel! Nonsense! Get him liberated instantly, poor, moon-struck fellow! I shall not appear against him. Comecan I depend upon you? Will you at-

"Yes, after morning service; there is no time now."

"Yery well; thank you. Good morning," said Daniel Hunter, getting into the carriage, and giving the order for it to move.

Mand was sobbing softly in the corner of the back seat. Mr. Hunter watched her in silence for a time, and then gently took her hand, and asked:

"Why do you weep, my dear child!"

But Maud only shook her head, and sobbed the more.

"Can you not trust in me, my love!"

But Maud only pressed the hand that held hers—she could not speak.

"Is it about this young O'Leary that you grieve, my dear!"

Maud pressed his hand, and nosided with a suffocating sob.

"Come, now, do not lay your poor head against that hard carriage frame; rest it on my bosom—there! Now, come; trust in me, and dry your tears, my dear! I would not for the world signalize our meeting by any unnecessary act to give you pain. In some respects, I am not much like other men, dear Maud. I do not pronounce an irrevocable sentence of separation between yourself and your young lover."

Maud started, clasped his hand convocable sentence of separation between yourself and your young lover."

Maud started, clasped his hand con-

brace her!"

the morning after you left, and within an hour after her death I left town."

"And Honoria and Percival?"
"They are at the hotel. Letty is with

"Letty is in her usual health and

feelings too nearly awful for that. Their eyes were fixed upon each other, their faces instinct with emotion; they approached each other slowly, and met in a silent, close embrace. And then the soft sound of smothered sobbing was beard. And Daniel Hunter went to the

heard. And Daniel Hunter went to the window and looked out, wondering why women wept at everything—at what

they were glad of as well as what they were sorry for, and—wiped his own eyes. After a little while Mrs. Hunter led her

daughter to a sofa, and they both sat down. And the lady held the maiden's hands and gazed in her lovely face until her snowy eyelids fell over the sweet blue eyes, and her soft cheek suffused with a roar blue, and she gray loveller

with a rosy blush, and she grew lovelier than ever. And then the lady raised

than ever. And then the lady raised her hand and looked at its exquisite beauty, and next took off her little black bonnet and set free her long, bright ringlets—those peerless ringlets of that rich, rare hue, between the goldend and the auburn, which old, classic printers loved as well "She is perfect."

painters loved so well. "She is perfect;

eauty would have created in the cirles of London, Paris, Vienna-at an

of the courts at which she herself had

restrained rapture, she drew and pressed her to her bosom. And all this time

they had not spoken a word to each other.

CHAPTER XXV.

In the morning Mrs. Hunter and her

erings of two lounging chairs and a sofa, were of the same material and color. The elegant toilet that stood be-

tween the east windows was draped with lace, lined with blue silk. And the style

of the carpet on the flor was a light, runing vine of violets, over a white

erfect,

Maud started, clasped his hand convulsively, and pressed it to her lips.

"Certainly not, my dear; I do not banish him. First, let him deserve my Maud, and he shall have her! If his affection for her is a high and holy sentiment, it will make him worthy of her. Come, now, I wonder why you weep! What is it you want? Tell me!"
"Oh, sir, I want—I want to go back

to Falconer! I only want to see how he is, and say a comforting word to him, and take leave of him kindly as I ought -I, that have been his comforter ever

I, that have been his comforter ever since we were children! Oh! I know he is so wretched at this very moment! I know he would give anything for the sight of my face. Oh, sir, let us turn back and say a kind word to him!"

"It may not be, my child. It would do no good, but rather harm. He does not want words. All he wants now is my Maud, and he cannot have her yet; he must conquer himself; he must change; he must deserve her before he gets her."

"Oh, sir, if you did but know him as

"Oh, sir, if you did but know him as on, sir, it you did but know him as I know him; how much he needs soothing kindness, how impetuous he is, how wild, how ungovernable he is, how often unhappy, how much he needs me—he has been used to me all his life—he cannot do without me! Oh, I know he cannot, poor Falconer;! Oh, he will feel like half his being was stricken off with me! I know he will! he will be ill—I am sure he will be ill! Oh, sir, let us go ack and see him."

back and see him."
"It cannot be, my love! You must trust in your father's judgment, little one! This young man's furious passions must be left to rage themselves quiet, and then his reason will act! He will suffer, doubtless! But then, it is only through suffering that through suffering that such natures as his can be corrected. Cheer up, my dear girl! do not quarrel with the discipline

"If he had only someone to be kind to him, poor boy! to comfort and cheer him, as I used to! If he were not so utterly as I used to: If he work how a labor and alone—so desolate—no mother—no sister—no one to care for him! Oh, poor boy! if he had only someone to be kind

to him!"
"I will care for him—I will be kind to him, if he will let me. Do not fear, my child! I shall not lose sight of him. piece I will endeavor to do far better for him family history."

"My dear Lovel, Dr. Channing I think was who said, 'the true greatness of the second seco you aer about to meet! Oh, she has sent you many loving messages! She says that she is 'not surprised at all—that she ever felt you were her child, though she were trought the web she were trought.

though she never knew it."
"And it does not sem so strange to

"And it does not sem so strange to me, either. Was she—was Mrs. Hunter—" Maud suddenly paused and flushed with joy, as she said: "Was my mother quite well?"

"Quite well, my dearest girl, and she will join us at Howlet Hall very soon."

"And I am her lost Maud—how strange! I ought to be very much surprised, and yet I am not!"

prised, and yet I am not!"
"I think, my love, that the ties of blood were so strong in our case that we all felt an incomprehensible, unac knowledged attraction to each other.

daughter out, and, pausing a moment while he held her hand, said: "This is your home, my darling. Come to my heart and hearth. Welcome!" and he embraced her and led her up DODDS and he embraced her and led her up the stairs.

"Mrs. Hunter has arrived, sir," said the servant who attended the door.

"Ah, indeed! How long since!" asked Mr. Hunter, with surprise and delight. 'Only this moment, sir. She has re-tired to her chamber.'

"How did she come!" inquired Daniel Hunter, hurrying in. KINNE

something that was intimate, that was my own, that was of myself. Your eyes had the very same expression that they had often worn when you were an infant on my bosom, when waking up from your infant alumbers you would look out upon life with new wonder, and then up to me with a questioning, loving, trusting look, as if asking what it was. And so when our eyes met that day in the Sunday school I felt that they were the same eyes that used to look out from a baby'e face, which years before had lain upon my bosom; the same eyes gazing up into mine with the same eyes gazing up into mine with the same earnest, wistful, wondering, questioning, loving gaze. Now, tell me, love, can you recall your feelings at that moment—can you tell me why you looked at me with such a searching eager, fond look?"

"Yes—yes, lady—yes, dear mama, I know!" said the maiden, gravely, almost solemnly.

"Why was it, then " asked the lady,

bending over her to press a kiss upon her forehead. "Compose yourself; it is unusual for you to be so excited."

"It is an unusual occasion."

"You followed me very quickly."

"Yes, poor Norah breathed her last "Sweet mother! it was because I half recognized you!"
"Half recognized me?"

"Yes, dearest mamma." "How is that? What does my sweet ne mean?"

one mean?"

"'Our life is two-fold—sleep hath its
own world,' says Falconer's favorite
poet. And in the world of sleep, mamma, you were never absent from me. I
suppose I must have continued to dream spirits?"

"Oh, certainly! Oh, do go and bring my daughter hither!"

"Be cool, love. I tell you excitement is always enfeebling, if it be not a sign of original feebleness. I am going to bring her now," said Daniel Hunter, turning to go down stairs.

"I wonder what could move him," said the lady, just a little impatiently, as she walked up and down the floor.

The door opened, and Daniel Hunter of you from the day I was taken from you, for as far back as I can remember you, for as far back as I can remember I have been used to your image in my dreams. It was such an habitual thing that I never wondered at it, or talked of it. And yet, I seemed to know that the angel of my sleep was my mother, too; only I thought it was my mother who was buried in the sea. And when I first saw your portrait in the hall and recognized its likeness to my dreammother, oh! what a thrill it gave me! And then when I saw you in the Sunday school, and you looked at me, and she walked up and down the floor.

The door opened, and Daniel Hunter re-entered, leading Maud. The lady stopped in her walk and turned around. There she came—the long lost child—the beautiful maiden—aye, more beautiful than even the mother's fancy had ever pictured her; there she came, with her eyes seeking her mother. Their eyes met—they did not rush into each other's arms—their emotions were far too real, too deep, and the maiden's feelings too nearly awful for that. Their took my hand, and spoke to me so sweetly—oh! I cannot tell you! but if you could only have read my heart! And first I loved you for your likeness to my dream-mother, and then I loved you for yourself!"

"So it was with me, my own-first loved you for looking at me with little Maud's eyes, and now I love you for your sweet self. And now all the past seems bridged over, and I seem to have lost you really. And now, love, I trust you will be happy. Come, now, your fa-ther has got through with his newspap-ers, and I bear him walking up and down the hall. Let us go to him."

down the hall. Let us go to him."

And again embracing her new-found treasure, the lady arose, and, followed by the maiden, led the way downstairs. Daniel Hunter was pacing up and down the long, central hall—a usual relaxation with him after sitting long over his papers. He turned with a smile to meet-them, and playfully offered an arm to each for an indoor promenade, he said. They had not made many turns before there was a ring at the front door-bell, and the servant who answered it returned and brought a letter, wich, he said, ed and brought a letter, wich, he said was for the young lady. Daniel Hunter took it with the design of passing it immediately to his daughter, but in doing so his eyes fell upon the strange super-

so in eyes len upon the strange super-scription, "To Mrs. Falconer O'Leary." His brow reddened with a look of sur-prise, displeasure and annoyance, and returning it to the servant, he said: "There is no one here who bears the name upon this letter. There is proba-bly a mistake—take it hack to the parlady's judgment. And then she thought, with a transient swell of pride, of the sensation, of the wonder this matchless bly a mistake—take it back to the per resided in the last seven years. But the next instant the sinful pride was suppressed, and she only felt that this was her own dear child—her good and loving Maud; and with a silent, hidden, bly a mistake—take it back to the person who brought it," and without even condescending to inquire who that "person who brought it" might be, Daniel Hunter turned upon his heel and continued his walk. The servant bowed and left the hall. And Mr. Hunter had accreely taken a second turn before the scarcely taken a second turn before the servant re-entered with the letter, say-

"If you please, sir, the messenger who brought this letter is Young Len, Mr. Falconer O'Leary's man, and he says eautiful daughter sat together in the there is no mistake, and that it was

chamber that had been assigned to the maiden. In such a pleasant apartment that I may be pardoned for describing it. It was on the second floor of the sent to my young mistress."

*Falconer!" said Maud, impulsively dropping her father's arm, and going south wing of the mansion. It was a lofty, spacious room, with four high windows—two east and two west—where Daniel Hunter, reaching forward his

all day long the sunshine entered. Those windows were heavily curtained with blue damask, lined with white sarcenet, longed back with cords and teacher. hand to take it from her hand to take it from her.

"Oh, sir—my father! it is from Falconer," said Maud, detaining it with a ooped back with cords and tassels, show-ng inner curtains of rich lace. The hangings of the bedstead, and the cov-"Have you glanced at the inscription

of that letter, my dear?" "No, sir."
"Read it, then, and tell me if you an

swer to such a name."

(To be continued.)

Sheep Herder's Dog.

lace, lined with blue silk. And the style of the carpet on the flor was a light, runing vine of violets, over a white ground. The dressing bureau, wardrobe, washstand, little table, etc., were of white satinwood, highly polished. A few cheerful loking pictures adorned the walls and pretty, quaint-looking vases, etc. stood upon the mantelpiece. A glowing coal fire, in a polished steel grate, completed the comfort of the room. The low, luxurious sofa was drawn up to the fire, and Mrs. Hunter sat in it with her daughter at her side, with her arm around her waist, never weary or contemplating her, ever seeking a deeper and more real consciousness of the joy of possessing her. Combing her fingers through the soft, glittering ringlets, the lady murmured:

"Strange, I never thought you were my lost child, yet ever felt it. Passing strange, yeth perfectly true. When I first saw you, little one—when, looking up from my class-book in the Sunday school, I first met those sweet, wistful blue eyes fixed on mine. I felt something in their look that was familiar,

ON THE TOP FLOOR

A STORY FOR CHRISTMAS

"No, my son," said Mrs. Stanton, with decision. "I am sorry to disappoint you, but when I said I thought Santa Claus would bring you a copy of "The Arabian Nights' this year, I didn't know that I should be called upon to pay for my type-writer before the end of next month. Santa Claus will bring beby a rag doll, which will do her quite as much good as the bisque doll that I thought she would get, but you and I will have to go without any presents this Christmas, except the barrel of apples that grandma sent us last week." And that reminds me, did you carry Ned Staples his apples to-day?"

last week. And that reminds me, did you carry Ned Staples his apples to-day?"

"Yes, I dived down into the barrel and picked out the two biggest and reddest ones I could find, just as you said I must always do. Baby could hardly hold the one she carried, but she said 'apper' real plain when she handed it to him, or when she dropped it on him, I'd better say, for I had to hold her up so ahe could see him on his bed. You know his rheumatism is so bad now that he cannot get out of bed—but his old grandma just won't send for the doctor. Ned says she wants him to die."

"Oh, what a naughty boy to say such a thing!"

Mrs. Stanton, sighing.

"Well, I wish he would, for them we might have a house of our own, without any old Mrs. Bennett in it, and I might have a tricycle; and baby—well, baby is so easy to satisfy that I don't believe she'd care to be rich. She's awful good natured. Sometimes, when Ned's shoulder and knee are hurting him awful bad, he'll speak real cross to her, and ahe loesn't get mad as bigger people would do. Yesterday, when she was sitting on the bed by him, and broke one of his bickers, and all she did was to grin the him with her three little teeth; and then he was sorry and said she was the little town where she had formerly lived. little bother, and all she did was to grin at him with her three little teeth; and then he was sorry and said she was the best baby alive. Hello! What's that?"

best baby alive. Hello! What's that's

"Go and open the door," said Mrs.
Stanton. "It may be the postman."

"Yes, so it may," returned Hugh, as he ran across the room. "He says he loses so much breath climbing up the stairs that his whistle gives out before he gets to this floor."

It was not the postman, however, but a stranger who asked if that were Mrs.
Bennett's room.

"No," replied Hugh, "Mrs. Bennet lives in the back room. Hold on a minute and I'll bring out a lamp so you can see your way and not stumble over her tubs."

Marvelous case of Leo Corrigan

which shows that skin diseases herewhich shows that sin diseases here-tofore considered hopeless can be cured. Since childhood, Leo Corrigan had been to the different with the burning agony and itching of Eczema. His parents had spent a great deal of money in con-sulting physicians and buying medicines

sulting physicians and buying medicines—but all to no purpose.

As he grew older he sought other doctors—some of them specialists. He was eleven weeks in a Toronto hospital—eight weeks in bed. At times the irritation and pain caused by the Eczema were so severe, life was a burden. He would get so bad he could not walk, Several winters he could do no work.



He wrote, on February 20, 1006: He wrote, on February 20, 1906:

"In November, 1905, I had another attack, and was advised to use Mira Ointment. (I thought this would be like the other remedies I had tried, and of no use to me.) But, to my great delight, a few hours after the first application, I felt great relief.

I have used it, now, two and a-half months, and unhealitatingly state that it is the best remedy I ever used. It has worked wonders for me. Since using Mira Ointment I have been able to work every day—without irritation or pain—no stiffness of the limbs of coreness. I feel a new person.

or pain—no sulmess of the imms of corrects.

I feel a new person,

"From a state of great irritation and sometimes excruciating pains to freedom from all
such; being capable of doing hard work every
day, is a marvelous change. Mira Ointment
has silected it "I strongly recommend any person afflicted with this terrible complaint—Eczems—to use Mira Oistment."

What this wonderfully effective Ointwhat this wonderfully effective Ominent has done in this extreme chronic case, it can do in other seemingly incurable conditions. If you suffer from any form of skin-disease, don't delay. Sertain relief and cure is waiting you in Mira Ointment. Get a box to-day. 50c. —6 for \$2.50. At drug-stores—or from The Chemists' Co. of Canada, Ltd., Hamilton, Thronton.

Hamilton-Toronto.

"The old woman ought either to clear or deck or rig up a lantern," said the

exclaimed Hugh, "Shsh!" exclaimed Hugh. "If she hears you, she will blow up Ned when you go away."

"Oh, if there's to be squalls I guess me and Ned can weather them," replied the stranger as he began to rap on Mrs. Bennett's door.

"He's got on a big blue overcoat and he wabbles about just as baby does when she tries to walk," reported Hugh to his mother.

"I say mamma, maybe it is Santa Claus. Don't he ever get himself up to look like a sailor!"

"Not that ever I heard of."

But that Mrs. Stanton had not heard

"Not that wer I heard of."

But that Mrs. Stanton had not heard of everything was proved by her next day's experience. She and her children had hardly finished their breakfast of catmeal and baked apples when there was a knock at the door, followed by the sound of retreating footsteps, and when Hugh opened the door, there, before him, was a brand-new trieyels, piled upon which were "The Arabian Nights," gotten up georgeously and a blue-grad doll with real heir. Hugh dragged them in without delay but before baby had given her doll fits first hug, he rushed out again at the sound of a footstep in the hall and the next thing Mrs. Stanton heard was, "Avast there. Let go my rigging, or we'll both go headformost down the companien way."

Hastaning out into the hall she saw

when she dropped it on him, I'd better say, for I had to hold her up so ahe could see him on his bed. You know his the timestism is so bad now that he cannot get out of bed—but his old grandma just won't send for the doctor. Ned says she wants him to die."

"Oh, what a naughty boy to say such at thing!"

"Well, mamma, I heard her say one day that Ned lived just out of spite. You see, she is only his step-grandma, and that makes a difference. If my grandma in the country had to take me to live with her I know she'd never say such a thing, poor as she is. Ned's grandpa used to be sort of good to him when he was alive, so Ned says, but he died a long time ago."

"And are Ned's father and mother both dead?"

"Yes; Ned can't remember them a bit. First, his mother died, and then his grandpa. When Ned can first remember they lived in a little house close by the sea, but after the rest of them got through dying, his grandma sold their house and came to the city to live. I guess she didn't get much for it, or she wouldn't be living in the top floor like at will make that fortune that he said he would make out west?"

"I think it will be a very long time indeed, before he makes a fortune by get limits and that will make that fortune that he said he was raported to be dying. He ddn't all the was English born, and his American wife being dead, there was mothing to bring him back to the United Mrs. Stanton, sighing.

"Well, I wish he would, for them we might have a house of our own, without the living on the top into him had been second mate sailed for home he was raported to be dying. He ddn't die. However; and, when he recovered, shipped aboard a British schooner trading the would make out west?"

"It hink it will be a very long time indeed, before he makes a fortune by fact the properties."

"Well, I wish he would, for them we might have a house of our own, without the living on the top in the top in the properties."

"It will be a very long time he was English born, and his American wife being dead, there was mothing to

"Hurray!" burst out Hugh, suddenly, after listening gravely to what Captain Staples had to tell. "And so Santa Claus brought Ned a father! Ain't that joily!"

"Ned thinks so," replied the captain. "I had a doctor to see him last night and his rheumatism has taken a turn for the better already. I hope to have him on his legs in a day or two."

"And I bet it was Ned who told you what we wanted."

"Yes: when I asked him what he'd

"Yes; when I asked him what he'd take in the way of Christmas presents, he answered right away, 'A tricycle, the Arabian Nighte, and a blue-eyed doll.' I'd a mind to soold him for wanting a doll, but when he asked me to pile up the things in front of your door, I was glad I didn't."

Captain Staples soon moved his son into more comfortable quarters, but neither father nor son forgot those who had been kind to the latter when he needed friends. Mrs. Stanton had so much work given her that her two-receives much work given her that her type went in a gallop all day long, and as the was well paid she was soon able to rent better rooms and put money in the bank besides. Mrs. Bennett remained on her top floor with no company but her cat,
"She wouldn't keep that," remarked
Captain Staples, "if it didn't catch its
own meat, and help out her thin blankets
on cold nights by sleeping on top of her."

Intalligence. -Intelligencer.

The White Man's Duty to the Negro. You will find no Johann Most, Emma Goldman, Czolgosz or Guiteau among the neg oes. In the struggle which may be expected to come between order and anarchy may it not be that these people, grateful to the nation for their liberty and to the good people of the land for their uplift in knowledge, purity and social standing, will prove themselves a mighty force upholding law, order and supremacy of the nation? Stranger things have happened than that these people, crushed and wronged for genera-tions, should become at last strong de-ferders of the nation and the community at whose hands they have hitherto received mainly injustice. They are here as citizens. Whatever temporary reas citizens. Whatever temporary restrictions may be placed upon their approach to the ballot box, the time will come when all barriers will be broken down and they will enjoy everywhere the full rights of citizenship. But ignerant citizens are the prey and the sport of every demagogue who appeals to their passions, and if one-ninth of our citizens are so exposed the whole life of the nation is in peril. So we stan? before the American people and stand before the American people and say, Here is one-ninth of our population coming out from the ignorance and immorality of slavery. We are making its uplift our business. We are striving to train the hand and the mind and to fill the heart with a love of purity and a sense of the beauty of holiness. As we are faithful in this work we feel that we make a strong appeal to the nation's assistance and gratitude, and we know that we shall hear our Master's voicer "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, values of the least of these was brethren. stand before the American people and

And most of these consumptives might be living now if they had not neglected the warning, cough.

consumption.

You know how quickly Scott's Emulsion enables you to throw off a

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Statistics show that in New York City

alone over 200 people die every week from

Don't neglect your cough.

cough or cold.

ALL DRUGGISTS: 50c. AND \$1.00.

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