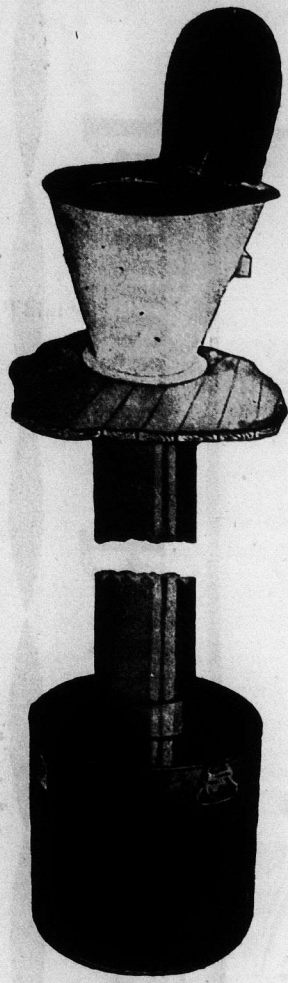


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He was pretty nearly tickled to death over that box of GIN PILLS. They did him so much good that he would have paid \$5 a box for the second, if necessary. The dizziness, headaches and backaches stopped. Those shooting pains in hips and legs died away. Urine lost its high color. He slept through the night without being disturbed by bladder trouble. His appetite began to pick up and he felt better than he had been for years.

34 John St., Hamilton, Ont.
Being a sufferer from my kidneys and dizziness in the head, and could get nothing to help me, I saw in the papers what good GIN PILLS were doing. I got a sample box, and they did me so much good, I bought three boxes and am taking them. They have worked wonders for me. I can recommend them to any similar sufferer.
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COBALT GOLD PEN CO., DEPT. 18, TORONTO

A Strenuous Vacation.

By Mrs. Mary A. Denison,

It had been a hard day's work, but by dint of taking advantage of circumstances I was ready for my vacation.

My position was a good one and I was well paid, but I had climbed to the place over many a painful episode and swallowed abuse in large quantities from the sometime irate editors and journalists around the office.

At last I was free for a few weeks, having decided to spend my vacation abroad. My name was already registered on one of the big steamers, second class. Why I had decided to go that way I could hardly tell, except that it was not from motives of economy. I also changed my name from Fred Spoffard to Ed. Johnson. It was perhaps due to the last spasm of false pride that ever found lodgment in my bosom.

Everything on shipboard seemed to be arranged to my satisfaction, and I came home to my two rooms. One of these was a bed-room, the merest closet, in which I had barely space to turn around, and in which I had my thoroughly packed case—a case of unusual dimensions. Having a bit of writing to do I sat down at my desk.

It struck me that Dan, the hall-boy, a singularly clever little fellow, looked at me strangely, following me with his eyes. Presently he spoke.

"I say, Mr. Spoffard," he said, between a whine and a groan.

"Well, Dan, what is it?" I asked, looking up.

"I got your coat and brushed it, sir. Here it is."

"All right," I said, pausing to look at him, for he did not act like himself. "Did you get my case?"

"Here it is, sir," he replied, designating the huge thing which stood on a chair by the window. "But—but—" he stammered, a curious tremor in his voice and gesture.

"Well, be quick, Dan," I said, "I have only a few minutes to spare."

"There's a woman in your bedroom!" he stammered.

"A woman in my bedroom!" I ejaculated. "Great heavens! how did she get there?"

I started to reconnoiter, but something in the boy's face held me back. "Don't go in there, sir; she's dead, sir, killed, murdered," said the boy, his eyes fairly black with terror.

"But I haven't been home," I said. "I know it, sir," said Dan, "an' if I was you, sir, I'd git out quick."

"Haven't you given any information?" I asked, seizing my case.

"No, sir, I know'd you hadn't anything to do with it," he answered quickly, "and I knowed you was going away, so I held my tongue."

"Dan, you're a brick," I exclaimed. "I'd like to take you with me."

"I'll carry the suit case," he said, and I followed him.

In passing the bed-room I threw a glance over my shoulder. Heavens! the pillow was dabbled with long, light hair, and across the bed I could see the outlines of a huddled-up figure. The sight nearly froze the blood in my veins. I grew sick, but I followed the boy, who locked the door after him and pocketed the key.

For the first time I seemed to recall the power to think.

A woman in my bed-room, murdered! The fact was a scare of the grimmest order, when I began to think seriously about it; it might mean so much; detention, trial, weeks and weeks of uncertainty, the horror of a prison—for a moment I had the sensation of being in a vacuum, and I could scarcely draw my breath. A woman murdered in my room! The words kept ringing in my ears.

"I know nothing about it," I said, half aloud, half to myself.

"Of course you don't," said Dan, "but all the same I'm glad you're going away."

"Thank you, Dan," I responded. "I

won't forget your kindness. If I'm ever a rich man I—"

"Don't you worry, sir," said Dan, bravely. "You're going away; don't you come back in a hurry."

"Indeed I won't," I said to myself, but the uproar in the streets, which was abnormal, and the distraction in my brain, were almost too much for me. I could make no definite plans in the whirl of a confusion that enveloped me.

"Say, Dan," I said confidentially, "I may as well have my whiskers taken off."

"Yes, sir, I thought of that," said Dan. "Here's a barber. You just go in alone. I'll watch the case."

So I went in and submitted to the mercies of a strange barber, who soon deprived me of a pair of adorable sideburns that had long lent grace and dignity to my rather hard-featured face. It was not long before I had said "good-bye" to Dan, put a dollar bill in his honest hand, and was busy finding my berth in the second class cabin.

During all the hurly burly that ensued there had been an undefined sensation that I was by this time being sought for by a bevy of uniformed mountebanks who had learned the terrible secret and had begun the search for me. A woman in my bedroom, murdered! Who could the woman be? I had kept myself tolerably clear of the wiles of the gentler sex. I knew Miss Hasbrook of the office, but only by her exuberant pompadour of a queer yellow hue, and her rather shifty blue eyes. My acquaintance had not extended beyond a nod and a "good morning," and now I remembered I had not seen her for the last three days. If she had been discharged, gone wrong in her mind and sought me out for the purpose of inducing me to act as arbiter and affect a reconciliation; then, not finding me, her brain had given way and she had killed herself in my room! Well, any way, I was safe for a time. I thought, as the huge steamer started from her moorings and we dropped down the bay.

I cannot say I had drawn a comfortable breath. Every new face I had seen, every policeman, and there were several of them, I could have sworn were looking for me and thirsting for my blood. Each morning when I awoke I could see that murdered woman on my bed, although I could not have told what she looked like. Every night I had a sort of a dread that detectives were on board, watching me. Never was I more devoutly thankful that I had changed my name and shaved off my whiskers, although when I did both I was conscious of a distinct impression of shame.

But time went on and nothing happened out of the ordinary, although I was looking for a denouement of some sort every hour. The matter by this time was probably bruited abroad by the press—was, likely, in all the papers with appropriate head lines.

A woman murdered, and the murderer had escaped—was on his way to England, in all probability. So I played with my fancy and with my fears. It might even be that I should be arrested as soon as the ship landed. Wonderful to relate, as it seemed to me, nothing of the kind happened.

As soon as I reached London I went to the Strand, where my friend Frank Summers lived, and soon found his number. He was not in, but his landlady, a robust, fresh-colored English woman, told me that he had left word that I was to come in and use the apartments as if they were my own.

They were pleasant, almost familiar-looking rooms, and the chairs and tables were filled with newspapers, all of which I went through with feverish anxiety. I saw nothing, however, pointing to the murder by so much as a paragraph, and breathed easier when my friend came in though he probably saw by my countenance that I was both anxious and depressed.

"Hello, old friend," he cried for greeting, "welcome to the shores of the finest country in the world! How has time used you? You look as if you had hardly enjoyed the trip. Sea-sick?"

"Not in the least," I said, "but I feel as if I had been away a year already."

"Oh, bother Yankeeland," he said, laughing. "Don't let's talk or think about it. This is your vacation, and I'm going to give you a high old time."

"Nothing special has happened since I started from home; I suppose," I said, "no fires, no murders, no—"

"Oh, plenty of both," was his laughing answer. "Nothing, however, that specially attracted my attention, but you can judge for yourself. Here are all the latest papers; suit yourself; revel in paragraphs, short, snappy, witty, bombastic; there are your specials; cram yourself with editorials stupid, witty, wise or otherwise," and he handed me the papers for which I was general news gatherer when at home. I looked them through; there was nothing there in which I found myself implicated, not even in the latest editions. I breathed easier—yet what did it mean? Nor could I throw off the horrible nightmare of doubt and fear, try as I would, that had for so long enveloped me, that I should yet be hunted, tried, and perhaps hung for a murderer. For a time, however, I strove to put aside my fears and accompanied my friend to all the places of note, yet, occasionally, when I saw a stranger looking at me, or passed too close to a policeman, I found myself shuddering and eager to get out of the way.

The months passed and my vacation drew near to an end. Strange though it may seem, the old fears began to assail me and the old tremors to rasp at my nerves! Could I go back? My chum could not but notice my uneasiness, and one day I unbosomed myself to him and told him the whole story.

For a time he was very serious, for he saw how the thing had got on my nerves, and that there was an element of uncertainty about it; that it hovered, like some vague cloud that never lifted, over my mind, and until the truth was known never would lift. We discussed several plans. One among them was that we should both remain in London, where we could make a decent living, until I had forgotten the past.

But the truth was that with all my fears and weakness, if you might call it that, I was homesick. London had never seemed like home to me, and at last I felt that rather than stay I would face and dare the worst.

So, after a long conference with my old friend, we both decided to go back to America, I to resume my name and both of us to go by steerage. While my friend kept up his courage by pretending to ignore the whole matter, I could see that he was sometimes nervously susceptible to the possibilities of the situation, and he often questioned me about the boy.

"Of course, it might have got into the papers and neither of us have seen it," he said, "but I incline to the supposition that the whole thing was a ruse—a hoax confined to the circle of the few who originated it. My advice is that you go right on as though nothing had happened, seeking out carefully your old associations, and watching for a chance word or action that will betray them."

I did so, after keeping incognito for a couple of weeks. The first place I visited, where I was known, was the home of Dan's mother. It was not altered, only the woman, a high-checked, high-colored dame, looked a trifle more comfortable, and so did her children. She received me as if I had left but yesterday, and began talking volubly of Dan.

Dan was doing well, he had given her more money till within the last week or so, she said, than ever before, and they were very comfortable.

"Where is he?" I asked.

"Well, he be gone with his uncle on a fishing voyage; the boy hadn't

seemed well. Brother Alf him. It'll be before he co. "What was I asked.

"Well, he spirits and knowed him said. "I char on his consci All the time and forth a "I know he. "I guess he. just a sick s. Once or tw her if she h of the mys rooms, but I had been. But one d there was a face and ma a fervor in struck me as "Hello!" w em, "I've Come to din We repair were in the could hardl paratively al "Well," sa that you re tone, a youn University, shackle bu before you pond."

"Oh, yes," the red head. "There v Brigham an inseparable."

Yes, I rec "Do you wrote them fairly roa I nodded. gotten, but "They nev pooning and you. I can tone. He is they laid in I caught. "Dan was ir I believed i "Put not quoted my boys."

"But Dan my salvatio honest, so "The boy him big mo are not sur he knew ab pulled the am confider him too sev was a little be sufferin faithful haven't got The Pole mannikin, a they dresse your bedro man, and s that it wou violence ha well planne send you o scared, and views abou

True, eve enemies, kn to that. "The P "tells me th commotion not a few it was mer weekly pap to forgive "I di, b Dan's play

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