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# PLOTS THAT FAILED

How long he sat there gazing over in to the opposite box Clarence Neville nev There is unfortunately, a class of | romantic maidens who cannot be thrown into constant contact with a handsome agreeable young man without falling deeply in love with him; thus it was

with the old judge's daughter. Clarence Neville scarcely noticed her presence, he was so absorbed in his work; but such constant toil told upon him more than he imagined.

Even the old judge noticed how pale and haggard the young man's face looked, as he sat opposite him at the dinner table one evening. he returned home the next

evening he said to his young secretary "I have seats for the opera to-night Will you not accompany my daughter and me, Mr. Neville?"

Thank you for your thoughtfulness t I would rather not," said Clarence.

hesitatingly.
"Fi-fi, my dear fellow!" exclaimed
Judge Harvey, shaking his head; "all
work and no play will make Jack a dull You will get to be altogether too much of a bookworm, browsing through my old library so much."

"There is nothing which makes a man feel so much like his grandfather as wading through ancient history. Come with us to the opera, and amid the hights and music and among the great throng of handsomely dressed women, you will feel new life throbbing through

your veins. I insist upon your accom-panying us, so there's an end to it." As the old gentleman would not take no for an answer, there was nothing for him but to comply. It was with rather a heavy heart, however, that he took the evening train with the old judge and

s gay, bright, chattering daughter. It was late when they reached the city. The opera house was as they took their seats. There were very few girls among that throng of wealth and beauty who were prettier to behold than Lillian Harvey, the judge's daughter; but Clarence Neville was blind to her beauty—it never occurred to him to notice her dress

The divine Patti was to have been the star of the evening, but, through andisposition, she had decided at the very last moment before starting for the opera house that she was unable sing. Consequently another opera another star had to be substituted.

The brilliant audience assembled took their disappointment good-naturedly. Even the few who would not have venarred out 'to have heard any one but

Patti remained in their boxes. "A brilliant throng," remarked the judge, handing his opera glass to his young secretary.

Clarence, through politeness' sake, could not choose but take the glasses in his hand, raise them to his eyes, and glance through them at the assembled

Suddenly his face blanched to the hue of death, his hand shook as though they were palsied, his breath came in short gasps. The face on which his eyes rested held him spellbound. It was the face of Barbara Haven, his bride of an hour his lost love.

It was only a moment of time that he gazed at her, his whole heart in his eyes, but it seemed to him that long enturies were crowded into that one

intense moment. It was a wonder that the sight of the beautiful face, crowned in its fluffy mass of golden hair, the deep blue vel-vety eyes, the crimson, parted lips, and dimpled cheeks and chin, did not him mad, and especially saw the dark, handsome face of Rupert Downing bending over her.

They were alone in the box. Barbara's father sat on the other side of her, while nearest the stage and in better view of the audience was India Haven. dark, glorious and sparkling, as only a French girl could be.

He knew whose the other figure was almost hidden by the shadow of the of the silken curtains; he was not mistaken in his surmise, for as he bent forward to speak with India he beheld the face of his father—the father whom he had loved all his life through. and who in his old age had turned from handsome, dangerousl fascinating wo-

He lowered ms glasses quickly, otherwise they would have fallen from his nerveless fingers. He heard the clash of the music as the curtain rolled up, the tumultuous din of applause as the rite of the evening stepped before he

The stage and the grand assemblage seemed to whirl around him, and the sound of the music seemed horribly near and discordant. Everything seemed to darken before his eyes save the lovely girlish face in the box opposite.

Twice Lillian Harvey spoke to him it he did not even hear; his ears seem ed dull to all human sounds.
"I wonder whom he can be observing

so closely?" thought Lillian. awith a keen, swift pang of jealousy at here heart. It never occurred to her that here heart friend Bab, whose attention te nad in vain attempted to attract.

AKAKAKKKKKKKKAKAKKKKKKKKKKKKK

Suddenly he was aroused from his stu por by a discordant clash in the music, and a hoarse voice shouting out a cry that sent a thrill of horror through the breast of every human being present-the horrible cry of "Fire! Fire! Th building is on fire!"

CHAPTER XLIV. "Fire! Fire!" The cry was taken up by by a score of throats in the vast assemblage, and even as it was uttered a dense cloud of black smoke poured into the vast auditorium.

No pen could describe the scene which bllowed—the cries of men and women the cries of men and women filled the air until it was like pandemon-

There was a wild rush for the exits, where the strong pushed down the weal and trampled over them in their mad desire to escape.

At the first cry the old judge seized his daughter in his still robust arms, and calling to Neville to follow him, dashed up the aisle. Clarence Neville neither saw nor heard him. Like one transfixed to the spot—ay, like one carved in marble—he stood, watching the op-posite box with straining eyes; that box reld all that was dear to him on earth, Bab, his heart's idol, and his old father. And as he watched he saw a sight which made the blood run cold in his veins.

One of the sparks had fallen among the silken hangings, and in a single in stant the framework of the box was a mass of lund flame, and in that instant he distinctly saw Rupert Downing leap over the low railing and disappear in

the crowd.
With Rupert Downing self-preseriva-

tion was the first law of nature.

When the cry had resounded, coward as he was, and for the second time in his life, he abandoned the girl that he pretended to love, left her to die amid the horrible flame and smoke, or to es if she could. He had enough to do to save himself.

All in an instant Clarence Neville was roused to action. What was life safety to him while the idol of his heart

was in such deadly peril?

How he reached their box he never afterward remembered, fighting his way through the scorching heat and the dense volumes of smoke.

As he leaped over the railing, he dis overed Bab lying face downward in a deep swoon. Mr. Itaven, her father, lay back unconscious in his chair; his own father was groping his way about, father was groping blind and bewildered, fairly dazed with

Like Rupert Downing, India had fled. Seizing Bab and holding her closely to his breast with one hand, and grasping his father's arm by his disengaged one, he made a desperate effort to bring them

"Courage!" he cried to his tottering father: "another moment, and you will

The old man leaned heavily on the strong right arm. Step by step Clarence Neville forced their way onward, and at last, ah, God! at last, the free air of heaven blew across their faces.

Placing them in the charge of a police-man, the brave young hero dashed once more into the burning building, where Bab's father lay in such deadly peril.

Despite the fact that his strength was lmost exhausted, he made his way the second time toward the flame-wrapped Mr. Haven was of no light weight, and being in almost an exhausted condi-tion, the effort of saving him was a strain upon Clarence: heaven know how he managed it, but quite as soon as it was accomplished av first breath of air-his strengt seemed to suddenly leave him, he reeled backward, striking the pavement with a

When he opened his eyes to conscious. ness he found himself once more in his

room in Judge Harvey's home.
"Well, my boy," said the old judge "Well, my boy," said the old judge heartily, as he opened his eyes, "it look ed very much as though we were going to have you for a patient the second time. After saving my daughter last night, I attempted to go back into the building in search of you, but the crowd building in search of you, but the crowd sewing women; the only person who seemed to take little interest in the seemed to take little interest in the seemed to take bride-elect.

wreek, and there were many lives lost, the Would you like to hear the list of those who were saved and those who were

Yes-no," muttered Clarence, in-

Bab was safe, so was his father, Mr. her, Haven and India; that was all he cared to know.

"There was some splendid work done there last night. The heroism of one young man in particular is a theme for a column or more of adulation in the prints.

trothed, her father, cousin, and another

guest as well, making several trips backward and forward to accomplish

Clarence Neville opened his eyes wide

with speechless amazement. "Young Mr. Downing is very modest over his heroism," pursued the judge; "when the reporters gathered around him, the only comment he would make was: I did nothing more than my dutmy in saving their lives. I

deserve—I want no praise."

The blood in Clarence Neville's brain boiled. Could it be that Rupert Downing had the temerity to take this false praise upon himself?

For the moment the impulse was

strong upon him to face the rascal and choke the lie back down his throat. How dared he utter such a falsehood, when he, with his own eyes, had seen him flee-flee like the desperate coward he was-when danger menaced him, He knew it was to make himself a hero in the eyes of Bab and her father that it was done. The poor fellow smote his breast with rage, crying out that he was unworthy of Bab's love, leaving her to die as he had done.

Ah, heaven! how pitiful it was, that so tender a girl should love such an unworthy object. How strange it was that she could not love him, when for the second time he had risked his life to save her from death. He thanked God that he had been near to rescue her and hers; but, oh, how cruel that hea ven would not give him her love as a reward for it—that would have been all that he would have asked of fate.

As he reasoned the matter out h came to the conclusion to let matters rest as they were. It would be bette for Bab to believe Rupert Downing a hero, if she intended to marry him, than the arrant coward which he knew Ain

The next day's papers announced wit! flaming headlines that the young of the terrible fire was to be rewarded saving the life of his beautiful bride-to-be by having the wedding so

Clarence Neville laid down the pape with a heavy groan, hiding his white face with his trembling hands.

"I cannot endure it and live," he grouned: "the day that sees Earbara his bride will find me-dead."

#### CHAPTER XLV.

For the second time. Barbara Haven found herself-supposedly-indebted to Mr. Rupert Downing for saving her life. That gentleman wore his false laurels with much pride. Fate was certainly playing into his hands, he concluded.

He had not the remotest idea who it was who rescued Bab and old Banke Neville, but as long as he did not come forward to claim his honors. Downing was more than content to accept praise and the deep gratitude of all parties concerned.

He concluded, after much reflection that he might as well turn the affair to practical use by hurrying up the mar-riage, between Bab and himself under circumstances ,she would not be apt to refuse his request.

This proved to be the case. When he pleaded for a speedy marriage, the next time he called, and her father urged his cause for him. Bab did not have the heart to say him nay.
"Let it be as you and papa may de

cide." she murmured in A low voice, whatever you may agree upon I will abide by. Rupert Downing bit his lipe fiercely

Rupert Downing bit his lips hereely underneath his dark, curling moustache. Bab's every word and action told him all too plainly that the one story—that she did did not love him, and that he whole soul rebelled against this marriage, which was forced upon her. Her indifference was sowing the seeds

of a bitter hatred in his heart against the girl; he was growing to dislike her more fiercely than he had ever loved

Many an exultant daydream he had over the manner in which he would bend her proud will to him, when she was his wife. Then he would taunt her with the truth of how she had been parted from the man she had loved and wedded, by the machinations of India and him-€elf.

She would be horror-stricken, of course; but what had been done she would not undo. The courts had legally freed her from Clarence Neville, the words would have been spoken which would make her his wife, and his wife she would remain, no matter how she pleaded with him to set her free

There could be but one way in which he would even stop to consider such a step, and that would be the cost of the Haven fortune. He would not make such a proposition to her, however, until wealth, by the death of her shrewd old

father Rupert Downing was playing for high stakes; he felt that he had the fortune quite within his grasp.

Meanwhile, the preparations for Bab's wedding went steadily on. It had been settled that it should take place a month from the day of the opera house holocaust. Rupert Downing declared that he could not wait longer to claim his beauteous little bride.

"Of course that will not allow Bab to give an order for a Parisian toilet; but she must not mind that. She will be as dear to me in the plainest gown in the world as if she were robed in

riceless point lace. So the fashionable Boston modistes

prevented my doing so, declaring it sewing women; the only person who would be but madness to rush into that burning caldron of flame.

"It was a terrible affair," went on the old judge, "The building was a total word, when the side of the making her opinion on this matter or that, for she always received the same reply from the young girl's

> Arrange it to suit yours If, madam? makes no difference to me."
>
> Madam Larue would look into the vely young face; its expression baffled

> The girl is not happy over this marriage," she would say to herself. "Her heart is not in it, that is evident." Then, after the manner of her clever class. she

fell to speculating upon the reason.
"Her lover, Mr. Downing, is as handsome as a prince, and as rich as he is
hand-some." she ruminated. "It cannot be that she does not care him; why, there is not a society girl at the Hub who would not have been delighted to

# PIMPLES THICKLY SCATTERED ON FACE

In Bad Condition. Pimples Large. Face Sore and Itchy. Looked Badly. Cuticura Soap and Ointment Cured in Two Weeks.

Muncey, Ontarlo.—"Some time ago my face was in a very bad condition with some kind of pimples. The pimples were thickly scattered. The tops of them were white; matter was in

them. They were quite large and my face was sore and itchy and looked badly. I had to scratch to be co had to scratch to be comfortable and sometimes lost my sleep. The sores lasted about two months and I tried some ointments but didn't like them. Then I sent for some Cuticura Scap and Cuticura Ointment, used them for two weeks and I was completely cured." (Signed)
Alex. R. Oke, April 2, 1912.

SCALY ECZEMA ON FACE Clarkson, Ontario.—"My little girl, aged two years, started with a skin dises o years, started with a skin disease on r face, so I called in the doctor and he said it was eczema. The skin was quito red and all scaly. I washed the parts well with the Cuticura Soap and then I put the Cuticura Ointment on. You ought to

see her now — as fair as a lily!

"I suffered a great deal with piles. I had them very bad, and they itched and burned so I could hardly bear it. got the Cuticura Ointment I tried it.

Cyrus Ward, Jan. 1, 1912. Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment are sold throughout the world. Send to Potter D. & C. Corp., Dept. 53D, Boston, U.S.A., for free sample of each with 32-page book.

have secured such a fine lover.' Then came another thought on the heels of it:

"I wonder if the bonny little lassie is in love with any one else?"

This idea was strengthened a few days later, when madam picked up a book of poems which Bab had brought to the room where she had been sent for to try on a gown. When she departed she forgot her book, leaving it behind her.

Madam picked it up curiously. It was selection of love poems by a great bet. Now, it did not surprise her that this sweet young girl, who was so short-ly to be wedded, should be reading cmantic poetry, but she was surprised that the poetry should be sad, and ap parently hopeless, depressing in its effect

parenty nopeless, depressing in its effect instead of inspiriting.

The volume opened readily at the pearl and gold bookmark, which had been placed in it. This was the verse which provided provided the pearl and provided provide which greeted her eye, faintly outlined with blue penciling:
"The time of lovers is brief;

From the first fair joy to the grief That tells when love has grown old; From the warm, wild kies to the cold, From the red to the white rose leaf. They have but one season to seem
As rose leaves lost on a stream,
That part not, and pass not apart,

As a spirit from dream to dream,
As a sorrow from heart to heart." As a sorrow from heart to heart." Madam Larue smiled a slow, though ful smile. "I think my surmise quite correct," she told herself, pretty maid had some secret love affair. What a pity for one so young and love-ly to wed one man if her heart is an-

other's. That is why so many go wrong in the world, they do not marry the one for whom the good Lord intended them, from some mistake in fate's plans. doubt it is mademoiselle's father who has made the match, which he considered eminently suitable, without ever consulting the maiden, whether she was willing or not. How different she is from that merry little romp, Lillian Harvey, the old judge's pretty daughter, who would not marry a king on his throne if love was not there. Madam turned back a few pages, and

here she read: "There is no woman living that draws breath So sad as I, though all things sadden

There is not one upon life's weariest way weary as I am weary of all but Who is death.

Toward whom I look as looks the sunflower, All day with her whole soul turned forward the sun, While in the sun's sight, I make moan all day.

And all night upon my sleepless maiden

"Weep and call out on death, oh, Love and thee, With but one wish—alas that I were

And know not what thing evil I have done That life should lay such heavy hand on

Madam closed the book softly, and taking it in her hand went in search of its owner. She knew quite well where to look for Miss Bab, as she called her. She knew she would be in the little al-cove of the drawing room, shut in the

heavy draperies, either reading or day-dreaming—more likely the latter. Yes, Bab was there, with her head bent upon her hands, and the ficture of that dejected young face lived in madam's memory to the day she died. She had entered the little alcove, and

stood quite beside the girl ere the lat-ter was aware of her presence. "Miss Bab," she murmured, laying a kindly hand on the girl's bent, curly, golden head, "I am here to bring you

back your book (To be Continued.) WHO FILL LOW-WAGE RANKS? (Buffalo Courier)

The summary of the National Child Labor committee, Mr. O. R. Lovejoy, says that all the girls and at least nine-tenths of the boys who left school under-sixteen years of age enter low-wage in-dustries and remain unskilled workers throughout their lives.

Probably the statement is not true

#### This is Her Garden.

This is her garden; in it day by day She lived and worked, with patient tender care,
Marshalling her flowers in orderly array

Till beauty clad the earth that once was bare. This fringed, spice-freighted pink she planted here; Blue burning larkspur, and the honeyed

phiox,
And these proud ranks that high above rear Their satin spires, the stately hollyhocks. Here once again they fill with brilliant

Long summer days, while through the summer nights
They penetrate the warm, moth-haunted

With fragrant promise of unseen deher garden blooms, its fountains

spill Their wonted laughter over marble brims
As in those other summer-times, but

still A sense of emptiness its beauty dims. The pansiees as I pass lift wistful eyes, Each lily shakes a disappointed head, And all the rustling garden, longing,

sighs
For one who will not walk there being dead. Yet surely here, if to this world return Spirits released, might come her gentle

shade To comfort those who with the flowers still yearn For her lost presence in the heaven she made

But, no, not even here, her soul set From mortal care would love to earth

For in this very garden, it may be She buried sorrows undivined by all Who knew her air serene and tranquil grace. Unsummoned let her rest, while empty

stands Save of her memory this garden space; A prayer of beauty wrought with lov ing hands.
-Mildred Howells, in Harper's Maga-

zine.

Here's a Dilemma. She says that if I were a hero She would come to my arms with a

song, The place she was glad to belong. She'd like me to stand at the trottle, See death brimly waiting ahead, And die at my post. "Twould be

And die at my post. splendid!" It would! But it would leave me so dead!

And hurry to succor some ship,
Then give up my place to some other
And wait with a smile on my lip
gored the side of the

vessel; Then die with the other brave men. know that would catch the notice,

But how could I marry her then? She longs for another Titanic, Where I would be seen on the deck, Where I would be seen on the control of cheerful and helpful and smiling, While the water rose up to my neck. She knows she could love such a hero—
To think of it sets her aglow,

## wish I might die to please her, But dying's so fata, you know: **GUARD BABY'S HEALTH**

IN THE SUMMER The summer months are the most dangerous to little ones. The complaints of that season, which are cholera infantum, colic, diarrhoea and dysentry, come on so quickly that often a little one is beyond aid before the mother realizes he is ill. The mother must be on her guard to prevent these troubles, or if they do come on suddenly to cure them. No other medicine is of such aid to mothers during the hot weather as is Baby's Own Tablets. They regulate the stomach and bowels and are absolutely safe. mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

## AN ASTONISHING WIRE.

The girl went to see the lawyers in the ordinary way, and on her return found a telegram waiting for her, informing her that a half-cousin, whom she hardly knew, had died and made her his sole heiress.

Two months later an aunt died and left her \$1,250 a year. Seven weeks after that a very old friend of her father's bequeathed h: a lump sum

This made the fourth fortune she had inherited in as many months, and the newspapers began to publish articles about her extraordinary luck. SEEN IN THE NEWSPAPER

One paper compared Miss Farr's record with that of a Mrs. Grant, who had also inherited four fortunes after another, and published their photographs side by side.

## War.

From hill to hill be harried me, He stalked me day and night; He neither knew nor hated me; Nor his nor mine the fight.

He killed the man who stood by me, For such they made his law; Then, foot by foot, I fought to him, Who neither knew nor saw. I trained my rifle on his heart;
He leaped into the air,
My screaming ball tore through his

And layed embedded there: It lay embedded there, and yet, Hissed home o'er hill and see Straight through the aching heart her

Who ne'er did harm me.
-Prairie Farm and Home. Nothing Like Knowing Why.

The sweet young thing was being shown through the Baldwin locomotive 'What is that thing?" she asked.

pointing with her dainty parasol.
"That," answered the guide, "is an engine boiler. She was an up-to-date young lady and at once became interested do they boil engines?" she in-

quired again. low-wage industries, but certainly if the same per centage of glels work at such industries and remain unskilled as incline to be true of the boys, the showing is dismal enough.

Quircu again.

"To make the engine tender," I truely replied the resourceful guide. Pennsylvania Punch-Bowl. "To make the engine tender," po-

#### Why Do You Continue to Suffer from Catarrhal Colds

Just Breathe "Catarrhozone."-it is sure protection against Coughs, Bronchitis, Catarrh and Throat Troubles.

No Drugs to take-just breathe the soothing healing vapor of "Catarrhozone."

There are to-day but few parts of the world into which Catarrhozone has not penetrated. From far away Jamaica comes the following letter from Mr. C. S. Burke, of 24 Robert street, Alman

"I am elated over the results of "Catarrhozone." To be brief will say the treatment has cured me; it has done all



itude, remain, &c. (C. S. Burke." From Secondee, Gold Coast, West Africa, Mrs. Alvin Roberts writes: "I received a sample of Catarrhozone through a local merchant that deals in the preparation, and found it had a marvellous effect on nasal Catarrh. I at once bought a dollar outfit and now have pleasure in saying that for the first time in many years I am able to breathe freely through my nose. Bad breaths disappeared, headache over the eyes

vent away, throat irritation has entire y ceased. Catarrhozone cured me." You can readily cure bad taste in the mouth in the morning, quickly clogged up nostrils, ease an in throat, stop a cough, cure snuffles and running eyes—all this is accomplished by breathing the soothing, healing vapor of Catarrhozone. The dollar outfit con-tains in addition to two months' medi-cation, an indestructible hard rubber inhaler. Smaller sizes with glass inhaler, 25c, 50c, all druggists and storekeepers, or postpaid from The Catarrhozone Co., Buffalo, N.Y., and Kingston, Ont.

### HE WANTED HEROISM.

#### But Minister's Six Rules Brought Him to Time.

He was a hero-worshipper. He read everything he could find about the great hunters, explorers, and adventurers of the world.

He was fond of talking about heroism and commending it to others. He was often heard to say, "There are no heroes newadays to compare with those of the older times. The dying out of war is a colamity. We need a war now and then to revive the courage of the race." Mr. John Smith's minister used to

argue good naturedly with him on this matter, and finally challenged him to do a certain number of things that would call for as much real courage as any soldier or adventurer had ever shown.

Mr. Smith accepted the challenge scmewhat scornfully, and the minister, who knew him well, sent him the folowing list of tasks to perform, and left it to his parishioner to judge of

acroism required to do any one of them:

1. Adopt the biblical tithing system, and give one-tenth of your income to religious work. That will be about ten times what you are giving now.

2. Give up tobacco. It is a habit that

does you no good, and is a bad example to your own boy.

3. Never lose your temper when discussing matters of dress with your wife, or talking politics with your neighbor.

4. Share the morning paper with your

wife, or let her read it first. 5. Begin and maintain regular family 6. Pay the men you employ living wages-a thing you are not doing at present.

his first impulse was to write his pastor an angry letter, but on reflection his anger vanished.
"Your list." he finally wrote. "con-"Your list," he finally wrote, "convicted me of cowardice. I have been
worshipping the wrong kind of heroism.
If I did the six things you mentioned I
should be braver than Peary or Amundsen. I begin to see that Christian virtues call for the very greatest heroism."
When's Earth's last fact'ry's suspended,

When Mr. John Smith read this list.

## LIFE AFTER DEATH.

By Maurice Maeterlinck, in the Century

Magazine for September.) It appears, therefore, to be as well stablished as a fact can be that a spiritual, or nervous shape, an image, a be-lated reflection of life, is capable of subsisting for some time, of releasing itself from the body, or surviving it, of traversing enormous distances twinkling of an eye, of manifesting itself to the living, and, sometimes, of communicating with them.

For the rest, we have to recognize that these apparitions are very brief. They take place only at the precise moment of death, or follow very shortly They do not seem to have the least consciousness of a new or super-terrestrial life, differing from that of the body whence they issue. On the contrary, their spiritual energy, at a time when it ought to be absolutely pure, because it is rid of matter, seems greatly inferior to what it was when matter surrounded it. These more or less uneasy phantasms, often tormented with frieial cares, although they come from another world, have never brought us one single revelation of topical interest concerning that world whose prodigious threshold they have crossed. Soon they fade away and disappear forever

### SOARING MEAT PRICES.

(Detroit Free Press)

Unless meat prices are to soar still higher it looks as if there must be a revolution leading to seater efficiency in farm methods which will restore the balance by augmenting the supply. Or, possible, we may be compelled to become practically vegetarians. practically vegetarians.





