

His Death Expected New Brunswick Man Saved

Mr. Isidore Thomas, of Tilley's Head, Gloucester County, N.B., while expecting death, availed himself of help that was offered at random. Here is part of a letter he wrote to us:

"I beg you to publish my letter, so that people may know what Gln Pills did for me. My case was very serious. I was so sick everybody expected my death any day. Finally, on advice from friends, I tried Gln Pills, and in a short time was well again, and soon had gained 20 pounds."

Kidney and bladder troubles, very often, work in secret ways. A bad condition may exist, with only a backache to indicate it. That is why the slightest pains in back or sides should be investigated. These pains, along with sciatic neuralgia, rheumatism, dizziness, constipation, headache, lumbago, highly-colored urine, backache, floating specks before the eyes, gravel, indicate kidney trouble. A course of Gln Pills, taken at once, will give relief, and prevent the progress of the disease, enabling the organs to right themselves and restore good health. Gln Pills are the sure, safe, quick remedy. Get a box from your druggist or dealer—50c. Money refunded if no relief found. Send for free sample.

The National Drug & Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited, Toronto, United States Address, No. 200-202, Main St., Buffalo, N.Y. 257

THICK, GLOSSY HAIR FREE FROM DANDRUFF

Girls! Try It! Hair gets soft, fluffy and beautiful—Get a small bottle of Danderine.

If you care for heavy hair that glitters with beauty and is radiant with life, has an incomparable softness and is fluffy and lustrous, try Danderine.

Just one application doubles the beauty of your hair, besides, it immediately dissolves every particle of dandruff. You can not have nice heavy, healthy hair if you have dandruff. This destructive scurf robs the hair of its life, its strength and its very life, and if not overcome it produces a feverishness and itching of the scalp; the hair roots famish, loosen and die; then the hair falls out fast. Surely get a small bottle of Danderine from any drug store and just try it.

Identified.
"Did you meet that fellow I mentioned to you while you were in North Dakota?"
"What kind of looking fellow was he?"
"He was a Swedish-looking chap, and had light hair."

Not Sure of His Spelling.
"There is no doubt that you are entitled to call yourself a connoisseur in art."
"I might call myself one," rejoined Mr. Cunroo. "But I wouldn't like to take a chance on putting it in writing."

Start of a "Reel" Scrap.
First Director—"How did you get those actors to put up such a realistic fight?"
Second Director—"I told each one on the quiet that the other considered him a punk scrapper."

BAD CUT HEALED



Mr. S. R. McClure, of Ballinacree, Ont., writing to the proprietors of Zam-Buk, says: "I cut my hand very badly between my thumb and first finger, with a saw. The place became very painful and swollen, and before I realized it blood-poisoning had set in. Having heard that Zam-Buk is the best thing for blood-poisoning, I got some at once, and it was really wonderful how the first few applications stopped the pain. Soon the poison was all drawn out and confined use of Zam-Buk entirely healed the cut."

Zam-Buk should be kept handy by everyone, and applied immediately an injury is sustained. It is not only can pain and soreness be almost immediately ended, and healing effected in the shortest time possible, but Zam-Buk being antiseptic prevents any danger of festering or blood-poisoning. Get a box to-day and be ready for emergencies. Owing to its herbal composition Zam-Buk will keep for an indefinite period and still retain its strength and purity. It is best for cuts, burns, scalds, eczema, salt rheum, boils, pimples, ulcers, abscesses, blood-poisoning and piles. 50c. all dealers.

FREE

Send this ad, with 1c. stamp (no return needed) to Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, for free trial box.

As Man to Man

By STEVE M'HEENRY

(Copyright)

While the north-bound limited was allying the thirdest of its panting engine at the sun-baked depot that morning, the Wells-Fargo guard said something to one of my deputies about Indians being on a rampage. He was trying to get details when the shout of an automatic conductor cut short his efforts and started the long train northward.

Later in the day, old Jim Carmichael, who runs several herds under his own brand in the foothills of the Ties Hermans, dropped into my office and regaled me with a harrowing tale of pillage and murder. It was conveyed to him, he said, over the long-distance telephone, by one of his line riders.

Jim declared that, judging from the man's choice of comparatively moderate words, he must have gone to the telephone booth before going to the Oriental, to be refreshed with that particular brand which his thrifty proprietor is wont to keep on tap for the cowmen of the region. Thus he placed some credence in the report.

He said that some half-dozen savages, drunk with temporary freedom, and led by a half-breed more cunning than his followers, were traveling in this direction, avoiding towns, but swooping down on isolated ranches, ready to murder their occupants and drive off their stock. Having heard nothing from neighboring sheriffs, I took little stock in the story.

"Probably one harmless red-skin, filled with firewater, strayed from the reservation, and is whooping things up until somebody corals him," I told my deputies.

At any rate, because a show of official interest was desirable, I promised the old man to let him know if anything happened, and I asked the boys to stay around the office that night.

Shortly before ten o'clock, I turned up a vastly promising poker hand, when the telephone bell rang.

"Hallo! Sheriff's office!" bawled a nervous voice at the other end. "There's been a shooting scrape here. One man's dead—both drunk. I reckon—want you to come out, you know. The other fellow got away, but he ain't got much of a start on you, if—"

I interrupted the man's incoherent account by roaring into the receiver: "Stop talking long enough to tell me who, and where you are!"

"This is Maloney's—just across the ditch. It was One-Eye Pete—"

"All right!" I yelled back. "I'll be out right away. Leave things as they are."

Hanging up the instrument, I told the boys about it, adding:

"You fellows stick around. Should anything turn up, Montgomery here will take charge. So long!"

Indicating the undersheriff, I left the room.

Near the edge of town, I crossed the white stretch of road which leads straight to my ranch. I was tempted for a moment to turn off and run in on the wife and little one before attending to the business on hand. Five minutes more brought me to the saloon, which I entered through the rear door.

In the far corner, covered with a horse blanket, lay a form.

Removing the covering, I saw that the right hand still held a pistol. Its barrel was pointed in an indifferent way, toward the mirror behind the bar.

On looking closer, I discovered that the weapon was fully loaded and cocked.

So I gently let down the hammer, reflecting that it was but a small margin that fate had decided which one should die.

"The undertaker will take care of this," I said, stepping to the bar. "I've got other work to do. Who saw this shooting?"

Two or three men shifted uneasily, for it is not Western wisdom to tell tales of killings. So, looking at the proprietor, I casually remarked:

"Come on, Maloney, you might as well now as later. Who did this?"

"Him they call One-Eye Pete," he replied, "and he ought to hang for it! Come, butting into the talk here when the other fellow began some kind of a yarn about a girl what pounds the piano in a dance hall down in Tucson."

"I'm not so sure about that neither," drawled a tall Texan.

"This tried to fill his hand on him, but he wasn't quick enough. I seen it an even break for being guilty, with Pete a shade the better of it. Didn't you all notice how the sheriff here had to let down the hammer of Tim's gun? It may teach some of you short horns to go kind of slow and easy like when women is the subject of your conversation."

At that I turned to the Southerner, and asked:

"Did you happen to notice which way this Pete went?"

"Sheriff," he replied, "this Pete, which that ain't his name nohow, started for Bear Creek, where he's got friends. You'll know him if you come up with him, by his one eye and the limp in his walk, being one leg is two inches shorter than his mate. He's got almost three-quarters of an hour the start of you, but his cayuse is played out. I'm telling you this, because I voted for you; but I don't hope you'll

catch your man, and I don't reckon none you will."

With that honest wish in my mind, I left the place and started for the fringe of trees which mark Bear Creek. As for the man I wanted, I had never seen him, but his reputation was familiar to me. Its burden was that, with all his black record, he had neither harmed a woman nor fought unfairly.

Straight ahead, I saw the dark line hugging the water. To the right, only the endless plain; to the left, the same thing. No, there was a light, away in the distance in a spot where no light had business to be.

It alternately grew brighter and dimmer, and, at times, it leaped high into the black air. Straining my eyes, I imagined that I could see the sinuous movement of fiery tongues. I concluded that some poor sinner's barn was going up in smoke. Then I struck spurs to my pony.

A minute later a fearful thought gripped me. My own home was due west, right where that fire—but, my God! it could not be!

I stared for an instant, as if fascinated. Then came action. The fugitive and his crime were forgotten; so was the fact that I wore a sheriff's shield. I settled myself in the saddle, the reins bit deep, and I was off like the wind across gulches and sudden arroyos, through bog-wallows, filled with the powdery dust of seasons over treacherous towns of prairie dogs, whose fatal burrows my pony missed as if by instinct, straight for that baleful glow which seemed to grow more distant with every leap.

At length I clearly saw the flames cutting hungrily over the roof of my barn. Then I saw the smoking ruins of the shed.

I could hear the roar of the fire. I began to strain my ears for some human sound—even cries of distress. I yelled to let them know I was coming, before I realized that I was too far away to be heard over the din.

The next instant a sound reached me. Worse than the hiss of the flames or the groans of tortured timbers, this hideous scream almost froze my blood.

It was the yell of Indians, born of the blood lust. Baston's glib warning flashed through my mind.

While still within the fire's cone of blackness, and just outside of the flames' glow, I jumped from my horse and ran toward the house. In the space between the smoldering building and the blazing barn, I saw several savages, their paint-bedecked faces distorted with the hideous signs of the beast in human guise. Beyond them, undamaged because of its thick adobe walls, stood the squat smoke house.

To have crossed this open space would have meant death. Knowing this, I made for the shadow near the side door.

Just as I reached the door, I stopped, for there came to me, faint and muffled, the unmistakable cry of a child. It came from the direction of the smokehouse. Then dawned on me the reason for the apparent lack of Indian war wisdom. It showed the cunning of their leader. He knew that no mother will flee while her child is in danger.

I made up my mind to enter the house, secure my rifle, and pick off these valiant savages one at a time; but I was destined to take no hand in this fight.

The door of the smokehouse suddenly flew open. From the inner darkness stepped a man. He was hatless. His face and neck were black with grime. Each hand held a pistol.

Hardly had he cleared the door, when he jumped to one side, then bringing the house out of range. As he leaped, I saw, clinging to his shoulders, with her arms held tightly around his neck, my little girl. He looked toward the house, and realizing what might happen, shouted above the din:

"Stay where you are! I'll bring her to you!"

At the first word the savages wheeled and made as if to charge him, but those level muzzles blazed forth such a steady stream of hot lead that they scattered.

It seemed as if the man's weapons were linked to the scattering Indians by a vivid line of flame. As he shot, he came closer to the house.

Spellbound I watched every move he made. In my admiration of his splendid courage I forgot for the moment, all else. Leaving dead and wounded Indians in his wake, the stranger reached the house, from which my wife with outstretched arms ran to meet him. With infinite gentleness he lifted the child from his back and handed her to her mother, while the Indians who could ride were making tracks for the hills.

Five minutes later, my wife told me, between sobs, how the little girl had run to the smokehouse for meat for breakfast, and how, almost at the same time, she had seen this stranger ride up out of the darkness. Then, as if by magic, the Indians appeared.

I prepared to thank the man, who walked slowly toward us leading a horse. He took my hand. Looking him in the face, I said:

"I am the sheriff of this county. If I can pay you for this night's work, I will."

"You have," he answered quietly, as he mounted his horse and rode away. As I saw him head straight for the nearest county line, I muttered:

"Thank God!"

"Why, Jack?" asked my wife.

"Because, dear," I replied, "when he came up to us just now, I saw that he limped; and when I shook his hand, I noticed that he had but one eye."

"Then I told her what had kept me away from home."

Just said.
What is this stuff that trickles through your fingers as you lie on the beach and idly pay the material thereof?

You call it sand and let it go at that. But of what is it composed?

It is made up of innumerable multitudes of tiny bits of quartz which, originally contributing to the composition of rocks far inland, have been brought down to the sea by rivers and deposited along the shore.

The particles are heavy, therefore they soon fall to the bottom and were not carried far out into the ocean like the finely divided silt fetched from inland by the same agency. They are extremely hard, therefore they have withstood the constant grinding to which they have been subjected.

This quartz sand makes admirable material for building purposes. Glass can be made out of it, though it contains too many impurities to be first-rate for such use.

Pick up a handful and examine it in the light of the above remarks. More interesting yet when you learn that 58 per cent of it is oxygenated.

How odd to consider that more than half of the sea beach on which you lie is oxygen! The remaining 47 per cent is silicon.

Silicon is a metal—some scientists call it a "metalloid" or metallo-like substance—and is quite black. When cut it shows brightness, as lead does.

Nobody ever saw silicon up to a few years ago. Only by means of the electric furnace can it be separated from the oxygen with which in sand it is found combined.

Its chief use is to make "ferrosilicon" (in combination with iron) for the production of high-grade steel.

Well, hardly ever.
Edith—So that's Mr. Black. That's your ideal!

Heleen—Dear me, no! Merely my fiancé. One doesn't meet one's ideal in real life, you know.

Reason enough.
Gotrox—What! Marry my daughter! Why, you must be destitute of reason!

Jack Poore—I admit I am destitute, but that very fact is my reason.

Mind on Something Else.
At a medical examination a young aspirant was asked: "When does notification ensue?"

"When you propose and are rejected," was the answer that greeted the amazed examiner.

Present impossibility.
"I have no reason to doubt it," replied the friend as they entered a clear store prepared to pay a nickel more than they did the last time. "A dollar went farther in those days than it does now."

WEATHER PERILS

may be defied if you use Peps.

As a Peps tablet is dissolved in the mouth, powerful medicinal agents are released in the form of healing fumes. These are inhaled with the breath and come into direct contact with the bronchial tubes and lungs in a way that medicine swallowed enters the stomach cannot possibly do.

By this direct action, Peps not only strengthens and protects any weak spot in chest or throat, but gives immediate relief to those suffering from bronchitis, asthma, night cough, etc. All cases of Peps Co., Toronto, Inc. box 2, for \$1.25.

FREE TRIAL
Send this advertisement and 1c. stamp for postage to Peps Co., Toronto, and receive free trial package.

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Peps FOR COUGHS, COLDS, BRONCHITIS

Send this advertisement and 1c. stamp for postage to Peps Co., Toronto, and receive free trial package.

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PRINTING

of every description is produced at THE OBSERVER Office. Our workmen are master craftsmen and their careful work is their pride. Orders are filled promptly but good work requires care, therefore time is necessary for proper service.

Look over your Stationery—examine your Printing Requirements today, then place your order sufficiently in advance to allow us a proper margin of time to do our best for you.

THE OBSERVER
Hartland, N. B.

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Tablets without "Bayer Cross" are not Aspirin at all



Get genuine "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin" in a "Bayer" package, plainly marked with the safety "Bayer Cross".

Genuine "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin" are now made in Canada by a Canadian Company. No German interest whatever, all rights being purchased from the United States Government.

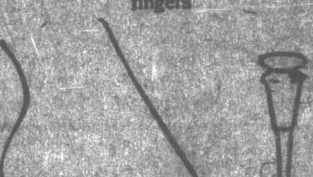
During the war, acid limitations were sold as Aspirin in pill boxes and various other containers. The "Bayer Cross" is your only way of knowing that you are getting genuine Aspirin, proved safe by millions for Headache, Neuralgia, Colds, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Neuritis, and for Pain generally.

Handy tin boxes of 10 tablets—also larger sized "Bayer" packages can be had at drug stores.

Aspirin is the trade mark (registered in Canada) of Bayer Manufacture of Monocetate of Salicylic Acid.

LIFT OFF CORNS!

Apply few drops then lift corns, touchy corns off with fingers



Doesn't hurt a bit! Drop a little Frezzone on an aching corn, instantly that corn stops hurting. Then you lift it right out. Yes, really!

A tiny bottle of Frezzone costs but a few cents at any drug store, but is sufficient to remove every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, and the salivage, without soreness or irritation.

Frezzone is the sensational discovery of a Cincinnati genius. It is wonderful.

WRIGLEY'S

5c a package before the war

5c a package during the war

5c a package NOW

THE FLAVOUR LASTS
SO DOES THE PRICE!

