"BELA"

"Heard the news?" asked Big Jack glancing around at his companions, promising them a bit of sport.
"What news?" asked Sam, warily.

Your new girl has flew the coop."
What do you mean?" demanded San, scowling.
"Wafted. Vamoosed. Fluffed out.

Beat it for the outside.

Who are you talking about?"

Heattie's wife's sister." 'Miss Mackall?' "Went back with the bishop, this

morning.' Sam's face was a study in blank in-

'Didn't you know she was goin'?" asked Jack, with pretended concern. He turned to his mates "Boys, this

here's a serious matter. Looks like a regular lovers' quarrel. We ought to have broke it to him more gentle;"
"I don't believe it!" said Sam.
"But if it is true, she's got a right to go when she likes without asking me. He made a move to drive on.
"Hold on!" cried Big Jack. "I've got

another piece of news for you."
"Spit it out," snapped Sam, scorn-

ful and unconcerned. "Your old girl's come to town. Ring out the new, ring in the old, as the song says. Lucky for you they didn't happen simultaneous." didn't happen simultaneous.'
This affected Sam more than the

first item. In spite of him, a red tide surged up from his neck. He scowl-ed angrily at having to betray himself before them. They laughed derisively.

suppose you mean Bela," he gold stiffly. "The settlement is free to her; I guess. She's no more mine than the

"Opened a resteraw in the shack below the company store." Big Jack went on. "We had our dinner there. Six bits a man. Better drop in to Not by a damn sight!" muttered

He took his reins, and drove on to

the tune of their laughter. His feelings were much mixed. He felt that he ought in decency to be chiefly concerned on Jennie Mackall's account, but he could not drive Bela out of his head. He was both angry and terrified at her coming. Just when he was beginning to feel free and easy she had to come and start up the old trouble in his breast. Just when men were beginning to forget the story which humiliated him, she came along and gave it new point!

Sam had to get mad at something, and like young persons generally, he concentrated on a side issue. By the time he got into the settlement he had succeeded in working himself up a great pitch of indignation against the Beattles, who, he told himself, had sent Jennie Mackall home to part

her from him.

Reaching the company reservation, he drove holdly up the hill to ask for an explanation. Mrs. Beattle was on the porch sewing, as ever her bland, capable self.

"They tell me Miss Mackall has gone away," said Sam, stifffly.
"She was taken sick last night," replied Mrs. Beattie. "We all thought it best for her to go when she had a good chance.

Sam nodded, undecided.

Mrs. Beattie arose. "She left a note
to bid you good-bye. I'll get it."

This was what Sam read, written in a well-nigh illegible scrawl:

I cannot stay here. I am sick. I further. Can scarcely It's dreadful to have to can't explain further. go without seeing you. But don't try ! to follow me. I will write you from outside, when I can think more calmilly. Oh. it's horrible! Oh. be careful of yourself! Don't let yourself be de-I would say more if I dared. Tear this up instantly. Don't forget

Ever thine Jennie.

Sam bowed stiffly to Mrs. Beattie and turned away. The letter mysti-fled and exasperated him. The emotion it breathed found no response in his own breast. The phrasing sounded exaggerated and silly. Why on earth should be follow? He understood the veiled reference to Bela. Little need for Jennie to warn him against her!

At the same time sam felt mean because he experienced no greater dis-tress at Jennie's going. Finally, man-like, he swore under his breath, and resolved again to have no more to do ith women. No suspicion of the real state of affairs crossed his mind.

Returning down hill in his wagon. he had to pass the little house where they had told him Bela was. Smoke was riging from the chimney. A great dismiet attacked him: he was not thicking of Jennie at all then. He heard sounds of activity from within the shick, a Wild horses could not have dragged his head around to look. Urgins-his horses, he got out of sight as quick as he could. But out of

"What's the profter with me?" he master, I guess. Nobody can put anything ever on me. What need I care if she opens a dozen restaurants? One ould think I was afraid of the girl Ridiculous! Lord! I wish she were at the other side of the world!" -

There was no escaping her. During the days that followed, Bela was the principal topic of conversation around the settlement. Her place became a general rendezvous for all the white

Graves' young men saved the government their rations, but took it out in horse-flesh riding around the bay to sup at Bela's. The policemen spent their hours off duty and wages there. their hours off duty and wages there.
Stiffy and Mahooley fired their cook
and went with the rest. The shack
proved inadequate to hold them all,
and graves sent over a tent to be used

Since Sam was the only white man who did not patronize the place, who the not patronize the place, he had to submit to be held up on the road half a dozen times a day while they forced him to listen to the details of the last wonderful meal at Bela's.

"No bannock and sow-belly; no.

t! Real raised outside bread and sit! genuine cow-butter from the mission Green stuff from the mission garden. Roasted duck and prairie chicken; stewed rabbit and broiled fish fresh out of the lake! Pudding with raising and on Sunday an apricot pie! Bela, it seemed, brought everybody under contribution. They told how even Mrs. Beattie, the great lady of

the place, was giving her cooking lessons. It was not only the food that made Bela's place attractive. The men told how agreeably she welcomed them, making every man feel at home. She remembered their likes and dislikes:

she watched to see that their plates were kept full. When the table was cleared they were allowed to smoke and to play cards. Bela was good for a bit of fun, too; nothing highty-tighty about her. She had a clever tongue in her head. But all fair and aboveboard, you understand.. Lord! if any fellow got fresh he'd mighty soon be chucked out by the others. But nobody ever tried

it on-there was something about her A fine girl! A fine girl!

That was how the panegyrics always ended: "A fine girl, sir!" Every man felt a particular gratiinde to Bels. It was a place to go nights. It combined the advantages of a home and a jolly club. Up north men were and to grow rusty and glum for the ept to grow rusty and glum for the

lack of a little amusement.

All of which evidenced a new side to Bela's character. She was coming on. In such a favorable atmosphere she might well develop. It seemed It seemed that she moved like a queen among her courtiers. They scrambled to do her behests.

Poor Sam, after listening to these tales, was obliged to drive past the house of entertainment eyes front, and cook his supper in solltude at Grier's Point. He could no longer count on even an occasional companion, for nowadays everybody hurried to Bela's.

The plain fact of the matter was, he suffered torments of lonesomeness Lying in his blankets waiting for, perhaps in a cold drizzle, in his mind's ear he could hear the sounds of merri-ment in the shack three miles away As his heart wakened he was obliged to batter himself harder and harder to keep up his rage against the cause of all his troubles.

afternoon, returning One from around the bay earlier than usual, in a straight stretch of the road between the two trading posts, he saw her coming. No mistaking that slender, skirted figure, with a carriage as graceful as a blooded and

His heart set up a tremendous thumping. There was no way of avoiding a meeting, unless he turned tail and fled before her. That was not to be thought of. It was the first time they had come face to face since the uncomfortable morning in Johnny

Gagnon's shack.
Sam steeled himself, and commenc ed to whistle. He would show her Exactly what he meant to show her he could not have told, but it necessitated a jaunty air and a rollicking whistle. It was his intention to hall her in a friendly, offhand way like

her in a friendly, offnand way like any of the men might—provided his heart did not leap out of his breast before he reached her.

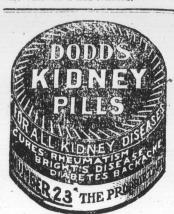
It did not. But as they passed he received the shock of his life. Whatever it was he expected from her, an angry scowl maybe, or an appealing angry scowl maybe, or an appealing look, or a scornfully averted head, he did not get it. She raised calm, smiling eyes to his and said provokingly:
"Hello, Sam!"

That was what he had meant to do but it missed fire. He found himself gaping clownishly at her. For some-thing had leaped out of her eyes into his, something sweet and terrible and strange that threw him into a hopeless confusion.

If whipped up his horses and banged down the trail. All night he tossed in his blankets, hungry and exasperated beyond bearing. Cursing her brought him no satisfaction at all. It rang hollowly.

the days passed, stories of an As the di other kind reached Sam's ears. It appeared that many of Beia's boarders desired to marry her, particularly the four settlers who had first arrived. They had offered themselves in du it was said, and, much to the satisfaction of the company in general had been turned down in positive

Whether or not this was precisely true, Husky Marr suddenly als cutfit and went out on a york boat, while Black Shand Fraser packed up his and trekked over to the Spirit River. Later word came back that he had built himself a raft and had wn to Fort Ochre, the farthest poinc that white men had reached.



The other two stuck it out. Big The other two stuck it out. Big Jack Skinner philosophically abandoned his pretensions, but Joe Hagland would not take his answer. He continued to besiege Bela, and the general opinion was that he would wear her out in the end. All of which did not help smooth Sam's pillow.

Another piece of news was that old Musciosis had some to live with Dale.

Musq'oosis had gone to live with Bela and help her run her place. That night on his way back Sam saw that a teepe had been pitched beside the road near the stopping-house. In the end, as was inevitable, Sambegan to argue with himself as to the wisdom of his course in staying away from Bela's.

"Every time they see me drive past it revives the story in their minds," the told himself. "They'll think I'm afraid of her. She'll think I'm afraid of her. I've got to show them all. I'm just making a fool of myself staying away It's only a public eating house. My money's as good as anybody else's, I guess. I'll never make good with the gang until I can mix with them there

as if nothing had happened." Thus do a young man's secret desires beguile him. But even when he had persuaded himself that it would be the part of wisdom to eat at Bela's, Sam did not immediately act on it. A

kind of nervous dread restrained him.
One afternoon he was delayed across
the bay, and as he approached the "resteraw" the fellows were already gathering for supper. Sam listened to the jovial talk and laughter coming through the door with

"Why can't I have a good time too?" he asked himself, rebelliously. But he did not pull up. A few yards beyond the shack he met Stiffy and Mahooley riding to supper.

"Hey, Sam!" cried the latter, teas ingly. "Come on in to supper. I'll blow!"

"Much obliged," said Sam, goodnaturedly. "My horses' feed is down at the Point. I have to be getting on." "Come on in to supper. I'll

"There's plenty feed here," Mahooley. Sam shock his head.

"I believe you're afraid of the girl." The shaft went home. Sam laughed cornfully and pulled his horses' heads around. "On, well, since you put it that way I guess I will eat a meal off you.

CHAPTER XIX.

Sam tied his team to a tree and walked to the door of the shack. Within those twenty paces he experienced a complete revulsion of feeling. Hav-ing cast the die, he enjoyed that wonderful lightness of heart that follows on a period of painful indecision.
"What the deuce!" he thought. What a simpleton I am to worry myself blind! Whatever there is about Bela, she doesn't exactly hate me. Why shouldn't I jolly her along? That's the best way to get square. Lord! I'm young. Why shouldn't I have my hit of fun?"

bit of fun?"

It was in this gay humor that he crossed the threshold. Within he saw a long oilcloth-covered table reaching across the room, with half a score of men sitting about it on boxes. "Hey, fellows! Look who's here!"

A chorus of derisive welcome, more or less good-natured, greeted the new

comer. "Why, if it ain't Sammy, the stolen

kid! "Can I believe my eyes!" "There's pluck for you, boys!"
"You bet! Talk about walking up
o the cannon's mouth!"

"Look out, Sam! The rope and the gag are ready!" "Don't be askeard, kid; I'll pertect ou from violence!'

Sam's new-found assurance was roof against their laughter.

"You fellows think you're funny, on't you?" he returned, grinning.

Believe me, your wit is secondhand! Mahooley stuck his head out of the

back door. "Hey, Bela!" he cried.
"Come look at the new boarder I
brought you!" prought you!

The crowd fell silent, and every pair toward the door, filled with strong curiosity to see the meeting between these two. Sam felt the tension and his heart began to beat, but he stiffened his back and kept on smiling. Bela came in wearing her most unconcerned air. They were not going to get any change out of her!
"Hello, Bela!" cried Sam. "Can "Can have some supper?"

She looked him over coolly. "Sure," she said. "Sit down by Stiffy."

They roared with laughter at her Sam laughed, too, to hide the discomfiture he privately felt. took his allotted place. The laughter of the crowd was perfectly natured, except in the case of one man whom Sam marked.

Opposite him sat Joe Hagland. Joe tared at Sam offensively, and continued to laugh after the others had Sam affected not to notice him

"I've got to fight Joe, big as he is

He stands in my way!"

Outside in the canvas kitchen a little comedy was in progress all unknown to the boarders. Bela came back breathing quickly, and showing a red spot in either ivory cheek. Forgetting supper, she began to dig in her unnage bag.

Getting out a lace collar, she flew to mirror to put it on. Her hair dissatisfied her, and she made it fluff out satisfied her, and she made it that our a little under the rich braid which crowned her brow. Finally, she ruthlessly tone a rose from her new hat and pinned it to her girdle as she had een Jennie Mackall do. She turned around to find old Mary

staring at her open-mouthed, while the turnovers in the frying-pan sent up a cloud of blue smoke. "The cakes are burning!" stormed Bela. "What's the matter with you? All that good grease! Do I pay you to spoil good food? You gone crazy, I think!"

Somebody else crazy I think me. muttered the old woman, rescuing the

frying pan. Bela's boarders were not a very perspicacious lot, but when she came in again to serve the dinner the dullest among them became aware of the change in her. The lace collar and the rose in her belt were significant enough, but there was more than AM-BUK

urely Herbal—He paisenous colorina Intiseptis-Stops blood-poison conthing—Ends pain and smartlag, etc. ure Best for baby's rashes. eals all seres. 50c. box. All Druggists and Stores

Before she had been merely the hostess, friendly to all—but Now she was woman clear efficient. through; her eyes flashed with the consciousness of it, there was coquetry in every turn of her head, and a

grace in every movement of her body.
The effect on the company was not a happy one. The men lowered jealousy on Sam. The atmosphere became highly 'charged. Only Sam's eyes lighted with pleasure.

Ighted with pleasure. Sam's eyes lighted with pleasure. Sam, Bela pointedly ignored. It was on Joe that she bestowed all her smiles. No one present was deceived by her ruse excepting Joe himself, whose varity was the same and by her ruse excepting Joe himself, whose vanity was enormously inflated thereby. Sam's instinct told him that it was to himself her coquetry was

After the humiliations she had put After the numinations sne nad put upon him, it was deliciously flattering thus to see her in her own way guing for his favor. This made him feel like a man again. He was disposed to "What

tease her.
"Hey. Bela!" he cried.
kind of soup is this?"
"No kind," she retorted "Jus" soup. "The reason I asked, a fellow told

me you made your soup out of musk-rat-tails and goose-grass."

"I put the goose-grass in for you," said Bela.
Shouts of laughter here.
Bela lowered her head and whispered in Joe's ear. Joe guffawed with an smiled undisturbed, for the provoking slance which had accompanied to glance which had accompanied th whisper had been for him. Joe had not seen that.
"What's next?" demanded Sam.

"Wait and see," said Bela.
"They say your toasted bull-bats are out o' sight."
"I save them for my regular boarders." boarders.'

ocarders."
"Count me in!" cried Sam. "It was only the varns of the poisonous food that kept me away before. Now I'm inoculated I don't care!" Sam proceeded to higher flights of wit. The other men stared. This was a new aspect of the stiff-necked young teamster they had known. They did not relish it overmuch. None of them dared talk back to Bela in just this

strain. Meanwhile Bela scorned Sam rageously. Beneath it he perceived subtle encouragement. She enjoyed the game as much as he did, and little he cared how the men were

he cared how the men were pleased. The choicest moreels found their way to Sam's plate.

Sam's eyes were giving away more than he knew. "You are my mark!" they flashed on Bela, while he teased her, and Bela's delighted, scornful eyes answered back: "Get me if you can!"

(To be continued.)

Sewing Room Hints."

If spools of different colored darning cotton are strung on a cord to hang on the back of a chair while mending a few moments of hunting will be saved.

A three-arm towal rock fastened to the right-hand end of the sewing machine will be found convenient to hold pieces of work close at hand.

If small easters are placed on the legs of the chair at the sewing machine it will be more easily moved, and the worker will be apt to sit in a

more comfortable position . When punching eyelets, plac machine over a cake of white and there will be a firm edge that cannot ravel, and is easily worked

over. In sewing on hooks and eyes, buttonhole them on and they will never come off, fewe stitches will be needed, moreover.

LISTLESS, PEEVISH GIRLS

when a girl in her teens becomes peevish, listless and dull; when nothing scens to interest her and nothing scenas to interest her and dainties do not tempt her appetite. you may be certain that she needs more good blood than her system is provided with Before long her set. provided with. Before long her pal-lid cheeks, frequent headaches, and breathlessness and heart-palpitation will confirm that she is anaemic. Many mothers as the result of their own girlhood experience, can promptly detect the early signs of anaemia, and the wise mother does not wait for the trouble to develop further, but at once

sands of mothers know that anaemia is the sure road to worse ills. They know the difference that good red blood makes in the development of womanly health. Every headache, ased, "is expected to remain in Eng-

pills. From this new rich blood springs god health, an increased appetite, new energy, high spirits and perfect womanly development. Give your daughter Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and later, it crystalized into fact, and

any dealer in medicine or by mail es for \$2.50 from The Dr. W. Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Patron Saint of Paris

Wonderful Work of St. Genevieve When Franks Beat the Huns.

Among the French who have had so many wonderful heroines among their women, Joan of Arc is perhaps most widely known, but the patron saint of Paris, Genevieve, is a no less beautiful character. Like Joan of Arc. she. too, was a peasant's daughter, but she lived nearly a thousand years before, when the world was far less civilized But her death was a happy one, for the people she had helped were her friends, whereas, Joan of Arc met her death in the flames to which the English condemned her, friendless except for her own people far away.

St. Genevieve lived in the fifteenth century.In those days the Roman Empire had just about crumbled to pieces and the province was overrun by one horde of invaders after another. Among these was Attila, wno had killed thousands and set fire to many cities in the belief that he was appointed by God to punish the people of Europe. It was while he was bearing down on Paris, and the inhabitants, paralyzed with the fear of his terrible name, were getting ready to flee, that St. Genevieve bravely persuaded them to remain and send persuaded them to remain and send their soldiers out of meet him. The result was that not only the soldiers of Paris but of a large part of France and other countries met Attila the Hun at Chalons, and in one of the bloodiest battles of ancient times

terribly defeated him. If it had been a victory for Attila, Europe might have had a far different history.

Later, too, when the Franks, anoth-Later, too, when the Franks, another invading nation, descended upon Paris and besieged it. St. Genevieve secured relief for her city by risking a journey down the Seine river, in danger of her life, and implored people in other cities to send food to the starving Parisians.

Her good fortune in avoiding traps and dangers led to great respect for her by invading Franks, who thought her a supernatural character. Finally the Franks succeeded—in capturing Paris. It was the real beginning of the present French nation, but then it seemed a terrible misfortune to the poor inhabitants. St. Genevieve was not in the city, and she was ordered shut out, but she made her way in and confronted the terrible chief of the Franks, who yielded to his fears of her as a woman of God, and did not slaughter or enslave the inhabitants of the city, as was customary in those days. When St. Genevieve was surrounded by the people of her city, whom she had befriended, and she was further made happy that the conquerors had been converted to Christianity.-Exchange.

RELIEF AT LAST

I want to help you if you are suffer-ing from bleeding, itching, blind or pretruding Piles. I can tell you how, in your own home and without anyone's assistance, you can apply the best of all treatments.

PILES TREATED AT HOME

promise to send you a FREE trial of the new absorption treatment. references from your own locality if you will but write and ask. I assure you of immediate relief. Send no money but tell others of this offer.

MRS. M. SUMMERS. Box 8, Windsor, Cnt.

WATERLOC BRIDGE.

How the London "Observer" Told Story of the Coming Opening.

Just a hundred years ago there appeared in the issue of The Observer, of London, then, as now, a Sunday paper, a descriptive little news item about the Duke of Wellington. Waterloo was then only two years past, and the goings and comings of the Iron Duke was always good copy for the press in these days. The writer of the paragraph in ques-

tion goes about the task in a leisurely fashion. There is no thought about placing the news first and mak-ing the embroidery as scanty as possible. Anything about the duk good reading, and so he indulges him-self in a discussion of His Grace's rapidity of movement, his vigor, and his wonderful "flow of spirits," which makes him "the delight of the circle in which he moves." "The Duke of "The Duke Wellington," he remarks to his readers, "is distinguished by as much pergives her daughter a course with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which renew the blood supply and banish anaemia during the most interesting period of sonal activity and celerity of mo before it-has obtained a hold upon the system.

the late Peninsular war." And then he goes on to-tell how His Grace landed at Dover about six on Sunday blood makes in the development of womanly health. Every headache, every gasp for breath that follows the slightest exertion by the anaemic is understood that he will cfay till afgirl, every pain she suffers in her ter the ceremony of opening the Watback and limbs are reproaches if you have not taken the best steps to give your weak girl new blood, and the only sure way to do so is through the use of Dr. Williams Rink Fills.

New, rich, red blood is infused in New, rich, red blood is infused in only sare way to do so is through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

New, rich, red blood is infused into the system by every dose of these pills. From this new rich blood springs god health an increased expenses and the pills.

promptly their influence is felt in betin all Europe, was opened by You can get these pills through Prince Regent, afterwards George IV. on the day rumored, and the Duke was

present. No mere detailing of measurements

Shopping Bia

Scarcely anything pleases a woman more than to come to the city to shop. There are so many big stores with such endless variety and choice of everything.

Still there is just that little draw-Still there is just that little draw-back about where to stay. The Walker House solves that problem. It is a home for you while in the city, and you can have all your pur-chases sent direct there, where there are special facilities for look-ing after your purels. ing after your parcels.

Come to the city to shop and stay at The Walker House

The House of Plenty TORONTO, ONT.

P.S.—Special attention given to ladies and children travelling without gentlemen escorts.

any idea of what Waterloo bridge, which carries the Waterloo road across the Thames between Westminster bridge and Blackfriars bridge. conveys to those who are familiar with its "granite immensity." Its very plainness and massive strength, the way it has of looming up gray through mist of the early morning, or cutting sharply across the sky as one goes westward towards it along the Embankment, of a summer evening, and countless other "grateful settings" have an appeal to the Londoner all their own, and have been a source of joy and enterprise to many artists. Then there are the famous Waterloo steps, which, with their Aladdin's cave-in like approach, give access to the bridge above from the Embankment. And once on the bridge itself. there is always the view up the river towards St. Paul's and the Tower. Almost any day in the year, some one may be seen enjoying the sight, or sketching it, from one or another of

the great embrasures which mark the tops of the piers. For over sixty years after it was thrown open to traffic by the Prince Regent, in the presence of the Duke of Wellington, on that memorable June day, a century ago, pedestrians continued to pay the toll, of one-half-penny, referred to by the writer of the paragraph in The Observer. In 1878, however, the bridge was acquired by the Metropolitan Board of Works, and, since then ,Londoners, whether afoot or awheel, have passed back and forth acted. And they pass back and forth without question asked or charge ex-to some purpose, for, with London bridge, which lies farther down the river, beyond Blackfriars, Waterloo bridge is among the busiest thoroughfares in London.—Christian Science Monitor.

PAYING AN INFORMER.

Alexandre Dumas contributed to the Curieux an anecdote told him by Henri Didier, who was a deputy under

he second empire. Didler's father was secretary to the ministry of the interior at the time when the Duchesse de Berri was ar-rested at Nantes at the end of her attempt to raise the country against Louis Phillippe and in favor of her son, the Count de Chambord.

son, the Count de Chambord.

The traitor Deutz agreed to sell to the government the secret of her hiding place for 500,000 francs, and it was the elder Didier's duty to pay the scoundrel for his dirty work. Ho took his son Henri into the office and said: "Look well now at what passes and never forget it. You will learn what an Iache is and the method of

Deutz was then brought into the room where M. Didier was standing behind his desk, on which were placed two packets, each of which contained 250,000 francs.

As Deutz neared the desk M. Didler made a sign to him to stop. Then, taking a pair of tongs, he extended the packets, one after the other, into the hands open to receive them. Not a word was spoken, and when the transfer was effected M. Didier pointed to the door.

Best Time for Black Bass.

Early morning is the best for black bass on small streams, later part of the day fill sundown very good. Cloudy days midday good, especially if cool For fly fishing for bass early monhours and an hour before dark time. If full moon even later gets the big ones .- New York Sun.

(Boston Transcript)
First Newsboy-Chimmie's got a job as oney in diff.
Second Latto-De salary and the property makes. by in day? ond Ditto—De salary ain't much, but makes a lot extra backin' up fel-when dey lies about de scores dey

NEW WAY TO REMOVE SORE, ACHING CORNS

Corn plasters be hanged, they always were troublesome and unsatis-factory. Try the new method! Shrivel up the corn first, get its roots separated from the toe. This you can do mighty quick by painting on Putnam's Corn Extractor. It sure does bring relief-takes away the sting, lifts out relief—takes away the sting, fits out the whole corn in a day or two. Put-nam's will really, surely cure the toughest of corns. Costs bpt a quarter in any drug store. Get it to-day.

Viscount Ishii says American women are the prettiest in the world. Oh. well, nearly every mother's son of a and recounting of costs would convey times.-Springfield (Ohio) News.