

WOODED UNDER FIRE

CHAPTER I.

"Conrad, my boy, there's one thing dead certain; we're in for an experience this time. No scaling a peak equal to the Matterhorn to-day. I've been lost in an India jungle, caught in a desert sandstorm, and experienced the delights of a Canadian bush fire, but they all fade into insignificance compared with being caught in a fierce snowstorm half-way up the side of Mont Blanc. Conrad, old fellow, suppose you wind that Switzer horn again; give another call, and see whether we can discover some one on the trail which we have foolishly lost."

The speaker shows little evidence of the great anxiety he mentions; indeed, to see him calmly smoking a cigar while slipping his hands together in order to induce warmth, one would hardly imagine he knows what alarm is. And yet his situation is little less than appalling, to say the least. Ascending the terrible Mont Blanc late in the season, attended by a single guide, they have been suddenly overtaken by the worst snow-blizzard Conrad remembers so early in the winter. The beautiful view has been blotted out and he by magic, and around them whirl clouds of fine snow that driven by a cold, fierce wind, seems to cut the flesh like needles.

Others are on the mountains, too, for they have had glimpses of them from time to time at a distance. Through the blinding storm Sam Buxton and his guide have descended. Nearly half an hour has elapsed since the rush of the blizzard began, and Conrad, at length, having lost all traces of the trail in the bewildering snow, candidly admits that they are lost, which remark draws out the words with which our story opens.

Sam Buxton is a character who would attract attention almost anywhere. In size he is rather below the average, and give no more evidence of muscular ability than comeliness: still his face, if homely, has an honest look, which grows upon one and the more you know of Sam the better you like him. At any rate, he is fearless, bright as a new dollar, full of chivalrous notions, and plays second fiddle to no man on earth.

Sam has been blessed with a goodly proportion of this world's goods, and travels for pleasure, though perhaps he may have some lazy sort of design in his wanderings. At present his object has been to plant an American flag upon the Matterhorn, a feat he yet never accomplished, though attempted by many an adventurous spirit. Obeying orders, the Swiss guide, a man who is ready to swear by Baron Sam, as the American is sometimes called, raises his hands to his mouth, and with all the force of his powerful lungs sends forth that musical Tyrolean call which can only be properly warbled by an Alpine dweller. Through the storm it rings, for the air is remarkably pure in these mountain regions.

Baron Sam puts away at his cigar, while he strains his ears to discover whether there may be any response made, for if by good fortune there chances to be a Swiss guide within hearing he will readily answer the call, as Conrad has given it a turn that is significant of distress; but it dies away, amid the howling of the bitter wind, and the surging of the storm alone reaches him.

Something like a frown creeps over his chery face, but he chases it away with a laugh, while shrugging his shoulders as the last squall sweeps down with the fury of demons let loose.

"How! how it stings! this big collar on my neck comes in handy, and these fur gloves, too, a wide head, that of yours, Sam Buxton, to provide for an emergency, even if the weather did look summer-like at starting. One thing worries me, Conrad, see here," he half shouts, for although the Alpine guide is only half a dozen feet away the sweep of the wind renders it impossible to converse with the natural tones. "What now, Baron?" asks Conrad, who has spent a part of his life upon the sunny Italian slopes of the Alps and hence acquired many of the habits of the people of Aosta.

"When you get the glass and spoke of seeing the party below, were there not females in it?"

"Excellent, I saw the flutter of skirts," replies the other, who is a sturdy fellow, twice as strong as Baron Sam, yet lacking much of the American's girl.

"How many would you say?"

"Two, at least, signor."

"Contented! It's what a foolish thing to bring females up on the exposed side of Mont Blanc at this time of year."

Weak, Tired Folks Given New Vigor

Strength Returns, Health Renewed, Vitality of Youth Re-created.

Exhaustion and Bodily Tiredness Every Day Being Turned Into Vigor and Ambition by Dr. Hamilton's Pills.

From Chelone, Pl., N.S., comes the following from Mrs. W. A. Reynolds: "A year ago my health began to fail. I lost appetite, became nervous and sleepless. My weight ran down, I became thin, haggard, and had black rings under my eyes. I really felt as if the charm of life had left me and when springtime arrived I was in the blues. I read of Dr. Hamilton's Pills, and got five boxes at once. Within a month my appetite and color were good. I gained strength and felt like a new woman. New life and vigor returned, and my friends scarcely knew me. A medicine that will do this should be in every home."

Good health means much to you. Success and happiness depend upon it. The maintenance and source of health is found in Dr. Hamilton's Pills, 25¢ per box, or five boxes for \$1.00, at all druggists and storekeepers, or by mail from the Catarrozo Co., Buffalo, N.Y., and Kingston, Canada.

I, for one, object to women trying such dangerous experiments; they are more suited to the gentle side of life—drawing-rooms, the drive at Nice, or sight-seeing in the cities. Anyhow, if by reason of a great desire to climb the Alps they do make the attempt, let it be in the season—July or August—not when winter is ready to burst over the mountains and wrap them in a winding-sheet. Ugh! that fairly takes one's breath away," as another extraordinary guest comes tearing down from the wild region of the Matterhorn—that bleak peak reached by human feet for the first time only a few years before, and all of that adventurous party perishing save an English gentleman, a Mr. Whymper, and two guides.

"We must push on, Baron: to remain is death," exclaims the guide, uneasily. "Go it, old man; I'm agreeable," and clinging to such projections as present themselves he swings his body from rock to rock with an agility one would hardly dream he possessed, all the while holding his cigar between his teeth, and keeping a tight grip upon his Alpine staff with his pointed, steel-shod boots.

Thus they founder on for some time, while the blizzard rages furiously around. Conrad is alarmed;—if his employer shows no signs of it—and almost loses his head, but the chery voice of Sam Buxton steadies him, much as a careful driver steadies a restless steed.

They make progress, but it is impossible to decide whether it is in the right or wrong direction. Perhaps every step takes them deeper into the depths, since there is no means of telling where they go unless the guide discovers some sign that may be familiar to him. The American tourist is persistent by nature, begins to feel the cold hand of despair clutching at his heart when the storm, instead of abating, grows more furious, and it is impossible to see more than two yards in any direction.

"Jove! I reckon we'll have to wait for a rescue by the good monks of St. Bernard. Looks like a gone case to me, Conrad. Suppose you give one more warble, my man, and we'll see if anything comes out of the storm. If not, then we must camp as best we can in this bleak place."

The Swiss guide raises his benumbed hands, and again that weird Tyrolean call sounds, muffled in spite of the raging blizzard's mocking voices. Once more Sam Buxton bends his head to listen, then starts thrilled by strange emotions, for on the wings of the storm comes a cry. It is not what he has expected, but even more of a pitiful appeal for help than Conrad's call.

"Good heavens! man, did you hear that?" he says, clutching the guide by the arm.

There is little need to ask, for Conrad is as white as the snow around him, and trembles as though he might be a human aspen leaf.

"Yes, I hear it; the spirits of lost souls that have met their death on Mont Blanc mock us, Baron. They beckon to us. We are doomed!" he almost shrieks, pointing in the direction whence the cry has come.

The American is practical, and detects anything bordering on superstition, hence he has little patience with this line of conduct.

"You're a fool, Conrad. That cry is for help, and whether it comes from a lost soul or from a human being in distress, Sam Buxton isn't the man to hang back. Follow me or remain where you are."

"No, no, Baron Sam; you will go to your fate!" cries the guide, and truer words were never uttered, though under another meaning.

His employer, with a snort of disgust at the man's superstitious fear, tears away from the grasp that would detain him, and pushes blindly on through the snow-storm to discover the source of the cry that has answered Conrad's call.

When he has gone twenty paces, with the guide following, for Conrad fears being left alone on the mountain, worse than an encounter with the specks of former unlucky pilgrims, Sam, seeing nothing, drops his cigar, and making a trumpet of his hands, bellows forth:

"Hello, there! where are you?"

He has a voice hardly in keeping with his body—a voice that is as strong as the roar of a lion and the African forest, and the shrill, mocking tones of the blizzard king fails to keep it from carrying quite an extensive space.

"This way; I am too chilled to reach you," comes a reply very near at hand, and, electrified, Sam bounds over some loose rocks forming a sort of shelter from the blizzard's worst fury, to find himself face to face with—himself!

"Dear-alien! It's a woman!" he ejaculates, almost paralyzed at the sight that greets his eyes. A rich, golden figure, not too warmly clad, trying to hug and greet him with outstretched hand, and a smile upon her face, Sam marks on the instant what a face it is, strangely beautiful, and yet possessing wonderful independence, as though the owner were used to having her own way and fighting her own battles.

He scratches off his fur glove to accept the proffered hand; it is almost as cold as ice, being poorly covered with kid gloves. She tatters while endeavoring to stand in the snow, and hold Sam, until to the emergency, swings his other arm around her, his head is thus brought close to hers, and she hears him say:

"Patron, moss or mud, this is no time for etiquette, and you were falling. Allow me," and without waiting for a reply he tears the mockery of gloves from her hands, rubbing the bright members between his own warm ones until he has succeeded in producing a glow, after which he draws the fur gloves over her hands—never minding her feeble protests.

Not does this American chivalier halt there, but throwing off his outer coat, proceeds to wrap the lady in it. She makes a struggle against the action, but he will conquer, and she can only murmur the thanks of her heart, which do not tell one-quarter as much as the glances from her wonderfully large and expressive eyes.

"Conrad, we must make a last effort



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THE INCREASED NUTRITIOUS VALUE OF BREAD MADE IN THE HOME WITH ROYAL YEAST CAKES SHOULD BE SUFFICIENT INCENTIVE TO THE CAREFUL HOUSEWIFE TO GIVE THIS IMPORTANT FOOD ITEM THE ATTENTION TO WHICH IT IS JUSTLY ENTITLED.
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WINNIPEG MONTREAL

for this lady's sake. Lead on, man. If you save us it is five hundred lire in your pocket. The path, man—find us the path that leads to the monastery."

Spurred on by the hope of making a large fortune, as well as saving his own life, the Alpine guide again moves on, while Sam follows, leading the unknown lady who owes her life to him, half hearing her, in fact, for she is almost chilled to the marrow. Death stares him in the face, and even the bold-hearted American grows as he feels his strength giving out. She hears and understands.

"Leave me—save yours—if I beg!" she cries, almost pleadingly, but he smiles and shakes his head.

"While there's life there's hope. One thing you must understand—we live or die together, since fate has thrown us in contact; I have some fight in me yet. On, Conrad, on; we must find the trail!"

Now he staggers himself; the exertion is telling upon even that indomitable spirit, but with set teeth and straining muscles Sam Buxton continues to push on after the lady guide, while the storm rages and the snow upon the ground increases continually in depth.

Hope, that anchor to the soul, has suddenly been torn away, when, when he hears a shout ahead. It comes from Conrad, and as his eyes fall upon that woman, he has a first glimpse of him dancing nimbly upon the snow.

"The post, Baron Sam! the post that marks the spot where Monsieur Carot was murdered! It was blessed by holy men; it has been an instrument in saving us. The path is here!" he shouts.

"Thank heaven!" groans the exhausted Sam.

"If we can hold out ten minutes more, dear master, we are saved. Leave the lady here, wrapped in your coat, and run with me."

"Never! Show me the path, man, and then do you hasten below for help, while I try and keep the spirit of life in both our bodies. Leave the lady to me. Come! be speedy—do you hear me?" almost roughly, for the man's words have cut to the quick—as though he had ever been guilty of leaving one in distress whose fortune had thrown upon his hands—while she rewards him with a single look that warms his heart.

"It is necessary, Baron. Praise Heaven and the saints, I hear voices above. It is the lady's party descending. In a minute they are here. Yes, we are saved," and then Sam realizes from the

A WONDERFUL DISCOVERY

An eminent scientist, the other day, gave his opinion that the most wonderful discovery of recent years was the discovery of Zam-Buk. Just think! As soon as a single thin layer of Zam-Buk is applied to a wound or a sore, such injury is insured against blood poisoning! Not one species of microbe has been found that Zam-Buk does not kill!

Then again, as soon as Zam-Buk is applied to a sore, or a cut, or to skin disease, it stops the smarting. That is why children are such friends of Zam-Buk. They care nothing for the science of the thing. All they know is that Zam-Buk stops their pain. Mothers should never forget this.

Again, as soon as Zam-Buk is applied to a wound or to a diseased part, the cells beneath the skin's surface are so stimulated that new healthy tissue is quickly formed. This forming of fresh healthy tissue from below is Zam-Buk's secret of healing. The tissue thus formed is worked up to the surface and literally casts off the diseased tissue above it. This is why Zam-Buk cures are permanent.

Only the other day Mr. Marsh, of 101 Delorimer Ave., Montreal, called upon the Zam-Buk Co. and told them that for over twenty-five years he had been a martyr to eczema. His hands were at one time so covered with sores that he had to sleep in gloves. Four years ago Zam-Buk was introduced to him, and in a few months it cured him. To-day—over three years after his cure of a disease he had for twenty-five years—he is still cured, and has had no trace of any return of the eczema!

All druggists sell Zam-Buk at 50¢. box, or we will send free trial box if you send this advertisement and a 1¢ stamp (to pay return postage). Address Zam-Buk Co., Toronto.

heavy weight on his arm that the unknown lady has swooned.

CHAPTER II.
Conrad's words are true, for the voices draw nearer, and in hardly more than a minute a party of persons appear through the blinding, surging snow, hurrying downward, the guides leading, and keeping a bright lookout, for there is always extreme danger of losing the trail at a time like this, and that means terrible disaster.

Many have lost their lives in the defiles of the Alps, while others, wandering about, fall over some precipice, or it may be are overwhelmed by the mighty avalanche that comes tearing down the side of the mountain sweeping everything in its path into a chaotic mass far below.

Already has Conrad led the guides and as the party discover Sam holding the senseless form of the lost lady, their cries of wonder and praise sound earnest, indeed, for they have given up all hope of ever seeing her again. By accident she had become separated from her party just at the time the storm, without much warning, swept over Mont Blanc—their cries were unanswered, and they despair.

"Allow me to carry her, my dear sir," says a voice that gives the American a shock, for he finds himself looking into the face of the best friend he has on earth, a man six feet in height, and finely proportioned—a Hercules beside a pigmy when compared with Sam.

"Dudley McLane, for all the world," he shouts.

"Good heavens! is it you, Sam, or your ghost? I believed you in Egypt," says the guide, informing the other in his arms and at the same time, of course clasping the senseless girl.

"Easy, old boy; you forget. None of your bearhugs here! I believed you home in Canada. This is, indeed, a strange meeting."

"When did you find Aileen?" asks the other, and Sam starts at the mention of the name, whether because of its singular nature, or for some other reason, he does not choose to state.

"Wandering in the storm—we were also lost, and just round the path before you came," Sam replies, still holding the senseless form of the girl, whom he seems loth to give up. Did he not save her, and does not that, in a measure, give him a claim upon her?

"Come, the guides are waiting, and threatening to desert, unless we move on. Give me the girl, Sam; I am better able to carry her."

"Pardon, signor; allow me to relieve you of your burden. I have some right to assist the beautiful young lady," says a soft voice in Sam's ear, a voice he recognizes as that of an Italian, and turning his head, he finds one of the party close to him, a man who has a graceful, willowy figure, an Adams in looks, with a face that somehow frank Sam Buxton dislikes on sight.

"My friend spoke ahead of you, signor; he has therefore the first claim," and with the words Sam transfers his burden to the Canadian, whose heart is like the trees of his native country, sturdy and unbending.

Something like a deer, whose course drops from the line of the Italian as he turns aside, and, knowing these hot-blooded people well, Sam Buxton realizes that by his action he has probably made a bitter enemy, who may hereafter give him trouble, for which he cares little, indeed, being generally able to look out for himself.

By this time the clamoring guides are threatening to mutiny unless the descent is continued. Sam notices that they look to his friend the Canadian as though fear of him is the only thing that keeps them from immediate desertion. He smiles, for Dudley McLane has a way about him of commanding obedience.

His figure and tremendous voice, make him a natural leader in the field, though as a usual thing Sam had been the general who planned their work in past adventures.

They resume the descent, each step taking them nearer the Hospice of St. Bernard, whose doors will surely receive them. Sam notes that the remaining lady of the party is evidently one who has acted as escort and chaperon to the younger traveller. She, too, is about exhausted, so that two of the guides have to carry her.

The blizzard still keeps up in all its fury, and there is not one among them who does not express the most fervent prayer that the snow will cease to fall, for the momentary satisfaction when before them arise the hospitable walls of the monastery that for such long years has been a blessing to travellers and lost Alpine guides.

Here a warm welcome awaits them from the monks, whose lives are devoted to this work, and whose fame has become worldwide. The ladies are revived and made comfortable in a warm room, while the men seek warmth and good cheer in the large reception hall, where a great fire blazes.

Sam Buxton draws his Canadian friend aside. There are a number of other tourists present, who have ventured up the sides of Mont Blanc, and whom the terrible blizzard sent back. Glad, indeed, are all of them to find shelter from the storm. Sam has questions to ask, and Dudley, on his part, desires to learn how his friend of many an adventure in the past chances to be here.

These two men have journeyed in company over half the world; their tastes run much in common, and both are keen sportsmen. McLane has shown Sam the delights of salmon fishing on the rivers of Canada, and the pleasure of moose hunting, while Buxton, on the other hand, has led the chase of the elk in the Rockies and tracked the grizzly bear to his den.

"You called the lady I had the honor to serve by a queer name—I have never heard it but once—Aileen—was that it?" Sam asks.

"Miss Aileen Winchester, a California heiress to untold millions—a bright, brave, independent girl, travelling with her aunt and chaperon, Miss Dorothy Green, a New England spinster, of queer ways, but possessing a warm heart."

Baron Sam gives an expressive grunt. "I think I have heard of them before," he remarks, quietly, and then adds: "See here, Dud, perhaps you are in love with the heiress?"

At this the bluff Canadian laughs good-naturedly. "To confess the truth, my dear fellow I have conceived quite an ardent attachment for the lady, but the trouble is she fails to return it. We are good friends, but that is as far as it goes. Now, if fortune had favored me,

WATERY BLISTERS INTENSELY ITCHY

Between Fingers, Spread to Tips. Would Swell Up, Itch and Burn. Did Not Dare Put Hands in Water. Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment Cured.

Carman, Manitoba.—"A breaking out between my fingers was the first trouble. It was very itchy and spread to my finger tips affecting the nails. It first appeared in watery blisters and they were so intensely itchy I scratched them and let the water out making sores. They would swell up, itch and burn and finally the nails would loosen and come off. I spent many sleepless nights. I did not dare to put my hands in water except to wash them."

"I kept using ointments; Ointment, but was not cured. Sometimes the remedies would help a little but I was not free from trying everything. I heard of Cuticura Soap and Ointment and sent for them and before I had used them half a dozen times I noticed an improvement. By washing with the Cuticura Soap and applying the Cuticura Ointment frequently I was cured in three months." (Signed) Miss Florence E. Sanderson, May 20, 1913.

For more than a generation Cuticura Soap and Ointment have afforded the most economical treatment for affections of the skin and scalp that torture, itch, burn, scale and destroy sleep. A single set is often sufficient. Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment are sold by druggists and dealers everywhere. For a liberal free sample of each, with 32-p. book, send post-card to Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Dept. D, Boston, U.S.A.

we could perhaps have gone further. Why wasn't Dudley McLane the one to save Aileen?" he adds, with something of a mournful grimace.

"Kismet—it is fate, my boy. Now, who is that dashing looking Italian—he scowls at me every time our eyes meet, as though I have mortally offended him in some way."

"Ah, another Richmond in the field. Sam, I expect to see you two looking over pistols at each other yet. That is Count Antonio Tivoli."

"The American utters a cry. 'You know him?' demands Dudley. 'His name is familiar to me. I have the honor to be acquainted with his niece Beatrix Paoli,' replies Sam, recovering his composure.

"A charming name," comments the other.

"And the owner is agreeable—in fact, her beauty dazzles me."

"You don't appear to have suffered, Sam Buxton," says the Canadian dryly, with a chuckle.

THE "RITUAL MURDER"

(Chicago Tribune)
The race, the religious bigotry, and gloomy superstition which make a trial for "ritual murder" possible are like prehistoric mounds, the relics of an age of darkness. Mankind has fought them too long to let them breed now.

The trial at Kiev is a challenge of the darkest kind to the progress of the world. It challenges the realization of a new era, the effects of our indifference would be felt in every country for a generation.

A realization of this must come to the Russian government. And it is the high duty of European and American peoples to bring this realization by a protest which cannot be ignored by any nation which hopes to keep a place in the honor of the modern world.

PARENTAL RESPONSIBILITY.

(Montreal Daily Mail)
No public machinery for the maintenance of law and order amongst children, however wisely and sympathetically it may be enforced, can supplant the ordinary and intimate relation of a parent and father to the child. No system which would supplant that relation could be tolerated. Piffle!

The parents of those children whose parents reject the responsibilities of fatherhood to their children, and force them to look to a hard and fast code of rules for correction which can only be administered with coldness and kindness in the home, to be efficacious.

Noodles With Spanish Peppers.

6 ounces of Noodles, 1 Small Can of Spanish Peppers, 1 Cup of Stock or Gravy, Salt and Pepper. Butter. Cook the noodles until tender, drain and add to them the contents of a small can of Spanish peppers which have been chopped and heated in a cup of good stock of gravy. Let these heat together; then season with salt and pepper and a generous piece of butter. Serve with veal cutlet or with roast veal.—Pictorial Review.

Split 40 Cords At Age of 85

Thankful to the Medicine That Gave Him Ability For the Task.

A VERY INTERESTING CASE.

Few men of eighty-five years of age can boast of much else but poor health and failing strength. And such was the condition of Mr. Benj. Marsh, who is known to every soul in the neighborhood of his home at Linn's Lake, Ont.

"Quite unsolicited," writes Mr. Marsh, "I wish to say how I have been benefited for years with stomach trouble. I tried everything I could think of without benefit. I was terribly afflicted with swelling and gas, and had much distress between meals. I tried everything I could think of, but without benefit. Then I was recommended Nerviline. My old Nerviline did me a power of good—made a new man out of me, so that within the last three weeks I have been able to split about forty cords of stove wood. I will always stick to Nerviline and will always recommend it, and would like to meet anyone and convince them it is in doubt as to what Nerviline has done for me."

For sour stomach, nausea, belching of gas, cramps and sudden sickness at night, nothing is more helpful in the home, nothing saves so much pain and distress as Nerviline. Large family size, bottles, 50¢; small size, 25¢. at all storekeepers and druggists, or The Catarrozo Co., Buffalo, N.Y.

Tense is a queer thing. Even the woman with a past may have a present, and also a future.

PATH OF SUN.

Its Relation to the Seasons of the Year.

The sun's path is called the ecliptic. It is a great circle of the celestial sphere, cutting the celestial equator at two points 90 degrees apart and making with it an angle of 23 1/2 degrees known as the obliquity of the ecliptic. The equinoxes are called the equinoxes, because the days and nights are then equal, and the point midway between the equinoxes are the solstices, because the sun then seems to stand still for a few days.

The ecliptic is so called because eclipses occur only when the moon is crossing it or is near it, for the moon's orbit cuts the ecliptic in two points, called nodes or knots, and at other times is above or below it. If the moon, when in either node, is in line with the sun and the earth we have an eclipse, either total or annular. If she is near her node we have a partial eclipse.

The main's nodes are not stationary, but move backward on the moon's orbit, completing a revolution in about 33 years, when the eclipses of the period recur in the same order and at about the same intervals are before. This period of 33 years and 1 day is called the saros. It was known to the Chaldeans and the Greeks and gave them their data for computing eclipses.

Any intelligent person can trace the sun's path in the heavens. If the sun rises exactly in the east and sets in the west it is the time of the equinox. To the sunrise and sunset points are farthest north and the sun at noonday is highest in the heavens it is the time of the summer solstice. If the sunrise and sunset points are farthest south and the sun is very low in the heavens at noonday it is the time of the winter solstice.—Harper's Weekly.

DISOBEDIENT



Little Willie—Don't tell my papa you saw me, Mr. Steerer, 'cause he told me not to go near the steers.

Catarrh Brands You An "Undesirable"

So Loathsome is the Disease That Few Will Associate With a Catarrhal Victim.

Is Your Trouble Catarrh?



Poor remedies have given Catarrh the reputation of being incurable. But it is curable, easily and quickly, if the right method is employed. Snuffing a powder or ointment up the nose won't cure Catarrh, neither will tablets, douching, or stomach medicines cure. These treatments fail because they only affect local conditions, they do not remove the cause which is a germ life established in the lungs, bronchial tubes, and nasal passage. Ordinary remedies do not reach these remote parts, but Catarrozo does, for it is breathed through the inhaler into every air cell in the lungs, into every air passage in the head and throat. No matter where the Catarrh is, Catarrozo will reach it. It kills the germs, heals sore spots, clears the nose and throat instantly. Universally used; pleasant and clean; guaranteed to cure or money refunded.

Don't be an object of aversion to everyone you meet—get Catarrozo to-day and use it regularly; it will cure your Catarrh, Bronchitis, Throat Trouble, spitting, and gagging. Large size, 50¢. All dealers or the Catarrozo Co., Buffalo, N.Y., and Kingston, Canada.

LOOKS LIKE IT!



She has just returned from a finishing school. What do they teach them there? Oh, how to carry oneself, walk gracefully, and all that sort of thing.

BANISH THE PISTOL.

(Detroit Free Press)
As long as any man or boy in a city can go to a store and purchase a revolver without hindrance and without question, it is unreasonable to expect the police of that city to prevent crimes of violence.

THE LESSON OF SULZER.

(Montreal Herald)
The lesson which his downfall teaches most of all is the danger in the lure of stock gambling by anyone, high or lowly, with money but not one's own or which one cannot afford to lose.

MILLIONAIRE VS. PEOPLE.

(Detroit Free Press)
Mr. Carnegie says the millionaires should be the trustees of the people. What the people want, however, is to be the trustees of the millionaires.

There is no prayer worth the name that is unaccompanied by effort to make the prayer come true.—Herbert L. Willette.