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is best treated by using ELLIMAN'S according to the information given in the Elliman R.E.P. booklet 96 pages, (illustrated) which is placed inside cartons with all bottles of Elliman's price 1/1½, 2/9 & 4/-. The R.E.P. booklet also contains other information of such practical value as to cause it to be in demand for First Aid and other purposes; also for its recipes in respect of Sick Room requisites. Elliman's added to the Bath is beneficial.

Animals

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Elliman, Sons & Co., Slough, England.



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UNIVERSAL for HUMAN USE
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by the other's obstinacy, "there's but one way to convince you."

He sprang from the polocart and proceeded to tie the reins to a fence post. Perceiving his intention Westerha' likewise clambered down. Rab was the first to essay the fence. The several lines of wire of which it was composed sagged considerably with the weight of his hands and feet. He mounted with difficulty to the fourth strand. As he was on the point of throwing his right leg over the topmost wire, however, his left wriggled unsteadily for a moment and he dropped to the road again. But success crowned his next attempt. He now signified to Dave his intention of assisting him across the barrier. Several times Westerha' rose upon the unstable strands but fell heavily back at each turn. With the desperate intention of dragging him over at the next attempt, Rab mounted the inner side of the fence and laid hold of the collar of his coat. For a time they hung in the balance swaying backward and forward. After a mighty effort they at length found themselves on the same side of the line. But it was Rab who had returned; not Dave who had clambered over. Standing in the roadway they glared at each other for a moment. Struthers happening suddenly to lift his gaze across the field uttered a startled exclamation. Beyond all doubt there was now but one scarecrow! While the farmers busied themselves trying to clear the fence, my friend the tramp had darted behind the hedge, the gap

before he plunged he succeeded in ridding himself of his worst incumbrance—his boots. When he rose he lay inertly on the surface for a moment, his hands clasping his head. In the deepening twilight he had not noted a tiny ripple at the point where he dived, and he had struck his head a fearful blow on a hidden rock. Blood now streamed through his hands and dyed the surface of the water. Recovering himself he spread out his arms and with all the energy of which he was capable swam to where the boy struggled in midstream. He reached him and caught him in a strong grasp. The blood from his wound almost blinded him, but he struck for the bank with skilful overhand strokes. A low, branching elder offered a safe landing place and he made directly towards it. Hugh, frightened and gasping, clutched at a limb and dragged himself ashore. His rescuer, faint from loss of blood and breathless from sudden exertion, clung for a little to one of the succouring branches. But even as he waited for renewed strength his head suddenly fell forward, his arms relaxed, and his hands slipped from the limb. The eddy current carried him twice in a wide circle, then flung him out, like a bit of wreckage, to where in midstream the torrent leapt and danced in heartless glee.

There has been diligent search for the body of the tramp, but it will never be found, I fear; already it is sunk in



(Photo. "Canadian Alpine Journal, 1910.")
The Bank, St. Pierre, July 8th, 1902.

made by Hugh offering a ready means of escape.

"It's gey queer," said Rab, "but I truly thought there were two."

"To be quite honest, I had some doots masel!" admitted Dave with a glance in my direction. "I now perceive—I now behold,—in fact, we have been deceivin' oorsels!"

They got into the polo-cart again and clattered along the road towards Westerha'. Two minutes later the tramp re-appeared in the gap of the hedge. Crossing towards the fence he wriggled through between two of the strands and reached the road. As he struck towards the bridge he resumed his song:

"Twice a thousand miles behind us,
And a thousand miles before
Ancient ocean heaves to bear us
To that well-remembered shore;
New-born breezes swell to waft us
To our childhood's balmy skies
To the glow of friendly faces
To the light of loving eyes."

His words had scarcely died away when I saw Tam Struthers, the companion of Hugh, rise suddenly from the bank of the river and run screaming towards him. The two boys had been fishing all afternoon and were making their way home. Tempted, however, by the sight of a trout sporting close to the banks, Hugh had decided upon a final cast. In his eagerness, he had fallen into the river and was now drifting towards the further shore. At the alarm, the tramp ran down the path with the speed of a deer, tearing off his rags and throwing them away as he went. Just

the cruel embrace of the ocean. Last night, while the search was going forward, Westerha' had an experience from which it will take him many days to recover. He was returning home about midnight with a lantern in his hand, when he stumbled upon an old coat, a hat and a pair of boots. The moment he saw the boots he knew them for his own.

"I kenned there was something gey mysterious afoot tonight," he groaned, "and somehow, I feared for Magnus. It's beyond the poorer o' man to explain every manifestation o' Providence, but something tells me that this nameless wayfarer was my ain boy. I know it, I feel it. Wae's me! I'm just like a man in a big room when a' the lights are doused. I ken nae what to dae or where to turn. Oh! Magnus! Magnus! my callan, but my heart is wae!"

Ha! there goes the sun behind a cloud again! Swish! I can see the raindrops dancing on the river. In a moment they will be here. There they come across the road and over the fence. Truly, there is no weather like April weather, my friends. The song of the robin and the lilt of the lark are not more welcome.

*One of the artists of Punch, famous for his sketches of the hunting-field.

Money—The root that most men are willing to dig for, regardless of soiled hands.