

WITH TONKA'S AID

By Honore Willaie

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Barbara wandered about the great, pleasant room restlessly. She liked the huge fireplace, with whips and rifles above the mantel. The couches, with the fur robes tossed across them and the long study table in the middle of the room, heaped with magazines and a varied collection of pipes, made her forget that the nearest human habitation was fifteen miles across the plains.

She paused at one of the windows, snubbing her nose against the pane, like a child, and looked out over the brown, dusty plains toward the mountains. This visit to her bachelor brother was suddenly proving lonely, since he had forbidden her her daily ride because of threatening snow. Until today everything on the ranch had been so new and strange to this eastern girl that she had forgotten to be homesick. "The sun is shining!" she exclaimed aloud to the empty room. "It is only that funny hazy ring around it that keeps it from being really bright. Richard is so silly and funny over me, like a hen with one chick. What is a snowstorm, anyhow, but fun? I'm going to take Tonka out for just a little while."

Ah Lee, peering from the kitchen window a little later, shook his pig-tailed head dubiously at the sight of a slender figure in a heavy riding habit making its way toward the stables. "Me no like missy glo," he said. "Weather velly bad." Then, with an indescribable gesture not unmixed with disdain, he calmly washed his hands of the matter and went on with his pie making.

Barbara found the stables deserted, but Tonka nosed her softly with welcome in her great eyes, and pony and girl swung eagerly out beyond the corral to the open plain. Barbara shivered a good deal at first. The air lacked that clear, invigorating quality that had hitherto made riding a delight. There was a raw wind rising that penetrated her heavy habit.

"We won't go far today, Tonka," she said, with chattering teeth—"just the five miles out to the irrigating gate and back again."

The murky ring about the sun grew thicker and thicker until the sun was a mere pale yellow dinner plate resting on a gray blanket. The wind began to sting Barbara's face unpleasantly.

"Oh, dear," she said, "this isn't any fun! It's so hazy I can't see the ditch, and"—she turned in the saddle and looked about in a puzzled way—"I can't see the ranch house either. Why—why, Tonka, where are we?"

She looked up into the sky, but during her short moment of uncertainty the sun had become totally obscured, and as she looked fine, driving particles of snow pelted her face. Tonka shook her head stubbornly and started off abruptly, but Barbara pulled her in. "Silly thing," she said. "I don't want to go to the irrigating ditch. We must get home as soon as ever we can."

But Tonka had ideas of her own on the subject. As Barbara pulled on the reins she shook her head again and started to back.

"Tonka," scolded Barbara, raising her voice above the roar of the wind, "I want to go home! Don't act like a horse!"

With the aid of the whip she finally persuaded Tonka to turn, and they started off in the teeth of the wind. The drive of the snow was so heavy that Barbara could not see a horse's length in front of her. The cold was so intense that she felt as if her face

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were being seared, and she began to be frightened.

"It must be a blizzard," she thought. "Richard will be frantic."

For half an hour Tonka struggled through the blinding storm, while the frightened girl on her back clung to the reins with numbing hands and urged her on. As the cold grew unbearable Barbara pulled the pony in and dismounted.

"I've got to walk," she thought, "or freeze to the saddle."

With the reins on her arm, she plunged on, her heart sinking more and more. "We are lost, Tonka," she said, "lost in one of those terrible blizzards!" She stopped to breathe and to pound her aching hands against the pony's side.

Suddenly Tonka lifted her head with a shrill whinny, which was answered from out the storm by another whinny. Barbara looked about eagerly. "Is it only a stray pony," she thought, "or is some one looking for me?"

Out of the whirlwind of snow came the shadowy form of a man, like Barbara, leading his horse. Barbara's heart gave a great throb.

"Mr. Ingraham!" she gasped. "Great heavens, Miss Barbara, what does this mean?" exclaimed the man, turning his back to the gale and shouting to be heard above it. "I'm lost!" called Barbara.

"This is awful," answered the man, his face tense. "You poor child! Why on earth did your brother let you out on such a day? I—I shall call him to account for this. And I am of no use! This is my first experience with an American blizzard. I, too, am lost!"

Barbara's heart sank. Her month's acquaintance with the young Englishman, who was their nearest neighbor and who during her visit had ridden the fifteen miles regularly three times a week, had inspired her with a profound faith in his capabilities. As he owned himself lost, she unconsciously moved a little closer to his stalwart figure. The man pulled off his fur coat and in spite of her protestations wrapped it about her shivering little figure.

"First," he said, "you will put that on."

"No, I won't!" she cried. "Oh, yes, you will!" he shouted, but-toning it firmly under her chin. Barbara changed the subject.

"It's lucky I didn't let Tonka carry me on to the ditch," she called. "She almost refused to turn. I really got mixed up with her backing and turning."

The Englishman pondered for a moment. "Oh, I say," he shouted, "that's too bad. You are the one that probably got mixed up. Those Indian ponies always head for home, they say, as soon as a blizzard strikes them. My horse didn't know enough. But wait. Give Tonka her head and see what she does. I'm afraid we'll have to walk or freeze."

With the horses on either side of them they started out, Tonka, without a moment's hesitation, taking the lead. It was a terrible journey. In spite of Ingraham's assistance, Barbara constantly stumbled and fell. Without the protection of his fur coat he could only fight hopelessly against the numbing cold that assailed him, his heart aching over the misery of the girl who depended on him so pathetically, but Tonka, with drooping head, plodded slowly on.

As Barbara, assisted to her feet for the hundredth time, dimly concluded that it would be better to lie still than to struggle against the fearful cold, Tonka gave a glad whinny and stood still. They were standing before the stable door!

That evening after the two had recovered somewhat from ice baths and

hot blankets and Richard had left them alone for a few moments Ingraham looked across the fire to the girl's sweet, pale face. All the love that he had so bravely suppressed during their terrible journey welled to his voice.

"Miss Barbara, Barbara," he said hesitatingly, "I'm glad it happened."

Barbara looked up.

"I hadn't much hope before," he went on, "but now, somehow, you seem to belong to me a little."

Barbara's pallor disappeared. "It wasn't such a bad storm in some ways," she said.

And the fire crackled appreciatively at the pretty tableau.

Half of His Fee.

John had the name of being the jolliest man in town. But tonight, which was apparently the worst night in the year, even John wore a long face, and as he swung his cab door open for the minister to enter John's doleful expression was so noticeable that the minister inquired if he were thinking about the work of cleaning off the mud in the morning.

"No, it is not the work that I'm thinking of. If I could make as much as you this evening I wouldn't mind it a bit."

"Well," replied the minister, "I am to marry a couple this evening, and I'll give you half of my fee for driving me out and back."

"It is a deal," replied John.

After an hour of dreary driving through cold and rain John drew up in front of a small house in which the service was to take place. It was two long hours of cold waiting before the minister re-entered the cab, and the home drive was made. With a spirit of expectancy John once more swung open the cab door in front of the minister's house. The minister stepped out, and as he entered his own door he turned and said:

"Five hundred thanks, John," leaving the bewildered cabman to figure out what his exact fee had been.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Sugar.

Sugar, the modern commodity, which we class among the indispensable necessities, was wholly unknown to the ancient nations. The word "saccharum" occurs but once in the Latin translation of the Bible, and the equivalent for our word "sugar" is first used by Pliny, whose writings are almost contemporaneous with the ministry of Christ. He calls it "honey collected in (from) reeds" and says that the Romans first became acquainted with its use in Arabia Felix. Statius in his account of the old Saturnalia ceremonies mentions "vegetable honey" as being used and winds up his account by saying that "this same honey is boiled from Elosian reeds."

The Greek physician who flourished in the first or second century of the Christian era and whose great work, "De Materia Medica," treats of all the then known medicinal substances and their properties, says that "the name of sugar has been given to the honey which is produced by reeds without bees," and Strabo, writing concerning it, says, "They (the people of Arabia Felix) make honey without bees from reeds, and it sometimes resembles salt."

Hog Tried For Murder.

Anent strange cases, a lawyer said that a hog had been tried for murder, convicted and hanged. "At Clarion, Avin, in France," he said, "a huge hog killed and ate a child. The people, horrified, treated the hog as they would have treated a human being. They tried it."

He took down a book bound in gray calf.

"Here is the verdict," he said, "the original of which is kept in the National museum of Paris. It is dated June 14, 1494, and it reads:

"We, the jury, in detestation and horror of this crime and in order to make an example and to satisfy justice have declared, judged, sentenced, pronounced and appointed that the said hog now detained in the abbey as a prisoner shall by the executioner be hanged and strangled on a gibbet near the gallows of the monk. In witness whereof we have sealed this present with our seals."—Minneapolis Journal.

His Own Chair.

"Beg pardon," said the garrulous passenger, "but I think I heard you addressed as professor. Might I inquire what chair you hold?"

"The chair right next to the door," answered the professor. "I run a shop of my own."

The Proper Cap.

Tom—Here! You've started your note to Borroughs "Dr. Sir." Don't you know that sort of abbreviation is very slovenly? Dick—No, sir. "Dr." is all right in this case. He owes me money.

Experienced Man.

She—Is my hat on straight? He—I presume it is on the way you want it. It is not on horizontal.

A man cannot escape in thought any more than he can in language from the past and the present.

MIDDLE LIFE

A Time When Women Are Susceptible to Many Dread Diseases—Intelligent Women Prepare for It. Two Relate Their Experiences.

The "change of life" is the most critical period of a woman's existence, and the anxiety felt by women as it draws near is not without reason.

Every woman who neglects the care of her health at this time invites disease and pain.

When her system is in a deranged condition, or she is predisposed to apoplexy, or congestion of any organ, the tendency is at this period likely to become active—and with a host of nervous irritations, make life a burden. At this time, also, cancers and tumors are more liable to form and begin their destructive work.

Such warning symptoms as sense of suffocation, hot flashes, headaches, back-aches, dread of impending evil, timidity, sounds in the ears, palpitation of the heart, sparks before the eyes, irregularities, constipation, variable appetite, weakness, inquietude, and dizziness are promptly heeded by intelligent women who are approaching the period in life when woman's great change may be expected.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was prepared to meet the needs of woman's system at this trying period of her life. It invigorates and strengthens the female organism and builds up the weakened nervous system.

For special advice regarding this important period women are invited to write to Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass., and it will be furnished absolutely free of charge. The present Mrs. Pinkham is the daughter-in-law of Lydia E. Pinkham, her assistant before her decease, and for twenty-five years since her advice has been freely given to sick women.

Read what Lydia E. Pinkham's Compound did for Mrs. Powless and Mrs. Mann:

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"In my opinion there is no medicine made for women which can compare with Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and you have no firmer friend in the Dominion than I am. At the time of change of life I suffered until I was nearly crazy, and was not fit to live with. I was so irritable, irrational and nervous that I was a torment to myself and others. I surely thought that I would lose my reason before I got through, when fortunately an old friend recommended your Vegetable Compound.

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Mrs. E. Powless

I took it for five months and then off and on until the critical period had passed, and it restored me to perfect health. My advice to suffering women is to try your Vegetable Compound, and they will not be disappointed."—Mrs. E. Powless, Deseronto, Ont.

Another Woman's Case.

Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—

"As I owe my splendid health to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, I am very pleased to write and tell you my experience with it. I am the mother of three children grown to womanhood, and have safely passed the change of life, and feel as young and as strong as I did twenty years ago, and I know that this is all due to your woman's friend, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I used it before my children were born, and it greatly assisted nature and saved me much pain during the change of life. I took it, off and on, for four years, and had but little trouble, and sickness that most women have to endure."—Mrs. James K. Mann, 806 Bathurst St., Toronto, Canada.

What Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound did for Mrs. Powless and Mrs. Mann, it will do for other women at this time of life.

It has conquered pain, restored health, and prolonged life in cases that utterly baffled physicians.

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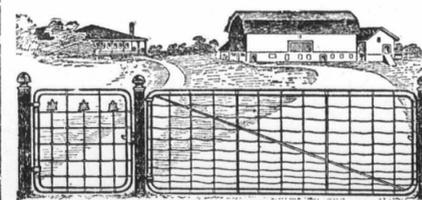
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Mr. Thomas Petry, of Aylmer, Que., was troubled with severe heart complaint for five years, the pain, at times, being so severe that he could not attend to business. Every other remedy failed until he tried Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart, which gave immediate relief, and his words are these: "I have now taken four bottles of the remedy and am entirely free from every symptom of heart disease."

A cold in the head need not be trifled with, for it is catarrh in an incipient condition, and catarrh is not to be trifled with. Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder, as scores of clergymen, members of parliament, and prominent citizens in the Dominion have borne testimony, drives away a cold in the head like magic, and where this has assumed the shape of aggravated catarrh, producing deafness and throat trouble, it effects a permanent cure.

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The faculty that Dr. Agnew has displayed in getting at the seat of trouble is manifest in his Ointment, as in the other three remedies. This contains the elements that give speedy and permanent relief in all skin diseases and is peculiarly effective in curing piles. 35 cents.

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