

# "BELA"

In the end Sam announced his intention of investigating the kitchen mystery. Bela chased him back to his seat, belaboring his back soundly with a broom-handle. The company looked on a little scandalized. They knew by instinct the close connection between love and horse-play.

The party broke up early. Up to tonight every man had felt that he had an equal chance, but now Bela was making distinctions. As soon as they finished eating, they wandered outside to smoke and make common cause against the interloper. For their usual card-game they adjourned to Stuffy and Mahooley's.

Only Joe and Sam were left, one sitting on each side of the fire with that look in his eyes that girls know of determination not to be the first to leave.

Bela came and sat down between them, with a gleam. Her face expressed a calm disinterestedness now. The young man showed the strain of the situation each according to his nature. Joe glowered and ground his teeth, while Sam's eyes glittered, and the corners of his mouth turned up ominously.

"The fool!" thought the latter. "To give me such an advantage. He can't hide how sore he is. I will entertain the lady."

"That's a great little team of mine! They keep me laughing all day with their ways. They're in love with each other. Tonight I pocket Sambo, and Dinah just sticks around. Well, the other night Sambo stole some of her cats when she wasn't looking, and she was sore. She didn't say anything, but wanted till he went to sleep, then she stole off and hid behind the willows."

"Well, say, when he woke up there was a den of a time! He ran around like a mad dog about a hundred times a minute, sneezing like a pig at the sight of the knife. 'Miss Dinah, she heard him all right, but she just stayed behind the willows laughing."

"After a time she came walking back real slow, and looking somewhere else. Say, he nearly ate her up. All the way around the bay he was promising he'd never steal another cat, so help me bob! but she was cool toward him."

Bela laughed demurely. She loved stories about animals. She loved to hear about a pig and a girl. She loved to hear about a pig and a girl. She loved to hear about a pig and a girl.

While he talked on in his light airy way, Sam was warily measuring his rival. "He'll be the biggest job I ever tackled," he thought. "He's got thirty pounds on me, and ring training. But he's out of condition and I'm fit. He loses his head easily, I'll try to get him going. Maybe I can turn the trick. I've got to do it to make good up here. That would establish me for good."

At the end of one of Sam's stories Bela stood up. "Time for go, both!" she said succinctly.

Sam got up laughing. "Nothing to ascertain about that," he said. He called for Joe to join them. "Go ahead," he said, enjoining.

"After you," Sam retorted with a smile.

Joe approached him threateningly, and they stood on each side of the door, staring each other up with dead eyes. The smallest move from either side would have precipitated the conflict then. Bela slipped through the other door and came around the house.

"Joe!" she called from in front. He dove through the door, followed by Sam.

"Anyhow he didn't make me go first," thought the latter.

Bela faced them with her most scornful air. "You are foolish! Both of you! Look at those growls. Go home!"

Somewhat sheepishly they went to their respective teams. Bela turned back into the house, as they drove out side by side they looked at each other and Sam laughed suddenly at the other's expression.

"Well, ta-ta, old count," she said, mockingly.

"Bama you!" said Joe, thickly. "Keep away from me! If you tread on my toes you're going to get hurt! I've a hard fist for them I don't like!"

Sam jerked. "Keep your toes out of my path if you don't want them trodden on."

Joe drove off around the bay, and Sam headed for Griet's Point, whistling.

Next morning he awoke smiling at the gun. Some time since yesterday the work was made over. As usual he had Griet's Point to himself. His bed was upon spruce-boughs at the edge of the stony beach. Stripping, he piled up into the lake, and emerged pink and gasping.

After dressing and feeding his horses, upon surveying his own grub-bag—salt pork and cold bannock—he took him about five seconds to decide to breakfast at Bela's. This meant the hard work of loading his wagon on an empty stomach. Unlocking the little warehouse, he set to work with a will.

Three hours later he drove in before the stopping-house, and hitching his team to the tree, left them a little while to rest. The restorer was empty. Other breakfast guests had come and gone.

"Well, I do," he muttered.

She went into the kitchen and started her preparations. Returning, she cleared away the dirty dishes, not, however, before Joe had marked the second cup on the table.

When she put his food before him he said: "Get yourself a cup of coffee and sit down with me." He was really trying to be agreeable, not, however, with much success.

"I got work to do," Bela mildly objected.

He instantly flared up again. "Ah! I thought you treated everybody the same!"

Bela shrugged, and bringing coffee, sat down opposite him.

There was a silence. Joe, merely playing with the food on his plate, watched her with sullen, pained eyes,

trying to solve the riddle of her. One could almost see the simple mental operations. Sam got along with her by jollying her. Very well, he would do the same.

"I ain't such a bad sort when I'm took right," he began, with a ghastly attempt to be facetious.

"No!"

"I like my joke as well as another." "Yes?"

"You're a deep one," he said, with a leer. "But you can't fool me."

"Eat your breakfast," said Bela. "This mysteriousness is a bluff!"

"Maybe."

Lacking encouragement, he couldn't keep this up long. He fell silent again, staring at her hungrily. Suddenly, with a sound between an oath and a groan, he swept the dishes aside. Bela sprang up warily, but he was too quick for her. Flinging an arm across, he seized her wrist.

"By George! I can't stand it any longer!" he cried. "What's behind that smooth face of yours? Ain't you got no heart making a man burn in hell like me?"

"Let go my arm!" said Bela.

"You're mine!" he cried. "You've got to be! I've said it, and I stick to it. If any man tries to come between us I'll kill him!"

"Let go my arm!" she repeated. "Not without a kiss!"

Instantly Bela was galvanized into action. Some men are foredoomed to choose the wrong moment. Joe was hopelessly handicapped by the table between them. He could not use his strength. As he sought to draw her toward him, Bela, with her free hand, dealt him a stinging buffet on the ear.

They fell among the dishes. The coffee scalded him, and he momentarily released his hold. Bela wriggled clear, unharmed. Joe, capsize of his own weight, and slipping off the end of the table, found himself on his back among broken dishes on the floor.

He picked himself up, scarcely improved in temper. Bela had disappeared. He sat down to wait for her, dogged, sheepish, a little inclined to weep out of self-pity.

Even now he would not admit the fact that she might like another man—a small, insignificant man—better than himself. Joe was the kind of man who will not take a refusal.

In a few minutes, getting no sign of her, he got up and looked into the tent kitchen. Old Mary Otter was there, alone, washing dishes with a perfectly bland face.

"Where's Bela?" he demanded, scowling.

"He's gone to company house for see Beattie's wife mak' jam puddin'," answered Mary.

Joe strode out of the door scowling and drove away. His horses suffered for his anger.

CHAPTER XX.

Joe found the usual group of gossamers in the store of the French outfit. Beside the two traders, there were two of the latest arrivals from the outside, a policeman off duty, and young Mattison, of the surveying party, who had ridden in on a message from Griet, and was taking his time about starting back.

Up north it is un fashionable to be in a hurry. Of them all only Stuffy, in his little compartment at the back, was busy. He was totting up his beloved figures.

Joe found them talking about the night before, with references to Sam in no friendly strain. Joe had the wit to conceal from them a part of the rage that was consuming him, though it was not easy to do so. He sat down in the background, and for the most part kept his mouth shut. Anything that anybody could say against Sam was meat and drink to him.

"Blest if I can see what the girl sees in him," said Mahooley. "There ain't no man for her to pick down."

"He's spoiled our fur, damn him!" said another. "The place won't be the same again."

"Who is this fellow, Sam?" asked one of the newcomers.

"A damn ornery little cook who's got his head in a cloud," muttered Joe. "He kept his place till he got a team to drive," said Mattison.

"We kept him in it, you mean."

"What for did you want to give him the team of teaming, Mahooley?" asked Mattison.

"Matter of business," replied the trader carelessly. "He was on the spot."

"Well, you can get plenty more now. Why not fire him?"

Mahooley looked a little embarrassed.

"Business is business," he said. "I don't fancy him myself, but he's working all right."

Joe's perceptions were sharpened by Joe's remarks. Mahooley's hesitation, and began speculating on what reason the trader could have for not wanting to discharge Sam. He averted a glance, casting back in his mind, he began to list a number of little things to be noted.

Once, he remembered, somebody had told Mahooley one of the black horses had gone lame, and Mahooley had replied unthinkingly that it was not his concern. Why had he said that? Was somebody besides Mahooley backing Sam? If he could explode the mystery, maybe it would give him a handle against his rival.

"Well, I shouldn't think you'd let an ex-cook put it all over you," remarked the trader.

"That was too much for Joe's self-control. A dull, bricky flash crept under his skin."

"Put it over nothing!" he growled. "You come over to Bela's to-night if you want to see how I handle a cook!"

"Who is the old guy camped beside Bela's shack?" asked the stranger.

"Mushoo's, a kind of medicine."

Joe's eyes were fixed on the trader. He was trying to solve the riddle of her. One could almost see the simple mental operations. Sam got along with her by jollying her. Very well, he would do the same.

"I ain't such a bad sort when I'm took right," he began, with a ghastly attempt to be facetious.

"No!"

"I like my joke as well as another." "Yes?"

"You're a deep one," he said, with a leer. "But you can't fool me."

"Eat your breakfast," said Bela. "This mysteriousness is a bluff!"

"Maybe."

Lacking encouragement, he couldn't keep this up long. He fell silent again, staring at her hungrily. Suddenly, with a sound between an oath and a groan, he swept the dishes aside. Bela sprang up warily, but he was too quick for her. Flinging an arm across, he seized her wrist.

"By George! I can't stand it any longer!" he cried. "What's behind that smooth face of yours? Ain't you got no heart making a man burn in hell like me?"

"Let go my arm!" said Bela.

"You're mine!" he cried. "You've got to be! I've said it, and I stick to it. If any man tries to come between us I'll kill him!"

"Let go my arm!" she repeated. "Not without a kiss!"

Instantly Bela was galvanized into action. Some men are foredoomed to choose the wrong moment. Joe was hopelessly handicapped by the table between them. He could not use his strength. As he sought to draw her toward him, Bela, with her free hand, dealt him a stinging buffet on the ear.

They fell among the dishes. The coffee scalded him, and he momentarily released his hold. Bela wriggled clear, unharmed. Joe, capsize of his own weight, and slipping off the end of the table, found himself on his back among broken dishes on the floor.

He picked himself up, scarcely improved in temper. Bela had disappeared. He sat down to wait for her, dogged, sheepish, a little inclined to weep out of self-pity.

Even now he would not admit the fact that she might like another man—a small, insignificant man—better than himself. Joe was the kind of man who will not take a refusal.

In a few minutes, getting no sign of her, he got up and looked into the tent kitchen. Old Mary Otter was there, alone, washing dishes with a perfectly bland face.

"Where's Bela?" he demanded, scowling.

"He's gone to company house for see Beattie's wife mak' jam puddin'," answered Mary.

Joe strode out of the door scowling and drove away. His horses suffered for his anger.

CHAPTER XX.

Joe found the usual group of gossamers in the store of the French outfit. Beside the two traders, there were two of the latest arrivals from the outside, a policeman off duty, and young Mattison, of the surveying party, who had ridden in on a message from Griet, and was taking his time about starting back.

Up north it is un fashionable to be in a hurry. Of them all only Stuffy, in his little compartment at the back, was busy. He was totting up his beloved figures.

Joe found them talking about the night before, with references to Sam in no friendly strain. Joe had the wit to conceal from them a part of the rage that was consuming him, though it was not easy to do so. He sat down in the background, and for the most part kept his mouth shut. Anything that anybody could say against Sam was meat and drink to him.

"Blest if I can see what the girl sees in him," said Mahooley. "There ain't no man for her to pick down."

"He's spoiled our fur, damn him!" said another. "The place won't be the same again."

"Who is this fellow, Sam?" asked one of the newcomers.

"A damn ornery little cook who's got his head in a cloud," muttered Joe. "He kept his place till he got a team to drive," said Mattison.

"We kept him in it, you mean."

"What for did you want to give him the team of teaming, Mahooley?" asked Mattison.

"Matter of business," replied the trader carelessly. "He was on the spot."

"Well, you can get plenty more now. Why not fire him?"

Mahooley looked a little embarrassed.

"Business is business," he said. "I don't fancy him myself, but he's working all right."

Joe's perceptions were sharpened by Joe's remarks. Mahooley's hesitation, and began speculating on what reason the trader could have for not wanting to discharge Sam. He averted a glance, casting back in his mind, he began to list a number of little things to be noted.

Once, he remembered, somebody had told Mahooley one of the black horses had gone lame, and Mahooley had replied unthinkingly that it was not his concern. Why had he said that? Was somebody besides Mahooley backing Sam? If he could explode the mystery, maybe it would give him a handle against his rival.

"Well, I shouldn't think you'd let an ex-cook put it all over you," remarked the trader.

"That was too much for Joe's self-control. A dull, bricky flash crept under his skin."

"Put it over nothing!" he growled. "You come over to Bela's to-night if you want to see how I handle a cook!"

"Who is the old guy camped beside Bela's shack?" asked the stranger.

## SICK WOMAN HAD CRYING SPELLS

### Restored to Health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Enhart, Pa.—"I was all run down and weak inwardly. I had female troubles and nervous feelings and my head bothered me. I would often have crying spells and feel as if I was not safe. If I heard anyone coming I would run and lock the door so they would not see me. I tried several doctors and they did not help me so I said to my mother 'I guess I will have to die as there is no help for me.' She got me one of your little books and my husband said I should try one bottle. I stopped the doctor's medicine and took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It soon made a change in me and now I am strong and do all my work."—Mrs. AUGUSTUS BARTONMAN, Box 88, Enhart, Pa.

Why will women continue to suffer day in and day out and drag out a sickly, half-hearted existence, missing three-fourths of the joy of living, when they can find health in Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound? If you would like free confidential advice address Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

man of her tribe," answered Mahooley. "He has a white man's face."

"Who was he?" Joe asked.

Mahooley shrugged. "Search me! Long before my time."

"If old Mushoo's is no relation, what does he hang around for?" asked the first questioner.

"Oh, he's always kind of looked after her," said Mahooley. "The other Indians hate her. They think she's too uppish."

She feeds him. I guess that's the reason enough for him to stick around," remarked Mattison.

Here Stuffy spoke up from his cubbyhole. "Hell! Mushoo's don't need anybody to feed him. He's well fixed. Got a first-class credit balance."

Joe, ever on the watch, saw Mahooley turn his head abruptly and eowl at his partner. Stuffy closed his mouth suddenly. Joe, possessed by a single idea, jumped to the conclusion that Mushoo's had something to do with the mystery he was on the track of. Anyhow, he determined to find out.

"A good balance?" he asked carelessly.

"I mean for an Indian," returned Stuffy quickly. "Nothing to speak of. Joe was unconvinced. He bided his time.

The talk drifted on to other matters. Joe sat thrashing his brain for an expedient whereby he might get a sight of Mushoo's account on Stuffy's ledger.

By and by a breed came in with the news that a yolk boat was visible, approaching Griet's Point. This provided a welcome diversion for the company. A discussion arose as to whether it would be Stuffy and Mahooley's first boat of the season, or additional supplies for Griet. Finally they decided to ride down to the Point and see.

"Come on, Joe," said one.

"Joe assumed an air of laziness. "What's the use?" he said. "I'll stay here and talk to Stuffy."

When they had gone Joe still sat eudgling his brain. He was not ferreting in experiments. He was afraid to speak even indirectly of the matter on the breast for fear of alarming Stuffy by betraying too much eagerness. Finally an idea occurred to him.

"I say, Stuffy, how does my account stand?"

The trader told him his balance.

"What?" cried Joe, affecting indignation. "I know it's more than that. You've made a mistake somewhere."

This touched Stuffy at his weakest. "I never make a mistake!" he returned with heat. "You fellows go along ordering stuff, and expect your balance to stay the same, like the widow's eruse. Come and look for yourself!"

This was what Joe desired. He slouched over, grumbling. Stuffy explained over the debit were on one side, the credits on the other. Each customer had a page to himself. Joe observed that before turning up his account, Stuffy had consulted an index in a separate folder.

(To be continued.)

### MAKES CORNS LIFT WITHOUT ANY PAIN

Takes the sting right out—cleans 'em right off without pain. Thousands say it's the surest thing to rid the feet of calluses, sore foot lumps or corns. Don't suffer—that's foolish—buy a 25 cent bottle of Putnam's Painless Corn and "Art Extractor"; it does the trick quick, and is invariably satisfactory. Sold by druggists everywhere.

### A Quaint Old English Custom.

Of the many forces of wedding ring which have been in use in various countries since marriage was made a solemn ceremony, perhaps there is none so curious as the old Gimmel ring. This was in use in our country in early times and did duty for both engagement and wedding ring. The curious part about it was the fact that it was made in three parts hinged together. On a man and a woman becoming betrothed, the three parts of the ring were separated, one being worn by the man, one by the woman, and the third given into the keeping of a mutual friend, who acted as a sort of guardian or umpire to the happy pair. At the wedding itself the three parts of the ring were reassembled and put together again to form one triple ring for the bride—Exchange.

Man cannot add to his stature by standing on ceremony.

### Odd and Interesting Facts.

In the city of Kerman, Persia there are 1,000 rug and carpet looms.

China contains more American missionaries than American business men.

The shawl of Kerman (whence our word "shawl"), is either woven from the down of the goat or from wool.

Two ovens of the usual kind and a third on the fireless cooker principle feature a new gas range.

Its mission at last ended, the Society for the Suppression of the Indian-Chinese Opium Trade, which was founded in 1874, held its last meeting in London recently.

The Puget Sound division of the Northern Pacific railroad has adopted the policy of employing women instead of men wherever women are able to do the work required.

A student of Dubuque college, who spent last summer doing home missionary work, earns his way through college by serving the members of the college community as a barber.

Since the beginning of the war, Canada has provided 414,402 volunteers for active military duty, and, in addition, has sent 21,250 British sergeants and 6,000 men for the aerial and naval services.

When fish of the deep sea chase their prey or rise for some reason high above the ocean bed, the gases of their swimming bladder expand and they become light.

### May Be the Oldest Book.

In an ancient Samaritan synagogue at Shechem a double roll of parchment is guarded jealously and is zealously preserved. It was the first visit to Canaan when Abraham came in his first year. Near Shechem, Jacob sank his famous well, and the Samaritan tradition here is that for the last time the voice of Joshua. Shechem was the first residence of the king of Israel and was a city of refuge. Here at Jacob's well Jesus met the woman of Samaria. Here the great Justin Martyr was born. After the division of Israel into two kingdoms Shechem became the religious center of the northern kingdom. The Samaritan self-appointed faith degenerated into the Samaritan worship of our Lord's day which is perpetuated in the old synagogue which holds the scroll. This double roll of parchment, possibly the oldest in the world, contains the first five books of the Old Testament and may be as old as the days of Jeremiah.—"Christian Herald."

### Spanking Doesn't Cure!

Don't think children can be cured of bad habits by spanking them. The FREE treatment, with full instructions, if your children trouble you in this way, send me money, but write me to-day. My treatment is highly recommended to all parents who have any difficulties by day or night. Address:

Mrs. M. Summers.  
BOX 8 WINDSOR, Ontario.

### GREAT ADVANCE OF AIR CAMERA

### Three Years of War Has Done Wonders.

### Pilots Do Fine Work for the Allies.

Of all the many weapons used in this war that strike the public mind as novelties—the submarine, tanks, hand-bombing, airplanes, flame-throwing, poison gases—there is really not one so unique, so powerful and yet so little commented upon as the use of the camera by the flying men. Three years ago the British had made no provision for aerial photography. Casual experiments with the camera before the war were abandoned as valueless. To-day never a battle and scarcely a day is undertaken without an elaborate photography of the enemy's defenses. Before the battle of Cambrai aeroplanes soared above and behind the enemy's lines for days taking thousands of maps, pictures of the territory to be under attack.

It is no exaggeration to say that rapidly as the aeroplane has developed under the exigencies of war, the camera and the photographic laboratory have kept pace with it. The number of trained experts now engaged in this branch of the British service alone runs into four figures. So progressive and efficient has this organization become that an observer moving over the enemy lines in an aeroplane has been known to return to headquarters, have a print taken showing troops lining a trench, and bring shell fire to bear on the enemy's concentration within eighteen minutes from the taking of the photograph.

Thus the camera, allied with the aeroplane, has become one of the most powerful weapons now used in the war. It is a dependable, infallible indicator of all enemy movements. Under the microscope the photograph reveals details that even the trained eye of an observer might never penetrate. And it makes a permanent record, which may be studied any time at leisure and in a place of safety. No detail escapes notice. It picks out items often of great significance which the human eye can detect—reports every change in the landscape made by enemy engineers of camouflage devices.

It is in attempting to pry into enemy secrets that the aviator often meets his greatest thrill. Pieces of enemy military construction that arouse the suspicions of the intelli-

### A DISLIKE FOR FOOD

### VICTIMS OF INDIGESTION OFTEN DISLIKE THE SIGHT AND SMELL OF FOOD.

Every healthy man and woman should have a natural desire for food at meal times. This means that the digestion is in working order and that the blood is in good condition. But if you feel a dislike for food—if the sight and smell of wholesome food repels you—then you may be sure that all is not well. If after a night's rest you have no appetite for breakfast, your digestion requires attention. If your food is distasteful, or if you feel that it is a trouble to eat, your stomach is rebelling. You do not digest properly the food you are taking and therefore not hungry.

All these symptoms of a disordered digestion mean that the blood is not absorbing proper nourishment from food, for the work of the blood is to collect proper nourishment from food and impart it to the system. The stomach tries to refuse food, the nutrient from which the blood cannot absorb, and this causes the lack of appetite. If you force yourself to eat the undigested food becomes a clog to the system. Nature is warning you. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills allow give the blood the richness and purity that it requires to perform its natural function. That is why Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure the most obstinate cases of indigestion. They will cure any trouble due to poor blood. Miss Lizzie Ashton, "Thamesville, Ont.," says: "I suffered for years with stomach trouble. At times the distress was so great that vomiting would follow, and there was always severe pain after eating. I tried several remedies, but they did not help me. On the contrary the trouble was growing worse and I got so bad at last that I could not keep anything on my stomach. Finally I began using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and gradually the trouble began to leave me, and I regained in all respects my customary good health and enjoyment of food. I make this statement voluntarily so that others may know of the wonderful results that follow the use of this medicine."

You can get these pills through any medicine dealer or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

ge officer must be photographed. If the construction is of any importance the Hun will have a nest of anti-aircraft guns planted and battle-planes held in readiness to drive away any British machines. Naturally it takes nerve for an aviator to go out on such a mission. But it has become a point of honor with squadrons of the Royal Flying Corps to get every photograph they are ordered to get. Upon a single photograph may depend the success of a whole operation involving weeks of planning and hundreds of lives.

To be successful in this work an aviator must, of course, have courage. But he must have more. He must be sufficient in map reading. He must be familiar with many tricks and tactics of flying. He must have confidence in his ability to handle his machine gun no less than his skill in using the camera. So when a cadet is being trained in the Royal Flying Corps his training covers many duties and is full of fascinating interest from day to day. No aviator goes to France without knowing all the tricks of the game that three years of close-packed experience have taught.

### ARTICLES WANTED FOR CASH

Old Jewellery, Plate, Silver, Curls, Miniatures, Pictures, Needlework, Lace, Old China, Cut Glass, Ornaments, Watches, Rings, Table Ware.

Write or send by Express to:  
B. M. & F. JENKINS, LIMITED  
23 and 25 College Street Toronto, Ont.

### Best Time for Black Bass.

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

### TEACH THE CHILDREN:

That it does not take long to be careful. That fire and matches are not playthings. That rusty nails in old boards may cause blood-poisoning. That swimming in unknown waters is dangerous. That they should Stop, Look and Listen before crossing any roadway. That the roadway is an unsafe playground. That fallen or hanging wires may be "live" wires. That they should never get on or off a moving street-car. That bicycles should not be ridden on busy streets.

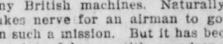
### CHARITY.

(Washington Star.)

"The kind of charity that begins at home," said Uncle Eben, "mostly ain't got no home."

Silliness—Do you believe in long engagements? Cynthia—Sure. The longer a man is engaged, the less time he has to be married.

### DRS. SOPER & WHITE



SPECIALISTS

Piles, Cancer, Asthma, Catarrh, Pimples, Ovarian, Eclampsy, Rheumatism, Skin, Kidney, Blood, Nerve and Bladder Diseases.

Call or send history for free advice. Medicine furnished in tablet form. 10 am to 12 p.m. and 7 to 8 p.m. Sundays—10 a.m. to 1 p.m.

Consultation Free

DRS. SOPER & WHITE  
115 Toronto St., Toronto, Ont.

Please Mention This Paper.

## PILES

You will find relief in Zam-Buk! It cures the burning, stinging pain, stops bleeding and brings ease. Perseverance, with Zam-Buk, means cure. Why not prove this? All Druggists and Storck's 60c box.

### ZAM-BUK

## A Quick Relief for Headache

A headache is frequently caused by badly digested food, the gases and acids resulting therefrom are absorbed by the blood which in turn irritates the nerves and causes painful symptoms called headache, neuralgia, rheumatism, etc. 15 to 20 drops of Mother Selig's will correct faulty digestion and afford relief.