

THE ENSIGN REMEDIES

There is sufficient to build a body is sufficient to keep it in good health.

Ensign Remedies contain the best of what and by which the body was constructed. They cure and cure any disease.

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CEETEE UNSHRINKABLE UNDERWEAR

Great Britain supplies her soldiers with the anti-cholera woolen belt.

The Ceete Woolen belt is a positive preventative for Lumbago, Dysentery, La Grippe and Rheumatism, as well as Cholera, particularly good for weak back. Thousands have proven the truth of this claim.

Ceete underwear is made in all styles for men, women and children and fashioned to fit the body—no rough seams.

Your Dealer will replace any Ceete Garment that shrinks.

Made at Galt, Canada, by

The C. TURNBULL CO., Limited

and sold by all reliable dealers.

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THE BIT OF RED

By HONORE WILLISIE

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Bruce sat alone at the head of the herd trying to remember and to forget, trying to remember her voice, her face, her vivid beauty; trying to get the words that cut short his course as a newspaper man and sent him out on the ranch. Was it, after all, only a year since she refused him? Could he never again close his eyes without seeing the red of her gown? It seemed half a lifetime that he had been gnawing these beads, rounding up stragglers, keeping watch lest the herd stampede for the river. Day after day of burning sun and night after night of stars the loneliness of the plain oppressed him; the cattle irritated him with their stupid docility. The hot noon sun blistered down on their brown backs. The black flies buzzed above them and their—

The broncho raised his head suddenly. It was so unusual for Dick to show signs of life during the noon hour that the man was startled from his reverie. A subtle disturbing wave seemed to sweep through the herd. Here and there a head was tossed, and dilated nostrils sniffed the summer air. The man, vaguely disturbed, looked toward the rear of the herd. Far out on the plain was a buckboard with bit of red fluttering in it. "Good Lord," he said aloud, "one of the herd beasts has caught sight of that! It's hold tight now or the devil to pay!"

His year on the plain had taught him that the cattle herd was more sensitive to panic than even the human throng. A sudden movement, a strange filter of sound or color, and far down in the grazing herd comes a sudden closing of ranks, a slow moving forward of a constantly augmented mass that, with quick increase of speed, sweeps on, until a thousand panic-stricken steers stampede across the plain.

A Bruce sat rigid upon his broncho at the head of the herd. Alone, he knew it was hopeless to attempt to make the herd "circle," the one sure remedy for a stampede. Even the slightest movement on his part might precipitate matters, while absolute quiet might prevent the breaking of the storm which was slowly brewing.

A half mile out on the plain the buckboard and the fluttering bit of red drew nearer. More heads were tossed in the air. On the outskirts of the herd nearest the coming buckboard here and there a steer ceased grazing and moved hesitatingly toward the center. Involuntarily heads were lifted to see what the movement meant. Those that spied the fluttering bit followed quickly to the center. Those that failed to see the cause felt the vague wave of terror and with short snorts of fear sought to move close to their fellows.

In rapid succession the animals were struck by the panic wave. With brain clear and tense, as full realization of his danger came upon him, Bruce held in his restless pony and thought rapidly. Facing him was the herd. Behind him, three miles out across the plain, was the river. If the stampede came, the maddest cattle would plunge headlong over the banks, those in front forced on by the unceasing ones in the rear, or whether the leaders could turn all at right angles and follow the river bank.

For one moment Bruce thought of trying to turn the stampede and by a right-about-bow back, away from the river, but danger to the nearest river, but now so close that he could see it contained the figures of a man and a woman, precluded that plan. Then all power of controlling affairs was taken from him, for Dick, suddenly attacked by the fear contagion, gave a pitiful whining of terror and with the bit between his teeth, bolted toward the river. The sudden sound and movement were all that was needed, and in the next instant Dick's hoof beats were drowned in the roar of hoofs in mad flight about him.

Bruce, with knees that gripped the saddle like iron, gave one glance behind him. He was riding among the leaders, but the heavy hurrying ranks behind them threatened at any moment to ride them down. If he could make an opening Dick had three miles in which to pull away from them, and the roar of the maddened beasts, their wild snorts, and the occasional shriek of one of their number, who fell and was instantly trampled to death, made spur or whip or word unneeded for the broncho. Trembling with head thrust far forward and nostrils distended, he sped on with all the speed the beasts crowded about him would permit.

Could they turn at the river? If not, Bruce knew that death for him was a matter of a few moments. And suddenly life seemed very sweet to him. Even life without her seemed suddenly bearable. The scent of the linen buds, the red of the gown she wore, how vivid and how lovely even the memory was! And was this all that life was to hold for him—a few years of hope deferred and early destroyed, then a few memories, and then death? And what a death—trampled, mangled, made into a thing unspeakable by those trampling hoofs. Ah, the pity of it, he thought, to have no taste of happiness!

He clinched the reins tighter. No, he would not die. Somehow he meant to live. For a moment he, too, was panic-stricken. "Pick, Dick!" he growled. "Can't you go faster? Pull away from them, old boy! There is no one to care much what happens to us, but we want to live anyway!"

Again he looked back. Slowly the

herd was gaining on the leaders. The forward ranks were more and more massed. Worse than the roar and screech of a hundred locomotives was the din about him. He could see the break in the level stretch of prairie that marked the river banks. Nearer and nearer it came, and closer about the quivering broncho pressed the snorting cattle. Now Bruce could see the rocks on the opposite bank, now he caught a glimpse of the brown water, and then—a sudden stumble, a mad roar, and horse and rider went down together.

For years and years he seemed to have been falling. Sometimes he caught sight of her, and always her lips moved, but he could hear no word or sound. Sometimes he ventured to ask her what she said, but his questions were never answered. He was absolutely irrelevant, and he cursed himself for a fool, and gradually the search was becoming painful. Strange aches and miseries racked his body. The glimpses of her face became less and less frequent. Suddenly he opened his eyes to rest them. The walls of his little ranch bedroom seemed familiar enough, but what were these agonies that wrung and wrenched him? Then memory came. Ah, yes—the stampede and the fall. He closed his eyes again and feebly pondered over his rescue. Then a soft rustle and a little murmur near the foot of the bed made him open his eyes once more. It was she! The red gown, the vivid face, the soft parting of her hair, all the same. If this were delirium, he thought, why, let delirium go on to the end of the chapter, and just for luck he would speak to her once more, just to see if she would faint away, as usual.

"It's a nice day," he remarked in a strangely small voice.

"Oh, Allen, Allen, do you really know me?" And with a rush of skirts she was on her knees beside the bed.

Know her! Could he recognize his own consciousness?

"How did you know?" she asked.

"I didn't know. Did the cattle get me?"

The girl shuddered and moved closer. "No; the pony fell close to the river's edge, his body shielded yours from the herd, and the cattle used him for a diving board and went up and down the river. They hurt him, but the poor broncho, but yet got you into the buckboard and back to the ranch somehow."

Bruce turned a bewildered face toward her, and in response the girl went on:

"Uncle John and I are touring the west, and I wanted to say hello to you. Cousin Frank told me you were here. Then came the stampede."

Her voice trailed into silence. Bruce put up a feeble hand and pressed her soft cheek close to his own. This, then, was the reason for it all—the lonely vigils, the long hours, the constant desire and the endless misery of loneliness.

"Alice," he said gently, "is it to be yes now?"

The girl caught her breath. Her only answer was to leave her cheek close to his.

And Bruce, nestling closer, closed his eyes and fell asleep.

Love and Laundering.

The Korean mother, anxious to assure her daughter's successful marriage, makes certain that the young woman becomes a good housewife, and ability in this direction counts for more than beauty with the Korean swain. He does not even demand that his wife shall be more than a fairly good cook, but she must be able to keep fresh and spotless the linen garments which every young girl must, in peasant, wear. In spite of the fact that every article of wearing apparel is of white linen, not even the humble fatiron has made its appearance in Korea, and the attempts to introduce such occidental fads as washing machines and wringers, and such like, with marked disfavor. The laundry work is done in the same manner as it was centuries ago, and the first recommendation to a young man's favor is ability as a laundress.

Living Barometers.

Among the best of the living barometers are snails, which do not drink in the ordinary sense of the term, but absorb moisture during the wet weather directly through the skin and exude it afterward. As they are anxious not to let moisture evaporate too quickly, thus creating a very high humidity, which cannot be conveniently satisfied, they keep during dry weather in strict seclusion, moving abroad only during or just before rain. Immediately before downfalls they may be seen climbing the trunks of trees and busily getting in among the leaves. Gnats assemble in clouds under trees, where the horses grow restless. Swarms, where they are plentiful, may be seen flying against the wind. Spiders crowd on the walls, toads come out of their holes, and pigeons may be seen going to the dovecots earlier than usual.

A Cigar That Saved a Life.

M. Guizot, the great French historian, once owed his life to his cigar. Walking in one of the Paris gardens, he noticed that he was being followed by a shabbily dressed man. M. Guizot calmly sat down on a bench, upon which his unwelcome follower also seated himself, watching him all the time with an uncomfortably threatening air. The historian, however, was not troubled, but took a cigar from his pocket and quietly lighted it. As he did this the stranger rose and, muttering that he had been mistaken, added, "That scoundrel! I seek does not smoke." Some days later the man was arrested for a murderous assault upon a public official against whom he had a grudge and for whom he had mistaken M. Guizot, whose cigar was thus a veritable life preserver.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

Genuine

Carter's

Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of

Dr. J. C. Carter

See Fac-simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and as easy to take as sugar.

FOR HEADACHE, FOR DIZZINESS, FOR BILIOUSNESS, FOR TORPID LIVER, FOR CONSTIPATION, FOR SALLOW SKIN, FOR THE COMPLEXION.

CURE SICK HEADACHE.

MICHIGAN GETS PLANT.

Unless Soft Coal Duties Are Removed Says Lake Superior Corporation.

Sault Ste. Marie, Dec. 22.—The Tariff Commission held an all-afternoon sitting here yesterday. The most important matter related to the duty on soft coal.

Representatives of the Lake Superior Corporation, supported by the Board of Trade, asked that the duty on soft coal used for coking purposes be removed so that the company could build a plant and manufacture its own coke here.

It now is brought from Lake Superior and Virginia. The company will build on the American side of the river if the duty is not removed.

A deputization representing the Farmers' Institute asked that the duty on hay be increased from \$2 to \$4.

Representatives of Bruce mines and Soo manufacturing companies asked that the duty on veneer, which is one of the articles they manufacture, be raised to 20 per cent.

FUND FOR NEEDY TEACHERS.

Carnegie Supplements Ten Million Foundation With Five Millions.

New York, Dec. 22.—It was announced from Boston yesterday, says The Herald, that the "Carnegie Foundation," a sum of \$10,000,000 given by Andrew Carnegie to provide relief for needy teachers and professors in universities, colleges and technical schools in the United States, Canada and Newfoundland, is to be forthwith increased by the addition of \$5,000,000. At the same time the restrictions which prohibited aid from being extended to members of the faculties of sectarian and state-subsidized institutions, are to be removed, the statement declares.

It is further declared that Mr. Carnegie has announced his willingness to add still another large sum to the "Foundation" should the managers deem such a move essential to its success.

Will Cure You First Then You Pay Him

The physician, who has not sufficient confidence in his own ability to cure his patient first and receive his fee afterward, is not a physician at all.

Dr. J. C. Carter's Little Liver Pills are a sure cure for all the above ailments. They are a sure cure for all the above ailments. They are a sure cure for all the above ailments.

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