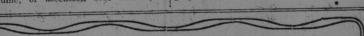
MC2289

POOR DOCUMENT





the moisture.

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people, is represented in

bout it began once again to ass

bunches, like bare poles thrust into mud its undergrowth was gone. Rocks and sand lay knee-deep upon the trunks of every growing thing. Down through the centre was a cleared path fully a rod in width. Many of the oak-shrubs had disappeared entirely. There was no more grass, dry or otherwise, with which to replenish a bed. Not a spear or leaf of greenery remained, save for the clumps of evergreen trees and manzanita. Tortunately for Ghent the roof of earth he had made for his shelter had only been partly washed away in the deluge. His house did not leak; his grass bed was dry and almost comfortable. He threw a new

Cronk; vase, Mr. and Mrs. Hoyt, vases, Mrs. Benjamin White; bed spr sister of bride; tablecloth, Walter I erts and family; dinner and tea Louise and Bennie White, and others.

The young couple will reside in their own home, which Mr. White has well equipped. They have the good wishes of all the community.

"Bronchitis"

is generally the result of a cold caused by exposure to wet and inclement weather and may be recognized by a tightness across the chest, sharp pains and a difficulty in breathing, a secretion of thick phlegm, at first white, but later of a greenish or yellowish color coming from the bronchial tubes when cou pecially the first thing in the m Cure the first symptoms of bronchitis by the use of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine

Miss Martha Bour get, Little Pabos, Que writes: "Last sprin Bronchitis Cured.

all the time. I consulted t and both told me I had bro and both told me I had bronchitis, and advised me to give up teaching. I tried almost everything but none of the medi-cines gave me any relief. One of my friends advised me to try Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. I had scarcely taken the first bottle when I began to get better and when I had taken the fourth bottle I felt as well as ever, my cough had left me and I could sleep well."

"Dr. Wood's" is the original Norway, Pine Syrup. It is put up in a yellow, wrapper, three pine trees the trade mark and the price 25 cents. Manufactured only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Oat.



theradiy crumbled beneath the weight and flow of the torrents. Boulders were sluiced from the mothering earth and cast far below to the plains. The canons roared with augry cataracts, tawny and foaming. Sand rivets hastened to escape the mighty on slaught. Down through the narrow oasis a tor rent plunged, as if some great reservoir above had given way. Trees were swept from their root-holds, rock-masses came toppling down there, like castles disrupted in a tidal wave. The roar of the heavy, yellow rapids seemed to fill all empty space. And the rain that descended in great, irregular splotches fairly beat down the water wolves that leaped on the bosom of the flood.

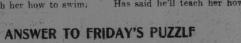
wolves that leaped on the boson of the flood. The rock-and-earth shelter constructed by Judith and Ghent above the spring was swept away like a structure of nursery blocks. The wall of the cul-de-sac went like a windrow of hay. Ten thousand tons of gravel flowed like mush down the gorge, spreading deep over spring, trees, and all. As if wave and boulders, floods and swirling debris, had been units in an army, fanatically charging down the hill to overwhelm an enemy, the whole thing had come and gone in half an hour, leav-ing ruin and ugliness behind. Judith and Ghent had been safe above the highest eager lapping of the torrent, but for two days that followed they could not discover where the spring had been, till at length its belated waters, forcing a passage through the masses on masses of sand that lay upon them, issued forth as before and trickled down upon their way. The pick had been once more buried in the carth, and Ghent was aware that in some past outburst of nature's might the dug-out spring and the miner's implement had been entombed before. He scooped out a hole where the clear, cold liquid bubbled to the surface, and the gravel all about it began once again to assume its dry apnearance.

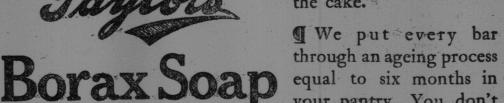
dry appearance. The oasis itself was a desolate sight to behold. What the heat and sirocco had not achieved to render it utterly ugly and forlorn had been accomplished by the flood. Its willows and alders protruded flood. Its willows and alders in straggling above the sand and ooze in straggling punches, like bare poles thrust into mud.

John Taylor & Co.



This winter, though, she smiles in glee, For now she knows he'll tempt his fate. The cards will soon be out, for he Has said he'll teach her how to skate





30 Tons Pressure on a Bar of Soap

I Every bar of Taylor's Borax Soap is put through the soap which carries away all

When you buy Taylor's you get all soap -- single cake. The labor of more than 200

long and mix in the borax. While boiling longer. The borax softens the water which we run thousands of gallons of clean water also reduces the amount of soap by almost half that ordinarily required.

I Twenty-one days are required to make a

the cake."

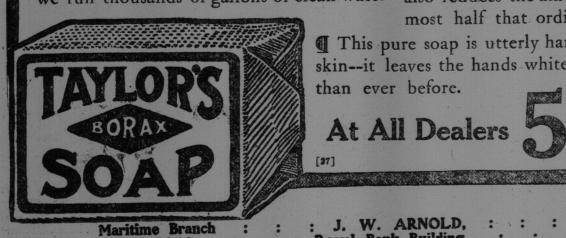
I This pure soap is utterly harmless to the skin--it leaves the hands whiter and softer

than ever before. At All Dealers

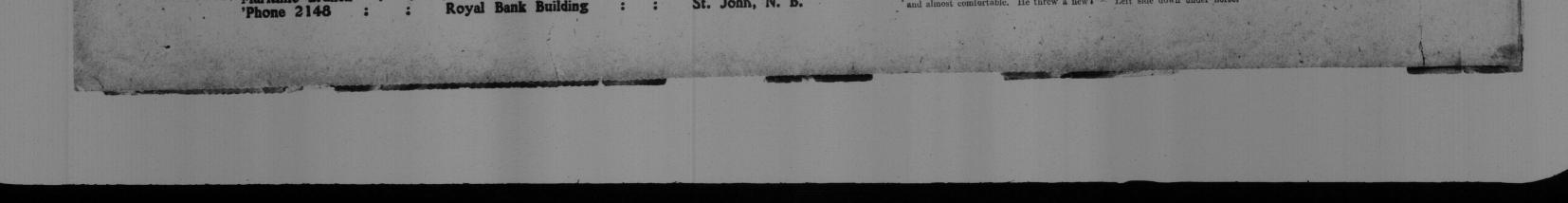
not a large percentage of water. It makes a saving of half in your soap expense. I There's a big difference between "just soap"

under a pressure of thirty tons to drive out impurities.

and Taylor's Soap. I We use only the purest cocoanut oil from have to age this soap. the Isle of Ceylon. Then we boil it doubly I The bar is hard and firm. It wears much



equal to six months in your pantry. You don't



Representative,

Made by

Limited

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