

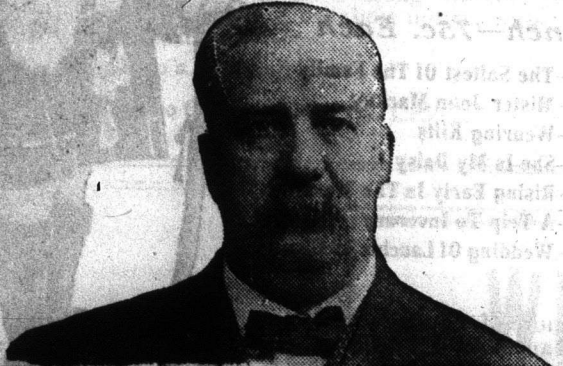
When ordering supplies for a camping party or your summer home, remember that

CHASE & SANBORN'S
"SEAL BRAND" COFFEE

comes in 1 and 2 pound tins, which retains all the delicious flavor and aroma of the freshly ground coffee. It is never sold in bulk.



Hon. R. P. Roblin Premier of Manitoba



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SODAS

Is it not sure that Soda Biscuits made and packed and shipped as Foley's are, will be the most satisfying for you to use?

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Made in the Best Equipped Factory in Canada "A Western Factory," and always shipped the same day made—never from Old Stock.

Shipped in specially prepared, moisture, air and dust-proof cartons. They are the sweetest, flavored, freshest, crispest, most satisfying Soda Biscuit sold.

realize why Foley's Sodas have sweeter flavor and crisper freshness than other sodas.

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bright, fresh and pretty—could be made from that faded dress you're tired of—by washing and dyeing it all at one operation with



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It's a dye in soap form, that cleans as well as colors. Gives even, lustrous shades—fadeless in sun and suds. No streaks—No stains on hands or kettles—no trouble to use.

Freshen up your dresses—blouses—curtains—ribbons—cushions—gloves with Maypole Soap Dye. 24 colors to select from. Colors 10c, Black 15c, at all dealers, or postpaid with free Booklet on "How to Dye" from

Frank L. Benedict & Co.

Montreal

with its knife-sharp claws. It missed my face by the merest fraction of an inch and ripped my sleeve from shoulder to cuff.

"Startled, I jumped backward, caught my heel in the ground-hemlock and pitched sideways, striking my right hand squarely upon the pan of the other trap as I fell.

"It was a case of the trapper trapped with a vengeance.

"The panther continued to menace me as I lay, and I hastily scrambled as far away as the trap would allow to escape his claws.

"My gun was out of reach and strain as I could it lay a full foot beyond my finger-tips.

"The trap bit deeper and the pain became unbearable. My hand below the jaws of the trap became rapidly black with congested blood; every pulse beat brought the keenest agony and I screamed and groaned at the torture, while the big cat kept up an angry spitting and snarling which did not the least help matters.

"My position was desperate. Fully two miles from camp; in a region not frequented by hunters and trappers, and with not the slightest probability that any one would consider my absence alarming for at least two or three days, I realized that I must depend upon my own resources for escape.

"There was the gambrel stick by which the deer had been hung. If I could get that I could draw my gun to me and be safe, at least from the panther.

"There was not another stick of any kind large enough for the purpose within reach. I must try to get it.

"Every time I worked cautiously up to where the deer lay the cat would leap upon the log and drive me back. Clearly that was hopeless.

"The weary, torturing hours dragged on, and I began to thirst. Once the idea took possession of me it was overmastering. Between pain, thirst, fright and hunger I lost control of myself and in a frenzy bit and clawed at the trap like an animal.

"Utterly exhausted I lay back at last and gave up the struggle, realizing that it was useless.

"A raven settled quietly in a nearby tree. He was followed a few moments later by another and another. I could see one of the hateful birds circling far up in the air, and from time to time his shrill, almost cat-like calls came down to me as he summoned his friends to the impending feast.

"The sight brought me to my senses and I sat up, to the evident discomfiture of the birds.

"Blood oozed from my wrist. My arm was swollen to twice its natural size, and every heart beat sent red-hot needles of pain searing through my brain. I realized once and for all the cruelty of trapping. Within a half dozen feet of me lay another thing that suffered as I did and I pitied it from the bottom of my heart.

"As though it knew me for the author of its suffering the panther leapt to the limit of its chain and clawed at me. Its trap was fastened to a clog which had caught behind a bush and under an old root, and I feared that each rush would drag it loose and leave me at the mercy of the half-crazed brute.

"My own trap was fastened to the root of a tree and the ring was in easy reach of the panther.

"The early November twilight began to set in a little after four o'clock, and as the sun went down I gave up in despair. I must spend the night in the trap and the morrow promised nothing but still greater torture, until help, or the end, came.

"I dozed off into a delirious stupor and dreamed that I was under a pile of raging, snarling cats which were eating me alive. Then my brain cleared and I realized that it was not all a dream.

"There had been one panther before. Now there were three, and one of the two which had arrived during my stupor was plainly the monster which I had shot at three days be-

fore, for a bloody welt across the scalp showed where the bullet had plowed its way.

"Menacingly the two shunk about almost within reach, pausing now and again to scream as only an angry panther can. I knew only too well that they would attack me after the darkness had fallen.

"They realized as well as I that I was helpless.

"All the stories which I had heard of the timidity and cowardice of these big cats came trooping to my mind and brought scant comfort. Evidently these were not of the timid breed.

"I had lost my knife, but as I searched my pockets for some weapon of defence I found a little bottle of dry matches and they gave me an idea.

"Perhaps I could frighten them away with fire.

I pulled the cork with my teeth, lighted one of the matches and flung it toward the nearest cat. The panther retreated a few feet, but showed no inclination to leave me.

"Each time one of the pair came near me I lighted and threw one of the matches at him, but they were invariably extinguished in mid-air and only kept them back for a moment or two.

"After a few moments of this there were only two matches left and the trapped beast was caterwauling in a way that drove the others wild with frenzy.

"Something must be done. I gathered all the dry leaves and twigs within reach and made a little fire. Perhaps it would save me from attack.

"It was almost dark now and the cats were bolder. The larger one crouched menacingly and seemed to be about to spring upon me.

"Probably she would not have done so while the fire remained, but I was helpless and in agony and my nerve was completely gone.

"I was panic stricken.

"With a full-throated scream that raised every hair on my head she crept a trifle nearer. I was sure that the moment had come and with a groan of terror scattered my little fire toward her.

"As she leaped aside out of the way three tiny blazes caught in the dry leaves and for a moment or two I watched them spread with relief. Then a puff of wind fanned them into a fiercer, and for the first time I realized my peril. The whole forest was as dry as tinder, and once well started no human agency could prevent a forest fire which would inevitably snuff out my lights in a swirl of flame.

"The cats, all but the trapped one, had retreated to the swamp now, and my companion in misery had dragged his trap as far from the fire as the chain would allow, and lay snarling at the blaze.

"Here was my opportunity.

"I wormed my way closer to the deer, seized the gambrel stick and wrenched it loose, and rolled over until I was within reach of my rifle.

"With the point of the stick caught in the trigger guard I pulled it carefully toward me until I could reach it with my free hand.

"One shot shattered the joint of the jaws and the trap fell apart.

"With my coat I beat out the flames before they were beyond control, then I picked up my gun and turned to the captive in the trap.

"I walked as close as I dared, rested my gun across the log, and by the light from the blazing stump which I had left, took deliberate aim and fired.

"But not at the panther.

"I smashed the trap as I had the other, and within five seconds the beast had joined those in the swamp.

"Then I fainted."

In the causes of infant mortality cholera morbus figures frequently, and it may be said that complaints of the bowels are great destroyers of child life. If all mothers would avail themselves of so effective a remedy as Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial many a little one could be saved. This Cordial can be given with safety to the smallest child, as there is no injurious substance in it.