

ANDREW HANSEN'S DEBT

Andrew Hansen spent an hour figuring at a desk in the outside office of the Astoria Crescent Cannery. His gray brows were drawn down over his eyes, and under the unsmiling mouth he worked unceasingly. When he finished, he strode to the cashier. "You cheat me!" he cried thickly. "You cheat me twenty dollars!"

"Nonsense, Andrew," said the cashier, "you're off. Your account is just eighty-three dollars and six cents due you. Not a cent more. Our books don't lie."

"The fisherman hitched up his trousers, and his voice fell two notes. 'You cheat me,' he muttered, doggedly. 'I bring in 200 pound more fish. Its down in my book. See?'"

"The young fellow who had charge of the fish-delivery books, received gingerly the greasy pages thrust at him and rapidly compared the entries there with those in his ledger. Every now and then he jotted a number on a pad of blank paper before him, and when he had run through all the pages of the fish-book, he added together his jottings, and looked up with a weary smile. 'You're wrong, Andrew,' he said. 'See here where you've gone off your reckoning. This entry calls for only twenty pounds more and you've read it two hundred. This here is forty-five pounds of head and you've made it salmon. You'd better be careful how you say we cheat you. You are trying to do some cheating yourself with a darned blunt pencil. Take your book and clear out.'"

"The heavy-eyed captain of boat No. 345 looked at the cashier and pulled again at his trousers. 'You cheat me!' he yelled, shrilly. 'Ole, he put him down that way and I know how much fish I bring in. I don't charge him in my book. You cheat me!'"

"A rough order to clear out was the only response and Andrew blew like a porpoise. Then his clumsy fingers gathered articles of furniture and called down curses upon the Astoria Crescent, with special reference to the white-faced cashier and Ole, the weigher. His strident tones resounded in the building, and presently the manager of the cannery came from his private office to see what the matter was. Andrew turned to him with a cry for justice.

"But your account is all straight," said the manager, after a quick glance at the book the fisherman held out to him. "What the devil do you mean by making such a fuss?"

"But Ole make the wrong number," Andrew expostulated. "He put a twenty pound of fish on your book when I have two hundred on mine. He cheat me."

"If you make any more howl," said the manager, roughly, "I'll seize your boat. You owe us a hundred on last season."

"There was a deep silence, while the huge fellow shambled back as if to gather himself for a blow. Then in some way he realized his helplessness and strove to subdue his voice. 'It ain't right,' he mumbled. 'I owe you no-thing. I pay him all oop. Ole make wrong number. You can't take my boat.'"

Possibly the manager of the cannery was doubtful of his own position or else he was incited by a charitable thought of Andrew's wife and small baby. He pulled a gold piece from his pocket and flung it at the fisherman. "Take this, Andrew, and don't let me hear any more of your nonsense. That's a brand-new ten-dollar piece and I'll bet you spend it in a saloop to curse me over your glass. Now clear out!"

Hansen looked at the money in his calloused palm, and then at the retreating form of the manager. "Clear out!" said the clerk, "or we'll throw you out, you darned beggar!"

After a slow look over the bay he bolted down the ladder, pulled his boat in sharply and dropped on the net-headed amidships. Then, with quick jerks, he stepped the mast, threw off the riding line, and with a thrust of an oar was out in the stream. Five minutes later No. 345 was speeding across toward the deep calm in the lee of the Washington hills. Bowed in the stern was Andrew Hansen, clutching his tiller in one hairy hand and holding the sheet in the other. Only once did he glance back, to see if the fish warden's launch was still tied up by the dock. For Sunday until 6 o'clock in the evening is closed.

Sunset found him below Sand Island, stowing the last fathoms of his reeking net. A dozen poor fish slid back and forth in the well to the tumble of the boat. Andrew flung in the last armful of net and stood up to ease his aching back. His eye caught a solitary pink cloud riding high in the evening sky, and his gaze fastened in its truculently.

Gradually the ocean wind chilled and the dusk came on like puffs of smoke before it. The crystal of the lee shores dimmed and the bar leaped higher against the blackened embers of the west. The clear gleam from a lighthouse threaded the twilight, and No. 345 plunged wildly over gray combbers. Still Andrew poised his bulk over the boat, and as the seas, rising with the tide, tossed it angrily, his grim face hardened. Before him mind rose the image of the manager who had cheated him, of the fellow-fisherman who had looked at him quizzically, or hostilely or pityingly. His fists clenched because, were it not for one thing, he was strong enough to fend against them all. That one thing had ridden his heart till the very thought of it made his teeth chatter and his lips numb. The blood swelled his veins to bursting.

With a sudden access of rage he pulled out of his jacket pocket his fish-book, and held its almost obliterated pages up before him. The crabbed scrawls of many weighers were jumbled in its rude columns. But here knew the false entries, and his finger, shriveled by the cold brine, shook as it traced them out. Under the vision of the little home under the hill, a pale-faced wife and a babe with tiny fists blurred his sight and effaced the sordid characters. And then a sand-laden wave fell on No. 345 and flooded it till Andrew was knee deep in water.

With a leap he seized an oar, swung the boat round till it met the next roller head on and with a few swift jerks raised the sail. The wind was getting up fast but in pure defiance he put in the sprit, and before 345 could yield dangerously to its pressure drove the boat into the eye of the gale with another sweep of the oar and then fell upon the tiller. The fish-book floated in the water among the slimy chums.

It was black night and Andrew set to scanning the lights before running the boat. The roar of the surf was growing shriller and the foam that blew past him was alive, not dead from long drifting. In his wide sweep of the river's mouth he caught sight of a strange light off the south end of the bar. He looked again and again. He forgot his wrath in this new matter and peered under the foot of his shaking sail, regardless of the fact that his boat was half waterlogged and that his catch was slopping about in the bottom. For Andrew knew that that glimmer was on another boat, and from its position he also knew that it was driving into the terror of all who use Astoria bay, the chops off Catslop Spit.

Then his anger came over him again. Had it not been for the false entry in his fish-book and the harsh injustice of the manager he would not now be out in the night, helplessly watching some unknown fellow struggling with death. He seemed to catch a glimpse of a smart house, with a red fire in a grate and the manager of the Astoria Crescent coasting himself and talking to his wife. His own clothes were on upon him, and the brine hardening about his eyes made it torture to look into the wind. Then, with a defiant curse at the transient vision, he stooped to his net, and raising it fathoms at an armful, thrust it over the side. It is the last sacrifice a Columbia River fisherman makes. But out in the tossing surges of the bar he saw still a wavering light.

Unburdened No. 345 answered her bell quickly. With one hand on the tiller Andrew sailed in wild haste with the other, throwing the water to leeward and looking to the lashings of the heavy ballast bags. Then, when all was clear as he could make some junk and stuffed it under the thwart. Another lull in the wind allowed him to unlash a second oar, and he, with this in reserve, settled himself down stolidly to his task.

The breasts of the fish boat threw the waves aside in blinding spray as he neared the chops, and when a roaring sea swept across the tumbling raffle Andrew tautened every muscle. The sea passed in thunder into the darkness, whether he dared not look, and left the sturdy craft still heading on the starboard tack toward the feeble gleam in the murk ahead. The sail was wet to the top of the mast, and from the folds where the spit wrinkled it the wind blew the water in white foam. Then a short expanse of less troubled sea intervened and Hansen managed to make a quick leap and hot return to throw the sprit out. He was just in time for a mountain of water shut out the wind, and as the boat fell away broke in boiling foam. Two minutes later, No. 345 was again on her course, half filled, hard to hold and dipping deeply at every plunge. But the light was close aboard and the fisherman saw to leeward of him the blotched outlines of a small yacht. It was under bare poles and every lurch sent the spray soaring towards the shrilling stars from its buff sides. When he got within a hundred yards of it Hansen shouted and luffed. The gale bore him down on the yacht in an instant, and as he was driven past he saw a man wave his arm frantically, and then the light went out.

Steady No. 345 with one powerful hand on the tiller, keeping her almost in the eye of the wind, Andrew Hansen waited. Suddenly his free arm went out and caught something. A strong pull and a white face was lifted to the thwart; and with a wrench that started his joints he dragged a girl into his boat. Still he waited, edging up a little whenever he saw the chance, but still waiting. An arm was flung out at him from a rush of foam and again Andrew snatched his prey. This time it was a man and he felt beside the girl. "Is that all?" yelled the fisherman over them.

There was no answer, and again No. 345 was steadied into the wind, though the streaming waves now carried a thrill that warned the fisherman that but little time was left to try the last chance.

But no other form was seen, and when a towering wall of spumy water ten fathoms of his boat, Andrew ceased the sheet from about his leg and then started on his way to catch the thread of the tide. He knew that for three hours yet it would be flooding in, and he felt that no mortal hand could save No. 345 unless he could make this instreaming current, and there to lie until he was beyond the clutch of the devouring bar. So inch by inch he ate his way out, rushing his plunging boat over the smaller waves and hanging her lightly on the sheer steep of crumbling combbers only to flit her over when the cataraft fell.

Time and again No. 345 rolled in helplessness till her skipper could furiously clear her of some of the impouring water, and he gave little heed to the man and the girl lying across his feet, expect to avoid them as he moved. But his efforts told, and foot by foot he crept out of the edge of the chops and into the more regular wilderness of the deeper channel.

Once out of the deadly trap where every surge carried death, Andrew relaxed a little and peered down at the two people he had saved. When he got a moment's breathing space he put his hand on the girl and she stirred under it. The man shuddered to his knees and threw out his hands to the fisherman. Satisfied, Andrew threw his weight on the tiller and eased the sheet slightly. Five minutes later they stemmed the main rush of the tide, and Andrew tied the oars together and made them fast to the painter and threw them over-side so that No. 345 rode them, and took no more water than could be baled out. Then Hansen pulled out his flask and addressed himself to his passengers.

It was nearly dawn when Andrew threw his boat's nose in by the wharf of the Astoria Crescent Cannery. He clambered forward and groped for the ladder. When his hands grasped it he made the boat fast and climbed to the roadway. He returned with a lantern and set it at the ladder's head. Then he went down into the rolling craft again and picked up the girl. Followed by the man he bore her up the ladder and set her down on the planks. The other stooped in the feeble light of the lantern and drew glances at him and awkwardly stooped to wing the water from the girl's skirts. She shivered and laid her cold hands on his and spoke to him through her chattering teeth. He replied with a gesture, and picked up the lantern. Its pale rays fell on the face of the manager of the cannery, who was dragging out his purse.

"You've saved our lives," said the manager hoarsely. "If I can ever do anything for you, say it. Take this now."

Andrew thrust his hand into the bosom of his shirt and pulled out a handkerchief. He unknotted it and there rolled into his palm a coin, glittering moistly. With a jerk he dropped it into the manager's hand and strode to the ladder, taking no notice of the purse held out.

"But where are you going?" asked the other, shivering with the chill. "What's this for? Ain't you going to—"

Andrew halted on the ladder with his grim face at the level of the planks. "You cheat me!" he said harshly. "You make wrong number!"

The manager stumbled hastily forward. His foot struck the lantern and knocked it overboard. As its glimmer vanished in the black water he yelled shrilly: "Where are you going? Come back and let me pay you!"

There was no response. But in the faint light No. 345 put into the channel again. Andrew was going to retrieve his net, if happily he could find it, and as he settled down in his reeking clothes he glanced up to the little house tucked under the hill above the gas works and smiled. He was thinking of his honor, now unstained. In Fleming Wilson, in San Francisco Argonaut.

In the marriage service the couple vow, "for better or for worse." Once a choice is made, and the new home is established, it is wise that lolly to conclude that one might have done better. Sensible husbands and wives will make allowance for the discovery of points of disagreement in temperament, and of human weaknesses in each other. They will be patient and tolerant. The blessing of God rests upon those who can bear and forbear. Besides the grace of the Sacrament of Matrimony will be present to give contentment and happiness.

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SCOURGE OF THE AGE IS KIDNEY DISEASE

Terrible Increase in the Number of Deaths from This Ailment.

It is Common to All Classes and Conditions of People.

It Creeps Stealthily into the System and Develops into Many Diseases.

Bright's Disease, Heart Disease, Diabetes, Dropsy and Rheumatism, are Among the Forms it Takes.

Dodd's Kidney Pills the One Remedy That Never Fails to Cure It, No Matter How or Where It is Found.

Of all the diseases the human body has to combat in its struggle for health, the one that is steadily growing in strength and terrors is Kidney Disease. Quietly, stealthily as a serpent, it creeps on its victim till the latter is enveloped in its folds, and the greatest physicians the world has ever known stand helpless before it. As the last fold goes around the struggling victim and the doctor shakes his head and whispers "Bright's Disease," hope fades to nothing, and the sorrowing friends feel that death has overtaken their loved one for its own.

The alarming increase in this terrible disease is making it evidenced by the columns of almost every newspaper. For not among the lowly of the earth alone does it look for its victims. Statesmen, judges, eminent lawyers, and honored divines are numbered among those who in recent months have gone down to their graves with the fell marks of this dread disease upon their bodies. In fact, so prevalent has the disease become that a celebrated New York specialist stated recently that not one person in a hundred was free from some taint of Kidney Disease.

WORKS IN SECRET. It is the secrecy of Kidney Disease that makes it the more dreaded. You can fight an enemy in the open with some chance of success, but if he is lying in wait to take you at an unguarded moment your chances of successfully fighting him are terribly diminished. So it is with Kidney Disease. Its first warnings are so faint as to be hardly noticeable, a slight pain in the back, a slight discoloration of the urine or a burning sensation while urinating that hardly attracts attention. That is all. But that means that Kidney Disease is at work gradually eating its way into your system. The pain in the back grows more severe, the urinary trouble more complicated, swellings under the eyes, a slight discoloration of the urine, sharp shooting pains in the joints and muscles tell that Rheumatism has you in its grasp, or perhaps a day or two's illness leads to the calling of the doctor, and suddenly the terrible truth is forced upon you—Bright's Disease has you in its grasp.

WAY OF ESCAPE. With this silent, relentless, enemy slowly but surely eating its way into prominence and marking that prominence by a yearly increase in the length of its death list, the demand of the day, of the hour, is "Show us the way of escape." Nature never put mankind in a critical condition without providing a way of escape—providing mankind were wise enough to take the way provided. In this case the way of escape is a simple vegetable remedy. It has been before the people of Canada for thirteen years, and like all the great relievers of nature, has been first received and first appreciated by the lowly in life, those known as the common people of Canada.

Is it the common people of Canada who die with Bright's Disease? No, it is the bright and shining marks, those who are stationed above the heads of the masses. Ask the reason of this! Go to the people who are practically exempt from Kidney Disease in its worst form, and ask them: "Will you cure our Kidney ailments with Dodd's Kidney Pills, or will you get a chance to develop into that terrible disease that carries so many prominent men into the grave?"

ON WITH THIS WORK. And so it is: the man who does manual labor must heal his slightest aches or they hinder him in his work. When he has backache he cures it with Dodd's Kidney Pills, and goes on with his work; when he feels a twinge of Rheumatism he drives it out of his body with Dodd's Kidney Pills—and goes on with his work. Necessity has taught him that he must cure his Kidneys to get rid of his pains, for he must work to live. He has not been educated to that standpoint where a prescription to cure must be written by a specialist at a cost of dollars to every letter. He may not even know that what nature provided a cure with in the means of all classes of the community. What he does know is more to the point than all this. He knows that Dodd's Kidney Pills will cure all aches which experience has taught him come from the Kidneys. He takes Dodd's Kidney Pills, and goes on with his work.

SOME EXCEPTIONS. Of course there are exceptions to every rule. Even among common people there are those who neglect the

early warnings of Kidney Disease. It takes exceptions to prove the rule—but many of these exceptions prove more—they prove that no case of Kidney Disease is too far gone for Dodd's Kidney Pills to cure. Bright's Disease, Diabetes, Dropsy, Heart Disease—all the varied forms of Kidney Disease in its advanced stages—have been met by Dodd's Kidney Pills, and never once has Canada's great Kidney Remedy had to admit defeat. From the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from the Great Lakes to Hudson Bay, Dodd's Kidney Pills are used, and wherever used they have triumphed over Kidney Disease in its every form. Thousands of Canadians are shouting their praises of the conqueror.

Just a few of those who have neglected the early symptoms, reached the more advanced stages of Kidney Disease, and found a cure in Dodd's Kidney Pills are given below. There are thousands of others. Ask in your own immediate neighborhood. You will not have to go far to meet men, women and children who have either ward off or cured the terror of the present age by using the old Canadian stand-by—Dodd's Kidney Pills.

BRIGHT'S DISEASE CURED. Bright's Disease has invariably yielded to a treatment of Dodd's Kidney Pills, no matter how firm a hold it had secured on its victim. Possibly the most talked of case of recent date is that of Alice Maud Parker, of Shubenacadie, Hants Co., N.S. The full story of his case will be found in the current number of Dodd's Magazine. Herewith a short statement from the young lady's mother is appended: "Two doctors pronounced my daughter's illness Bright's Disease, and gave her up to die. Her eyelids swelled till she could hardly see; her legs from her ankles to her knees swelled. Her belt in health was twenty inches, when she was at her worst it was 48 inches. Then she gave up all other treatment and started to take Dodd's Kidney Pills. By the time she had taken the first box I saw a change. It took a long time to bring her back to perfect health, but Dodd's Kidney Pills did it. To-day my daughter is in perfect health."

Diabetes is another of the most fatal forms of Kidney Disease that has been cured by Dodd's Kidney Pills by no other medicine. Among those cured of this terrible ailment is Mr. Charles Gilchrist, for fifteen years Chief of Police of Port Hope, and afterwards for twenty-two years Fishery Overseer under the Dominion Government. He makes the following statement: "I was a sufferer for ten years with Diabetes and Kidney Disorder. At times my urine was of a dark bricky color, and I would suffer something awful while passing. I tried doctors and medicines, but could get no help till I tried Dodd's Kidney Pills. They have made me a new man. The citizens of Port Hope all know me, and can vouch for the above."

HEART DISEASE CURED. Heart Disease is a result of Kidney Disorder. Bad Kidneys mean impure blood, the action of impure blood on the heart causes Heart Disease. Dodd's Kidney Pills cure it. "I suffered for years with Heart Disease, Bright's Disease and Rheumatism. I was so feeble I was unable to do anything. There was three months I abandoned all medicines, and resolved to let myself die. Then I was led to try Dodd's Kidney Pills, and the good the first box did me surprise me. I have taken twenty boxes in all, and well of my Heart Disease, my Bright's Disease, and my Rheumatism."

Dropsy, another disease caused by diseased Kidneys failing to do their work and remove the surplus water from the blood, is another ailment Dodd's Kidney Pills always cure. Here is an example. "I was a total wreck before I started to use Dodd's Kidney Pills. In the mornings before I got out of bed I could hardly put my feet to the floor they were so much swollen from Dropsy. My arms would swell at times so that I could not put on my coat. I had to be tapped to be relieved from my terrible pains. On the advice of a friend I started to use Dodd's Kidney Pills. Before I had finished the second box I felt much better. Seven boxes cured me completely. I don't know what it is to be sick since I used Dodd's Kidney Pills."

RHEUMATISM CURED. Rheumatism and kindred Kidney Diseases, such as Lumbago, Sciatica, and Gout, are caused by uric acid in the blood. If the kidneys are put in working order they strain all the uric acid out of the blood, and the Rheumatism goes with it. Take the case of W. G. Cragg, of Dresden, Ont. Here is his statement: "For eight years I was troubled with Inflammatory Rheumatism. I could scarcely get around to do my duties in my store. I had some of the best doctors I could get, but nothing I tried would ever give me relief. I was also troubled with Gout. I started using Dodd's Kidney Pills and had only taken six boxes when I was completely cured."

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