

The Man Who Wouldn't Stay Put [BY HAROLD TITUS.]

* (Copyright, 1914, by the Newspaper En-

terprise Association.) Jimmy Crogan was such a naturalborn warrior that it was a great effort for him to endure that season of the year when peace on earth and goodwill toward men are supposed to abound. He read constantly—the history of wars. He studied constantly-the theory of

And so it was that when the regiment was ordered south with decisive action a certainty, and Lieut. Jimmy Crogan was left behind in charge of the post, all his military training went for nothing. He day ned the department, damned the cole 1, damned fate, and was damned so we he had ever been born. Anyhow, that's what he said. It was humiliating. It was degrading

-torturing. Long trains lumbered up through the tropical jungles, crammed with men who talked a strange language and who were backed by a history replete with gigantic success. It needed no appeal from mates at the Point. Mexico to send the army across the

were ordered to fill their ranks. Three days later the militia was ordered under arms, to move at an hour's notice, and Lieut. Jimmy walked alone, with a white same thing. You wouldn't have stayed face and a stiff tread.

In the morning Lieut. Crogan was missing from the post. The colonel's became more and more grave. The inlady and the post washerwomen talked vading army was advancing steadily, about it alike, and in whispers. When ominously. two days passed and no sign of the man "They'll in command had appeared, the information was wired to headquarters. The lieutenant. colonel-Jimmy's colonel-read a copy of the message just as the recruiting offi- Jimmy. cer of the National Guard regiment was taking the measurements of a decidedly gan was out of it; that was as certain well-put-up chap, who answered all the as is death. requirements and seemed to be a whole

let better than most of the men who made up the militia. for he stared straight ahead in silence, while a deep flush stole from his collar to

his hair. Private Crogan, under another name, moved south with his regiment. Jimmy enjoyed it immensely, in spite of the fact that the van of the army was fifty miles to the south.

They were to be moved, went the mor, after a week of drilling under the hot sun, among the cactus plants. Great was the resultant excitement. The next day they moved southward. And "They've a battery," said Rawley in one private was so hilarious, so boyishly a voice that grated, "that gets the lubilant, that he almost laughed aloud 'planes at any distance. Four-Lord!

Lamplicht Stories for Vinter Saturday Nights

It took all day to go those 50 miles. At sundown they left their train, marched up a rise, gained the top, and drew War! An army! Before, over the dun country, the enemy! Unknown, powerful, aggressive! War! War!

ful, aggressive! War!
"God!" breathed a private whose first
name was Jimmy, and the word carried thankful reverence.

In the light of early morning Jimmy Crogan, stepping lightly, a smile in his eyes, delighted anticipation in his heart, followed a string of army niules to the railroad water tank. Toward them, walking stiffly, came a man who wore the decorations of a colonel. His gaze fell on the squad of National Guardsmen and, recognizing their rank, he looked them over curiously. His gaze fell on James Crogan, and he staggered backward a step or two.

Jimmy stopped. He met the astound-ed look of his old colonel, clicked his heels together, and raised his hand in a stiff salute.

"Lieut. Crogan!" the other cried when he made words out of his spluttering. "What's the meaning of this damned business?" "Yes, sir," muttered Jimmy, knowing

nothing else to say.
"You deserted the post!" snorted the "Yes sir, colonel," replied Jimmy, sa-

luting again.
"You're here with the Guard!" "Yes, sir." "Why, you-," but the colonel could think of no fitting word, so he simply

ordered Jimmy's arrest.
Lieut. "Chickens" Rawley searched him. Jimmy and "Chickens" were class-"Tough luck, old top," he muttered, as

he went through the formality of search-The officers of the National Guard ing the prisoner. "What's the answer?" were ordered to fill their ranks. Three "Nothing," muttered Jimmy, moving his lips as slightly as possible so the men would not see. "You'd have done the

The news that ran through the camp "They'll advance us before long," the

man that fed the prisoner told his old "Lots of good it'll do me," commented

Real action was inevitable. Jimmy Cro-

Lieut. Crogan found himself awake in the middle of the prison, the sunlight This new man listened with a bored streaming through the cracks in the wall, Another went up and did not come back. Carefully he crawled between the tents; The next day a third and a fourth made the attempt. And none came back.

the guardhouse on official business-of of another. course. His face was pinched and drawn. He looked at the prisoner in silence. He held up four fingers of his right all his efforts. At last he left the man-

"Four." he said weakly. "Yah-four," said Jimmy, speculating as to the sanity of his jailer.

lows don't-"

He looked through the one window for long, long time.

The swift night settled down and the hum of the camp diminished to a drone.

out across the almost barren country.



"YOU DESERTED THE POST!" SNORTED THE OTHER.
"YES, SIR, COLONEL," REPLIED JIMMY, SALUTING AGAIN.

detailed to school the rookies. He grasped all the movements on the instant, it wasn't a battery, after all. Just the roar seemed; once he shook his head and of a 'plane's exhaust as it circled above then the one above the two. An hour less belts, one three-quarters of the way uttered what might have been the first the camp. Through his window he could later he stuck his head and shoulders up the hill, and the other right at the uttered what might have been the first syllable of a protest when the sergeant launched into a new explanation. Evidently he thought better of it, though, passed, and the aeroplane did not return.

crawled at times, seldom standing erect. cautiously he picked his way to avoid Always he kept his eyes on the wavering lights. He worked away from his own lights above him; at frequent intervals That afternoon Lieut. Rawley entered regiment and passed through the camp he paused and strained his ears. The lights died out, one at a time, and bugles An hour went by and he commenced blew the army before him to sleep. He to fear that the moon would frustrate went on. infested area behind and crept on faster.

From the top of the rise above him shot a blinding eye of light. It pierced the distance to the northward for an instant, settled to the ground with a jerk, Jimmy crawled on his hands and knees for what he guessed was three hundred and swept in a gigantic arc over the country, slowly, scouring the open places, yards. Then he arose, stretched himself

And they've got to send men up that hill tonight on their bellies—the way they did at San Juan."

"Tonight? Volunteers — to map the hill?" asked Jimmy in a whisper.

"Yes—and it's coming," replied Raw—ed softly—if nervously—as he saw the looked up to see the finger of white did not be sawd.

camp lights receding slowly into the distance. At last he crossed a little stream that babbled down a rocky bed. For a little while he followed the road, and slipped and he went down, banging his then, when the moon shoved its yellow head on a rock. The blow made him rim above the hills to the east, he struck dizzy and the noise he made terrified him. But he got up and stumbled along Lieut. James Crogan, alone between in the darkness, ready to flop to the two hostile armies, breakfasted on prickground the instant the searchlight turned his way again. He gained the timbered easier. It was more difficult to travel, of course, for the brush was stiff and Jimmy reached out his hand to draw what, in the darkness, looked like

> into the flesh of his hands and he stood very still for a long time, listening for footsteps. Once more came the finger of light, and he squatted in the bushes while it made the stunted forest glow. With great difficulty Jimmy wormed his way through the wire. It cut his clothing and it pricked his flesh, but he did not heed. On he went again, making every move take him nearer the crest of the hill, and making every motion as near noiseless as was possible. He worked his way through another wire net, worse than the first. Then the light came back and he lay still for a long Perhaps it was a fortunate thing that he did not feel compelled to lay still, for he heard something-a faint and regular sound. He pressed his ear to the ground and strained to listen. grew stronger, stopped, receded, and died away. After a time it came back again, growing stronger but not strong, stopping, and, after a deliberate interval, resuming, only to die off. After he had crawled fifty yards more and stopped to listen, he heard the sound plainly. In fact, he could hear the boots that made it swishing through the grass. He waited until the sentry reached the end of his oost and turned back. With utmost

Thus he proceeded. Two more wire webs ripped his clothing and haggled his flesh; three more sentries patrolled the path he took. Out of the brush he worked, into the open strip, not four hun-dred yards from the ridge, where low ushes and heavy grasses grew thickly. He crawled a short way into this and then sat up, looking about boldly.

caution, then, he hurried along for many

yards, stopped, scarcely breathing, and

waited while the soldier came and went

Jimmy laughed crazily. War! This was it! That was that for which he had worked and deserted and broken from the guardhouse! He wanted just one thing now. He wanted to gain the top and see what was there. Then well, they could shoot and shoot and shoot. He cared not. The information he might get would help no one. But this was

Jimmy got up and ran. It was a crazy thing to do. He realized that, and wondered if he was crazy. Then he tripped and fell and was content to lie still again. He became penitent—more sane. He heard the tramp of feet and sensed the presence of humans. They passed close to him. He could even hear the men breathe. It was a small squad, evidently a change of The sound of their marchin

guard. The sound of their marching was sufficient to cover any noise he might make, so Jimmy started on.

Worming like a snake, keeping his body tight against the ground, stopping only when a shaft of brilliance swept over him, Lieutenant Crogan, scout extraordinary, worked his way forward. For a long time he encountered no entanglements. Final he encountered no entanglements. Finalhe shoved his head and shoulders into honged wire; rather than risk rising, he with a great breath, slapped his chest illuminating the brush. Jimmy dropped scraped away the earth and crawled un-



derneath.

It was the last one. A dark hump rose before him, and when he raised his head he could see it running in both directions, like a long welt, across the hilltop. He crawled to it, touched fresh earth, and knew that he was before the trenches! No men were there. He made sure of it. Then he crawled up to the top of the embankment and slipped down inside, sheltered from the searchlight. He crawled along the trench cautiously. He was in the heart of the enemy's stronghold.

The return: it was agony. Jimmy want-

the heart of the enemy's stronghold.

The return; it was agony. Jimmy wanted to run and dance and sing. He worked carelessly through the first few yards of grass. Then a swoop of the light brought him to himself and he went cautiously. Then he laughed and looked to the east, where the yellow moon glowed on the borizon.

where the yellow moon glowed on the horizon.

But the laugh died. To the left he heard a shot. Then a shout. Then silence. After a moment he distinguished footsteps descending the hill hurriedly. He stood still and reeked cold sweat, vaguely aware that he had been acting as though in a dream. The searchlight riveted itself on a group of men in uniform. They were clustered informally about some central object, evidently of engrossing incentral object, evidently of engrossing in-

"I'm glad it wasn't me, said Jimmy oud. A sob was in his voice. (THE END.)



MARY ROBARTS RINEHART, Noted

Recent archaeological discoveries in the Island of Crete, which has just become the property of Greece as one of the fruits of the Balkan war, promise to cause a revision of history, according to the Rev. James Balkle, in a communication to Gilbert H. Grosvenor, director of the National Geographic Society. Ac-cording to Mr. Baikie, the women of Orete were wearing present-day Parislan styles over 4,000 years ago, including big hats, high-heeled shoes and tight-laced corsets; they built houses and employed methods of sanitation which have been equalled by modern civilization only with-in the last fifty years. They invented the written word, although historians, until the present discoveries, have conferred this distinction on the Phoenicians, who did not appear in history until 1,000 years afterward. The Rev. Mr. Baikle goes so far in his communication as to state that Crete was probably the actual stage for events which have come to the present day in the shape of Greek legends. "It has been in Crete that exploration and discovery have led to the most strik-ing illustrations of many of the statements in the legends and traditions and have made it practically certain that much of what used to be considered mere romantic fable represents, with, of course, many embellishments of fancy, a good deal of historic fact." writes the Rev. Balkie. He tells of the discovery of the site of the great palace of Minos at Knossos, in the labyrinth of which roamed the bloodthirsty Minotaur.

A description of the dress of the women

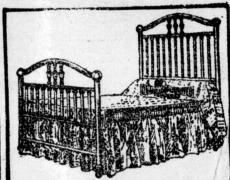
Were Tried and Stood the Test

Dodd's Kidney Pills Making Reputation in the West.

Saskatchewan Man Tells How They
Cured Him After Four Months
Suffering From Backache And
Other Forms of Kidney Disease
St. Phillips, Sask., Feb. 13—(Special)—In a new country where change of climate and impure water are among the difficulties to be surmounted kidney trouble is prevalent. It is the kidneys, the organs that strain the impurities out of the blood, that first feel undue strain on the body. Consei quently Dodd's K' iney Pills have been well tried and tested in this neighbor-

They have stood the test. Many settlers tell of backaches, rheumatism and urinary troubles cured by Dodd'a Kidney Pills. Mr. Otto Olshewski is one of these. In speaking of his cure

"I suffered from kidney disease for four months. My back ached. I had heart flutterings and was always nervous. My skin had a harsh, dry feeling; my limbs were heavy and I had a dragging sensation across the loins. "I consulted a doctor, but as I did not appear to improve, I decided to try Dodd's Kidney Pills. I used six boxes and now I am all right." Dodd"s Kidney Pills always stand the test. Ask your neighbors.



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simple, that of the female was the re-verse. An elaborate tight-fitting bodice, cut excessively low at the neck, covered or affected to cover the upper part o the body, which is so wasp-waisted as to suggest universal tight lacing. From the broad belt hung down bell-shaped skirts, sometimes flounced throughout their en-tire length, sometimes richly embroidersome cases the skirt, below a small pannier or apron, is composed of different colored materials combined in a checker pattern distantly resembling tarton One fresco represents a curious and elaborate form of dress, consisting appar of wide trousers of blue material of those times from the miniature fres-coes found in the palace, is as follows: and most wonderfully fried and vanes found in the palace, is as follows: and most wonderfully friffed and van"If the dress of the male populace was dyked."

News of the Poultry World

hobby, a sideline or a regular business, is in a position to make much the line. The poultry shows this winter at Toronto, Guelph, New York, Boston own London, were the largest in number of entries, and the best in quality ever story-more exhibitors, more exhibits, and finer qualities all through the different varieties.

That the breeders - fellow-workers with old Mother Nature—are spending means at his command. But he should their time and intelligence in producing something new and better than has been, is shown in the many new-varieties staged for exhibition. Notable among these are the blues. In England they have produced and developed blue Orpingtons, blue Wyandottes, blue Leghorns, etc., and they are described by an English writer as "a dream." Some their choicest birds over to show in of thoroughbred chickens or other pet America, and were most heartly welcomed, and won many of the best

Blue Houdans, white Houdans of wonderfully good type and head points, were shown at New York and Boston, and were greatly admired. The white Houdans are said to have been developed in

only three years. Just imagine over eight thousand specimens at one show, of the world's best quality, and you can see the universality and spread of the notion to have a few chickens. "Get into the with some good specimens of your favorite breed, and you will find it the pleasantest and most profitable recrea-

tion vet discovered. The Production of Eggs. Apart from, but still allied to the fancy show end, is utility-the production of eggs and meat. And here is where the

EABY'S OWN TABLETS CURE INDIGESTION

Indigestion is one of the most common ailments of childhood and other ailment is more dangerous. Indigestion paves the way to many other complaints. Baby's Own Tablets never fail to remove childhood They ct as a gentle laxative: sweeten the stomach; regulate the bowels and make the baby it can then be put on the stove to warn nealthy and happy. Concerning them up, until it is ready to feed the fowls. Mrs. Alphonse Pellitier, St. Phillippe The mash may be seasoned with a little de Neri, Que., writes: "I have used red pepper or salt; very little, though, Baby's Own Tablets for indigestion for too much is liable to prove fatal to with great success. They have also your birds. proved successful in breaking up colic and simple fevers." The Tablets are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brock-ville, Ont.

The busy hen can be told by her actions. She is heard singing, and scratching for a morsel or two here and there, and when she goes on the roost at night her crop is well filled.

Do not have any draughts blowing on

profit from poultry than he usually does. is being developed and extended all along Although the price of grain has gone up. the price of eggs and poultry has shared largely in the upward tendency. Farmers' and the great Thanksgiving show at our fowls pick much of their living during several months of the year, and during the remainder of the time much of what put on in those places, and the accounts is fed them is largely of the character of the shows in England tell the same of waste. Turned into eggs or table poultry this will produce a double profit. The farmer who is on the alert for opportunities to add to his income should raise all the poultry he can with the have a good breed, give it good care, and make it profitable.

Pleasant and Profitable Too much of one thing eventually gets monotonous, and that is why the city man who spends most of his time hammering out a living in office, or shop, or factory, finds a big portion of the joy of life when he is possessor of a nice flock stock. Something alive of good type and color pleases the eye, and gratifies the 'nature sense" inherent in most men. pleasant and profitable "home hobby the thing to keep one living, and did you ever see a man with a "home hobby who wasn't a respected and well-liked

neighbor and good citizen? The next few weeks will be a time to start, if you have not already done so; but don't be stingy when you are buying your foundation stock. best is always the cheapest, and far more satisfactory. Raise all the chickens you can, get all the eggs you can. The market is sure for all your surplus. Absolutely fresh eggs can be turned into ney an hour after they are produced, and there is nothing that adds more

taste and attraction to the home menu. Eggs and How to Get Them. Keep your hoppers filled with an abundance of oyster shells (crushed), and a good thing to do is to sprinkle some old, hardened mortar if it can be gotten easily, and your fowls will soo Dry wheat bran may be take to this. placed in the hoppers also.

Warm water, if it can easily be gotten, may be given the birds twice a day; this puts vigor into the fowls and they relish it greatly.

Sprouted oats may be fed also; this and green cut bones are excellent eggproducers. A mash consisting of bran cornmeal and meat scraps, and clean table scraps, may be fed the fowls at morning or noon. Skim-milk or water may be used in moistening this mash:

The rearing of fancy poultry as a laverage farmer has the advantage, and your birds, for they will contract roup, cholera, and so forth if they are exposed to our cold winter days and nights. Another important thing in egg-pro-

'Well," he told himself, "a man never

did anything who stayed put!"

luction is light. Have your windows hung on hinges so that they can also swing out in supplying light and air. Have wire netting put over the front of these; in keeping out sparrows a oneinch mesh is preferred.

Have clean, dry litter on the floor at all times, for it soon contracts damp-ness, and especially if it is an earth

Your house should be thoroughly cleaned once every two weeks at least.

Every night some small grain should
be thrown in the litter for the fowls to scratch for as soon as they are off the roosts, for they do not prefer a late breakfast any more than we.

A good variety of grain should be fed

At morning or noon they have their mash, at night or at noon or morning oats, barley and cracked corn. Whole corn may be fed occasionally but not regular. In cleaning your hen-house rake up all the old litter, clean the droppingboards, supply new nesting material (straw and tobacco stems). Now put in (straw and tobacco stems). Now put in some cinders or sand if it can be gotten at this time of the year, and put it in your pans and then cover this over with your new, dry litter; sprinkle cinders (fine) under the roosts on the dropping-boards. It is well to put some building-paper or tar-paper on the inside of the roosting quarters, to shut out some treacherous winds.

treacherous winds.

When the pullets begin to lay make it as comfortable as possible, gathering the eggs so they are not left in the nests to freeze over night. It is a negative results to the second results of the secon cessity and the fowls are also liable to get the egg-eating habit if there are

ny eggs broken.

Do not allow any water to become frozen in the pans, and at night when you gather the eggs, always turn out what water there is left in the pans. If your fowls are provided with the above attention and management, your egg basket will be filled throughout the winter, and your fowls will be as healthy winter, and your fowls will be as healthy a flock as you have ever had if your stock was vigorous in the first place.
Cabbages are very good for the fowls in the winter time. An onion also is good, chopped up fine, in their morning or noon mash. Drinking pans ought to be scalded at least twice a week.

A WOMAN'S MESSAGE TO WOMEN. If you are troubled with weak, tired feelings, headache, backache, bearing down sensations, bladder weakness, constipation, catarrhal conditions, pain in the sides regularly or irregularly, bloating or unnatural enlargements, sense of falling or misplacement of internal organs, nervousness, desire to cry, palpitation, hot flashes, dark rings under the eyes, or a loss of interest in life, I invite you to write and ask for my simple method of to write and ask for my simple method of home treatment, with ten days' trial entirely free and postpaid, also references to Canadian ladies who gladly tell how they have regained health, strength, and happiness by this method. Write to-day. Address: Mrs. M. Summers, Box. 12

GOOD SUCCESSFUL CITIZEN WAS MR. PETER BIRTWISTLE

again.

and the time, nearly seventy years ago. have loved his native place, because during the past 31 years, each year at Christmas time, he gives the "Old Natives" (those of 50 years and up-"Old wards), a banquet, and if one may judge by the reports, they are thoroughly enjoyed. At one of these meet-

ings the chairman, Mr. Heaton, made the following reference to Mr. Bertwistle: "I knew Mr. Bertwistle when I was a lad. He had always something "wick" about him (laughter), and was always ready with an answer; in fact, he could give both question and answer at the same time (laughter). Mr. Bertwistle came of a good family, that was honest and straight. Mr.

Duerdon, another speaker, told of his associations with Mr. Bertwistle during his school days, and said they were teachers together at the national weekday school at Waterside. Mr. Bertwistle came to Canada when a young man and resumed the occupation of teacher. He taught school for some time in West Middlesex, and

in the late sixties came to London and became associated with Hugh S. Murray and his brother, "Sandy," in the lewelry business. Hugh and Sandy Murray were well-known jewelers in the sixties and seventies, but both died comparatively young men. Mr. Bertwistle afterwards very successfully

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The birthplace of Peter Bertwistle conducted a jewelry business alone, was Colore, in Lancashire, England, and retired from business a few years ago, credited with the possession of more money than any other jeweler

Peter, as he is familiary called, must had succeeded in securing in London. The quality of the boy was manifested in the man. Individualism is his most prominent characteristic, and although a Conservative in politics, he saw both sides of the trade question, and could debate it with much ability In business he was diligent and exact Any wholesale dealer would give him the lowest prices, because his money was safe. He was a good reasoner or all subjects, and had more than a pass-



ing acquaintance with literature. nemory in some respects was pheomenal. Poetry had a charm for him, and history was a subject he had at his finger ends. During his nearly fifty success with several others, to whom he gave a helping hand. His own jewelry store did not represent all his activities, he provvded the capital that kept several others less successful than himself affoat, and but for which kept several their doors could not have been kept open. He spends his winters in the ingly check its development and restore health.

Get a tube of Kephaldol tablets from your drugglst, or write for them to the successful years of hs life. It is Kephaldol Limited, 31 Latour street, the wish of all that he will visit Lon-

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soothed away and quickly disappearscatarrh of long standing is invariably cured because Catarrhozone kills the germs that cause the trouble. As a cure for Asthma and a prevent-

ative of Grippe every doctor is delighted with Catarrhozone. One eminent throat specialist says if Catarrhozone is used two or three times each day you will never suffer from any disease of the head, throat, nose or langs. This is good news to many of our readers who must require a safe, sure and permanent cure for their colds and wintainted with Catarrhal inflammation, A ter ills. Every good druggist sells Catarrhozone, large outfit \$1; small a sore throat is healed and restored in size 50c; trial size 25c.

