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is thus adjustable to individual cases, an advantage that belongs to no other food. It forms with milk a dainty and delicious cream. Infants thrive on it, delicate and aged persons enjoy it.

Every household should possess a copy of "Benger's Food, and How to Use It—For Infants, Invalids, and the Aged." Post Free from—**BENGER'S FOOD, LIMITED, Other Works, Manchester, England.** Benger's Food is sold in This by Druggists, etc., everywhere.



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A Wonderful Discovery that Corrects Afflictions of the Eye Without Cutting or Drugging.

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Hugh G. McKenna, 14 Hawthorne Ave., Ottawa, Ont., writes: "I have found 'Actina' invaluable as a remedy for the eyes."

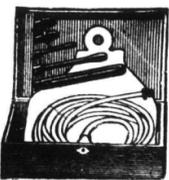
Mrs. Edwin Sinclair, Box 226, Medicine Hat, Alta., writes: "I wore glasses continually for two years before getting 'Actina.' I have not worn glasses at any time since using 'Actina.' I also persuaded a friend to get one for her eyes, which did her a lot of good; her husband used it for catarrh with benefit."

Donald Morrison, Waseca, Sask., writes: "I wore glasses for seven years. Since using 'Actina' I can read at night without them, and do not wear them at all."

"Actina" can be used with perfect safety by every member of the family for any affliction of the eye, ear, throat or head. A Free Trial of the "Actina" is given in every case.

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on as best I could towards the distant runner whom I now perceived to be a woman. The dogs needed no urging, but hurried on, uttering short, sharp yelps which plainly the traveller heard, for she turned in her tracks looking back, and while yet a great way off I knew it was Mona. And I felt glad, boys, not because I knew that her father would be near, and that meant a square meal—I was beyond the pangs of hunger then—but in the long weeks I had been away, I had missed her and her happy little smile. She waited as I went on to join her, and her eyes were shining from out the furs which surrounded her face as she held out her hand and said "Tommy," the name I had taught her to call me.

"I didn't know how weak I really was, but a fellow can't go for days without grub, and when my muscles had relaxed in the reaction, I fell down in a heap. When I came to my senses, I was lying on the sleigh covered with furs, and Mona was urging on the dogs before the approaching storm. I seemed half-dead, but could plainly feel the icy breath of the wind as it blew upon my back, and fell back dizzy, settling down on the bundle of furs, and watched the little Indian girl, as with measured stride she kept pace with the dogs, ever and anon looking smilingly back at me and admonishing me with gestures to be still.

"But her smiles could not hide the anxiety in her face, as the wind howled louder, and its icy needles became more bitter. The snowy mist around me was thickening, when suddenly the sleigh stopped, and I could perceive Mona unharnessing the dogs; again I strove to rise, but I found it impossible. She came round to where I was, tenderly rolled me out into the snow, and then, having placed the sleigh on its side rolled me back under its shelter and covered me with furs.

"Kill the dogs," I managed to mutter, but she said no, they would protect us for some time; nevertheless, I felt her reach into my pocket and take away my gun, and at the same time she moved the buckskin belt around her waist, so that her big hunting knife was on her right hand. Then burrowing inside the furs, she lay down beside me, and the dogs huddled together so that I could see the gleam of their wicked eyes. She cuddled up close to my side, and I tell you, boys, it was comforting to have her there. I was almost senseless, and the deadly numbness and the raging storm without seemed rather events in a bad dream than a reality. One of her mittened hands was in mine as we lay there close together, and I knew that the other one under the furs was holding the big knife.

"We must have lain there for hours, for it was morning when I became conscious again, and Mona was standing over me, rubbing my frozen hands and face with snow. The remains of two dogs, otherwise demolished by the rest, lay around. She had cut the throat of one and shot another when they had attacked her, and I lay there senseless! In this manner she had appeased the rest. Mona, the little smiling slip of a girl had doubly saved me from death!

"I lost consciousness again, and it was some weeks later, in an Indian encampment, that I came to my senses. Mona had hitched the remaining dogs to the sleigh, and taken me to where her father was trapping, not many miles away. Here they managed to get some grub into me, and they took me on to the encampment where I had been raving for weeks.

"A missionary who understood medicine looked after me during the fever that ensued, and he told me that Mona had cared for me during the long days, seldom leaving my side. But I did not have to know this in order to judge her, for she had always carried her soul in those wonderful eyes of hers.

"I clearly remember the first sane day I had; I seemed to wake as from a bad dream, and felt sick and weak and hot. Mona was there looking down upon me and smiling through her tears. We clearly understood each other then, and with the little strength I had remaining I reached up and pulled her face down to mine.

"I guess you fellows know the rest. It was a long time before I could move, but each day Mona would sit by my side and chat away gaily. In the spring, just as the winter was breaking up, and the snows moving, we were married by the missionary.

"You fellows talk a lot of red and white people. Do you think colour can make any difference? Even had Mona not been pretty and refined she had the soul of an angel and a warrior."

"The only thing I can wish you fellows," he wound up, "is happiness akin to mine, but," he added, rising, "there's not one of you deserves it."

Knocking the ashes from his pipe he strode from the room; some of us called after him, but he hurried on and was soon lost in the vast concourse on Jasper Avenue.

In conclusion, I am glad to say that we are now as good friends with Tom as we ever were, and often we visit his farm, in the shooting season. There is no woman we respect more than his wife, and if any one is seeking trouble he has but to make some disparaging remark about Tom's "squaw," Da-qui-Mona, the little Indian girl that was.

Out of Place

By E. C. D.

Carl Chapin shut his grammar with a yawn of relief. "Let's have a game before supper," he proposed.

"Oh, yes, that new one!" chimed in Bertha. "Out of Place, did you call it, Aunt Ruth?"

"For lack of a better name," her aunt assented.

"May I be it this time?" begged Alice. "If you'll promise not to make it too hard," said Norton.

"If you'll agree not to make it too easy," said Carl, laughing. "Don't put the tongs on the table?"

"You come, too, Aunt Ruth and mama!" called Bertha, as she ran into the hall, and Alice was left alone.

She looked round the library, to see what article she could put out of place and have it least observable, for that was the secret.

"The very thing!" she thought, as her eye fell upon Bertha's golf cape, and she chuckled to herself.

"Is it in plain sight?" asked Norton.

"Enough of it," answered Alice.

"Oh, not all!" cried Bertha. "That gives a clue."

But it did not seem to be of use, for round and round the room walked the five, yet no out-of-place article could be discovered.

"Is it little or big?" queried Norton.

"Is that a fair question, Aunt Ruth?" appealed Alice.

"We all seem to need more light," replied Aunt Ruth.

"Well then," answered Alice, "I should call it pretty big. When it was new it was larger than its owner wanted."

"What in the world can it be!" mused Carl.

"And where?" scowled Norton, pacing up and down in front of the bookcase.

"There!" cried Bertha, suddenly. "I told Clementine Hotchkiss that the next time we played this I would ask her over. She thought it must be fun. Say, you wait for me—don't try to find it!—and I'll run in and get her. Where's my golf cape? I thought I left it right here on the couch. I'm sure I didn't carry it upstairs. Do you know where it is, Alice?"

"I'll get you my jacket," she answered, evasively.

"Oh, I have a big guess that's what she has hidden!" cried Carl. "Yes, it is! I know by the looks of her face. Come on and let's find it! Clementine can wait for the next game. A golf cape can't be in the match-box."

Eagerly the searchers peered into every corner for the missing cape, and although Alice had assured them that it was in sight, cushions were overturned, newspapers peeped under, and even the couch-cover lifted.

"Because she acknowledged it was only partly in view," apologized Norton.

"I wonder if she can have stuffed it in back of the books?" thought Bertha, and then a familiar shade of blue caught her eye. She stepped nearer the bookcase, and there, neatly wedged between the volumes, and folded so as closely to resemble a book, was the missing garment.

With a glad cry Bertha drew it forth.

"That was a bright thought," praised Carl, with a smiling nod toward his sister. "This game may do us all some good."

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