



'IT SAVED MY HAND.'

"I am a blacksmith. I contracted a sore finger, which led to blood-poisoning. After three months of doctoring, the finger had to be cut off. It was too late! The poison had spread to my hand and arm. My hand was opened and the bone scraped. No use! Doctors said hand would have to be taken off. I refused, and began to use Zam-Buk. I used it regularly and freely

for a few weeks. It subdued the blood-poisoning and by the time I had used 7 boxes of Zam-Buk my hand was quite healed. Zam-Buk surely saved my hand, and I firmly believe it would have saved my finger too had I used it at first. These facts were sworn to by Mr. John Evans of 87 Lawrence St., Halifax, N.S., before Supreme Court Commissioner O'Hearn, and the sworn statement may be seen by any person so desirous. Zam-Buk cures ulcers, eczema, abscesses, piles, cuts, cold sores, burns, scalds, babies' rashes, etc. See box, all druggists and stores, or Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, for price.

ZAM-BUK FREE

Address all Applications For Samples and Retail Orders to T. McMurdo & Co., St. John's, Nfld.

"ECHOES of the Past;"

The Recompense of Love!

CHAPTER XXXI.

With a volley of muttered oaths, Koshki gave the directions, then seemed about to draw back, but Quilton gave him almost a friendly touch on the shoulder.

"In with you!" he said. "I'm hankering for your company. You've been bashed about a bit—I can trace Mr. Harvey's hand; he hits hard, doesn't he?—But you are all right; you've had a good go of brandy, I can smell it."

Koshki got into the cab, and coiled himself up into a corner like an over-fed snake. Now and again during the journey Quilton said a word or two to Tibby, but otherwise silence reigned. It was, perhaps, as awful a journey as that which Clive had just taken. But Quilton displayed no impatience, whatever he may have felt; they traversed the soul-quelling district, the earthly inferno through which Clive had passed, and at last they reached their destination. Quilton handed up some money to the cabman and told him to wait; then he linked his arms in Koshki's.

"I'm not fond of talking, as you know," he said suavely, "but I should like to tell you exactly how this charming little case stands; or, rather, how you stand. I imagine that you have lured Miss Mina and Mr. Harvey down to this cheerful spot,

WOMAN IN TERRIBLE STATE

Finds Help in Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Cape Wolfe, Canada.—"Last March I was a complete wreck. I had given up all hope of getting better or living any length of time, as I was such a sufferer from female troubles. But I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and today I am in good health and have a pair of twin boys two months old and growing finely. I surprised doctors and neighbors for they all know what a wreck I was.

"Now I am healthy, happy and hearty, and owe it all to Lydia E. Pinkham's remedies. You may publish this letter if you like. I think if more women used your remedies they would have better health."—Mrs. J. T. COOK, Lot No. 7, Cape Wolfe, P.E.I., Canada. Because your case is a difficult one, and doctors having done you no good, do not continue to suffer without giving Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial. It surely has remedied many cases of female ills, such as inflammation, ulceration, displacements, tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, and it may be exactly what you need.

The Pinkham record is a proud and peerless one. It is a record of constant victory over the obstinate ills of women—ills that deal out despair. It is an established fact that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has restored health to thousands of such suffering women. Why don't you try it if you need such a medicine?



and have proposed to 'put them away,' and slip them into the river—a very old dodge, quite a familiar one in this salubrious, highly moral neighborhood. And now we may be in time to save them. I sincerely trust we may, for your sake. I say, for your sake, because, if we should unfortunately be too late, I am going to adopt one of two courses; at present I have not quite decided which it shall be. I shall either hand you over to the police and get a prescriptive ticket to witness your execution—I'm a journalist as you may know—or I shall shoot you and put you into the river in accordance with the touchingly simple formula which prevails in this district.

"Now, seeing how you stand, I think you will agree with me that it would be well for you to render Miss Tibby and me all the assistance of which you are capable."

Tibby turned her haggard face up to Quilton with a look of eloquent admiration, admiration which was so profound that for the moment it overmastered her terror and apprehension.

"Oh, you're a good 'un!" she murmured brokenly. Quilton smiled and pressed her arm. "Not at all, Tibby," he said. "As a matter of fact, I'm a bad 'un, a very bad 'un, when I'm thwarted."

Koshki passed his blood-stained hand across his face. "We'd better take a boat," he said hoarsely, his battered lips twitching. "There's one down this slip."

As they spoke, a hideous laugh, the shrill laugh one thinks of in connection with a hyena, rose above the sullen lapping of the water on the slip. Quilton's manner changed instantly. "Quick, you dog!" he cried. "The boat, the boat!"

Clive's bosom heaved with a labored sigh, and he closed his eyes that Quilton might not see the tears that painfully welled up in them; but Quilton was staring at the wall.

"Yes, she's had a bad time, of course; but they hadn't treated her as they had treated you; you were badly bashed, old man; in fact, you must have the constitution of a rhinoceros or you would be up aloft by this time. Yes, she's all right; and I'll let you go to her, see her, when you're strong enough. That's the best kind of tonic I can give you. Any more questions to ask? Dozens of course. Well, I'll relieve that too active brain of yours by answering a few. You'll be interested in hearing that Mr. Clive Harvey is confined to his bed by an accident—not a serious one; accident while driving in a hansom cab; horse fell down, right honorable gentleman struck his face; absolute quiet and repose insisted upon by his medical adviser. Friends will kindly accept this intimation."

Clive tried to stretch out his hand to the friend who had been so true a friend in the hour of such a terrible need; but he had to be content with expressing his gratitude by a look. (To be Continued.)

The fat taken from duck or chicken, if rendered, will make excellent shortening for soda biscuits. Oysters chopped and served in the gravy of a particularly juicy porters-house steak are very delicious.

from their faces, their teeth clenched, and Tibby was leaning forward scanning the water with fearful eagerness. Suddenly, as they shot abreast of the faint light, she sprang to her feet and uttered a faint cry, a suppressed scream. "There, there!" she cried, pointing to something floating a little ahead of them. Quilton saw it almost as soon as she did, and both men strained at the oars. They came alongside it, and the dull light of the moon revealed Mina's white face. Both men seized her, she was lifted into the boat, and Tibby flung herself beside her, panting.

"A knife, a knife!" In an instant the ropes were cut, and Tibby caught the lifeless form to her bosom. "She's dead, she's dead!" she wailed.

But Quilton, who had been feeling for Mina's heart, uttered a hoarse cry of relief. "She's not, she's not! She's alive! Quiet now, Tibby! We are fighting for her life! Be calm! She's in your hands, remember, yours! Here's brandy—give her a little, not too much. Our work's not done yet; there's Harvey to find."

"There he is!" said Koshki, with an oath, and he pointed to another dark object just ahead of them. They made for it with almost incredible speed, grabbed at it and hauled Clive aboard. His case was worse than that of Mina; and Quilton, after severing his bonds, bent over him for some minutes in silence.

"Is he dead?" whispered Tibby hoarsely. "If he is, it won't be much use bringing her to life!" Quilton stretched out his hand for the brandy; presently he said: "He's—yes, he's alive; but—We must get ashore at once and get a doctor. Pull for that ruined shed where the light is," he said to Koshki sternly.

Koshki pulled, and as he did so, looked from side to side with a cunning gleam in his small eyes. As the boat approached the opening of the shed, he pulled, and as he did so, looked from side to side with a cunning gleam in his small eyes. As the boat approached the opening of the shed, he pulled, and as he did so, looked from side to side with a cunning gleam in his small eyes.

Household Economy

How to Have the Best Cough Remedy and Save \$2 by Making it at Home

Cough medicines, as a rule, contain a large quantity of plain syrup. Two cups of granulated sugar with one cup of warm water, stirred for 2 minutes gives you as good syrup as money can buy.

Then get from your druggist 2 1/2 ounces Pinex (50 cents worth), pour into a 16-ounce bottle and fill the bottle with sugar syrup. This gives you, at a cost of only 54 cents, 16 ounces of really better cough syrup than you could buy ready made for \$2.50—a clear saving of nearly \$2. Full directions with Pinex. It keeps perfectly and tastes good.

It takes hold of the usual cough or chest cold at once and conquers it in 24 hours. Splendid for whooping cough, bronchitis and winter cough. It also stops the formation of phlegm in the throat and bronchi tubes, thus ending the persistent loose cough.

Pinex is a highly concentrated compound of genuine Norway pine extract, combined with guaiacol, and has been used for generations by the best inland membranes of the throat and chest. To avoid disappointment, ask your druggist for "2 1/2 ounces of Pinex," and don't accept anything else. Guarantee of absolute satisfaction, or money promptly refunded, given with the preparation. The Pinex Co., Toronto, Ont.

shed from which Clive and Mina had been launched to death, he dropped the oars, and leaping out of the boat waded to shore. Quilton sprang for the oars, and as he pulled, looked over his shoulder.

Kashki was running, staggering up the steep incline toward the lantern, which Quilton knew the brute intended to extinguish; but suddenly Quilton saw the figure of a woman glide out from the darkness and confront Koshki. It was Sara, her arms waving wildly, her face working like a mad-woman's.

"Traitor!" she hissed. "You have betrayed me! Tell me they are dead, that it's not too late!"

Koshki swore at her and laughed with ruffianly contempt. "You're sold, old lady," he said. "They've been too sharp for us; but the gel and that swine, Harvey, are alive, curse him! Get out of my way, let me pass!"

"You shall not!" she screamed, stretching out her arms. "You have betrayed me. I'll keep you here and leave him to deal with you."

"Out of it!" he snarled. "Out of my way, or I'll—"

He raised his hand to strike her; but her hand had shot up before his, the long knife gleamed dully in the moonlight as she poised it for the strike; then the blade came down with an unerring aim and, flinging up his arms and screaming like an animal wounded to death, Koshki wailed from side to side, and suddenly pitched face downward on the slimy stones. Sara spurned the body with her foot; then, as Quilton leaped ashore and made fast the boat, she sprang to the lantern, overturned it with her foot, and glided away into the darkness.

When Clive came to and, opening his eyes, gazed vacantly about him, his returning consciousness told him that he was lying in his own bedroom and that Quilton was sitting beside him. For a minute or two Clive could remember nothing; then, when the hideous scenes through which he had passed came crowding back upon his brain, he was convinced that he had just awakened from a nightmare.

He tried to move, to raise himself, to speak; but to his amazement he found that his limbs were as heavy as lead, that he had no strength to raise himself, that his voice came with difficulty, as if he had to fetch it from a long way off. It was Quilton who first spoke, as he gave Clive a drink.

"Come back again, then, old man!" he said, with his old impassive manner, but with just a hint of tenderness and of anxiety. "You've been a devil of a long while. And now you have woken up, you'd better let me do all the palaver. Here, drink this! You want to know how she is, of course? She's in a good deal better trim than you are; in fact, she's nearly all right."

Clive's bosom heaved with a labored sigh, and he closed his eyes that Quilton might not see the tears that painfully welled up in them; but Quilton was staring at the wall.

"Yes, she's had a bad time, of course; but they hadn't treated her as they had treated you; you were badly bashed, old man; in fact, you must have the constitution of a rhinoceros or you would be up aloft by this time. Yes, she's all right; and I'll let you go to her, see her, when you're strong enough. That's the best kind of tonic I can give you. Any more questions to ask? Dozens of course. Well, I'll relieve that too active brain of yours by answering a few. You'll be interested in hearing that Mr. Clive Harvey is confined to his bed by an accident—not a serious one; accident while driving in a hansom cab; horse fell down, right honorable gentleman struck his face; absolute quiet and repose insisted upon by his medical adviser. Friends will kindly accept this intimation."

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List of Unclaimed Letters Remaining in the G. P. O. to Oct. 18th, 1915.

- A Anstey, John Nelson, care G.P.O. Atwell, Mrs. John, Pleasant St. Andrews, A. W., Bond St. Anthony, Joseph, John St. Anthony, Robert, East End Fire Hall Austin, William, Corktown Road Allen, F., Allen's Square Andrews, Charles, Pennywell Road B Blackmore, Henry J., Water St. Barnes, Harvey, late Hr. Grace Baley, Abraham, New Gower St. Balfour, Mrs. Wm. Brandbury, Miss Annie. LeMarchant Road Baird, Miss Lucy, Long Pond Rd. Bradbury, James, S. A. Hotel Brown, J. J., Freshwater Road Bryan, Mrs. Richard, 19 — St. Barter, Jack, Bulley St. Bell, William, sr., Nagle's Hill Bright, Miss Dorothy Bishop, Fred, Gower St. Billard, Lizzie, card, King's Road Brown, Miss Ellie, 6 — St. Brown, J. W. Bonnell, R. Boone, Blanche, Bond St. Bowman, A. S. Bowers, Mrs. Mary, Military Road Brown, L. L. LeMarchant Road Brown, Miss Janet, Franklin Ave. Bowle, G. W., care R. G. Reid Brown, James, Gower St. Butt, Wm., Field St. Butt, John, George's St. Butt, Mrs. Wm., Pennywell Road Burry, Miss Fannie, Duckworth St. Burt, Mrs. Amelia J., East End Post Office Braker, Miss Mary, Simms' St. Bailey, William, 22 — St. Bell, James, Nagle's Hill Bennett, Peter. Bell, Miss, Pennywell Road Bishop, Mrs. Robert, Barter's Hill Bishop, Miss Selina Brown, W. J., William's Lane Butt, Mrs. W. R., Pleasant St. C Clair, Miss Mary, Water St. Cave, Robert, late St. Anthony. Clark, Mrs. Reuben, Barter's Hill Clarke, E. W. Clarke, Dr. H. Carew, Miss Norah, Monkstown Rd. Clancey, D., Newtown Road Carroll, Mrs. John, Water St. Caldwell, John, Angel Place Canning, Mrs. A. P. Carey, Miss, Springdale St. Cole, Mabel F. Cooper, Mrs. Eleazar, Barter's Hill Constable, Mrs. (Rev.) John, Post Office Costello, Wm. Coffee, Miss B., Water St. Conway, Miss Rose, 29 — St. Cook, Charles J., Water St. Cochrane, Mrs. D., Banerman St. Courtney, J. B., card Connors, Thos., retd. Cotter, D., Nagle's Hill Cooper, Samuel, Plank Road Crotty, Miss A. M. Cullen, P. LeMarchant Road Churchill, Capt. John Chafe, Martin, Pennywell Road Corbett, Mrs. Tom, Springdale St. Costello, Mrs. L., Cuddihy St. Collins, Const., East End Fire Hall Cummings, Mrs. Chas., Long's Hill Cusick, Miss Sarah, Barnes' Road D Davis, Wm. Dawney, Sarah, Lime St. Davis, Wm., Duckworth St. Davis, Miss Mabel E. Day, George L., care Wm. Hicks Doherty, Mrs. M., Springdale St. Davis, T. G. Dwyer, Michael, Nagle's Hill Downey, Thomas, Water St. Dolan, Denis, late Humbermouth Dohey, James Drover, Miss B., 4 — St. Dowton, Edward, Water St. Drover, Miss R. B., Hamilton St. Dunn, P. LeMarchant Road Dullane, George, Prescott St. Duggan, Miss K. A. Drover, Miss Rhoda B., Forest Rd. Donnelly, Mrs. D., card E Eadey, Miss Elsie, LeMarchant Rd. Emberley, Annie, retd., Hagerty's Lane Elliott, Robert, New Gower St. F Francis, Miss Gertrude, care General Delivery Fraser, Stanford, West End Ferguson, Mrs. D., Springdale St. French, Nellie, Freshwater Road French, Frank, Military Road Frewelling, Aubrey, Queen's Road Field, J., Allandale Road Fitzpatrick, Miss Lydia, care Mrs. Geo. Coleman Fitzgerald, Edward, Bond St. Fitzpatrick, Mrs. Stephen, retd. Frazee, Mrs. Thomas, Hutchings' St. Foley, Mrs. E., card Furlong, Miss Rose, Gower St. Freeman, Miss Violet G Gardner, Miss Mary, East End Post Office Gardner, George Graham, Mrs. Rebecca Grace, Mrs. G., Military Road Green, Laurence, Allandale Road G Geddes, John A., late Harry's Hr. George, Mrs. James, card, Mullock St. Gibbons, Joseph, Brien St. Gosse, Miss B. Godden, John Gardner, George Gardiner, Miss Christine, Codner's Lane Gorman, James, Dammerill's Lane Green, Laurence, Allandale Road H Harlan, Jack, care Albert Harding Haines, Miss Maud, card, care General Delivery Hickey, Miss Agnes, card, New Gower Street Hansan, Nils, Water Street Hayward, Mrs. Mary Hawco, Mrs. James, 4 — St. Harris, Martha, care Capt. Diamond, Gower St. Harson, Mr., Water St. Halligan, C., card Harvey, Miss Margaret, card, Barter's Hill Hennebury, E. S. Henley, Edward, Bambrick St. Hennebury, Mrs. H. Hennessey, John, Angel Place Horwood, Francis, Barter's Hill Hodder, Frank, Water St. Holmes, Mrs. John, Pleasant St. Holman, F. E. Hogan, Miss A. Hogan, P. J., Barter's Hill Horwood, Miss Laura, care General Delivery Howell, Robert, Water St. Houllihan, Miss Hannah, Freshwater Road Hudson, George, card, Circular Road Hartery, Mrs. S., Bond St. Hill, John Hill, James Hurley, Miss May J., Gower St. I Jones, A. K., card Jackson, James, care George Jackson Jerrett, Richard James, Miss Lilly, Military Road James, Mrs. W. C., care General Delivery Johnson, Mrs. Marian S. K Kean, Miss Evelyn, Mullock St. Kavanagh, Mrs. Garrett, Central St. Keeping, John W., Water St. Kenney, J. S., King's Road Kearney, M. T., Duckworth St. Kean, Weston, Normal School King, Henry Kiely, Wm., Pilot's Hill Knister, Miss Nettie Kennedy, Mrs. Annie M. Kiely, Mrs. Michael, Monroe St. L Langton, Ronald F. Lane, Laurence A., Flower Hill Luke, Miss Clotilda, Pleasant St. Lamb, Miss Katie, New Gower St. Lewis, F. J. Learning, Miss Maria Lilly, Miss Gertrude, care Mr. Quinn Lynch, Patrick, care Miss Nora Peddie Lockyer, Miss Sarah, LeMarchant Rd. Lowe, Mildred, care Miss L. Biddescombe Lumsden, John T., Gower St. Lush, Malcolm, late s.a. Bruce M Martin, James, Newtown Road Marshall, Winnie Makins, Richard, Gower St. Mayors, Miss May, care Gen'l Delivery Matthews, Mrs. Annie Merner, Statia Mews, Miss Jean, care Mrs. Robertson, McDougall St. Mercer, Miss Lizzie, care Mrs. Thistle, Theatre Hill Merner, Mrs. A. S. Miller, James, care Gen'l Post Office Moores, Mrs. Allen, Barter's Hill Moore, Wm. Moore, Fred B., care A. G. Hutchings, Hamilton St. Miller, Mrs. Mary F., Gower St. Moore, Miss Catherine, LeMarchant Road Morlan, Mark, Hagerty's St. Morton, U. D., late Grand Bank Murgford, E., care Gen'l Post Office Murphy, Miss K., Water St. Martin, H. E. Mooney, John, care Mrs. Sutton, William St. N McBride, James D., card McGillivray, J. M. McGrath, Mrs. M., card Freshwater Road McNinis, John McMillin, Mrs. Margaret McDonald, J., Waldegrave St. McGuire, Jas. P. Macintosh, Louis McNeil, Mrs. S. G. O O'Mara, Mrs. B., Military Road O'Neill, Miss S., card, Queen's Rd. O'Leary, Miss Lizzie, care Barron, LeMarchant Road O'Keefe, Philip O'Connor, Miss Margaret, care Mrs. Sutton, William St. P Parsons, Miss Gertrude, Mullock St. Parsons, H. Parsons, Joseph Payton, Richard, Gilbert St. Peddie, Mrs. Archibald, Lime St. Peddie, Miss D. A., Water St. Peddle, Albert, care Gen. Delivery Peckham, Mrs. Wm. Moore St. Pike, Miss L., Theatre Hill Pittman, Miss Carrie Pike, Miss L. B., late St. John, N.B. Pitcher, Mrs. H., card, Pleasant St. Pine, J. J. Pitman, Emily, Flower Hill Pomeroy, A. J., McKay St. Porter, Mrs. James, George's St. Power, Edward, Nagle's Hill Puddister, Chesley S., Gilbert St. Prinn, Matthew, Cabot St. Peddie, Mrs. Archibald, Pleasant St. R Ryan, Miss Katie, Military Road Randall, Miss Fay, care G.P.O. Randall, George Randell, Miss E., care Macandrie Roberts, Mrs. J., card, New Gower St. Ross, Miss Ida, Waterford B. Road Rouse, Mrs. John, Cuddihy St. Rolfe, E. Roberts, Fred, Water St. Roberts, Hubert, Allandale Road Roberts, G., Post Box 385. Rowe, Rebecca, Rose Bank Roberts, Mrs. 2 — Street Rodgers, Mrs. (Mother Jack) Ross, Miss Margaret, LeMarchant Rd. Rideout, Miss Minnie Richardson, James Rose, Nettie, card Russell, Mrs. Stephen S Skains, Mrs. John James' St. Sparks, George, care G.P.O. Stamp, John Steadwood, Chas., care Gen'l P. Office Steed, Mrs. Agnes, care B. Garland, Carter's Hill Sheppard, S. L., Freshwater Road Shears, J. R., Scott St. Shears, Mrs. Wm., Nagle's Hill Sheppard, L., P. O. Box 273 Steed, Miss E. Shears, John James Sinclair, George, care Capt. Skinner Smyth, Mrs. John Smith, George, card, Gower St. Smith, S. S. Smith, S. S., Theatre Hill Smith, Miss Ethel M., Cochrane St. Smith, John, care Gen'l Delivery Sibley, Mrs. Mary, Pleasant St. Smith, Miss S., Water St. West Smith, F. A., Water St. Stittstone, Miss Elizabeth, care General Post Office Smith, Mrs. E., Long's Hill Shortall, Miss Blanche, Duckworth St. Soper, James, care Gen. Post Office Snow, F. W., Freshwater Road Spun, R. H. Stuckey, Miss Minnie Spurrell, Richard, Thorburn Road Shute, Robert, Duckworth St. Spurrell, Miss Alice, Hayward Ave. Squires, Robert, Barnes' Road Squires, Robert Squires, Miss Laura, card, Spencer St. Sutton, Mrs. Wm., William St. T Taylor, Miss Mary, Water St. Taylor, J. K. Tait, Miss J., Charlotte St. Thistle, Thomas H., New Gower St. Thorne, Miss Minnie, Field St. Thompson, Arthur, Newtown Road Tucker, Arthur, Cochrane St. V Vater, Miss Sarah, care G.P.O. Vincent, Wm. Vincent, Miss Mary, LeMarchant Rd. Vater, Miss Lizzie, Pennywell Road Vardy, Miss J. S., New Gower St. W Walsh, Thomas, Long Pond Road Walsh, Martin, Long Pond Road Walsh, B. J., Summer Street Walsh, Miss Christina, Theatre Hill Walsh, Mrs. Wm., Prescott St. Walsh, Miss M., Freshwater Road Wareham, I., late Humber Walsh, Private Michael, care General Delivery Weir, James Wellon, Jas. W. White, Stanley, Freshwater Road White (and) Shivering, care Freshwater Road White, Corbett, Sebastian St. Winter, Miss L., late Mahone Bay, Nova Scotia Willis, Miss F., Queen's Road White, J. H. White, C. Card, Sebastian Street. Woodland, Wm. Woodford, Elsie B., Prescott St. Woodman, Edward. Woon, Master G. C., Care G.P. O. Webber, John, George's St. Weir, Jas., Newtown Road Winsor Norman. H. J. B. WOODS, P.M.G. G. P. O., October 18th, 1915.

Rod and Gun.

A glance at the list of contents of the November issue of Rod and Gun in Canada magazine indicates that this number is of general interest to the outdoor lover and sportsman, while a reading of the number justifies the first impression. "Big Alec and the Portage of Death" is a Hudson Bay story by R. J. Fraser of pathetic inter-

est, concerning a veritable 'portage of death' which was negotiated by an unfortunate band of Indians, the victims of a factor's cruelty. "Martin and the Mortgage" is another of H. C. Had-don's stories and has to do with the capture of a den of black fox puppies. "How Saundees caught the Game Hog" is a story of deer hunting by camera vs. deer hunting by gun, written and illustrated by F. V. Williams. There

are other stories that make a like appeal to the readers of a sportsman's magazine, as well as the usual special departments devoted to guns and ammunition, fishing, etc. W. J. Taylor, Limited, Woodstock, Ont., are the publishers. FIANOS and ORGANS—The famous Kohler and Tonk Pianos. The Needham, Godrich and Mason & Ham-ling Organs. CHEBLET WOODS, 288 Duckworth Street.—aug7,11