



Note the Doctor See How He Guards Against Germs

Note the doctor when he deals with wounds. Note how he makes sure of sterile dressings—how he keeps them wrapped.

Little wounds which you treat at home demand the same precautions. So does any first aid. A few infectious germs may breed millions.

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B&B Bandages and Gauze.
B&B Adhesive Plaster.

Get the B&B products, because they are made to keep on hand, and because they are double-sure.

B&B Cotton and Gauze are twice sterilized, once after being sealed. They are made under hospital conditions to meet hospital requirements.

They are packed in protective packages. B&B Arto Cotton is packed in germ-proof envelopes. So is B&B Handy-Fold Gauze. None is unsealed till you use it.

B&B Cotton also comes in Handy Packages. You cut off only what you

Always call the doctor—remember First Aid is only first aid.

want, leaving the rest untouched. These protections may be vital to you sometime.

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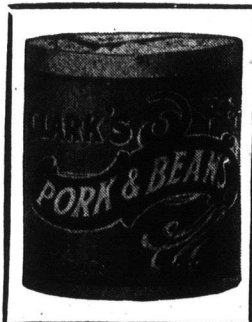
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boulder of rock, suddenly move. It was the grizzly, crouching over the carcass of our unhappy pack pony!

I withdrew the little automatic, and Valary withdrew his hand pick. "What do we do now?" I enquired breathlessly. The Indian seemed to measure the distance between us and the bear. "Laugh! Talk!" he said aloud. "Walk straight up to him. Perhaps he run away."

"And perhaps he charge!" I added, knowing very well that, in this region where the bears had yet to learn what men and firearms were, there was little chance of driving one of these monarchs of the slopes from his morning meal.

Valary's suggestion, however, held a small amount of promise, so rising from our hiding place we approached boldly, shouting and laughing as we went. At a distance of 90 yards I discharged the pistol into the air, at which the bear, which had been watching us closely for some moments, suddenly sat upright, uttered a loud "wuff", then calmly proceeded to scratch himself.

"Don't seem much scared," I observed, and still we steadily approached, till only a stone's throw separated us. Then the bear dropped on all fours and stood absolutely motionless, facing us. His eyes shone a savage green, and the coarse hair along his spine stood threateningly on end. "He's going to charge!" shouted Valary. "Run if he does. He won't follow."

No sooner said than done. With a roar that shook the whole mountain side the brute came straight at us, and we turned and scattered like chaff before the wind.

a bead on the brute's powerful neck and pressed the trigger. The bullet went a trifle high, and caught the bear on the ear. With a sound which was half a roar and half a scream the brute reared on its hind quarters, clawing at its head, and giving me an opportunity of an open shot at its throat. Again I pressed the trigger, but whether or not the shot went home I could not say, for at that very instant the grizzly located me.

My best run on the rugby field was put to shame by the sprint I performed among those boulders. Doubling and turning like a rabbit, I managed to evade the beast for longer than I should have thought possible, at times pumping in a chance shot at the animal's body as an opportunity occurred.

That bear meant business, and I knew now that it was a fight for life. He came in silence. Never before had I felt cooler or better prepared for an emergency. I realised that my best plan was to save cartridges till I was dead sure of their effect; for there was no chance now of the grizzly abandoning the hunt.

Valary, however, was by no means the kind of man to stand by while another did all the fighting. He came into it like a man, armed only with his hand pick, but prepared to do his best. That first desperate sprint had taken all my breath for the moment, and to relax for even an instant meant certain death, for the bear was only a few yards distant. Valary came in in the very ace of time, and purposely diverted the brute from me to himself. It charged him instantly, and from not twenty feet distant I fired



Highlanders at Breakfast

Fortunately for us the bear did not follow more than fifty paces, and again we withdrew to a point of safety to discuss the next plan of warfare.

Now the eyesight of a bear is extremely poor, and so long as he does not catch wind of you, it is possible, by careful stalking, to approach within twenty yards of him on the leeward side. To take liberties with a grizzly is a very dangerous game, but be it understood we were in a desperate position, and at all costs we must recover our packs before the bear ruined their contents. My little pistol shot very hard and straight, and a bullet in the neck at short range would perhaps put that bear out of operation.

We tossed up with a dime as to which of us was to go. I lost. Dawn was just breaking, and with it that strong breeze, which always wafts across the heights at sunset or sunrise, was blowing crossways between us and the bear.

Valary stood upright in a conspicuous position to attract the brute's notice, while I crept down behind and began to approach with the breeze full in my favor. I must confess to a good deal of excitement as I drew nearer the great brute, stooping over its ghastly feast, but at the same time my blood was up, and I was ready to fight for our possessions.

I crept to within at least thirty paces. The bear was tearing savagely at the pack straps under the pony's belly, at times pausing to growl and snarl at Valary, who stood, vastly conspicuous, against the skyline, away on my left. Clearly the bear was unaware of my proximity.

Then came the moment when, with the little weapon resting on a boulder, I drew

two more shots, both of which went home, the second one disabling one of the bear's forepaws. To that shot alone we owed our lives.

What happened next was all by way of a dream. Valary fell, and the bear passed right over him in its headlong charge. I was aware of no fear, but only of a terrible anger. I went right up to the brute, and tried to fire another shot point blank from six paces distant. The magazine was empty!

Somehow the brute sent me spinning, but did not disable me. When I got up I saw it standing motionless and coughing, foaming at the mouth, while Valary aimed a terrific blow at its skull with his hand pick. The blow went home in fine style, and the brute turned on Valary with the quickness of a rattlesnake. I went for it from behind, and buried the spike of my pick deep between its shoulders. Then I caught a glimpse of Valary's face. It was covered with blood, and his features seemed to be crushed out of all recognition.

"Run!" he shouted. "It's our only chance!" We ran—or rather we staggered, side by side among the rocks, and that awful brute staggered after us. Again it was merely a point as to which of us could hold out the longer, but luck was in our favor. We reached the edge of a shallow gully which ran for a short distance across the mountain face. At one end of it was a small black cave, and the rocks all round were of the same dirty black tint. It lay directly across our path, perhaps sixty feet deep, and some strange instinct warned me not to obey my first impulse to slide down among the rocks and sand into the gloom of that sinister gully.

At the very brink I stopped dead, and