

# New Dog Proved His Worth Wildcat and Bear Hunt in a Nova Scotia Swamp.

Annapolis, N. S.—Uncle Ned held up a letter, took out his big iron rimmed spectacles, set them carefully across his nose and read:

Dear sir I received your letter will set the dog for ten dollars he is a good dog for wildcat fox minks otter or any track you put him on he was trained before I got him seven years with him is seven years old I give 24 dollars for him wood not sell him but am getting so I can't go in the woods with rumsation if I was younger I would part with the dog I send him to you if you want my mister pennyman he will stay in a canoe skid him if he goes wrong he will go rite hell chase all day will come back at nite he careful if he after cats or fox if he smells a moos or a bare he will leave and go after it if he was you stay what you want he will bring the moos back to you he is a god dog his name's range range we will close so good by yours truly Mr John McEain.

With a smile Uncle Ned transferred his attention from John McEain's "good dog" to a fairly well bred English foxhound of uncertain age and modest demeanor, with a few deep scars on head and ears that represented his diploma as a wildcat and bear dog.

"Him?" he mused, critically regarding the animal, "he's a fair dog, but regular 'ten dollars is a pretty good bargain for a really first class hound. I've heard of him before. Old John McEain used to be one of the best all around hunters and trappers in Digby county, and this old Range was always called the best dog in Digby county. Wonder why he wants to let him go, and at such a price."

"We explained that the old man was really getting too feeble to cruise about the woods and to have his dog in his hands, but Uncle Ned was still sceptical as he led the way to the canoes for the hunt.

The late November weather was cold and crisp, and a light dry snow that covered the ground for three inches promised to make tracking and going easy.

Our costumes were regulated by the advice of Uncle Ned.

We wore thin underclothing of pure wool, thick woollen grey shirts, neckerchiefs, stout knickers with long stockings, and canvas leggings over a pair of ankle larrigans, which were made to fit closely by wearing an extra pair of socks. We also wore our canvas shooting caps, which, though noisy, we soon found were excellent for smashing through the killing Nova Scotia thicket, and there is no reason for especial quiet when after wild cats with a hound.

Hardly had we landed when the hound began to whine and howl and sniff the air eagerly. Uncle Ned nearly lost him by an unexpected and sudden tug on the chain, but recovered and led the dog drag him ten yards up the carry, where, sure enough, a fresh wildcat track led directly across the path. Uncle Ned hung on to Range only long enough to make sure of the freshness of the track, and the next moment the merry music was echoing through the frosty air: "Ow! Ow! O-o-o-ow! Ow!"

Jack and I started to dash into the thicket after the hound, but Uncle Ned restrained us.

"Hold on, boys; no rush," he said. "Let's see where he's going. May come right around across the trail again, you know."

"We'll just sneak along the carry for a while and listen. If he gets too far away we'll follow and keep him within earshot."

"No use tramping through these swamps more than necessary. We're likely to get enough of it before night anyway, for I guess the best dog in Digby County is a good one, all right."

The admonition was well timed, for though the trail did not actually recross the carry, it would be necessary to march some miles without result had we followed the hound, for that cat's track must have described several figure 8's with a couple of miles between the sides, judging from the way of the dog, now faint, now stronger.

At one time he was entirely out of earshot, but a plume of half a mile in to a black spruce swamp brought this ridiculous and yet mellow old howling bay to our ears again, and almost a hundred yards off, Uncle Ned and we hurried over to the track and found that the cat was evidently getting tired; at least, so said the old man, who judged from the slightly irregular footprints.

"We've got her sure, boys," he exclaimed, and a moment after the words left his lips the dog was heard again a quarter of a mile on our right.

"Let's circle," said Uncle Ned. "Likely the cat won't leave the swamp, so we might as well wait and see what'll happen," whereupon the old trapper squatted on his haunches while, less afraid of forest chills, or rather less experienced in woodland precautions, followed his example as to rest, but seated ourselves upon adjoining logs.

fresh as a daisy, and we all followed as fast as the thick tangle of fallen logs and second growth hemlocks and spruces and soft swamp would permit. Within half a minute we heard the hound bay "Tweed!" but regular barks: "Ow! Ow! Ow!" without rest. Pretty soon came a yowl from the cat, followed by a series of howls, snarls and barks which betokened a canine-feline scree of the wildest description. As we came to the scene of the attack there was a big tom, backed up against a log, like the very image of Satan. He was puffing and had evidently been cornered by the hound before finding a tree suitable for escape.

Now, I read last winter a series of letters by famous woodsmen on wildcats and Canada lynxes, the purport of nearly all of which was that these animals are portents of the worst description. Manly Hardy told us even how they are killed by a man with bare hands alone.

So be it, I question not the fact. But of one thing am I sure, namely, that those cats were not the kind we have in the Maritime Provinces, or at least in Nova Scotia, the Lynx gigas, or giant wildcat. However the question may be determined, let it be placed on record that this wildcat put up an excellent fight, all in and outnumbered as he was.

He would make little jumps at the dog and as if we came too near. He got one good lick in on Range's nose that drew blood, and he growled spitefully. No doubt if a wildcat knew its power it could make it very lively for an unarmed man, for a full grown one is about as much like a bunch of steel springs run by a small engine as anything I can think of.

Range would rush in and grab the cat by the hindquarters when its attention was attracted by one of us, and then he would turn and sweat him well, though he was clever enough to escape in time nearly always. Jack and I richly enjoyed the mixup, but we were afraid that Range would eventually get a strange hold on the big cat, and possibly spill the skin, so not waiting for Uncle Ned, who was hacking at a small birch with his hunting knife, Jack took advantage of a retreat on the part of the hound and sent a .22 calibre bullet through the cat's body, unfortunately a trifle too far aft to kill.

Uncle Ned uttered an exclamation of impatience.

"Who! Too bad! You'll spoil the skin," said he. "We had him squared and tucked, and could have laid him out with a stick."

Puss was still game, and though paralyzed in the hind legs, growled and cuffed savagely at the dog, who continued to whine and howl and sniff the air eagerly. Uncle Ned put an end to his struggles by a deft stroke over the head, after which he took the cat and "pulled its heart," an operation neither Jack nor I had seen or heard of, but which is common among trappers of an older generation, who were careful not to hurt their pelts.

A wildcat or any animal larger must, of course, first be rendered hors de combat before being handled, but such small game as mink, martens, hares and even foxes are commonly to be killed by pulling their hearts. The animal is either walked down with the snowshoes and then grasped with the left hand by the throat, or a coat or skin is thrown over the head before the grasp. The business end of the game being held harmless by the left hand, the right foot is put to heart, which, on account of the strangulation, palpitates with unwonted power. Outside the soft skin the heart is seized by the right hand on one of its down jumps, and a pull in different directions by the two hands ruptures the heart strings, causing instant death.

The demeanor of old Range after the quarry was dead was amusing in its staid dignity. He sat down gravely and watched proceedings with an air of only half interest, as if to say, "My part of the work is done; I'd like to make a meal of that cat, but it's not allowed, so why excite myself?"

His apathetic manner continued as he trotted along in front of Uncle Ned, the chain being hardly necessary to keep him in step. Suddenly his mane bristled and a howling whine came from him as he sniffed the air suspiciously.

"Aha!" exclaimed Uncle Ned under his breath. "See his back go up. That's no cat. When, boy, not so wild! Go on now, but don't get too skittish!"

And he let the dog pull him along into the swamp at right angles to the course we were taking, Range getting more and more excited with every step. Suddenly he burst out in a prolonged howling bay, a sure sign of a fresh track of some kind.

"A bear, I bet you!" said Uncle Ned, and sure enough the next moment the footprints of old Bruin appeared in the light snow. "Who!" I thought they'd all denied in by this time. Mild fall, though, likely they're late this year."

As he spoke he released the hound, who sprang up a slight rise crowned by dwarf spruce, on the top of which appeared an enormous boulder cleft in prehistoric nature.

"Great Scott!" exclaimed the old man. "Don't mean to tell me that's a den? I've looked that pile over fifty times."

But a den it was nevertheless, a fact at once proved by the actions of old Range, who stood at the mouth of the gaping hole in the rock and barked furiously. It wasn't five minutes before we got action. Uncle Ned, who was unarmed except for his axe, crept a yard or two into the arch of stone, but presently backed out with an alacrity unusual in a man of his years.

"Jerushy!" he yelled. "It's a den all right, and by gum the old man's at home! Get your soft nose cartridges and your doctor! Go in there, boy! (To Range.) Sick 'em! Take hold of 'em!"

I was decidedly in the limelight now, for Jack's .22 was a bad card of introduction to a full grown bear outside of a trap, while, besides steel jacketed bullets, I carried a handful of soft nosed "Hoxies" for my .303, with which I now proceeded to fill up my magazine with feverish haste.

Nor was I any too quick, for good old Range, obeying the command of the trapper, had rushed into the hole without a moment's hesitation. In a trice came a

medley of howls, snarls and yelps, borne to us as from the horn of a huge graphophone.

In ten seconds the hound came backing out, barking and snapping at something that was evidently the bear, and as soon as the dog's entirety was again in full daylight this something was revealed to us in the form of a big she bear, whose little red and black eyes snapped viciously, while she emitted a curious snarling whine. When she saw us she raised herself to a semi-erect position and was on the point of retreating into the den when Range sprang fiercely at her throat.

Facing him like lightning, she handed him an cuff that would have laid the foundation for his epitaph had it reached him in full force, but the veteran hound had been there before, and got away with a badly ripped ear. As he bounded back my chance came, and I pumped a bullet full in the old lady's face.

As I did so, before we could tell what was the effect, a curious scratching was heard at the mouth of the den, and one after the other rushed two more than half grown cubs. There was a lively and very complicated mix-up of bears, men and hound, in which no one of us dared to use his weapon for fear of making matters worse.

I was dimly conscious of Uncle Ned astride a cub bear, a beast like a hound of the Barkervilles being whirled in the air, and Jack doing a tight rope performance over a big windfall, the whole picture being suddenly blotted out by an awful bump, the full force of which was concentrated at the very base of my anatomy, and which in some occult but most effective manner had been on the other side of a big rock with its slightly clouded gaze directed toward the heavens.

Uncle Ned was the first to recover; in fact, perhaps he didn't have to, as he strenuously denied afflicting himself with a bad cold. Anyhow, his doctorian "Lively there, boys!" brought us both to our feet. The first thing I saw was one of the cubs going it hell bent up the hill, and I brought up my rifle to stop him when Uncle Ned called out: "Steady, Doc; let the cubs go; they'll be better next year. Drop the old lady—there she goes over that log!"

I turned in time to catch a glimpse of the dam ambling off in the middle distance, but as I was on the point of firing Range bobbed up at her heels. He disappeared from sight together. We scrambled after them as fast as we were able, and as the hound and her wound impeded the bear's retreat we came up to them in a few minutes.

She was bleeding badly from her neck, but the bullet had evidently not disabled her to any extent, for she was full of fight. She would face the hound, drive him back with a wild pass or two, and then turn and run, only to be brought up again after going a few yards by the dog at her heels. I waited for a good chance and then let her have it behind the shoulder, when she came down in a heap and for good.

"We laid her over a big log for a gloating contemplation and were glad enough to sit down and confine our entire energies to gloating."

"Wow!" exclaimed Jack. "Talk about the strenuous life! With which he passed his flask, that was summarily emptied between puffs. The sun was high in the heavens when Uncle Ned and I struck the woods for the end of the carry, where our canoe and lunch awaited us."

As we ate great were the praises of the best dog in Digby county, and we voted to grant him heroically an augmentation to his title (which he bore no mind), dubbing him "The best dog in Digby and Annapolis counties."

**ODD CAUSES OF DESERTION.**

Sometimes They Are Epidemic at an Army Post.

"A lot of them are bulging forward, I see, with replies to that question. What's the matter with the army?" said a grizzled old sergeant at one of the New York army recruiting offices. "The reasons given for desertion are pretty close to the mark, too. But there are some others."

"Pretty often desertions become epidemic in a military post. Any number of things can start an epidemic of desertions and nothing can stop it short of switching the whole layout to another post, and even that doesn't always work."

"I recall the deserting epidemic that broke out in Fort Sheridan, near Chicago, a few years ago. Inside of three months only the skeleton of the command was left. The thing was started by an outfit of unpopular officers, who fell to quarrelling among themselves."

"One domineering or unjust officer in a post can cause more desertions than a dozen or crucifying fatigue or practice marches do. Once I knew a little runt of a sergeant just out from West Point to command a little two battery post in the far Northwest where I was stationed there died a First Lieutenant who was immensely popular with the enlisted men, and that in spite of the fact that the drink had got him. He was a fine man and he was very square in his treatment of his bucks in barracks. He wouldn't stand anybody imposing on the enlisted men, as well as near as men get to loving a man, I guess you fellows loved that fine chap and square officer."

"It was a pretty glib layout when we scraped out a hole in the ground for that one, tossed him into it, fired a volley over him and listened to the blubbering kid of a windjammer sounding 'Taps.'"

"The desertions began the next day. The post was not only lonesome, it seemed all too uncanny without him. When, a month or so later, the outfit was shifted to the seaboard, we were not much more than one battery of heavy artillery instead of two, and there isn't any doubt that the existing in of that officer with the heart and the gizzard of a sure enough man was the only cause of it."

"Little unscrupulous things will start desertions. The reappearance of a post of former member of the outfit, together with in joyous mutiny and showing other evidences of prosperity always has the effect of getting the gang a-going."

"Once I belonged to an outfit that was stationed at the Presidio of San Francisco for our men caught on as a faro bank dealer of a big San Francisco gambling house at the wind up of his second term. I wasn't long before he had an interest in the bank himself, and he got the money fast."

"Well, all diked out in expensive clothes and wearing the spurs and dingedoes, he used to drive out to the Presidio behind a stylish peer in a trix trap with a new pair of nines gear. After a few months of that commanding officer of the Presidio had to request that ex-wildcat to leave, for he would to cease his visits at the post. A large number of desertions were easily traced to his visits."

"The gang would look their ex-mates over as if they were becoming ambitious all of a sudden. If he had made such a fine thing of it in civil life why couldn't he do the same, or make some kind of a stab at it, anyhow? So they doped out of the Presidio, got to some back any more, just because they had seen all those signs of prosperity on a man who had once bunched under the same roof with them."

**WE PAY**  $4\frac{1}{2}\%$

Under Our Guaranteed Mortgage Investment Plan. Interest Quarterly

DOUBLE SECURITY AFFORDED INVESTORS

Call or Write for Particulars

**MERCANTILE TRUST COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED**

BANKERS, BANK OF HAMILTON, . . . HAMILTON, ONT.

From Whom Any Inquiries May Be Made

HON. WM. GIBSON, President S. C. MACDONALD, Manager

"Rumors about the transferring of outfits, too, is another cause, and in the aggregate a big contributing cause to the desertion business. Men who call in a certain part of the country for service in that section of the country, find themselves another part with a different climate. More desertions result from the shifting about of outfits than ever appear in the figures."

"Soldiers who get mixed up with women outside their outfits are ordered away. The soldier rarely has the price to pay the woman's habit of a fine soldier, and as he was well educated a commission isn't any too high for him to look it he'd been of that mind and had kept out of trouble."

"With my outfit was a snappy, bustling youngster from Tennessee, a boy not much past his majority, who got the corporal's chevrons very soon after hitting the islands for navy work in campaigning. The kid did all the makings of a fine soldier, and as he was well educated a commission isn't any too high for him to look it he'd been of that mind and had kept out of trouble."

But he got all wrapped up with a Philippine girl, the daughter of a Filipino peddler down Mindanao way, and when we were ordered to Manila to take the transport for the United States he couldn't see the thing of leaving the girl. I believe they'd been married. Anyhow, when we went to Manila, this incident being posted started behind with the Philippine woman."

But he did something even more idiotic than that. He got mixed up with a girl named Maria, a girl from the islands who was still going on down the islands of just taking to the underworld and staying to them in a few minutes. The girl was over. They got him by the time our transport reached the States."

"We had a fellow that nice looking and bright kid from Tennessee is doing now? He's doing ninety-nine years on Alcatraz for deserting to the enemy. He's a court-martial's sentence was death, but it was changed to ninety-nine years for him. Then turn and take a look at Alcatraz? Well, if you ever seen it you'd say—boy with a head, even if it didn't have any sense—could let a skinny, mop haired, balding fellow, the way that fellow laid him at Alcatraz for a dose like that, even if her eyes were fine."

## THE TORTURES OF NERVOUSNESS

The Sufferer Feels That Unless Relief Comes Insanity Will Follow.

There is no torture more intolerable than nervousness. A nervous person is in a state of constant irritation by day and sleeplessness by night. The sufferer starts at every noise, is shaky and depressed. Often although in a completely exhausted state is unable to sit or lie still. For trouble of this kind about the best thing in the world is Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. The nerves are jaded and jangled because they are being starved by poor, watery blood. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills make new, rich blood, which feeds and soothes the irritated nerves. There is absolutely no doubt about this; thousands can testify of the blood-making, nerve-restoring qualities of these pills. Among them is Mrs. Thos. Harpell, Wallace Bridge, N. S., who says: "Some years ago I was afflicted with nervous prostration. To describe the tortures of it is impossible. God and myself only know what I endured. The doctor gave me medicine, but it did not seem to help me. Then he ordered me away for my change, but I was afraid to go, as I always seemed to fear some impending calamity, and was afraid to spend the night alone, as I used to think each night that I would die before morning. I tried different kinds of medicine, but with no better results, and finally, deciding I would go to my parents to see if the change would benefit me. I went to their doctor, but with no better results. My mother urged me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and got me a box. Of course I did not expect a box would help me, but I continued taking them, and in about a month began to feel better. From that time there was an improvement in my condition every day, and in the course of about three months I was again enjoying the great blessing of perfect health. I gained about twenty pounds in weight and my friends could hardly believe I was the same person. I believe I would have been in my grave long ago if it had not been for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are good for any disease due to bad blood or weak nerves. That is why they cure such troubles as anaemia, indigestion, rheumatism, neuralgia, St. Vitus dance, paralysis, and the ailments of girlhood and womanhood. Sold by medicine dealers at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, or may be had by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

**Trackless Trolleys in Ireland.**

According to the Electrical Engineer a movement is on foot for the introduction of the system of trackless electric trams in Ireland, the first contemplated route being between Donnybrook in the suburbs of Dublin, and the pretty seaside resort at Bray. The new system, it is said, will be worked independently on the existing roads from power derived from the usual overhead wires. The trolley can be made to diverge to any distance required, so as to enable the motor to pass any other conveyance or vehicle in the ordinary course. The project has been submitted to the manager of the Dublin United Tramways Company and to the county council. The promoters claim a good return from small traffic, as here is no big sum sunk in the permanent way.

"What is your special purpose?" he asked, haltingly.

"The bulling," answered the other, briefly.

A glaring August afternoon in San Sebastian. The Plaza de Toros was packed with 15,000 spectators. The sun beat mercilessly down on those who had not been able to obtain seats labelled Sombra. The occasion was a gala one—the nomenclature of the Queen Dowager. Mantillas of old lace, black and white, were much in evidence, some covering raven tresses, other surmounting blonde locks—locks which had become blonde since an English princess ascended the throne of Spain.

The red-coated sand-sprinklers, having completed their task, retired, and the arena lay empty.

Suddenly a fanfare of trumpets blared out shrilly, and two mounted Algebrans, clad in seventeenth century costumes, rode in, to whom, as they saluted the president, he threw the keys of the various dens. These they deftly caught, and, after saluting again, rode back whence they came and disappeared.

Again the trumpets spoke, and the babel of tongues ceasing, a dead hush fell upon the vast assembly.

A moment later the heavy door of a den swung back, and out into the glare of the arena a huge bear ambled. The sunlight dazzled him after the darkness of the confined space in which he had been kept prisoner. He stood blinking and gazing round in a muddle-headed fashion, and finally, shuffling off to that part of the ring which lay in the shade, he set down on his haunches.

He had hardly done so when another door was flung open.

With a furious bellow a great Andalusian bull instantly dashed out and galloped blindly half way across the arena, his eyes gleaming red with blood lust, and foam flying from his mouth.

Here he halted and stood raking back the sand with his forefeet, then, glaring round, searched for an object for attack. Immediately he spied the bear sitting quiet and unmoved some fifty paces distant.

Emitting another menacing bellow, he lowered his head and sprang off on a thunderous charge.

He had covered, perhaps, half the distance when the bear, realizing the hostile intentions of his adversary, suddenly stood upright to receive him, and opened his arms invitingly. Then a curious thing happened. The bull, though it would have attacked with ferocious courage any animal which stood on four legs, or any human being which stood on two, stopped short, dismayed, it may be, at the unusual spectacle which presented itself to him, of an obvious quadruped assuming the erect posture of a biped.

For some seconds he stood spellbound, gazing with ever-increasing astonishment and dread at the strange phenomenon.

Tired of standing still, the bear opened his arms a little wider and took one stride forward. That proved the last straw.

The bull turned, and throwing frequent and fearful glances behind him, cantered off to the opposite side of the ring, where he stood sweating and shivering against the barrier.

The silence was oppressive.

All at once someone gave vent to a loud snigger. Instantly it was caught up by 15,000 throats, and roar after roar of laughter shook the massive building, while shouts of "Bravo, Oso," came from those who could articulate. The bear was evidently astounded. It was so open since he had gained any applause that he had forgotten the sound of it. But the cry—"Bravo, Oso! Bravo, Oso!" brought back vividly the time of his popularity; and instinctively rising to the occasion, with an appreciative, slobbering grin, he gained any applause dangling he began to walk slowly round and round—round and round.

That evening, after Antonio had ceased to weep on the neck of his un wounded hero, Pietro had such a dinner as seldom falls to the lot of a bear, however capacious its maw.

On the outskirts of beautiful San Remo there is a little cafe, prettily situated, with an orchard and olive groves behind it. The name of the person in Antonio Vesani, whose business wife is locally and deservedly famous for her cookery.

In the orchard an old bear, almost blind with age, sleeps away the evening of his life, under the grateful shade of the fruit trees.

## BABY'S OWN TABLETS

**WILL CURE YOUR BABY**

If your little ones are subject to colic, simple fever, constipation, indigestion, worms, or other minor ailments of childhood, give them Baby's Own Tablets. This medicine will give relief right away, making sound, refreshing sleep possible. Better still an occasional dose will keep little ones well. Guaranteed to contain no opiate or poisonous soothing stuff. Good for the new born baby or the well grown child. Mrs. Ronald K. Seaford, Palmer Rapids, Ont., says: "Baby's Own Tablets are the most satisfactory medicine I have ever used, and I would not like to be without the Tablets in the house." Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

**Grandma Obsolete.**

"The word 'grandma' is dying out," said a lexicographer, or maker of dictionaries, pausing in his labor on the letter G. "By 2000, at this rate, no such word will exist."

"What will take its place?"

"Oh, 'mamie,' 'nans,' 'lovelocks,' 'dearest'—some such rubbish. You see," explained the lexicographer, "women think that they have learned to stave off old age. A woman of 50, because she has dyed her hair, a painted face, a figure here distended and there crumpled, thinks that she looks young. As a matter of fact, she looks neither fish, flesh, nor fowl. No man can bear the sight of her. But she thinks she looks young, and, therefore, she won't be called 'grandma.' Youth is over for good, you know—beyond peradventure we are done with the long, long dreams of youth—when a little one is 'Isiping' 'grandma' or 'grandpa' at our knees. So this old fool trains her grandchildren to call her 'nans' or 'kitten,' and getting into her wadded street gown she trips on herumatic feet to the beauty parlor for a face steaming."—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

**DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS**

FOR ALL KINDS OF KIDNEY DISEASE

GRAVEL, RHEUMATISM, BRUIST'S DISORDER, DIABETES, BACHTER'S DISEASE, NEURALGIA, MIGRAINE, HEADACHE, EYE AFFECTIONS, SORE THROAT, INFLUENZA, AND ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE URINARY SYSTEM.

THE PUBLIC WILL BE INTERESTED TO KNOW THAT THIS MEDICINE IS PURELY VEGETABLE AND DOES NOT CONTAIN ANY DRUGS.

T  
H  
I  
S  
O  
R  
I  
G  
I  
N  
A  
L  
D  
O  
C  
U  
M  
E  
N  
T  
I  
S  
I  
N  
V  
E  
R  
Y  
P  
O  
O  
R  
C  
O  
N  
D  
I  
T  
I  
O  
N