POOR COPY




## WHY KEEP ON COUGHING?

**Here Is A Remedy That Will Stop It**

Do you realize the danger in a neglected cough?

Then why don't you get rid of it?

Yes, you can shake it off, even though it has stuck to you for a long time, if you go about it right.

Keep out in the fresh air as much as you can, build up your strength with plenty of wholesome food, and take Na-Dru-Co Syrup of Linseed, Licorice and Chlorodyne.

This reliable household remedy has broken up thousands of hacking, persistent coughs, which were just as troublesome as yours, and what it has done for so many others it will do for you.

Na-Dru-Co Syrup of Linseed, Licorice and Chlorodyne contains absolutely no harmful drugs, and so can be given safely to children, as well as adults. Your physician or druggist can confirm this statement, for we are ready to send them on request a complete list of all the ingredients.

Put up in 25c. and 50c. bottles by the National Drug and Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited. 317


This is the season of the year when mothers feel very much concerned over the frequent colds contracted by their children, and have abundant reason for it as every cold weakens the lungs, lowers the vitality and paves the way for the more serious diseases that so often follow. Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is famous for its cures, and is pleasant to take. For sale by all dealers.

## DOLLARS FROM MILK

**The Cow as a Bread-winner Helps its Owner to Coin Money**

In 1909 the representative of one of the largest condensed milk companies in the United States, interviewed the Town Council of Tillsonburg, Ontario, with a view to securing their co-operation in the establishment of a milk factory in that town. It did not take the live merchants of Tillsonburg long to realize that the five or six thousand dollars, which the company proposed to distribute to the milk producers around Tillsonburg each month, would soon go into circulation over the counters of their stores. As one merchant put it—"the increase in the price of milk would enable a farmer to buy at least one hat per year more for his wife in addition to many other equally necessary things."

On the first of October, 1909, the factory opened its doors and 21,000 pounds of milk went into the condensers. After four years operation it is interesting to note the effect of this industry in the neighborhood. Prior to the establishment of the factory farmers had been getting from 80c to $1 per cwt. for milk. In 1910 the price had risen to $1.48 1-3 per cwt. The price has risen continuously. The price is now $1.65 per cwt., with prospects of going higher next year. From receipts of only 21,000 pounds from a few patrons the factory has increased its capacity until it now takes care of 312 patrons and 181,000 pounds of milk in one day.

The industry in question, The Borden Condensed Milk Company, had hitherto operated entirely in the United States, but the tariff, coupled with its growing trade in Canada, were the factors which induced it to locate a branch in Tillsonburg. The Company's scientific methods and its educational efforts to improve cattle raising with a view to better milk production, have been of tremendous value to the country. Cows have gone up in price. Where formerly an ordinary grade Holstein sold at $40 to $50 it now brings from $80 to $100, and there has been a corresponding increase in good milkers and pure breds.

Some interesting figures are available from some of the patrons. One farmer from eight cows during eight months time received $1,057.16 in cheques from the Borden factory. Certain parts of the Western country are eminently suited for dairying, and there is no doubt that within a few years condensed milk factories will be established at different points in the West, thus creating a profitable home market for milk and cows.


## A Paris Chemist has Discovered How to Grow Hair

In Paris the ladies have entirely abandoned wearing rates, which is due entirely to this new discovery.

It has been proven that Henna leaves contain the ingredients that will positively grow hair. That they contain this long-looked-for article is proven every day.

The French are now placing on the market a preparation containing the extract from Henna leaves, which is having a phenomenal sale.

This preparation is called SALVIA and is being sold with a guarantee to cure dandruff and to grow hair in [illegible] SALVIA makes a most pleasant dressing, and is sold by your druggist. A large, generous bottle can be purchased for 50 cents.

Sold at White Drug store.


# The Sable Lorcha

By Horace Hazelton.

restrain her.

"Not now, Evelyn," I said, quietly, and, at the risk of seeming rudeness, sat still.

"But, why?" And there was a hint of suspicion in the look she gave me.

"He is asleep," I told her. And when she had relaxed into the great chair again, I added, temporizing, "Mr. Bryan will let us know when he wakens."

Her disappointment was undisguised, and in secret I sympathized with her. She was experiencing something of that which had come to me when Bryan had refused me converse with his patient. But it were better to divert than to commiserate, and so I said:

"This is the day I am to hear from Miss Clement."

"Is it?" she asked, differently, the disappointment still rankling. "I didn't know."

"She has promised me important information before three o'clock. If she keeps her word, this whole perplexing mystery may very shortly be cleared up."

"Isn't that what you would call supererogatory?" she asked, smiling. "I should think Uncle Robert could tell all that is needed, now, himself."

I was at a loss for a moment how to answer her; and in that moment the telephone broke in, and did away with the necessity of response.

The instrument was on the writing table at my elbow, and with a "Shall I?" to Evelyn, I took the receiver from the hook and bent to the transmitter.

"Yes," I said, "Miss Grayson is here. Who is it, please?" I thought I recognized Miss Clement's voice, and I was not wrong. But, after all, it was I she wanted. She had called up my rooms and my office, and, unable to get me at either place, had taken the chance that Evelyn might aid her to my discovery.

"You have learned something?" I asked, disguising as well as I could my burning interest. If possible, I would keep from Evelyn the least suggestion of how vitally important I regarded the news I hoped for.

"I hardly know how to explain it to you," came Miss Clement's reply. "I was on the verge of what I am sure was a most pregnant revelation. I was to be given names and dates and circumstances. I had been promised these by one in whom I put the greatest reliance. And now I am asked to wait another twenty-four hours. Something has happened, my confidant tells me; something puzzling and utterly unexpected, and those who know most of the matter are now most at sea."

Evelyn must have seen me smile. It was quite evident to me that Miss Clement was in touch with some one well informed, but it was not that which provoked the smile. I smiled because I felt that Cameron in some way had outwitted his captors and gained his freedom. This was the unexpected happening which had thrown the villainous slant-eyed camp into confusion, and I rejoiced at my friend's intrepidity.

"And so," I said to Miss Clement, "you wish me to wait another day?"

"I think it would be worth while," she answered.

"And I do, too," I told her. "I don't suppose you've seen an afternoon paper, have you?" I went on. "Well, they contain some news of interest. They say that Mr. Cameron came home last night, and for once, at least, they tell what is very nearly the truth."

If sincerity ever carried over a wire it carried then in Miss Clement's congratulations, and there was something almost divine in her forbearance to ask for particulars. She congratulated Evelyn, too, and promised to come to see her, soon; and then once more she assured me that she would yet learn everything we could possibly care to know.

"The Chinese," she added, "are a deliberate race, Mr. Clyde. They refuse to be hurried. But eventually we shall have our answers."

With Evelyn beside me the hours no longer dragged. We talked unceasingly; reviewing everything from the receipt of the first letter; conjecturing on each of the score of little problems making up the one great mystery, but arriving at nothing definite; adding, if changing conditions at all, to our own confusion.

And if, in passing, at intervals, where opportunity offered, I spoke tender words and pleaded for a definite, or at least a closer, more intimate understanding between us, who shall say that I was to blame? She was never more lovely, never more appealing than she was that morning; and I begged for an admission of a sentiment above and beyond the mere sisterly regard to which hitherto she had persisted in limiting her expression of affection for me.

More than once I had read in her eyes—without unseemly conceit, I trust I may be permitted this assertion—[illegible] But there seemed to be with her a notion that the occasion was ill-suited to my plea.

"Philip," she said, "dear Philip, I care for you very much; almost as much as I care for Uncle Robert. You have been very good to me, and very good to him, and if I could tell you that I love you in the way you ask I—" And there she hesitated a shade of a second. "Even if I could tell you," she corrected, "I wouldn't tell you now. It is not stubbornness, Philip. It is just a woman's way. Ask me again, when Uncle Robert is well, and all this horrible nightmare has passed. Promise me that you will ask me again!"

"Never fear," I returned, "I'll ask you."

"And promise me, too," she added, "that until all the skies are clear once more, you will not mention the subject."

I was on the verge of promising; not because it would be an easy promise to keep, for I knew it would be very difficult; but because I could deny her nothing. I was on the verge, I say, when the library door opened, and Louis, pale and excited, and so in haste that he had not paused to knock, was exclaiming:

"Monsieur Cameron! Pardon! Mais, enfin, etes-vous prete?"

A score of fears springing instantly to birth within us, Evelyn and I were on our feet before the speech, rapidly delivered as it was, was finished. Were we ready! We evidenced our readiness in no such voiceless thing as words.

Louis stood aside for us to pass, and as I went by him, I asked, under my breath:

"What is it, Louis?"

"Ah!" he whispered. "Monsieur Cameron is talking in the strange tongue which neither Monsier Bryan nor I myself can understand."

### CHAPTER XIX.

**The Pang of Disillusion.**

The sick room was dark. So dark that for a little, until our eyes accustomed themselves to it, we could barely distinguish objects. But our ears required no attuning. Even in the passageway, separated by a heavy mahogany door, we had hint of what was going on within; and as we entered, a hoarse tirade smote us in the gloom, like an assault from ambush.

To us both the tone and words were alike unfamiliar. In inflection and modulation the voice was strange. And the uttered sounds were a coarse, horrid jargon. Once I thought I detected an English oath, but I was not sure.

Evelyn clutched my hand and I could feel against me the tremble of her slim young body. Gladly I would have spared her this ordeal, but I had been no less unprepared than she. And now, as gradually shapes defined themselves less dimly in the gloom, the horror grew; and, held by it, speechless, inert, I stood where I had paused—the quivering girl very close beside me—staring, listening, wondering.

It was a large room, lofty of ceiling, with high windows, across which heavy curtains were drawn; and the only light was that which stole between these hangings or niterethrough three dark, richly-colored glass medallions set in a side wall.

Cameron's bed, a massive, ornate carved four-poster, was hung with fringed and embroidered velvet, and in the dusk of the chamber it took on the somber likeness of a catafalque, adding to the eerie seeming a touch of the funereal. Incongruously from the shadowy midst of it came that ranted rigmarole of strange words, now high pitched, now bass, now guttural.

What had at first seemed a moving gray patch had developed by degrees into the white, night-robed, sitting figure of the invalid, swaying excitedly with arms extended in ceaseless gestures. For a long moment this uncanny object had held my gaze, but presently near the bed's foot, I descried Bryan's white uniform and the sight brought a measure of relief. In response to a beckoning head-tilt, the nurse joined us.

"I thought you had better come," he whispered, quite calmly. "I thought possibly you might understand what he is saying."

"But I don't," I whispered back. "If it's a real language I never heard it. What do you imagine it is?"

"I have an idea it's Chinese," he answered. "It sounds like the stuff you hear at a Chinese theater, and I caught two or three words of pidgin-English, just before you—" He broke off suddenly, and plucked at my sleeve. "There!" he murmured. "Did you hear that? Mackee. That was plain enough. It means never mind.' A little while ago he was evidently trying to hurry some one. It was chop-chop about every other sentence."

Evelyn's eyes shone luminous in the gloom.

"Can't you give him something to quiet him?" she begged. "It's awful to [illegible]

"I can, of course," Bryan resigned. "But I thought Mr. Clyde was anxious to have everything he said reported, and—"

"Oh, do give him something," she insisted.

Bryan left us to obey. I saw him stop at a table near the bed, and in the half light I caught the glint of a hypodermic syringe. But, as if scenting his purpose, Cameron's voice lulled abruptly. For a second or two he was quiet, and then, before any one of us, I think, suspected his purpose, he turned, suddenly, swiftly, and slipped from beneath the bed clothes to the floor where he stood erect, with arms upraised and tensed, shouting in shrill, strident key what seemed to be orders, directed not at one but at a horde.

The great bed separated him from both Bryan and myself, but we skirted it in haste, and came upon him before he had taken more than a single step. As we confronted him, his arms lowered and his clenched fists shot forward threateningly. But a far more startling happening at this juncture was his abandonment of his jargon, and his adoption of intelligible English.

"Below!" he yelled, fiercely. "Below, you yellow dogs! Below, I say! Every cur's son of you! Below!"

Despite this truculence he was not difficult to master. Together Bryan and I grappled him; in another moment we had him flat on his bed once more, and the nurse was pressing home the piston of that little shining instrument of glass and silver which had so recently seen him take up from the medicine table.

For a moment the patient rolled about, restlessly, muttering strange oaths, mingled with suppliant murmurs. And to me this was the most sadly trying part of the incident. I would gladly have retreated, but Evelyn begged me to wait.

"Just until he is quiet," she pleaded; "just until he falls asleep."

At length he lay quite still and we thought from his regular breathing he had succumbed to the narcotic, and so were about to go, when he started up with a little feeble cry, low-voiced, but clearly distinct.

"No, no, for God's sake, not that! I didn't kill them. I swear I didn't kill them. It was an accident. She stove on a rock. I—I—didn't, I say! I didn't—I—"

His voice trailed into silence. He dropped back, heavily, upon the pillows. He slept.

It is one thing to have your faith in a friend shaken. That is serious enough in all conscience. But your faith may tremble, and sway and rock, and still there is always the possibility of its being resteadied and made firm again by explanation—by extenuation even. It is quite another thing to have your faith toppled headlong, by the snatching away of the last vestige of support, the last sliver of underpinning. That is more than serious. It is calamitous; it is catastrophic; it is tragic.

Back in the library again, I set to pacing the floor. I think Evelyn resumed her seat in the big leathern chair. I am sure. For a time I was not conscious that she was in the room. That it was inconsiderate of me, I admit. It was, perhaps, unpardonable. And yet it was not wilful. Frankly, I had forgotten her, absolutely, in the stress of the emotional tempest raised by that revelation in the darkened bedchamber.

Back and forth, I strode from bookcase to bookcase, over the soft, neutral-tinted Persian rugs; and all the while there echoed those repeated denials of Cameron's that he had ever been in China. "Never nearer than Yokohama," he had said. "Once I ate chop suey in a Chicago Chinese restaurant." "I have always been interested in China and the Chinese, but I know only what I have read." And the words of his quondam friend came back to me now, too, with redoubled emphasis: "He refused to admit what I knew to be the truth."

Nevertheless I had chosen to believe that Cameron, should he ever return to us, would be able to clarify this turbid stream of circumstance, and prove the fallibility of appearances.

The illusion to which I had clung, however, was now in shreds. Cameron, returning, with body enfeebled, and brain confused, had spoken in his unguarded delirium. The mask was dropped, the screen thrown down, and barefaced and stark he stood revealed, a woeful figure in the impartial glare of truth.

At the moment I could see no extenuation. He was a liar and he was a coward; and all the sympathy, all the friendship I ever felt for him died utterly, as I thought, how, probably, every untoward incident of the past month, with its chain of vexatious consequences, might have been avoided had he been brave to the point of confession.

It was now plain enough for the least astute to see that at some time he had committed an act which had aroused certain of the Chinese to retaliation. It was this which I had feared from the first. It was this which he had chosen to hide.

As I paced to and fro, his craven words rang once more in my ears: "No, no, for God's sake, not that! I didn't kill them! I swear I didn't kill them! It was an accident!" And I knew that he was lying. The very tone of his disclaimer convinced me of his guilt. He had killed, and he cowered before the avengers.

Disgust, abhorrence, anger, all were mine in turn.

At length I paused before a window, and remained there, with my back to the room, looking down on the withered garden behind the house, yet seeing nothing but the red of my own passion.

(To be Continued)

Money is not greatly different from men and women in that it must work to get the best out of itself.


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| Increase | $274,708.31 |
| Assets | $16,185,431.07 |
| Increase | $1,534,763.05 |
| Paid Policy Holders in 1912 | $1,332,270.63 |
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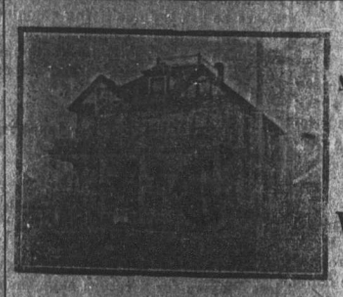

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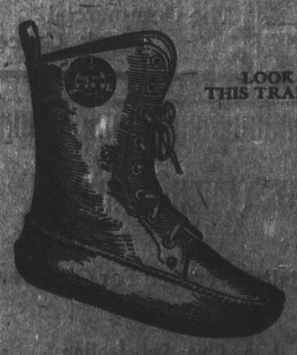

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| Policy Reserves | 5,338,563.00, | increase | 829,506.00 |
| Premium and Interest Income | 1,795,857.55 | increase | 249,850.51 |
| Payment to Policyholders | 398,057.96, | increase | 111,[illegible] |
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