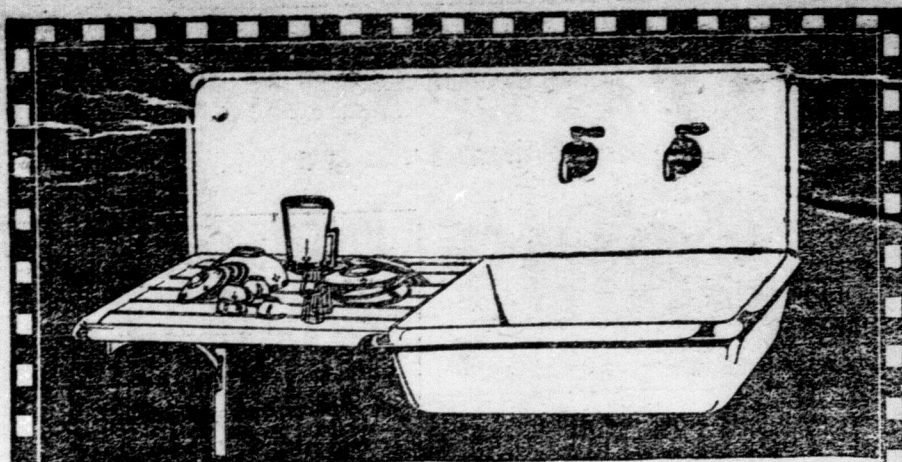




Keep The Sink Clean!

It's so important!—yet easy and simple when you use Panshine. Removes all grease and grime. Works like magic—quickly, easily, thoroughly. Panshine is a pure, white, clean powder without any disagreeable smell. Does not hurt the hands.



PANSHINE

keeps pots and pans sweet and appetizing. Cleans woodwork and paintwork.

Large Sifter 10c. At all Grocers

THE HOLLOW OF HER HAND

By GEORGE BARR McCUTCHEON
Author of "Graustark," "Truxton King," Etc.

And so it was and ever shall be, world without end.
Newboys, hoarse-voiced and pipe-voiced, mingled with the crowd, and shrieked their voices under the very noses of the always-cold Wendalls, who up to this day had turned them up at the sight of a vulgar extra, but who now looked down them with a trembling of the nostrils that left no room for doubt as to their present state of mind.

Up to the very portals these assiduous peddlers yelped and gave in exchange the latest headlines. "All about Mr. Challis Wendall's funeral!" "Horrible extra!" "Ding-donging the thing in the very ears of the dead man himself!"

Motor after motor, carriage after carriage, rolled up to the curb and emptied its sober-faced, self-conscious occupants in front of the door with the great black bow, with each arrival the crowd surged forward, and names were muttered in undertones, passing from lip to lip until every one in the street knew that Mr. So-and-So, Mrs. This-or-That, the What-do-you-call-ems and others of the city's most exclusive but most garishly advertised society leaders had entered the house of mourning. It was a great show for the plebeian spectators. Much better than Miss So-and-So's wedding, said one woman who had attended the aforesaid ceremony as a unit in the well-dressed mob that almost wrecked the carriages in a desire to see the terrified bride. Better than a circus, said a man who held his little daughter above the heads of the crowd so that she might see the fine lady in a wild-beast furs. Swiftest funeral New York ever had, remarked another, excepting one 'way back when he was a kid.

At the corner below stood two patrol wagons, also waiting.
Inside the house sat the carefully selected guests, hushed and stiff and gratified. (Not because they were attending a funeral, but because the occasion served to separate them from the chaff they were the elect.) It would be going too far to intimate that they were proud of themselves, but it is not stretching it very much to say that they counted noses with considerable satisfaction and were glad that had not been left out. The real, high-water mark in New York society was established at this memorable function.

It was quite plain to everyone that Mrs. Wendall—the Mrs. Wendall—had made out the list of guests to be invited to the funeral of her son. It was blue-stocking affair. You couldn't imagine anything more so. Afterwards, the two hundred who were there looked with utmost pity and not a little scorn on the other two hundred who failed to get in, notwithstanding there was ample room in the spacious house for all of them. There wasn't a questionable guest in the house, unless one were to question the right of the dead man's widow to be there—and, after all, she was upstairs with the family. Even so, she was a Wendall—remotely, of course, but recognizable.

Yes, they counted noses, so to say. As one after the other arrived and was ushered into the huge drawing-room, he or she was accorded a congratulatory look from those already assembled, a tribute returned with equal amiability. Each one noted who else was there, and each one said to himself that at last they really had something all to themselves. It was truly a pleasure, a relief, to be able to do something without being pushed about by people who didn't belong but thought they did. They sat back—stiffly, of course—and in utter stillness confessed that there could be such a thing as the survival of the fittest. Yes, there wasn't a nose there that couldn't be counted with perfect serenity. It was a notable occasion.

Mrs. Wendall, the elder, had made out the list. She did not consult her daughter-in-law in the matter. It is true that Sara forestalled her in a way by sending word, through Leslie, that she would be pleased if Mrs. Wendall would issue invitations to as many of Challis' friends as she deemed advisable. As for herself, she had no wish in the matter; she would be satisfied with whatever arrangements the family cared to make.
It is not to be supposed, from the foregoing, that Mrs. Wendall, the elder, was not stricken to the heart by the lamentable death of her son. He was her idol. He was her first-born, he was her lover. He came to her in the days when she loved her husband without much thought of respecting him. She was beginning to regard him as something more than a lover when Leslie came, so it was

different. When their daughter Vivian was born, she was plainly annoyed but wholly respectful. Mr. Wendall was no longer the lover; he was her lord and master. The head of the house of Wendall was a person to be looked up to, to be respected and admired by her, for he was a very great man, but he was dear to her only because he was the father of Challis, the first-born.

In the order of her nature, Challis therefore was her most deeply beloved. Vivian the least desired and last in her affections as well as in sequence. Strangely enough, the three of them perfected a curiously significant record of conjugal endowments. Challis had always been wild, wayward, unrestrained one, and by far the most lovable; Leslie, almost as good looking but with scarcely a noticeable trace of the charm that made his brother attractive; Vivian, handsome, selfish and as cheerless as the wind that blows across the icebergs in the north. Challis had been born with a widely enveloping heart and an elastic conscience; Leslie with a brain and a soul and not much of a heart, as things go; Vivian with a soul love, which belonged to God, after all, and not to her. Of course, she had a heart, but it was only for the purpose of pumping blood to remote extremities, and had nothing whatever to do with anything so unutterably extraneous as love, clarity or self-sacrifice.

As for Mr. Redmond Wendall, he was a very proper and dignified gentleman, and old for his years.

Secretly, Vivian was his favorite. Moreover, possessing the usual contrariness of man, and having been at one time or other, a hot-blooded lover, he professed—also in secret—a certain admiration for the beautiful, warm-hearted and lively eldest son. He looked upon her from a man's point of view. He couldn't help that. Not once, but many times, had he said to himself that perhaps Challis was lucky to have got her instead of one of the girls his mother had chosen for him out of the minute elect.

It may be seen, or rather surmised, that if the house of Wendall had not been so admirably centred under its vine and fig tree, it might have become divided against itself without much of an effort.

Mrs. Redmond Wendall was the vine and fig tree.

And now they had brought her dearly beloved son home to her, murdered and disgraced. If it had been either of the others, she could have said: "God's will be done." Instead, she said out that God had turned against her.

Leslie had had the bad taste—or perhaps it was misfortune—burst out an agonized "I told you so" at a time when the family was sitting numb and hushed under the blight of the first horrid blow. He did not mean to be unfeeling. It was the truth bursting from his unhappy lips.

"I knew Chal would come to this—I knew it," he had said. His arm was about the quivering shoulders of his mother as he said it.

She looked up, a sob breaking in her throat. For a long time she looked into the face of her second son.

"How can you how dare you say such a thing as that?" she cried, aghast.

He colored, and drew her closer to him. "I didn't mean it," he faltered.

"You have always taken sides against him," began his mother.

"Please, mother," he cried miserably. "You say this to me now," she went on. "You are left to take his place in my affection—Why, Leslie, I—"

Vivian interposed. "Les is upset, mamma darling. You know he loved Challis as deeply as any of us loved him."

Afterwards the girl said to Leslie when they were quite alone: "She will never forgive you for that, Les. It was a beastly thing to say."

He bit his lip, which trembled. "She never cared for me as she cared for Chal. I'm sorry if I've made it worse."

"See here, Leslie, was Chal so—so—"

"Yes, I meant what I said a while ago. It was sure to happen to him one time or another. Sara's had a lot to put up with."

"Sara! If she had been the right sort of a wife, this never would have happened."

To Be Continued.

RADIUM TREATMENT SOMETIMES FATAL

Director of Radium Clinic Says Two Out of Five Cases End in This Way

[Canadian Press.]

Boston, Jan. 26.—Radium as a cure for cancer is still in an experimental stage, and its use in the treatment of internal cancer results fatally in a large percentage of cases, according to the testimony before the House Mines Committee today of Dr. Wm. H. Campbell, director of the radium clinic of Pennsylvania. Dr. Campbell told the committee that so far as the deeper cancers are concerned, "we cannot tell today what the outcome of the radium treatment will be."

"We can tell," he said, "that there is a difference of the tumor, that the radium causes the disintegration of the tissue of the cancer, but something is created in that disappearance which is absorbed by the blood, and which kills many patients. I cannot tell, nobody can tell for four or five years just what the result will be."

"How many of your patients have died as a result of your treatment?" asked Representative Byrnes, of North Carolina.

Dr. Campbell demurred at this, but finally said that two out of five of the cases treated ended fatally. He added that all were in cases where the disease would have resulted in death in a few months without treatment.

LLOYD GEORGE NOT TO VISIT AMERICA

No Chance of It While He Remains in Cabinet.

[Canadian Press.]

London, Jan. 26.—An authoritative denial was given today of the report published in America that David Lloyd George, chancellor of the exchequer, was shortly going there on a visit. It was explained that the chancellor had long desired to go to the United States and Canada, but that there was no chance of his making the trip as long as he remained a member of the British cabinet.

LEGAL QUERIES

SUBSCRIBER—Will you kindly give me a list in your valuable paper of the people and nations who have to pay a tax before they enter Canada.
Ans.—Write the Inspector of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada.

SCHOOL TRUSTEE—Can a school trustee, who is acting as secretary, treasurer, charge for his services?
Ans.—Yes.
Is there a set amount by the school act for a secretary or can they make the charge?
Ans.—The salary is fixed by the trustees.

CONSTANT READER.—A. sold a dog to B. for \$10.00 with the understanding that B. could return the dog in a week's time if not satisfactory. The day B. came after the dog, A. told him to take him or leave him at the \$10.00 as A. could sell the dog for the same money to another party. B. took the dog at the \$10.00 and kept him nearly three months and brought the dog back. Will A. have to keep the dog and pay B. his money, or can B. collect the \$10.00?

ANS.—A. will not have to take the dog, nor pay B. back his money.

In Bread There is Strength

Bread is the one food which perfectly combines in itself all the elements which give strength to the body. It is, and always has been, the chief food of the earth's hardiest peoples.

None of the "breakfast foods," "health foods," or other "fad foods" can equal bread in nourishment. Nor can meat or other heavy foods.

Good bread is, also, the most digestible food—and, withal, the *cheapest*. Those are good reasons why you should

Eat more bread

and because of its lightness and tenderness and perfect digestibility, you should always

Eat bread made with Fleischmann's Yeast

Your grocer or baker will give you the new Fleischmann book, "Good Things to Eat Made with Bread," which tells how to make many delicious dishes. Ask for it.

John Dough raised on Fleischmann's Yeast

Copyright 1913 by The Fleischmann Company



LISTEN TO US

"We are only little ones, but we know Zam-Buk eased our pain and cured our sores. Perhaps it would cure you, too, if you tried it?"

Isn't this sound advice from "babes and sucklings"? Take it! The speakers are the children of Mrs. E. Webster, of Seignours St., Montreal, and the mother adds weight to their appeal. She says: "My little girl contracted scalp disease at school. Bad gatherings formed all over her head, and not only caused the child acute pain but made her very ill. The sores discharged, and occurring on the scalp we feared she would lose all her hair. She was in a pitiable plight when we tried Zam-Buk, but a few days' treatment with this balm gave her ease. Then the sores began to heal, and we continued the Zam-Buk treatment. In a short time she was quite healed. My little boy sustained a serious scald on the neck. It set up a bad sore, and quite a few things we tried, failed to heal it or give him ease. Once more we turned to Zam-Buk, and we were not disappointed. It acted like a charm in drawing away the pain, and soon healed the wound."

Zam-Buk is "something different" in the way of balms. It contains powerful healing herbs, which, as soon as applied to skin diseases, kill off the germs and end the painful smarting. Other sores contained in Zam-Buk so stimulate the cells that new healthy tissue is speedily formed. Eczema, itch, ulcers, cold sores, abscesses, festering sores, blood poisoning, chronic wounds, cold cracks, etc., are healed and cured in this way. Use it for all skin injuries and diseases. It is also of great service for piles. All druggists and stores at 50 cents box, or Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, this paper.

FREE BOX

Send us one stamp for postage, and we will mail you a free box of Zam-Buk.

Zam-Buk

EVERY HOME NEEDS IT

CALIFORNIA ORANGE CROP

[Canadian Press.]

Chicago, Ill., 26.—After three years of disappointments, Pacific coast citrus fruit growers this year have produced a bumper crop, according to a statement made today by E. O. McCormick, vice-president of the Southern Pacific Railroad. This year's crop of oranges alone, according to Mr. McCormick, will be sufficient to provide at least 15 oranges for every person in the United States. Estimates at present placed the California shipment at 40,000 cars, more than double that of a year ago, and more than has been sent east any year in the life of the industry.

The season developed several weeks earlier than usual this year.

"For three years there has been a shortage of rain and snow in California," said Mr. McCormick. "This year, the rains came early and regularly. The mountains

are filled with snow and a big crop is assured for next year."

AVIATOR KILLED.

[Canadian Press.]

Madrid, Spain, Jan. 26.—A Spanish military aviator, Lieut. Maximo Ramon, was killed here today when he fell with his aeroplane after it capsized while he was flying at a considerable height.

Free Treatment for Skin Sufferers!

Although Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment are sold by druggists and dealers everywhere, a liberal sample of each, with 32-page booklet on the care and treatment of skin and hair, will be sent, post-free, on application to "Cuticura," Dept. 32, Boston, U.S.A.

ORILLIA GAME POSTPONED.

[Special To The Advertiser.]

Orillia, Jan. 26.—The Midland and Orillia Intermediate O. H. A. game scheduled for tonight has been postponed until tomorrow night on account of Orillia Juniors going to Collingwood tonight.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for over SIXTY YEARS by MILLIONS OF MOTHERS for their CHILDREN WHILE TEETHING, WITH PERFECT SUCCESS. IT SOOTHES THE CHILD, SOFTENS THE GUMS, ALLAYS ALL PAIN, CURES WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea.

FRY'S COCOA

ATLANTIC CITY RESORTS.

WESTMONT. Rhode Island Ave. and Beach; always open; high-class family hotel for those seeking rest and quiet; private baths; curative and tonic baths. Moderate rates. Booklet, Frederick Klein, Jr. Feb. 15

HOTEL STRAND
ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.
Half Block Ocean Front. Always Open. Capacity 600. Fireproof. Sea Water Baths. Garage. Booklet. Ownership Management.