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In buying toilet articles, etc., stamp French Ivory, the public should be careful...

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Policy holders in the Excelsior Life Company are reminded of the change of address from the corner of Brock and Bagot to 231 King streets.

CATARHIAL DEAFNESS MAY BE OVERCOME

If you have Catarrhal Deafness or are even just a little hard of hearing or have head noises, go to your druggist and get 1 ounce of Earmin (double strength)...

BEGIN HOT WATER DRINKING IF YOU DON'T FEEL RIGHT

Says glass of hot water with phosphate before breakfast washes out poisons.

If you wake up with a bad taste bad breath and tongue coated; if your head is aching; if what you eat sours and forms acid in stomach...

Men and women who are usually constipated, bilious, headachy or have any stomach disorder should begin this inside bathing before breakfast.

The Northern Ontario Hockey League at a meeting in Cobalt decided to ask the G.H.A. to grant them senior rating.

Dead or Alive

By R. RAY BAKER

(Copyright, 1919, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Grimes stuffed the remnants of a sodden doughnut into his mouth and washed them down with the last of the hot coffee...

"A ray of hope—maybe," Grimes mused. He sighed slightly, and his firm, white upper teeth drew his lower lip beneath them and crushed the skin with a pain he did not notice.

Turning from the bed, he reached toward the chair he had just vacated and struggled into a shiny brown coat that had been draped over its back.

From a nail on the wall he took a gray-checked cap with rain-raised frontpiece and pushed it back over his contrary black locks.

Grimes paused with his hand on the knob of the door and looked back at the bed. The golden hair and the sunlight were vying in a contest of brilliancy.

He opened the door and stepped out on the board sidewalk just as a hell-diver swooped down from the blue and snatched a breakfast from placid Traverse bay.

"I won't have her this time next year unless I get her out West by next fall," was the trend of Grimes' thought as he passed the slumbering castles in which the idle wealthy of the cities sought rustication.

As he skirted the cluster of trees that sheltered the clubhouse veranda from the complexion-rising morning sun and came in sight of the Archibald palace, gazing down haughtily from a lofty bluff, he was absorbed in cogitation he all but collided with a rugged, florid-visaged, pleasantly rosy little man attired in blue and wearing an official-looking cap on which a gold lighthouse gleamed.

"Ahoy!" called the lightkeeper. "Year off or you'll hit this rock of Gibraltar. What's the matter with yer compass, me boy?"

As they came to a halt Grimes was obliged to smile away his gloom as in reflection of the beaming, weather-tracked lines of the other's countenance.

"An' how's the wife this mornin'?" rattled on the guardian of the beacon in that genuinely hearty, sympathetic tone. "An' why for the big rush about beginnin' the daily labor? Sure, ol' man Archibald ain't gettin' up at no five o'clock for a pleasure spin—you can't tell me that."

"No better," was Grimes' rueful rejoinder to the first query. "I'm going to take a run out on the bay and see if I can't make the fourth cylinder hit as it ought to," he added. "The boss was talking of showing off the Lightning to some speed demon."

"Now, ain't that too bad about the wife?" observed the lightkeeper, real commiseration in his voice. "I'll have me own woman run over to yer shack this afternoon an' see if she can chase some of the gloom away. By the way, o' course you ain't heard the startin' news from the Springs?"

"Thank you, captain; I hate to leave her there alone all the time. What startin' news do you mean?"

"Mebbe you wouldn't call it startin'," responded the captain, a broad grin manifesting his enjoyment of the role of a sensation monger. "It's jest the little matter o' \$10,000 bein' stole from the First National last night or early this mornin'.

Blowed open in a regular professional manner, I jest happened over to the Springs at an unusual hour and there's excitement galore. A thousand dollars reward has already been offered for the capture of the burglar, dead or alive!"

Grimes started. "But don't worry, me boy," went on the captain. "The First National has plenty to make good all the envio's accounts, and the loss of \$10,000 ain't goin' to start no run on the institution. They say it looks like a one-man job. You better look sharp on the bay. He might be stickin' around somewhere, though it ain't likely he tarried long in the vicinity. Well, I've gossiped long enough. Gotta be movin' on."

As the lightkeeper, with a wave of a hand, vanished behind the trees, Grimes hurried out on the Archibald dock, where the Lightning was moored. He drew the boat to the landing by means of the painter, leaped aboard, and, stooping, entered the little cabin that sheltered the engine and crew in stormy weather.

When he straightened up inside the cabin Grimes looked into the barrel of a revolver clutched in a huge, hairy hand. A giant of a man with bushy brown whiskers towered back of the weepop.

"Come, little stranger," said the man with the gun, clamping viciously on a end of tobacco.

Grimes grew white beneath the tan and braced himself along the wall of the cabin. Such a situation was enough to unnerve the most veteran soldier of misadventure.

"How long will it take to get this here little racer later action?" inquired the master of ceremonies as he strapped a steel and waved the revolver in the direction of the six-cylinder motor. "Manhattan Landing will be our port of debarkation, an' we can't get there any too quick."

Grimes resorted to strategy—evasion. It proved—for a loophole of escape. "I need gas before we can start," he said. "I can get some up at the cottage."

The big man grinned with savage sarcasm, displaying two rows of sharp, uneven yellow teeth.

"No, you don't do nothin' of the kind," he announced in tones that carried conviction. "I looked later the little old tank, and there's enough to carry us to Manhattan, all right; an' the spark plugs is all o. k., and there's plenty of cylinder oil. When do we start?"

Abandoning for the present all attempts to evade the issue, Grimes switched on the spark, procured the crank and span the motor. It started on the second trial, spluttering expostulation until the cylinders responded to the friction warmth and the gas began a steady flow.

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Grimes unleashed the Lightning from the dock and let in the clutch, under the wary eye of his captor. In a few moments the speeder was skimming past Sentinel light, plowing two ridges of foam.

"Say," suddenly remarked the uninvited passenger. "I been studying you and it seems I've known you."

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"our name don't happen to be Grimes?"

Grimes turned quickly, keeping one hand on the wheel, and as he looked closely at the bearded face of the other it seemed that there was something decidedly familiar about it.

"That's my name," he responded. "And you—why, you can't be Big Jim Cole!"

The giant laid down his weapon and made his way to where Grimes stood. The shifting of the tremendous weight caused the boat to rock eccentrically, but Grimes steadied it. The other seized him by the hand and fairly crushed it.

"You got it?" he said heartily. "You and me was pals back in Emeryville, and we used to go to school together. Well, of all the—Say," and his eyes took on a tender look. "Whatever became of Emily Brewster?"

Grimes' face lighted up, and then clouded. "I married her," he said simply. "Now she's got the T. B."

"You don't say!" ejaculated the giant, retiring to his former seat in order to better ballast the boat. "Why, do you know that girl—well, tell me about it."

Grimes did so, keeping the launch headed for Manhattan Landing. When he had finished his story the other sat silent for several minutes, looking out the cabin window, a strange, unfathomable expression on his face. Presently he turned, picked up the revolver and extended it, butt first, toward Grimes.

"Please make me your prisoner," he said. "I'm worth a thousand to you, and it will get her out West. Don't refuse. Do it for her sake. You saved my life once, and—well, you didn't know it, but I loved Emily, too."

Big Prices for Muskrat. Muskrat has had really the greatest advance of all furs. From the 50 cents of a few seasons ago to an average of around \$2—and in the case of one exceptionally fine lot to \$5.10 was certainly a great rise.

Since all kinds of furs are bringing high prices, an increased number of people have started in fur farming such animals as mink, skunk, marten, muskrat, etc., and there is no reason why they cannot all be raised at a profit, says the Black Fox Magazine.

If the kitchen windows have no awning, the shades should be dark blue or green.

Ross Smith, the British aviator, who is making a flight to Australia, has arrived at Allahabad.



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