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Be suspicious of any tenderness or bleeding of the gums. This is usually the first stage of Pyorrhea—an in-sidious disease of the gums that de-stroys the teeth and undermines bodily health.

Gradually the gums become spongy.

They inflame, then shrink, thus exposing the unenameled tooth-base to the ravages of decay. Tiny open-ings in the gums form gateways for disease germs to enter the system. Medical science has traced many ills to these infecting germs in the gums weakened by Pyorrhea.

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So watch carefully for that first tenderness or bleeding of the gums. Try Forhan's immediately. It posi-tively prevents Pyorrhea (Riggs' Dis-ease) if used in time and used con-

And in preventing Pyorrhea—it guards against other ills.

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### THE SCHOOL CHILDREN'S PAGE

#### The Clan of North America

Saving the Limited FRANCIS BOLT-WHEELER

"Well, fellows," the Honor Guest was speaking, "when I saw the bridge go down in the flood at the very minute the track-walker was on it, and saw him go with it, I knew it was up to me. The Limited Mail was due in half an hour. The river, there, is all of two hundred yards wide and I can't swim a stroke, but I had to get over the flood.

"So I got a plank, and then pushed out in the stream a big log that was balf in the water. As soon as it was afloat, I jumped on it. I knew the river made a sharp turn, half a mile down, and I figured that if I could just manage to get a little sliding motion forward on that log, maybe at the turn I could just manage to steer it on to the opposite bank.

"But when I got there, there was a nasty log jam at the bend. It was good,

in a way, because it stopped my log. When I hit that jam I thought I was done for sure. I crawled ashore, somehow, and found I' was all right, except that my head was cut a bit, and my ankle was sprained.

"Only fifteen minutes to get up that half mile with a sprained ankle! It hurt a lot. I didn't mind that so much as the blood from the cut on my head kept on running into my eyes. But I got there, somehow. "I was only just in time, for I could

hear the Limited coming. I'd kept my matches dry, and I set a light to some old papers. It made a mighty poor torch, but it blazed, just the same, and waved it across the track. The engineer saw my signal right away and put on brakes. That train sure did stop in a hurry, and, at that, she wasn't more than fifty yards from the bridge. That's all I remember until I found a doctor from the train bandaging my head."

"Here's something more to remember it by," said Pierre, handing him the Honor Medal, "and you've deserved it if any one has." (Tomorrow: Bridging a Flood.)



THE COURAGE OF

MARGE O'DOONE

BY JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD

situation. He was quite an athlete, he went in. He sat down facing the suffering.

And when the situation did come was fore. My friend told me of the thick- grip of iron.

desire for vengeance it curiously an- ning wonderfully low and sweet, the with me?" esthetized his emotions. For hours great organ began to fill the church

"Indian Chiefs; Tarms So

Big Beer

JAMES WELLARD SCHULTZ When, in 1879, the buffalo herds from Canada drifted south, Big Bear, chief of the Crees, went to his bitter enemy. Crow-foot, chief of the Black-feet, and proposed a peace treaty to follow the buffalo. They agreed, and next summer the tribes met on the Missouri River, where I had a trading post, Joseph Kipp being my partner. We took a great liking to Big Bear, and the Blackfeet chief, Crowfoot, we knew well

While the two tribes were with us, half-breeds came from the north, led by their chief, Louis Riel, who had been educated in Winnipeg. He pro-posed to the Crees and Blackfeet that a great buffalo drive should be made, that they should sell the furs for rifles and cartridges, and then go north

was finished.

Father Roland softly.

happened after that?"

merely nodded.

in life-yes, that was the end:"

his broad-brimmed black hat. He And then-"

"Of course," resumed David, "it man's voice.

may be that he was too stunned to

the Saskatchewan country, which, he claimed, belonged to them.

Crow-foot laughed and would have nothing to do with Riel. Big Bear came to us for counsel. We told him Riel was crazy, and that Red Coats as plentiful as the grass would come from England to help the Canadian Government. For this cause, Riel became our enemy.

In the summer of 1881, while the Blackfeet and Crees were out on the plains, Riel induced some young Crees to attack our post. Big Bear heard of the plot and came to warn us, to order the young Crees back, and, if necessary, to fight for us. His words

For two years we combated Riel's arguments, but one day he came and "I have lost. That smooth-tongued Riel has won over my young men. We go North, many of us to our

Next thing we heard was that many Crees and Red Rivers had been killed in the Riel rebellion, and that Riel had been hanged on a traitor's gallows. (Tomorrow: My Town Adven-

He paused, as though his story keyed voice acted on him as a tonic. perately to bring himself back into

swimming. If at any time in his life customed to the gloom he saw that now with eyes that shone with a

he could have conceived of a situal the broad, low dais in front of the deep understanding. Under the sput-

tion such as he encountered in his organ was banked with greak masses ter of the lamp above their heads

wife's room, he would have lived in of hydrangeas. There had been a the two men clasped hands, and the

a moral certainty of killing the man. wedding, probably the evening be- Little Missioner's grip was like the

you, Father—was it not a miracle?" the church—and stared at those hy was vibrant with a strong emotion.

he heard that laughter. I believe he with its melody. The organist, too,

Father Roland's eyes were gleam- drangeas. Hydrangeas had been 'I'm not Catholic and I'm not Church

For the first time he asked himself his old health of mind and body, and

The Spider and the Bee And the Memory-Man said: An envious Spider, observing that the Bee made profit with her honey, sought to enrich herself also. Seeing a merchant selling linen in his shop,

she set to work and, all night long, spun magnificent webs. But, next day, the buyers purchased linen, and only looked askance at the Merchant who had neglected to brush away the cobwebs. Soon the Merchant took a broom and swept the webs

The Spider was indignant.
"See," she cried to the Bee, "how unjust is the world! Whose weaving was the finest, mine, or those that the Merchant sold?" "Yours, of course," said the Bee. Who can desay it? But in your weav-

ng there is neither warmth nor wear. Why, then, should it be bought?" Often the greater usefulness lies in the coarser things. Cold Water Dip

"How do you like the creek, close to the camp, Eva? Isn't it just delightful, to bathe in?" "It de certainly great fun, but the water is so terribly cold! When I plunge in, I feel as though I had a cramp, right away."

"Maybe you don't know how to protect yourself against the shock. When plunging in cold mountain streams, do as the Indians do. When you are ready to dip, rub the pit of your stomach vigorously with the palms of your hands for about a minute. Then dash some cold water on the place and rub again vigorously for another minute. After that, you can go into the coldest water without any fear." "Oh, I'm so glad you told me, won't be afraid to go in any more."

Daily Twelve-Syllable Rhyme ongs are not In all throats, But all hearts Have sweet notes.

-GRORGETTE BEURET.

THE BOYS' BOOK OF THE WORLD NAR, Francis Roll-Wheeler. This is the most complete and satisfactory war book ever per out for thoughtful readers. This author's gift of making difficult questions interesting and easily understood has never been surpassed. Every American boy ought to own this book, and to those who had friends or relatives in the war, has especial value. The French Government has requested it for its permanent War Collection. A book of the highest importance. Lothrope

Don't delude yourself with the idea that there is a good looking woman MY TROUBLES.

I took my troubles up the road All on a summer morning; The sun from out its blue abode The meadow was adorning. My troubles were a sorry pack; They clung like care upon my back And there was Doubt a dubious thing

And there was foolish Fretting: And there was Sorrow, with its sting, And hollow eyed Regretting, A grievous brood to bear along When all the air was filled with Then came I to the wide free crest

With naught but sky above me; A soothing wind my cheek caressed; Methought it seemed to love me: And there breathed upward from the

The fragrant messages of mirth, And seeing far below me roll The lands so green and specious My troubles lifted from my soul, And life again grew gracious, And so I trod the downward road Without a trouble for a load!

Clinton Scollard. Might Get a Monthful,

Since her husband had become a government contractor, Mrs. Newton has put on no end of style. Recently she gave an "at home" and thought to impress her guests by having the gardener in to hand around the food.

He managed fairly well, except for spilling tea on the frock of the doctor's lady and treading on the vicar's pet corn.

But he got tired of offering the thin bread and thinner butter to one old lady who seemed like making a meal of it. At the seventh trip he bent down and advised her in husky tones, which rang through the room: "If ye was to slap two or three pieces together, ma'am, mebbe you'd get a mouthful!"-Rehoboth Sunday Herald.

His Little Joke.

H. G. Hawker, the famous British airman, who recently had a remarkable escape from death while motoring at 120 miles an hour at Brooklands, near London, was once present at a discussion as to what was the most deadly poison.

One man plumped for prussic acid, another said hyoscin, and so on. Finally Hawker chipped in with: "Ever heard of aeroplane poison?" "No! What is it?"

"One drop is usually fatal!" he explained.

Never look for a leak in the gaspipe with alighted candle. While you may find it the coroner may not be able to find you. It is said that eating onions will prevent a moustache from coming on

in the world who doesn't know it.

them together. I believe that he

treated her fairly. Through his at-

torneys he turned over to her a half

of what he possessed. Then he went

away. That was a year ago. In that

year I know that he has fought des-

him, something which I hope will of the storm beat against the wingrow and comfort him in the years to dows. They could hear the wind

did not go home. He did not see the me," said Father Roland, his voice woman-his wife again. He has barely above a whisper. "She was never seen her since that night when your wife, David?" she stood up in her dishevelled It was very still for a few moments.

beauty and laughed at him. Even Then came the reply: "Yes, she was the divorce proceedings did not bring

most like a cry on his lips. He pulled scalp, makes the hair brittle, and his hat still lower over his eyes and ruins it. went through the door out into the main part of the coach.

"And that is the end?" asked what he would do. Stronger and I am quite sure that he has failed." Father Roland did not follow. stronger grew the desire in him to He paused, his story finished. He Some of the ruddiness had gone out "Of his dreams, his hopes, his joys return to face again that situation drew the brim of his hat lower over of his cheeks, and as he stood facing in his home. I believe that he would his eyes, and then he rose to his feet. the deer, through which David had "But of your friend's story? What have done this-I believe that the His build was slim and clean-cut. He red blood in him would have meted was perhaps five feet ten inches in "A miracle, I think, replied David out its own punishment had he not height, which was four inches taller hesitatingly, as thought he could not turned just in time and at the right than the Little Missioner. His shoul- out, and his face was gray and hagafter that, "You see, this friend of The Little Church Around the Cor- and hips of an athletic slimness. But mine was not of the vacillating and ner, nesting in its hiding-place just his clothes hung with a certain looseirrresolute sort. I had always given off the Avenue. He remembered its ness. His hands were unnaturally him credit for that-credit for being restful quiet, the coolness of its aisles thin, and his in face still hovered the a man who would measure up to a and alcoves. He was exhausted, and shadows of sickness and of mental known that he was breathing. and enjoyed boxing and fencing and chancel, and as his eyes became ac- Father Roland stood beside him

> David had walked from end to end of ber of the family for months. the five snow-bound coaches that made up the Transcontinental. He

only unharmed, but together? I ask he sat there alone—the only soul in a long year," he said, and his voice ing strangely under the shadow of their own wedding flower, Father. of England. I've got no religion that wears a name. I'm simply Father For the first time there was some- Roland, and all these years I've helpthing like a break in the younger ed to bury the dead in the forest, an' nurse the sick, an' marry the living, an' it may be that I've learned one act. I believe that the laughter "My friend thought he was alone," thing better than most of you who Barrens a story of strange pathos an iron man. her laughter acted upon him like a he went on. "But some one had come live down in civilization. And that's and human tragedy that had, in some powerful drug. Instead of plunging out like a shadow beyond the chan- how to find yourself when you're him into the passion of a murderous |cel railing, and of a sudden, begin- down an' out. Boy, will you come will never forget it. He wandered the streets all that night. It was in New York and of course he passion Ne could not get her out of his mind. | Where? Now a depressing hand seemed to

come. When he went out into the wailing in the trees outside. city again the sun was shining. He "It was your story that you told

disappeared a smouldering fire be- ly. Simply moisten the hair with wagan to burn far back in his eyes. ter and rub it in. It makes an abun-After a few moments this fire died dance of rich, creamy lather, which gard as he sat down again in his ticle of dust, dirt, dandruff and excorner. His hands unclenched. With cessive oil. The hair dries quickly a great sigh his head drooped for-ward on his chest, and for a long soft, and the hair fine and silky. time he sat thus, his eyes and face bright, lustrous, fluffy and easy to lost in shadow. One would not have manage.

You can get mulsified cocoanut oil

believed that for him it was an act have lifted itself from his heart. He It not a miracle that he should walk ening that came in his throat, of the "David, I've preached a strange of Providence that had delayed the was quick to understand. His story out into the night leaving them not strange, terrible throb in his heart as code through the wilderness for many train. Otherwise a sleeping car had not fallen upon ears eager with would have been picked up at the sensual curiosity. He had met a man, next divisional point, and he would and from the soul of that man there not have unburdened himself to had reached out to him the spirit of Father Roland. They would not have a deep and comforting strength. He sat up until that late hour in the would have revolted at compassion, smoking compartment, and this and words of pity would have shamed strange little man of the forest would him. Father Roland had given voice not have told him the story of a to neither of these. But the grip of lonely cabin up on the edge of the hs hand had been like the grip of

> mysterious way, unsealed his own In the third coach David sat down lips. David had kept to himself the in an empty seat. For the first time shame and heartbreak of his own in many months there was a thrill of affliction since the day he had been something in his blood which he compelled to tell it, coldly and with- could not analyze. What had the out visible emotion, to gain his own Little Missioner meant when, with freedom. He had meant to keep it that wonderful grip of his knotted to himself always. And of a sudden hand, he had said, "I've learned how it had all come out. He was not a man can find himself when he's sorry. He was glad. He was amazed down and out"? And what had he at the change in himself. That day meant when he added, "Will you had been a terrible day for him. He come with me"? Go with him?

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looking its best, be careful what you Suddenly David freed his hand wash it with. Don't use prepared from the Little Missioner's clasp. He shampoos or anything else, that con- Dormoform Gas administered for exhad stopped something that was al- tains too much alkali. This dries the

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