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Be suspicious of any tenderness or bleeding of the gums. This is usually the first stage of Pyorrhoea—an insidious disease of the gums that destroys the teeth and undermines bodily health.

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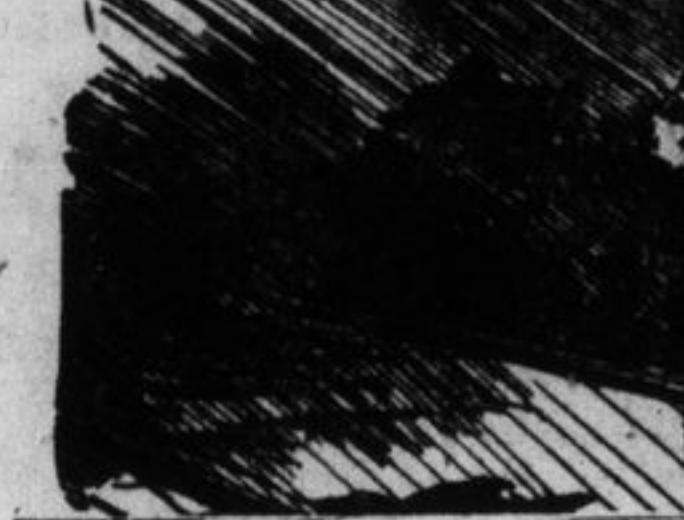
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THE SCHOOL CHILDREN'S PAGE

The Clan of North America

Saving the Limited
FRANCIS ROBT-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.



Indian Chiefs' Yarns

Big Bear
JAMES WELAND 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 Blackfeet, 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, Crow-foot, we knew well.

While the two tribes were with us, several hundred families of Red River half-breeds came from the north, led by their chief, Louis Riel, who had been educated in Winnipeg. He proposed 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 and drive the Canadians out of all

in a way, because it stopped my leg. 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.



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.

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 Adventures—What the Girls Did.)

The Spider and the Bee

And the Honey-Monk 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 away.

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 deny it? But in your weaving there is neither warmth nor wear. Why, then, should it be bought?"

Cold Water Dip

"How do you like the creek, close to the camp, Eva? Isn't it just delightful to bathe in?"

"It's certainly great fun, but the water is really 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, first dip your head and 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 cold water without any fear."

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 Deceit; A grievous brood to bear along When all the air was filled with song.

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 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, maybe 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 motor-ing 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 hydrocyanic, and so on.

Finally Hawker chimed in with: "Ever heard of aeroplane poison?"

"No! What is it?"

"One drop is usually fatal!" he explained.

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THE COURAGE OF MARGE O'DOONE

BY JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD

He paused, as though his story was finished.

"And that is—the end?" asked Father Roland softly.

"Of his dreams, his hopes, his joys in life—yes, that was the end."

"But of your friend's story? What happened after that?"

"A miracle, I think," replied David hesitatingly, as though he could not quite understand what had happened after that. "You see, this friend of mine was not of the vacillating and irresolute sort. I had always given him credit for that—credit for being a man who would measure up to a situation. He was quite an athlete, and enjoyed boxing and fencing and swimming. If at any time in his life he could have conceived of a situation such as he encountered in his wife's room, he would have lived in a moral certainty of killing the man. And when the situation did come was it not a miracle that he should walk out into the night leaving them not only unharmed, but together? I ask you, Father—was it not a miracle?"

Father Roland's eyes were gleaming strangely under the shadow of his broad-brimmed black hat. He merely nodded.

"Of course," resumed David. "It may be that he was too stunned to act. I believe that the laughter—her laughter acted upon him like a powerful drug. Instead of plunging him into the passion of a murderous desire for vengeance, it curiously anesthetized his emotions. For hours he heard that laughter. I believe he will never forget it. He wandered the streets all that night. It was in New York and of course he passed many people. But he did not see them. When morning came he was on Fifth Avenue many miles from his home. He wandered downtown in a constantly growing human stream whose noise and bustle and man-

alone. Something new was born in him, something which I hope will grow and comfort him in the years to come. When he went out into the city again the sun was shining. He did not go home. He did not see the woman—his wife—again. He has never seen her since that night when she stood up in her disheveled beauty and laughed at him. Even the divorce proceedings did not bring them together. I believe that he treated her fairly. Through his attorneys he turned over to her a half of what he possessed. Then he went away. That was a year ago. In the year I know that he has fought desperately to bring himself back into his old health of mind and body, and I am quite sure that he has failed."

He paused, his story finished. He drew the brim of his hat lower over his eyes, and then he rose to his feet. His build was slim and clean-cut. He was perhaps five feet ten inches in height, which was four inches taller than the Little Missioner. His shoulders were of good breadth, his waist and hips of an athletic slimmness. But his eyes were not of the usual keenness. His hands were unnaturally thin, and his face still hovered the shadows of sickness and of mental suffering.

Father Roland stood beside him now with eyes that shone with a deep understanding. Under the spitter of the lamp above their heads the two men clasped hands, and the Little Missioner's grip was like the grip of iron.

"David, I've preached a strange code through the wilderness for many a long year," he said, and his voice was vibrant with a strong emotion. "I'm not Catholic and I'm not Church of England. I've got no religion that wears a name. I'm simply Father Roland, and all these years I've helped to bury the dead in the forest, and I may be that I've learned one thing better than most of you who live down in civilization. And that's how to find yourself when you're down an' out. Boy, will you come with me?"

ECZEMA

You are too impatient—be patient. Use Dr. Chase's Ointment. It relieves at once and gradually heals the skin. Sample box Dr. Chase's Ointment free if you mention this paper and send 2c stamp for postage. 6c a box all druggists or Edmanston, Sales & Co., Toronto.

Their eyes met. A fiercer gust of the storm beat against the windows. They could hear the wind whirling in the trees outside.

"It was your story that you told me," said Father Roland, his voice barely above a whisper. "She was your wife, David?"

"It was a year ago for a few moments. Then came the reply: 'Yes, she was my wife.'"

Suddenly David freed his hand from the Little Missioner's clasp. He had stopped something that was almost like a cry on his lips. He pulled his hat still lower over his eyes and went through the door out into the main part of the coach.

Father Roland did not follow. Some of the ruddiness had gone out of his cheeks, and as he stood facing the door, through which David had disappeared a smouldering fire began to burn far back in his eyes. After a few moments this fire died out, and his face was gray and haggard as he sat down again in his corner. His hands unclenched. With a great sigh his head drooped forward on his chest, and for a long time he sat thus, his eyes and face lost in shadow. One would not have known that he was breathing.

Half a dozen times that night David had walked from end to end of the five snow-bound coaches that made up the Transcontinental. He believed that for him it was an act of Providence that had delayed the train. Otherwise a sleeping car would have been picked up at the next divisional point, and he would not have unbursed himself to Father Roland. They would not have sat up until that late hour in the smoking compartment, and this strange little man of the forest would not have told him the story of the Barrens—a story of strange pathos and human tragedy that had, in some mysterious way, unsealed his own lips. David had kept to himself the shame and heartbreak of his own affliction since the day he had been compelled to tell it, coldly and without visible emotion, to gain his own freedom. He had meant to keep it to himself always. And of a sudden it had all come out. He was not sorry. He was glad. He was amazed at the change in himself. That day had been a terrible day for him. He could not get her out of his mind. Now a depressing hand seemed to

By **GEORGE McMANUS**

BRINGING UP FATHER

BY GOLLYN DINTY WILL BE DISAPPOINTED IF I DON'T GET TO THAT MASQUE BALL TONIGHT BUT I'M AFRAID TO TAKE A CHANCE ON SNEAKING OUT TONIGHT. I HAVEN'T GOT A COSTUME EITHER.

AM WHO ARE YOU?

IN THE NEW BUTLER. MY INSTRUCTIONS ARE TO LOOK AFTER YOU.

SO YOU ARE THE NEW WATCH DOG?

MRS. JIGGS HAS GONE OUT FOR THE EVENING. AND I AM TO SEE THAT YOU DON'T LEAVE THIS HOUSE!

HELLO DINTY! I'LL BE OVER IN A LITTLE WHILE. I'LL BE DRESSED LIKE A BUTLER!

