

MRS. WM. P. SMITH, of Los Angeles, Calif., who says Tanlac completely restored her health when no one believed she would ever be well again. Has gained thirteen pounds.



"I will never stop praising Tanlac. for it has restored my health when everyone who knew of my dreadful condition had no idea I would ever get well. Two years ago, following an accident, I began suffering from indigestion and severe stomach trouble. I grew worse so rapidly that my health never became perfectly restored. My stomach became so weak I could not eat the simplest food or even drink a glass of milk without suffering for hours afterward. I was extremely nervous, and would have palpitation of the heart so badly at times I would almost faint. My circulation was very poor, I had no color, and weighed only eighty-one pounds. It seemed I was just gradually starving by degrees, and I had almost given up hope.

"After the best medical treatment failed to help me, travel and a change of surroundings was advised, so I traveled nearly all over the United States and had treatment every place I went, but always with the same disappointing results. How I stood my suffering is more than I can tell, and I became so despondent that life seemed hardly worth living. That is just the condition I was in when I began taking Tanlac. When my husband first suggested Tanlac I told him I had no faith in it, but the next day he bought me a bottle, and to my great surprise it seemed to agree with me, so I kept on taking it. The results speak for themselves.

"I have gained thirteen pounds in weight, and I feel perfectly well in every way. My appetite is splendid and I eat just anything I want and never have the slightest symptom of indigestion. I am so happy over the recovery of my health that I feel just like telling everybody about this wonderful medicine."

The above remarkable statement was made recently by Mrs. William P. Smith, a well known and highly respected resident of Los Angeles, Calif., residing at 139 East Avenue 36.

Tanlac is sold in Kingston by A. P. Chown and by the leading druggists in every town. —Advt.

MATTRESSES. Don't throw away your old Mattresses. We renovate all kinds and make them as good as new. Get our prices. Frontenac Mattress Co. 17 BALACLAVA STREET. Phone 2106w.

NOW is the time to get your lawn mowers ready. Don't wait until the grass is ahead of YOU. All makes repaired and sharpened promptly. J. M. PATRICK. 149 SYDENHAM ST. Phone 2056J.

Kingston Co-operative Society, Ltd. Fresh Dairy and Creamery Butter. Cooked Meats and Bacon. Fresh Fruits in season. Lanka Tea Coupons exchanged. Closed Wednesdays at 1 p.m.

Keep This Bottle at Home. These when accidents happen, you have the best first aid treatment that can be applied. ABSORBINE JR. is more than a liniment; it is a vegetable remedy; absolutely safe to use on babies, cuts and open wounds; to prevent infection and heal the tissues. Absorbine J. soothes the pain—takes away redness and swelling—relieves itching—restores the skin to its normal condition. ABSORBINE JR. is absolutely safe to use on babies, cuts and open wounds; to prevent infection and heal the tissues. U. S. PATENT OFFICE. U. S. PATENT OFFICE. U. S. PATENT OFFICE.

THE SCHOOL CHILDREN'S PAGE

STUDENT-EDITED PAPER AS PART OF DAILY NEWS IS SUGGESTED BY CREAKY

Captain Newton, editor of the Daily News, was always in his office early, but next morning he had a visitor that was earlier. There sat Creaky. "Captain," said Creaky, "I'm afraid that we can't start a paper of our own now. It will cost too much. But I have a plan to show you."

Creaky pulled out of his side pocket a copy of last evening's News. He turned to page five, and there, covering the upper left quarter of the page, was a sheet of white paper pasted over the print. On this sheet were pasted four clippings and across the top, four columns wide, was printed the heading, "THE WINNEBAGO SCHOOL NEWS."

Little Paper in Big One. "Look at these three news stories, Captain. They are almost a column long. I found them last evening scattered through this paper. They are school news. Here also is a section of a continued story written especially for boys and girls. Now, why can't you put such things as these in the same place in your paper each day and let me help you edit that section as a special school newspaper, a little newspaper made up as a part of your bigger one?"

The Captain looked and rubbed his chin. "Well," and the Captain looked some more.

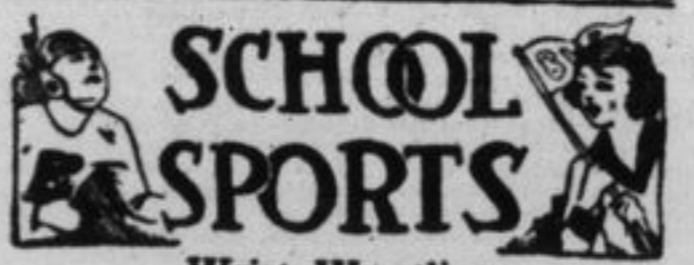
Creaky had the instinct of a true salesman. He knew enough to meet an objection before his "prospect" had actually brought it up.

Promptness Promised. "I know, Captain Newton, that your paper comes out on schedule. I would not want to undertake to edit this section of your paper unless I was absolutely sure that our material would always be in plenty of time ahead. You wouldn't have to wait of us."

"Have you talked it over with your principal and the superintendent?" the editor asked.

"No, sir," replied Creaky, "but I will. He did, and two mornings later an assembly of the whole high school was called. (More Tomorrow)

School Yell. (Is your yell better? Send it in.) Mush and milk and cinnamon-wood. That's the stuff on which we feed. We're the cream of all the nation. Wrooster High School delegation. First in war, first in peace. First in the hands of the chief of Police. Look out for us. We're BAD!



Wrestling. A variation of Indian hand wrestling is wrist wrestling. Any number can play it. Take a long strong pole and line up an equal number of players on each side. All grab the pole firmly arranging the hands so that every other hand is that of a player on the same side. The trick, and the object, is to twist the pole so that it slips in the hands of the opposing team. This is a feat that will develop considerable strength of wrist. It can be played by either boys or girls.

It is all very good to wave a pennant and cheer when others are playing in a great football game, but now and then all of us should get into the games ourselves. Write to The Boys and Girls Newspaper, telling about games open to all, such as the one described above.

Jim's Joke For Boys. Boy Scout: I've lived on vegetables for two weeks. Jim: That's nothing; I've lived on earth for twelve years.

OLD MAN PUZZLE. EAR OR A REAM SAIL Y. Insert one letter of the alphabet four times among the above letters and you will have a complete sentence.

Answer to yesterday's: Lease-easel.

OLD LADY RIDDLE. Why is painting rabbits on bald heads a profitable business? Answer to yesterday's: Blacksmiths are the most frequent law-breakers, because they forge and steal daily.

HOWARD ARCHER SAVES LITTLE GIRL FROM BITE OF POISON TARANTULA

While working in his father's grocery store a recent Saturday afternoon, Howard Archer, of Toronto, Calif., brought out a new bunch of bananas.

A little girl, a child about four years old, put out her hand to feel the "nice big 'nannas" when suddenly Howard saw a huge tarantula, crawling out from beneath the very banana the little girl was about to touch. Howard seized the child's hand and drew it back.

Quietly cautioning the mother, Howard took a long banana from another bunch, poked the tarantula so that it fell on the floor, and then quickly brought down upon it a 10-pound tin can of lard that was standing close by.

The tarantula's bite is often fatal, and the lad's cool headedness undoubtedly saved the little girl's life, and prevented a panic in the store.

GIRLHOOD STORIES OF FAMOUS WOMEN

"Mother I have been to Betty Logan's birthday party. I danced the minuett and I met many of the 'world's people,' a little Quaker maid shamefacedly confessed.

She had started out that afternoon with her playmate Will Rogers, to visit her aunt, who lived on the other side of Philadelphia. But temptation had overcome her and she had gone to Betty Logan's party, although dancing and worldly pleasure were contrary to the beliefs of the Friends.

"I Rogers promise he would not tell on me, but at sight of the sitting here, Mother, I knew I could not deceive thee," she said contritely.

The little Quakeress was Dolly Payne, who as Dolly-Madison (1768-1849) was mistress of the White House for sixteen years, a social distinction no other woman has held. She became as famous and her sincerity as for her charm and grace as a hostess.

(Tomorrow's Story, Henry P. Dawson.) Study is like anything else—it can be done poorly or well, efficiently or inefficiently. Watch for the "Study Helps" column in The Boys and Girls' Newspaper.

Good Night Stories By Blanche Silver

DOTTY MEETS A MESSENGER OF FLOWER LAND.

One day Dotty wandered through her grandma's garden, she heard some one softly crying, out in the searlet sage bed.

At first Dotty thought it must be some spider or ant in distress, but when she parted the green leaves there on a brilliant blossom castle sat a dear little elfin.

The elfin wiped his eyes and smiled at Dotty, for you must know that no matter how badly the fairy folk feel they always dry their tears to smile at little children.

"Are you looking for the messenger-boy, too?" asked the elfin, doffing his bright red cap and bowing to Dotty. "It seems to me he never will come."



"Oh, Dear Me, No!" "Who?" asked Dotty, looking around to see whom the elfin was talking about. "Who? Daddy or grandpa with a pall of water? You want a drink?"

"Drink! I should say not," replied the keeper of the sage castle. "It's too early in the day to be begging for water. Why, the dew was so lovely and fresh this morning drink before night. No, I've been looking for a messenger boy. Have you seen one?"

"Oh, dear me, no!" laughed Dotty. "There's been no messenger boy around here this morning. Eija the mail man hasn't come yet, but what—"

"Mail man!" exclaimed the keeper of the sage castle. "You don't understand. I'm not looking for the messenger of Flower Land."

"Well, well!" laughed Dotty. "Almost every time I visit grandma's garden I learn something new. And pray, who are your messenger boys?"

"Well, the bees are our best messengers," replied the elfin. "Just then a big bee, buzzing loudly, settled on the petals of the sage castle."

"Good morning," he buzzed, bowing to the elfin and Dotty. "I'm late, but I've been dreadfully busy. Any message for me?"

"Why, it would be a dreadful world if we just lived and bloomed for ourselves! We don't need to share our sweetness unless we want to, but we love to share it with our friends. That's the only way to become strong and useful, to work and think and lay up some drop of sweetness for others. Maybe the yellow pollen Mr. Bee carried away on his back from your castle, will help some poorer sage plant and make her stronger. In return Mr. Bee gets two sips of honey. One for receiving my message, another for delivering it."

"You'll excuse me, I must go to work mixing more honey," and without another word the keeper of the sage castle disappeared into his blossom home, and Dotty ran into the house to help her grandma.

THE COURAGE OF MARGE O'DOONE BY JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD

David turned away, sickened by the thud of the body and the fall of the clouds on its upturned face—for he had caught a last unpleasant glimpse of the face, and it was staring and grinning up at the stars. A feeling of dread followed him into the cabin. He filled the stove and sat down to wait for Father Roland. It was a long wait. He heard Mukoki go away. The mice rustled about him again. An hour had passed when he heard a sound at the door, a scraping sound, like the peculiar drag of claws over wood, and a moment later it was followed by a white that came to him faintly. He opened the door slowly. Bared stood just outside the threshold. He had given him a look at noon, so he knew that it was not hunger that had brought the dog to the cabin. Some mysterious instinct had told him that David was alone; he wanted to come in; his yearning gleamed in his eyes as he stood there stiff-legged in the moonlight. David held out a hand, on the point of anting him through the door, when he heard the soft crunching of feet in the snow. A gray shadow, swift as the wind, Bared disappeared. David scarcely knew when he went. He was looking into the face of Father Roland. He backed into the cabin, without speaking, and the Missioner entered. He was smiling. He had, to an extent, recovered himself. He threw off his mittens and rasped his hands over the fire in an effort at cheerfulness. But there was something forced in his manner, something that he was making a terrific fight to keep under. He was like one who had been in great mental stress for many days instead of a single hour. His eyes burned with the smouldering glow of a fever; his shoulders hung loosely as though he had lost the strength to hold them erect; he shivered, David noticed, even as he rubbed his hands and smiled.

"Curious how this has affected me, David," he said apologetically. "It is incredible, this weakness of mine. I have seen death many scores of times, and yet I could not get a look on his face again. Incredible! Yet is so. I am anxious to get away. Mukoki will soon be coming with the dogs. A devil, Mukoki says. Well perhaps. A strange man at best. We must forget this. We must forget it for your into our North. We must forget it. We must forget Tavish." And then, as if he had omitted a fact of some importance, he added: "I will kneel at his graveside before we go."

"If he had only waited," said David, scarcely knowing what words he was speaking. "If he had waited until to-morrow, only, or the next day..."

"Yes; if he had waited!" The missioner's eyes narrowed. David heard the click of his jaws as he dropped his head so that his face was hidden.

"If he had waited," he repeated, after David, "if he had only waited!" And his hands, spread out fan-like over the stove, closed slowly and rigidly as if gripping at the throat of something.

"I have friends up in that country he came from," David forced himself to say, "and I had hoped he would be able to tell me something about them. He must have known them, or heard of them."

"Undoubtedly," said the Missioner, still looking at the top of the stove, and unclenching his fingers as slowly as he had drawn them together, "but he is dead."

There was a note of finality in his voice, a sudden forcefulness of meaning as he raised his head and looked at David.

"Dead," he repeated, "and buried. We are no longer privileged even to guess at what he might have said. As I told you once before, David, I am not a Catholic, nor a Church-England man, nor of any religion that wears a name, and yet I accepted a little of them all into my own creed. A wandering Missioner—and I am such a one—much obliterate to an extent his own deep-seated convictions and accept indulgently all articles of Christian faith; and there is one law, above all others, which he must hold inviolate. He must not pry into the past of the dead, nor speak aloud the secrets of the living. Let us forget Tavish."

His words sounded a knell in David's heart. If he had hoped that Father Roland would at the very last, tell him something more about Tavish, that hope was now gone. The Missioner spoke in a voice that was almost gentle, and he came to David and put a hand on his shoulder as if to comfort him, and as a son. He had placed himself, in this moment, beyond the reach of any questions that might have been in David's mind. With eyes and touch that spoke a deep affection, he had raised a barrier between them as inviolable as that of his creed, which he had just mentioned. And with it had come a better understanding.

David was glad that Mukoki's voice and the commotion of the dogs came to interrupt them. They gathered up hurriedly the few things they had brought into the cabin and carried them to the sledge. David did not enter the cabin again, but stood with the dogs in the edge of the timber, while Father Roland made his promised visit to the grave. Mukoki followed him, and as the Missioner stood over the dark mound in the snow, David saw the Cree slip like a shadow into the cabin, where a light was burning. Then he noticed that Father Roland was kneeling, and a moment later the Indian came out of the cabin quietly, and without looking back joined him near the dogs. They waited.

Over Tavish's grave Father Roland, still looking at the top of the stove, and unclenching his fingers as slowly as he had drawn them together, "but he is dead."

land's lips were moving, and out of his mouth strange words came in a low and unemotional voice that was not much above a whisper: "as though I thank God that you did not tell me before you died, Tavish," he was saying. "I thank God for that. For if you had—I would have killed you!"

As he came back to them David noticed a flickering of light in the cabin. He pushed the door open, peering and about to go out. They put on their snow shoes, and with Mukoki breaking the trail hurried themselves in the moonlit forest.

Half an hour later they halted on the summit of a second ridge. The Cree looked back and pointed with an exultant cry. Where the cabin had been a red flare of flame was rising above the tree tops. David understood what the flickering light in the cabin had meant. Mukoki had spilled Tavish's kerosene and had touched a match to it so that the little devil might follow their master into the black abyss. He almost fancied he could hear the agonized squeaking of Tavish's pets.

Straight northward, through the white moonlight of that night, Mukoki rode the trail, travelling as times so swiftly that the Missioner commanded him to slacken his pace on David's account. Even David did not think of stopping. He had no desire to stop so long as their way was lighted ahead of them. It seemed to him that he was flying. He came to him that he was coming brighter and the forest gloom less cheerless as they dropped that evil valley of Tavish's father and farther behind them. Then the moon began to fade, like a great lamp that had burnt itself out of oil, and the darkness swept over their heads like wings. It was two o'clock when they camped and built a fire.

So, day after day, they continued into the North. At the end of his tenth day—the sixth after leaving Tavish—David felt that he was no longer a stranger in the country of the big snows. He did not say as much to Father Roland, for to express such a thought to one who had lived there all his life seemed to him to be little less than a bit of sheer imbecility. Ten days! That was all, and yet they might have been ten months, or as many years for that matter, so completely had they changed him. He was not thinking of himself physically—not a day passed that Father Roland did not point out some fresh triumph for him there. His limbs were nearly as tireless as the Missioner's; he knew that he was growing heavier, and he could at last chop through trees without winding himself. These things his companions could see. His appetite was voracious. His eyes were keen and his hands steady, so that he was doing splendid practice shooting with both rifle and pistol, and each day when the Missioner assisted on their bout with the gloves he found it more and more difficult to hold himself in. "Not so hard, David," Father Roland frequently cautioned him, and in place of the first joyous grin there was always a look of serious anxiety in Mukoki's face as he watched them. The note David pummelled him, the greater was the Little Missioner's triumph. "I told you what this north country could do for you," was his exultant slogan. "I told you."

(To Be Continued.) This story will be shown in pictures at the Strand Theatre about the middle of September.

The only charms some young men possess are attached to their watch chains. Women jump at conclusions and frequently hit; men reason things out logically and usually miss. There's no objection to a man's blowing his own horn, but it's the time he selects that makes us tired.

The Sugar Saver among cereal foods Grape-Nuts No added sweetening needed. You'll like the appealing flavor of this sugar-saving food. SOLD BY GROCERS EVERYWHERE!

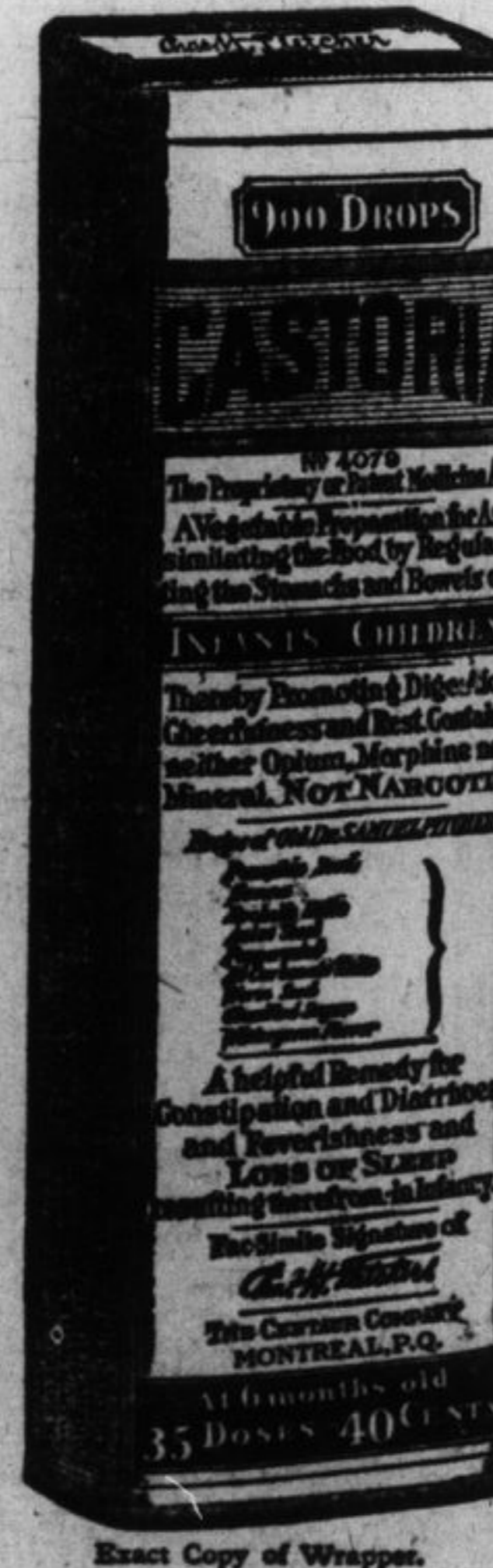
Some More Truths.

WOULD you use a steam shovel to move a pebble? Certainly not. Implements are built according to the work they have to do.

Would you use a grown-up's remedy for your baby's ills? Certainly not. Remedies are prepared according to the work THEY have to do.

All this is preliminary to reminding you that Fletcher's Castoria was sought out, found and is prepared solely as a remedy for Infants and Children. And let this be a warning against Substitutes, Counterfeits and the Just-as-good stuff that may be all right for you in all your strength, but dangerous for the little babe.

All the mother-love that lies within your heart cries out to you: Be true to Baby. And being true to Baby you will keep in the house remedies specially prepared for babies as you would a baby's food, hairbrush, toothbrush or sponge.



Children Cry For Fletcher's CASTORIA

Your Friend, the Physician. The history of all medicines carries with it the story of battles against popular beliefs: fights against prejudice: even differences of opinion among scientists and men devoting their lives to research work; laboring always for the betterment of mankind. This information is at the hand of all physicians. He is with you at a moments call be the trouble trifling or great. He is your friend, your household counselor. He is the one to whom you can always look for advice even though it might not be a case of sickness. He is not just a doctor. He is a student to his last and final call. His patients are his family and to lose one is little less than losing one of his own flesh and blood. Believe him when he tells you—as he will—that Fletcher's Castoria has never harmed the littlest babe, and that it is a good thing to keep in the house. He knows. MOTHERS SHOULD READ THE BOOKLET THAT IS AROUND EVERY BOTTLE OF FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

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