

101 USES for Zam-Buk
In Your Home

Zam-Buk's swift antiseptic healing of cuts, burns, scalds and abrasions—it's soothing disease-dispelling power in skin and scalp affections—is proved daily in thousands of homes. Pure herbal Zam-Buk—safest and most useful skin dressing ever discovered.

POISONED WOUNDS. Mrs. Villiers, Stadacona St., Montreal, writes:—"Zam-Buk is the finest healer I know. It saved my poisoned hand, and rid the children of scalp sores."

SORE ARMS. Miss Hattie Bertrand, Chatham St., Montreal, writes:—"My chapped hands and arms would never heal until I found Zam-Buk. Father has also proved it fine for skin troubles and injuries."

BURNS & CUTS. Mrs. I. Wilson, of Sarnia, Ont., says:—"I could not afford to be without Zam-Buk. It is the safest and most soothing healer for the children's burns, sores and cuts."

PILES. Mr. H. Fougere, of Pontiac, N.S., says:—"I suffered terribly with piles and could find no permanent relief until I tried Zam-Buk. It is the finest remedy I know."

BABY'S SORES. Mrs. C. B. Ritcey, of Riverport, N.S., writes:—"My baby had sores on her face, caused by teething. Zam-Buk completely healed them."

ECZEMA. Mr. W. Dangerfield, 958, Lipton St., Winnipeg, says:—"I suffered from eczema all winter, until I determined to try Zam-Buk. It was the only thing able to heal and clear my skin."

ACHES & PAINS. Mrs. F. Wyatt, 55, Guy Avenue, Montreal, says:—"I had rheumatism, and stiff joints and muscles, but Zam-Buk rubbed in drove out the pains completely."

Zam-Buk is especially good for soothing and healing sore, scratched faces and for clearing the skin of spring pimples, blotches and rash. See box all chemists and dealers.

NATURE'S GREATEST SKIN HEALER



Get Your Roof Repaired Now with our

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and
Slatex Shingles

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W. H. Cockburn & Co.
Cor. Princess and Wellington Streets
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Ironized Yeast Will Ironize Your Nerves

To Produce Great Natural Nerve Strength, Yeast Should Be Ironized. With Iron. There is Only One Ironized Yeast in the World.

Now, Mr. Man, tighten your belt and clamp your jaws. Tighten. Now tighter. As tight as you can. Notice how weak the tightest you can get? Vitaminized yeast combined with iron made it possible for you to do these two things. If you had still



Do Be Run-Down, Exhausted, See That He Takes Ironized Yeast! more vitaminized yeast, you could tighten your jaw and your jaw as tight as a vice. Ironized yeast will enable you to do it, because ironized yeast combines concentrated vitamins with natural organic iron, in such strength that it gives amazing power to nerves and organs in half the usual time. It is the most powerful reconstructive in the world today for tired, exhausted men and women. It is not a mere mixture of yeast and iron, but is yeast ironized, which is a substance all by itself. Give your nerves the natural food-strength they lack. They do not need stimulation, they need natural force. Here it is. Ironized yeast! This will give you great blood power, great nerve power, an avalanche of energy, brain clearness, stronger muscles, firmer back, a clearer eye and memory—and you'll smile the smile of health and power. Ironized yeast is sold at all drug stores at \$1.00 a package. Each package contains 15 tablets, each tablet is sealed. They never lose their power. Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Ltd., Toronto, Sales Agents. Try it. It will prove itself.

A Rival in the Flood

By FRANK H. WILLIAMS

Pretty Dorothy Gordon pressed her pretty face against the window pane and looked through the gusts of rain and sleet to the swollen river some little distance beyond the house.

It was a wild night. The river had risen steadily since morning and now spread in the distance, a rain-swept, ugly, moody lake whose farther shore was lost in the darkness of the early twilight. The river bade fair to be up to the house by midnight.

Dorothy shivered slightly as she gazed at this dismal scene. She was worried—not about herself, for a motor boat riding at ease on the rising waters near the house gave her a sure means of escape, but because of Howard Freeman, her sweetheart, who was immured in an office building on the other side of the river. Some moments ago Howard had telephoned that the building was surrounded by water and that he was leaving by a rowboat. Dorothy had pleaded with him to let her come for him in the motorboat, but he had refused. Perhaps now, at this very moment, he was getting into the rowboat. Of course there was no danger, but the current in the center of the stream was swift, the river was filled with floating logs and debris. Would he be able to win the shore in his fragile boat without trouble?

To Dorothy, who had lived there by the river all her life, the flood was a normal occurrence. Every year the river overflowed its banks—not as extensively as this present flood, of course, but enough to familiarize those people who lived near the stream with the characteristics of flood time. So Dorothy did not fear the flood so far as she herself was concerned. It was only because of Howard's unfamiliarity with flood conditions, owing to the recentness of his arrival in the city, that she was worried.

That and another thing which kept beating at the back of Dorothy's mind and which she resolutely tried to keep from her were the causes of her worries. Of the two worries, this thing at the back of her mind was much the greater. Despite her efforts to keep it down it rose up and frightened her. She tapped restlessly on the window pane with the tips of her fingers as she continued gazing out at the flood. What should she do? Howard's message had been explicit—she should remain where she was and not come out to him. He would be angry if she ventured out into the flood and storm to come to him. There had been no question about the sincerity with which he had said this.

And yet—Dorothy came to a sudden resolution. She swung back into the dimly lighted room. "I'm going out in the boat," she cried to her stepmother, the only other occupant of the house, who was swaying agitatedly back and forth in a rocking chair near the center table. "I wouldn't," was the reply. "It's dangerous."

"Dad will be here any minute now in the other motor boat," said Dorothy. "I've got to go, that's all. I can't stand it any longer."

The rain lashed at Dorothy and a chill wind buffeted her as she raced from the house toward the boat. Her feet sank into the soft earth as she ran, slowing her speed considerably. Now that she had come to this decision and was actually launched on the thing she had been longing to do all afternoon, she was afraid with eager ness. She wanted to get to Howard just as quickly as she possibly could.

Fortunately the launch started at once. Dorothy heaved up the anchor which had moored the boat close to the house in a little bayou made by the advancing water, and switching on the searchlight, started up stream against the swift current for the office building a mile away where Howard worked.

Darkness had come by now, swift and dense. The searchlight cutting through the night disclosed a steady downpour and a rushing mass of branches, tree trunks and junk of one kind and another.

It was slow work beating up against the current. Every now and then Dorothy gave a swift turn to the wheel to escape a rushing log. Once or twice the boat quivered under the impact of some heavy object, whose onrush was unavoidable.

Would she never reach the office building? Suddenly, as the boat veered to one side in response to Dorothy's efforts to escape a tree trunk, she gasped.

There, coming swiftly down the stream some thirty feet to Dorothy's right, was a rowboat. No oars were visible. At the rear of the boat, holding his coat in the water and trying to guide the boat in this fashion, was Howard! And crouched in the front of the boat was a woman!

Dorothy's heart skipped a beat or two at this sight. It was this woman who had been the strongest of Dorothy's two worries. She knew who the woman was—an Alice Wispert, Howard's stenographer, her rival for Howard's affections!

"Ours lost!" came Howard's voice on the wind, suddenly and oddly cut off as the wind shifted. Again Dorothy's boat veered. On the instant the rowboat and its occupants were lost in the gloom. Where were they now?

Holding the boat steady on its course with her left hand, Dorothy shifted the searchlight with her right, looking for the rowboat.

On the instant came a grinding crash, a woman's shriek, a man's loud voice. Terror caught at Dorothy's heart. She shifted the searchlight quickly up and down the swollen stream.

There, already past her, down the stream by a hundred yards the rowboat burst into view in the blaze from Dorothy's searchlight. It was low in the water. Both Howard and Alice were standing up. The sound of an agonized shriek came to Dorothy. Then, quite suddenly, the boat sank and the two people sank with it into the river.

Fairly sobbing in her excitement and anxiety, Dorothy spun the steering wheel around. The boat answered at once, crashing and pushing its way through the debris in a wide arc. Could she get to Howard and the girl in time?

As the boat straightened out with the down-stream current it fairly shot ahead. Away in the distance the searchlight disclosed the bobbing heads of Howard and the girl. Alice was to the left, Howard to the right. They were both about the same distance from the boat.

It seemed ages to Dorothy, but it was really only a moment or so until she was between the two. As she came to this point she swung her searchlight to the left disclosing Alice hanging to a log some twenty feet from the boat. Again Dorothy swung the steering wheel. The boat staggered a bit from the impact of logs and debris, then chugged up to Alice's side. But what was Alice doing?

As Dorothy watched in utter amazement she saw Alice, with an evil look on her face, pushing the log she was holding straight toward the boat's propeller. In an instant it would mesh with the machine. The rear end of the boat would be pounded out!

Dorothy always had been suspicious of Alice. Now she saw in an instant what was in Alice's mind. Alice—a splendid swimmer—wanted to wreck the boat. She knew Dorothy couldn't swim in a current like this. In this way she might eliminate Dorothy and be sure of Howard for herself!

Dorothy gasped. For a moment terror held her so firmly in its grip that she could do nothing. Nearer and nearer Alice pushed the log toward the propeller. In a moment the girl's diabolical endeavor would be accomplished.

On the instant, though, Dorothy came to life with a rush. She fairly leaped from the steering wheel toward the engine. In a mad frenzy of excitement she dashed at the electric switch. Even as she shut off the engine there was a series of crashing thuds at the rear of the boat. These sounds then stopped abruptly. She had been in time.

Leaning over the side of the boat, Dorothy found Alice swimming weakly there. Minus the aid of the log, it was evidently a strain for her to keep afloat.

For one mad moment, Dorothy thought of pushing Alice off into the river to fight alone, and perhaps lose out. Then in a rush her better nature triumphed. She leaned over and helped Alice into the boat. The latter came subserviently enough.

Dorothy started the engine again. To her joy the boat showed leeway. Though ominous jolts and kicks came from the rear.

She started the searchlight again, beating up and down the river, looking for Howard.

There he was, hanging to a log near by, blood streaking his face from a wound in his forehead.

Together the two girls helped him into the boat.

Howard sank wearily into the bottom of the boat. He gazed up at Dorothy with eyes in which a great love was glowing.

"I saw it all," said Howard, weakly. "You're wonderful, Dorothy."

He sank exhausted to the floor. A great joy welled up in Dorothy's heart. She looked rather pityingly at Alice, cowering pathetically in the corner of the boat.

Never again would Dorothy have to worry about this other woman.

And with her heart overflowing with thankfulness Dorothy stooped and pressed a kiss on Howard's lips.

RUNS BETWEEN TWO RIVERS

Tunnel on English Railroad is Considered a Remarkable Feat of Engineering.

The longest tunnel on any railway in the United Kingdom is the Severn tunnel, the wonderful engineering feat that carries the Great Western railway under the River Severn. It is four and a half miles in length.

But how many people are aware that when traveling through it they have not merely a river above them, but also one beneath? asks London Answers.

When the original contractor was engaged in the tremendous task of constructing the tunnel the workings were suddenly flooded out by a mighty rush of water that burst in. So great was the inrush that operations were suspended for months and the most powerful pumps did not lower the water one inch.

Eventually the contractor resigned and the G. W. R. took the task in hand themselves. Then their engineers discovered that it was not the Severn that had broken in, as had been supposed, but a mighty underground stream beneath the river had been tapped. A gigantic culvert beneath the rails now carries off this flow and sufficient water to supply the city of Bristol is pumped out each day, were it drinkable.

The man who thinks a lot has not much time for talking.

CHAMBERLAIN'S TABLETS
FOR
CONSTIPATION
BILIOUSNESS
Headache
INDIGESTION
Stomach Trouble
-SOLD EVERYWHERE-



Mother says, "It must be FRY'S."

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TO SCHOOL CHILDREN OF KINGSTON

All boys and girls attending school are requested to cut out these two poems and to paste them in their readers:

A. I. BOYS.
The world is eager to employ
Not just one but every boy
Who, with a purpose staunch and true,
Will greet the work he finds to do.
Honest, faithful, earnest, kind,
To good, awake,
To evil, blind;
A heart of gold without alloy—
Wanted—the world wants.
Christ wants such a boy!
—NIXON WATERMAN.

DYNAMO OR COG.
A cog wheel turns, from day to day,
Always in just the self-same way;
Its time is set, its movements fixed,
With other cog wheels it is mixed.
It never knows and never asks
The part it plays in all its tasks.
Monotonously on, it grinds,
To do the work of thinking minds.
The self-same course each day it takes
Until at last it snaps and breaks.

And there are human cog wheels here,
Content to turn from year to year,
They never know and never ask
The part they play in every task.
They do their bit of turning well,
But why it's done they cannot tell.
Their hours are set, their work is planned,
They labor only with the hand;
When problems rise they stand about
And let some thinker work them out.

Boy, let your brain control your hand;
Know why a certain bolt is driven,
The reason for the task that's given.
Know why a certain bolt is driven,
Think clearly as your fingers move.
Avoid monotonously the dull groove,
God gave to you a ready brain
To spare you drudgery and pain.
Whatever your trade, whatever your art,
Refuse to play a cog wheel's part.
—EDGAR A. GUEST.

Death From Heart Failure.
Miss Adella Crouse, aged 74 years, died at the home of her brother, Philip Crouse, Cape Vincent, N.Y. Her death resulted from a severe attack of heart failure which caused her to pitch head foremost down the stairs. It was believed that she felt the attack coming on and attempted to call her brother when unconsciousness overcame her. Miss Crouse was born at St. Johnsville, N.Y., on August 24th, 1848.

Two Teachers Resign.
A. A. Affleck, B.A., classics master, will leave Belleville high school at the close of the present term and go to London Collegiate.

Miss Mary W. Rabbs, in charge of moderns, asked to be released but offered to stay through January if the board has not by that time secured a successor. Her resignation is due to ill health.

MENACE GIRLS' PHYSIQUE.

Long Skirt Conductive to Shuttle and Slouch.

Chicago, Oct. 24.—The "shuttler" has replaced the flapper and long skirts are bobbling physical freedom, thinks Gertrude Dudley, head of the physical educational department of Chicago University. She said:

"The short-skirted girl is physically superior to girls of other years, but the new fashions are inducing the shuttle and the slouch and our latest girl is in danger of losing her fine physique."

"The long skirt is one of the greatest drawbacks to a young woman's health."



MISCHA ELMAN TOO BUSY TO WED.

The famous violinist, who is now visiting Canada, recently declared that he was too busy to marry Miss Mildred Stone, of New York, to whom he has just been engaged, until next June. It is now understood that he has changed his mind, and that the wedding will take place very soon.

was groomsmen. After a wedding breakfast Mr. and Mrs. Donovan motored to Kingston, where they entertained upon a honeymoon tour. The bride received many nice gifts from friends in Smith's Falls and elsewhere.

The hard work in a political job comes before you get it.

You may be sure that he who will in private tell you of your faults is your friend, for he adventures your dislike and hazards your hatred to serve you.

Wit is brush-wood judgment, timber. The one gives the greatest flame, the other yields the most durable heat and both meeting make the best fire.



Spare a little thought from your day's work
and think about your health, upon which depends the ability to work—or play. In health the human system is like a perfectly regulated machine, each part working harmoniously and smoothly without undue wear or friction. Every mental or bodily effort uses up tissue which is quickly replaced by Nature when the food is properly chosen. Grape-Nuts with good rich milk is a delicious and highly nourishing food. It contains the necessary vitamins.

as well as a generous proportion of phosphate for the nerves, and other vital mineral elements, which Nature has provided in wheat and barley, for the health and nourishment of the human body. In the 20-hour baking process the starch of the grains is partially converted into grape-sugar, which makes Grape-Nuts digest easily and assimilate perfectly. Sold by grocers everywhere.

"There's a Reason" for Grape-Nuts THE BODY BUILDER

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