



Even the healthiest men sometimes have aches

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Crippling aches quickly relieved by simple home remedy

Freed from the crippling pain of neuritis after having tried various treatments without getting relief, a well-known business man of Cincinnati, Ohio, writes:

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TONS OF PORK
ALL CUTS MUCH CHEAPER

"THE GIRL IN THE SECOND CABIN"

By E. J. RATH
Author of "The Nervous Wreck," etc.

Spencer Trambull, in order to be near his girl in the Adirondacks instead of taking a health trip, hires his old college and war-days chum, Billy Trask, to make the sea trip in his place and promises him \$1,000 and expenses if he takes his place under the eye and care of Keeler, a male nurse, who is a stranger to both, and thus fulfill the orders of Trambull's father's physician. Trask starts aboard the Gulf Stream in a wheel chair, and no sooner is pushed on deck by Keeler than he beholds a girl at the rail—the "goddess," he dubs her. She is Miss Kent, a society girl with a mania for nursing, who takes at once to the interested invalid, despite her dragon of an aunt, Miss Grimm. Meanwhile, Keeler makes himself a hero to Sidney Sands, a girl in the second cabin, concealing his identity. Trask breaks bounds and meets Sidney, daughter of an absent-minded professor, who has missed the boat, leaving her to continue his scientific observations of the weather. His achievement leads to an exposing of Trask, which Keeler makes worse by stating to the captain that the invalid is really a mental case. The captain threatens to put them off when the vessel reaches Key West. Trask determines to defeat the captain's purpose and stay aboard, in which Miss Sands aids him. In a spirit of adventure they go out to a derelict on a breeches-buoy and are stranded there.

"But it'll be the mad time," protested Trask. "And every bottle means a fresh story. You remember the first one—the one that was picked up by a fisherman off Florida? Why, they had a Coast Guard cutter out for three days before they woke up to the fact that it had been written for you, and that you were safe home."

Sidney smiled reminiscently. "It did make a lot of trouble for them," she confessed.

"And then the second one," he went on. "The one with all that stuff about how I'd been saved from the jaws of a dragon, only to be cast away on a sort of a Flying Dutchman. Why, Sidney, we never heard the fact of that for over a week!"

"Well, weren't you glad to be saved from the dragon?"

"I didn't need any saving."

"Well, then, from the goddess?"

"If you say that again I'll spank you—Mrs. Trask."

"It'll be good," she promised in a small voice.

"I refuse to see any more reports," he declared. "After this the bottle department is in your sole charge. Every time they come for interviews, I'm going to duck. And

I refuse to be photographed any more."

"I don't think you're properly enthusiastic," she said, lowering in her quaintly individual way.

"I am—over you. But think of spending the rest of your life waiting for bottles to turn up!" he said tragically.

Sidney chuckled and stroked his hair fondly.

"Why, the first thing you know, the rag and bottle men'll be regular callers at the house," he went on.

"Well, I don't see how we're going to stop it," she mused. "Unless we hire a ship and go hunting for them. And some of them may be more than half-way round the world by now. We wouldn't know where to look. And—"

She gasped and looked at him in alarm.

"Billy!" she cried.

"Well, dear?"

"There's just one—only one—bottle that I'd die if they ever found! I'd forgotten it until just now."

"What did it say?"

Sidney gazed at him speculatively and shook her head.

"I don't think I'll tell you—not now, at any rate. But, oh, Billy! It simply mustn't be found!"

"Is it as any worse than this one?" he asked, pointing to the paragraph in the paper.

She hid her face against his shoulder for a minute. Then she murmured in a muffled voice:

"It was addressed to our grandchildren."

Trask pulled her down into his lap and hugged her.

There was a sudden tinkling of a doorbell.

"Reporters," he said. "I'm getting to know the ring. Run along and see them. If you will cast bread upon the waters, the least you can do is to take it in at the front door when they come to deliver it."

"Coward!" she exclaimed, struggling out of his arms. "I won't let you squirm out of it. Come! This isn't a very terrible bottle. And they'll want to see the kitten, too. Where is it?"

In most stories this would be the logical end, for when young people are married and happy there is nothing more to be said. They are just happy, that's all; and happiness is everything. But in the case of this story, the real end cannot be written for years and years—perhaps centuries. There are so many bottles, you see—bottles that are afloat in almost every part of the world, bottles stranded on sandy beaches in far-away lands, bottles waiting to be picked up amid the flotsam of "range seas. And, until the last bottle is recovered, why, there never can be an end to Sidney Sands' Adventure.

A far-seeing young person, you may well say, for how many of us can provide an annuity of adventure for our old age?

When you read in your paper that the very last bottle has been found, then, and then only, will this be

THE END.



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DEAL promptly with the first sign of hoarseness, soreness or inflammation—it might be the forerunner of laryngitis, influenza or serious bronchial trouble.

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Get a tin of these breathable Peps tablets today! Of druggists and stores everywhere. Direct from Peps Co., Dupont Street, Toronto.



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"SALADA" TEA

So rich in flavour and goodness that it never fails to satisfy.

Brown Label 75c - Orange Pekoe Blend 85c

A VETERAN LADY'S DEATH

She Had Long Been a Resident of Colebrook.

There passed, to rest, at the home of her daughter, on Nov. 15th, 1926, Nancy Irish Ward, who was born near Odessa, Oct. 6th, 1838. Mrs. Ward had been a great sufferer for many years but always kept her keen interest in all branches of church work and community welfare. She was a much loved member of the Colebrook Ladies' Aid, which she helped to organize and of which she was the first president. She was also a member of the Moscow W.M.S. and, in earlier years, a valued teacher in the Colebrook Sunday School.

In 1863 she was married to Chas. Ward and together they celebrated their golden wedding, March 29th, 1913. Mr. Ward passed away Jan. 6th, 1914, and since then she spent most of her time with her daughter at Moscow. She was the last member of a large family and leaves her only child, Mrs. C. A. Baker, Moscow, and two grandchildren

Ward and Kathryn Baker.

She was a most patient sufferer and a very kind and cheerful friend to all she met. Her many friends always found a cheery smile and a real welcome each time they came to visit her and it was one of her greatest pleasures that her friends came often to see her, especially during her last few years.

She was a member of the United Church at Colebrook and her perfect confidence in her Saviour was a help to all. Always a lover of flowers, the many beautiful floral tributes seemed a well chosen way of expressing the esteem in which she was held.

The funeral services were conducted at the home of her son-in-law, C. A. Baker, Moscow, on Thursday, Nov. 18th, by her pastor, Rev. Mr. McKenzie, and burial took place at Wilton cemetery.

The first mention of petroleum in America occurs in the writings of a Franciscan missionary in 1532, though long before that the Indians had used it medicinally.

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Tamworth Tidings.

Tamworth, Nov. 25.—The death occurred here Tuesday of Mrs. Margaret Quinn. The funeral was held from the Roman Catholic church Thursday. The house of Mrs. Quinn was entered on Sunday night and a gold watch and several other articles were stolen. Mr. Walker of Toronto has entered the service of

the Tamworth branch of the Standard Bank. Work is proceeding on the new mine which was opened near Enterprise lately. Several people from Tamworth attended the meeting in Camden East held by Mr. W. F. Nickle Wednesday night.

An acid stomach caused by indigestion often creates rheumatic symptoms. Set your stomach right with Seigel's Syrup. Any drug store.



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