



Experienced mothers say Zam-Buk is best for children's injuries and skin troubles, because:

It is herbal—no poisonous mineral coloring.

It is antiseptic—prevents cuts and burns taking the wrong way.

It is soothing—ends pain quickly.

It heals every time.

Just as good for grown-ups.

Sold at all stores and druggists.



WHY HE FLIES LOW

An Interesting Chat With a Famous Aviator.

"Why do you always fly so low?" I asked Captain Thomas S. Baldwin. At my question the sixty-year-old sky pilot laughed good-naturedly. Then drawing me aside he whispered: "My boy, it is because I am afraid—afraid. I don't want to be a dead hero. This martyr game doesn't appeal to me."

"Well," I went on, "how do you know when you are up high enough?" "See this lump in my throat?" he explained, placing his finger on his Adam's apple; "well, when that gets into my mouth I know it's time to come down. That's my barometer—and it never fails me," he added.

Captain Baldwin says he is known to more heathen than all the missionaries in the world. He has been going up into the air for the amusement and edification of millions of people in all corners of the world for more than forty years. He invented and demonstrated the first parachute. He has been blown over mountain ranges and out to sea. He has traveled all over the Far East, visiting Japan, China, Siam and India, first with a dirigible and later with his biplane, the "Red Devil."

The "Old man of the Air" is the most popular aviator in the game. He is frankly a showman. He assumes no airs. He built the first all-steel biplane in the world. Mostly he flies for a living. Sometimes he goes up for the pure joy of the thing.

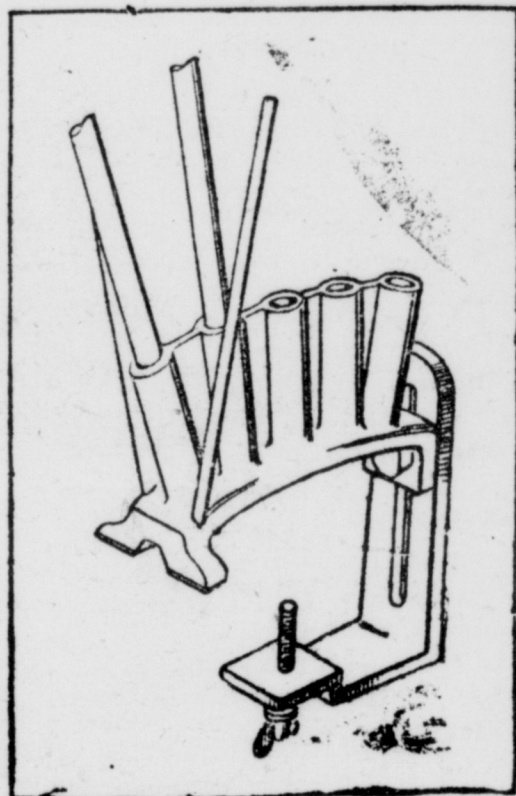
THE OLD PLUG HORSE

Don't make fun of the plug. He may be slow and awkward and never get to the stable until dark, but he is the fellow who in the end will bring home the coin, says Bert Walker. The plug horse that pulls the harvester all day in the field puts more money in the bank for the honest farmer than a race horse that goes out and turns a half in 0:50 flat and then loafs for two weeks waiting for another race to be matched. The old plug goes out in sunshine and storm and pulls in a few dollars every week, but the race-horse waits for the day when the track is good and then generally loses more than he wins. Just so with the man. Pin your faith to the plug who keeps eternally at it; the fellow who gets up every morning and does so much and is ready to do it again next day. He lays up more shining dollars in the bank than the swift sport who lays around all summer waiting for luck to come along and turn a stream of silver into his pocket. One cackling Plymouth Rock hen is worth a dozen screaming eagles when it comes to paying off the mortgage. The plug is the fellow who steadies the ship and acts as ballast when the boat begins to rock. The plug is the fellow who lives contentedly and long, and when he passes away the local papers say, "He leaves his family in comfortable circumstances."

FLAG HOLDER FOR AUTO

Clamps on Car and Has Row of Sockets on Upper Portion

For members of motor clubs making runs or any other automobilists who may like to carry flags on their cars, a Montana man has devised an effective flag-holder. The support proper consists of an arched base of metal with a row of sockets spread fan-shaped above it. This base is adjustably mounted in a depending foot that has a thumbscrew in the offset that comes under it and can be clamped on any part of the car that



FLAGS CANNOT BLOW OFF.

offers a projection for it. The flag staffs set firmly in the sockets and cannot blow off, no matter how fast the car may go. Either a single flag or a variety of them can be used with this attachment. As this support can be moved up and down in the slot in the vertical section of the foot, it can be adjusted to fit any size car.

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT

Used 102 Years for Internal and External Ills

Are you prepared to relieve sudden cramps and pains that may come any time?

Johnson's Anodyne Liniment responds quickly in relieving coughs, colds, bowel troubles, burns, cuts, chaps, etc.

25c and 50c everywhere

I. S. JOHNSON & CO.

Boston, Mass.

Parsons' Pills Help The Liver

New Danger Signals.

Red glass lenses, backed by silvered road crossing gates, in France, to catch and reflect the light of automobile headlights and thus serve as danger signals at night.

A Finny Deceiver.

A strange deep-sea fish, recently discovered by explorers of Philippine waters, carries within its mouth a luminous bulb to attract smaller fish, upon which it feeds.

Coal Gas vs. Coal.

By conversion into gas and employing it in a gas engine, a ton of coal will do two and a half times as much work as when used in a steam engine.

Eggs are fed swiftly by a belt through a new electric egg tester that a Michigan woman has patented.

WITH BULL TERRIERS IN THE FIGHTING DAYS

A Graphic Story of a Sport Which Fortunately Long Since Passed Into History.

Let us, in fancy, go back fifty years or so. We shall, if we want to see the origin of a match, visit a locality not renowned for the peaceable character of the inhabitants. In the bar there is an animated discussion going on. Billy something or other is arguing the point with Nobby So-and-So, in language piquant and lurid, and the point at issue, of course, is the fighting capabilities of his "dorg" as compared with those of Nobby's tyke. The result of the debate is a challenge to a match, and this is accepted. Stakes are decided on the spot, and deposited with mine host, a fighting weight is named, and a date fixed for the meeting. A couple of weeks is devoted to developing every detail in the bull terrier's anatomy that makes for strength and endurance, and when the fateful morning arrives there is, in a secluded suburb, as nice a foregathering of low-life sportsmen as one could imagine. Here a ring is marked off and a line drawn across the centre. By the spin of the coin choice of positions is decided. The dogs are held by their owners facing each other at the edge of the ring, and the loser of the toss at the command of the referee lets his terrier go. All present joined in urging the dogs on, and directly the first dog to be let loose reached the line the other was let go.

Pandemonium.

Then at it they went, and the men were very soon as excited as the dogs, and almost as eager to be at each other's throats. Odds were laid with reckless desperation on this or that one, and pandemonium reigned as the dogs twisted and turned in their fury, seeking to get a vital grip.

But they generally knew their business, and being trained to perfection and as active as squirrels, defended their vitals with consummate skill. When time was called, the owners jumped forward, waited for a favourable moment, and then snatched up their dogs and took them back to their places for sponging and rubbing down. Round after round was fought in this way, the dogs being loosened first in turn. As the fight progressed nature, of course, exacted her penalty for such fierce and desperate exertion. They were, however, still game, and though strength was failing, they struggled up to the line and sought to tear the life out of each other.

Two hours, perhaps, had passed since this dreadful scene, which has soiled the good name of sport, was started, and both dogs have for some time been hard put to crawl out to the combat. Then, when the referee calls time, the dog whose turn it is to be let go first does not move.

Perhaps it is physically incapable; perhaps its great heart has broken; or perchance it has done what any man or beast might do with honour, acknowledged defeat. At any rate, it fails to reach the line, and the other is proclaimed the winner.

The End of a Brutal Custom.

Instantly the humans take up the song. Yells of delight come from the winner's backers; hats are thrown into the air and every means of demonstrating supreme satisfaction is adopted. The loser's backers are in a surly mood, and it needs very little for the rival factions to start where the terriers had left off. Terrible scenes have been enacted upon those green fields on Sabbath morn during the sixties and seventies.

And what of the winning dog? His owner does not, curiously enough, share in the jubilation of his friends. He is on his knees administering all the restorative tricks that long experience of the business has taught him. But the terrier still lies on the grass, and by-and-bye it is realized that he is

dead; his breath maybe had left his body before the other dog had been told to go, and the match had actually been won by a dead dog.

This barbarous custom, like many others that flourished in what some are pleased to call "the good old days," is gone, never to return. Bull terriers are getting popular again but for a very different reason. They are staunch friends, and so are finding their way into the hearts and the homes of the people.—Leigh Woods, in The Birmingham Post.

WHERE THE CATS GO

Skins Are Sold in London Market Extensively.

The fur of the domestic cat is much bought on the London market; into what it turns after manipulation probably is a trade secret. According to a report furnished by J. M. Mussen, trade commissioner at Leeds, to the weekly report of the department of trade and commerce, no fewer than 120,452 cat skins were purchased in one year. Many of these skins came from North America. In point of number musquash skins led, over five million of them being bought. Only 1,223 silver fox skins were sold, the supply being stationary. The number of beaver skins sold was nearly 61,000. Prices were high this year, and Mr. Mussen notes that three was a strong demand for skunk, the price of which advanced 20 per cent.; wolverine skins doubled in value.

Horses and Fodder.

To prevent a horse eating too rapidly an Oregon man has patented a feed bag that permits only a small amount of grain to reach an animal's mouth from the main supply at a time.

New Fly Paper.

To a Wisconsin woman has been granted a patent upon sticky fly paper made in long strips and reeled within cylindrical drums, permitting the exposure of small portions at a time and their easy removal.

IN THE CANOE

Where the canoe first came into being is a hard thing to say. It is almost as old as anything used by civilized man. We find them in use in almost every country where the primitive man is still to be found. In the far north you will find the Indian with his canoe, or if you go to Central Africa you still find the canoe. It seems to have been the first method of travel that man invented. Although the modern canoe has very few points that are the same as the old style canoe, yet in principle it is the same. Canada is the home of the canoe if we take the birch bark as the father of all American canoes and eastern Canada is the home of the new style canoe. Without doubt the two best known makes in Canada are the Chestnut and the Peterborough. It is almost impossible to give any man instructions in canoeing, other than to tell him to get a first-class man to go out with him. A few general rules can be given, but all canoeists are not agreed on these. The paddle should be the height of the user, say the Cree Indians, and about seven inches wide. Another thing that the Crees claim is that a man can paddle much farther if he does not bend his elbows and swings his paddle from the shoulders. Mr. B. C. Hall, the well-known racer, always bends the elbow on the recover and does not dig with the paddle, a great fault of many racers. Mr. Hall's advice to the beginner is: "First, learn to handle a paddle right and use it slowly until you are able to use it no other way than the right way; then try to get speed."

Advice.

"Don't eat that stuff," the doctor said, "Or you will soon be with the dead!" But when the doctor had his say The patient ate it anyway— And he's living yet.

"Don't buy that run-down business, friend, Or your career will shortly end!" Thus spoke the man who'd have his say; The fool went his headstrong way— And now he's rich.

"They can't put you in jail for that!" Exclaimed the lawyer, sleek and fat; The man in prison groaned a groan, And the lawyer man left him alone— He's still in jail.

Selection & Science in Roasting

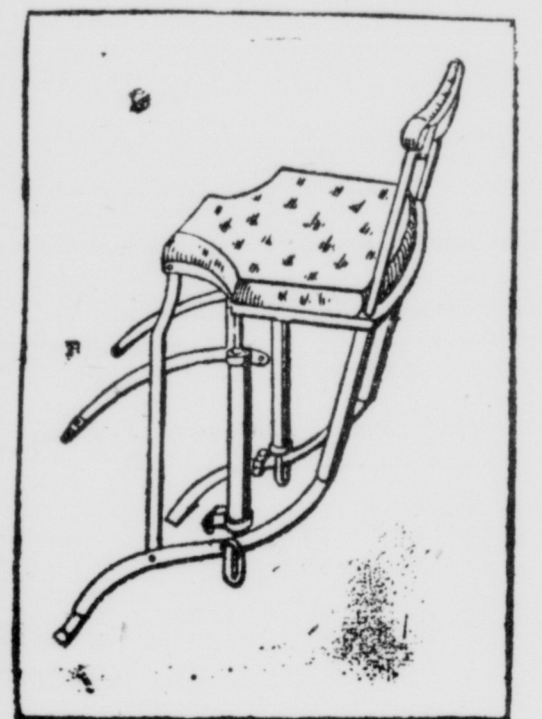
Have helped SEAL BRAND COFFEE to stand the long test The Favorite for 50 Years



MOTOR BIKE REAR SEAT

Comfortable Seat, With Back, Attaches to Rear of Wheel

It is a selfish motorcyclist these days who does not take somebody with him on his pleasure jaunts. It



SEAT RESTS ON SPRINGS

may be his wife, it may be the baby, or it may be the girl he is hoping to make his wife. If it is the baby, the infant is carried in a basket-like contrivance that hangs over the handlebar. If it is some person old enough to take care of herself she occupies a seat over the rear wheel. A Colorado man has invented what he claims is an improvement over the rear seats used heretofore. The cut shows the general construction of this seat, with its padded bottom and back, but the chief virtue lies in the spring mechanism. The rods under the center of the seat lead into tubes that have a short coiled spring at the bottom and act as shock absorbers.

INNOVATION FOR OARSMEN

Their Defects Will Be Shown Them by Cinematograph.

English rowing men are to spring an innovation in the coaching line. According to a letter in the London Field, the cinematograph will be used to take moving pictures of the important crews, not for public exhibition purposes, but to demonstrate to each man his individual faults. Moving pictures will show every little and big fault from beginning to end, if the moving-picture machine be worked slowly. Thus every oarsman, literally, will be able to see himself as others see him and the coach's task will be very much lighter. Incidentally, it will diminish the self-esteem of many of the oarsmen, which in itself will be salutary. The moving pictures also will show whether a crew is rowing synchronously, i.e., whether each part of each man's stroke is in exact time with those of all the other men in the boat—whether they are "together." And this is a paramount factor in attaining speed.

Can You Grasp It?

A recently adopted unit of astronomical measurement is equal to 1,000,000-times the distance between the sun and the earth.

Tests by French naval officers have indicated that the waves in wireless telegraphy travel at a rate of nearly 200,000 miles a second.



THIS is an earnest, honest bid for your good will. If what we say is true we shall learn it. Otherwise it will cost us heavily. Besides we shall sacrifice the respect of the housekeepers.

We assert:

Regal Flour bakes the best quality and the utmost quantity of bread per barrel of any you have ever used. It is economical, little goes far. It makes delightfully light, white loaves. And fine, flaky pastry.

Guarantee:

Your dealer will return your money if what we have told you here is not true. He loses nothing. For we pay him back. Will you meet our sincerity half way? Please remember—Regal.

