

## You May Have Catarrh And Not Know It

HEAD AND THROAT BECOME  
DISEASED WITH CATARRH  
FROM NEGLECTING COLDS  
AND COUGHS.

Catarrh is Treacherous—When Fully  
Developed is a Horror—Note Its  
Symptoms. 1b

"Is your breath bad?"  
"Is your throat sore?"  
"Do you cough at night?"  
"Is your voice raspy?"  
"Does your nose stop up?"  
"Have you nasal discharge?"  
"Do you spit up phlegm?"  
"Has your nose an itchy feeling?"  
"Have you pain across the eyes?"  
"Is your throat irritable, weak?"  
"Do you sleep with mouth open?"  
"Are you subject to sneezing fits?"  
"Do your ears roar and buzz?"  
"Are you hard of hearing?"

If you have any of these indica-  
tions of Catarrh, cure the trouble  
now—stop it before it gets into the  
rungs or bronchial tubes—then it  
may be too late. The remedy is  
"Catarrhazone," a direct, breathable  
cure that places antiseptic balsams  
and healing medication on every  
spot that's tainted by catarrhal  
germs.

There can be no failure with Cat-  
arrhazone—for years it has success-  
fully cured cases that resisted other  
remedies. "No one can know better  
than I the enormous benefit one gets  
from the very first day's use of Cat-  
arrhazone," writes T. T. Hopkins,  
of Westvale, P. Q. "I had for years  
a stubborn case of Bronchial Catarrh,  
ear noises, headaches, sore eyes,  
stopped-up nose and throat. It af-  
fected my appetite and made my  
breath rank. Catarrhazone cured me  
quickly."

Get Catarrhazone, use it, and you  
are sure of cure—beware of imita-  
tions and substitutes. Large size  
Catarrhazone, with hard rubber in-  
haler, lasts two months, and is guar-  
anteed. Price \$1.00, at all dealers,  
or the Catarrhazone Co., Buffalo, N.  
Y., and Kingston, Ont.

The Windsor Hotel Company, Mon-  
treal, has been fined for breaking the  
alien labor law by bringing into the  
country waiters to do work when its  
staff struck.

Minard's Liniment Co., Limited.  
GENTS—I cured a valuable hunt-  
ing dog of mange with MINARD'S  
LINIMENT after several veterinaries  
had treated him without doing him  
any permanent good.

Yours, &c.,  
WILFRID GAGNE,  
Prop. of Grand Central Hotel, Drum-  
mondville, Aug. 3, '04.

The Japanese government has the  
largest crane in the world. It is  
constructed to lift a load of 200 tons,  
is operated with electricity and  
forms part of the equipment of the  
bavy yard at Kure.

## BAD DREAMS CURED.

A Winnipeg Man Tells of a Simple  
Remedy That Cured.

### ESSAYS FROM INDIGESTION

"Though I am an active hard work-  
ing man, somehow I fell into a con-  
dition of poor digestion and disor-  
dered stomach," writes Mr. E. B.  
Winney. "In the morning I had a  
very unpleasant taste in the mouth.  
My tongue was whitish and nothing  
tasted good. An hour or so after  
eating I experienced pain in my right  
side, gas formed in the stomach and  
caused great distress. Even in warm  
weather my hands felt clammy, and  
still worse my system was seldom  
regular. Brooding and despondency  
would now and then get hold of me  
and completely unman me. When my  
doctor for work I tried Dr. Hamilton's  
Pills. In my case their wonderful  
curative power was like magic. So  
ridiculously did they work upon my sys-  
tem I at first thought they wouldn't  
benefit. But a few doses proved how  
much they helped the stomach, how  
quickly they brace up digestion.  
Good tasted natural, my appetite  
improved, my face looked clear and  
bright, and day by day as I gained  
health, so I gained in spirits. To-  
day I am as sound, healthy, vigor-  
ous and well as any man could be.  
Hamilton's Pills did it all."  
Beware of the dealer that may try  
to sell you an inferior pill to Dr.  
Hamilton's, which are sure to help  
you. Sold in yellow boxes, 25c  
each. All dealers or The Catarrh-  
azone Co., Kingston, Ont.

## The House of the Whispering Pines

By ANNA KATHARINE GREEN

Copyright, 1910, by Anna Katharine  
Roberts

[CONTINUED.]

"The side door—the one I always  
take."

"What overcoat did you wear?"

"I don't remember. The first one I  
came to, I suppose."

"But you can surely tell what hat?"

"They expected a violent reply, and  
they got it."

"No, I can't. What has my hat got  
to do with the guilt of Elwood Ran-  
elagh?"

"Nothing, we hope," was the imper-  
turbable answer. "But we find it nec-  
essary to establish absolutely just  
what overcoat and what hat you wore  
down street that night."

"I've told you that I don't remem-  
ber." The young man's color was ris-  
ing.

"Are not these the ones?" queried  
the district attorney, making a sign to  
Sweetwater, who immediately stepped  
forward, with a shabby old miter over  
his arm and a battered derby in his  
hand.

The young man started, rose, then  
sat again, shouting out with angry em-  
phasis:

"No!"

"Yet you recognize these?"

"Why shouldn't I? They're mine.  
Only I don't wear them any more.  
They're done for. You must have  
rooted them out from some closet."

"Mr. Cumberland,"—the district at-  
torney was very serious—"this hat and  
this coat, old as they are, were worn  
late town from your house that night.  
This we know absolutely. We can  
even trace them to the clubhouse."

Mechanically, not spontaneously this  
time, the young man rose to his feet,  
staring first at the man who had ut-  
tered these words, then at the gar-  
ments which Sweetwater still held in  
view.

"I don't know anything about it,"  
were the words with which he sought  
to escape from the net which had been  
thus deftly cast about him. "I didn't  
wear the things. Anybody can tell  
you what clothes I came home in—  
Ranelagh may have borrowed."

"Ranelagh wore his own coat and  
hat. Mr. Cumberland, you have told  
us that you didn't know at the time  
and can't remember now, where you  
spent that night and most of the next  
morning. All you can remember is  
that it was in some place where they  
set you drink all you wished and leave  
when the fancy took you, and not be-  
fore."

It was none of your usual  
haunts. You dreaded to have your  
sister know how soon you could es-  
cape the influence of that moment.  
You wished to drink your fill and leave  
your family none the wiser. Am I  
not right?"

"Yes, it's plain enough, isn't it?"  
Why harp on that string?"

"You cannot remember the saloon  
in which you drank. That's possible  
enough, but perhaps you can remem-  
ber what they gave you. Was it  
whisky, rum, absinth or what?"

The question took his irritable lis-  
tner by surprise. Arthur gasped and  
tried to steal some comfort from Cor-  
oner Perry's eye, but that old friend's  
face was too much in the shadow.

"From this bottle?" queried the at-  
torney, motioning again to Sweetwater,  
who now brought forward the bottle  
he had picked up in Cuthbert road.

Arthur Cumberland glanced at the  
bottle the detective held up, saw the  
label, saw the shape and sank limply  
in his chair, his eyes staring, his jaw  
falling.

"Where did you get that?" he asked,  
pulling himself together with sudden  
desperate self-possession.

"That," answered the district at-  
torney, "was picked up at a small hotel  
on Cuthbert road, just back of the  
markets, not far from the Whispering  
Pines."

"I don't know the place."

"It's not a high class resort, not ac-  
cept enough by a long shot to have  
this brand of liquor in its cellar.  
There were only two bottles of it left  
in the clubhouse when the inventory  
was last taken. Those two bottles  
are now gone, and—"

"This is one of them? Is that what  
you want to say? Well, it may be for  
all I know. I didn't carry it there. I  
didn't have the drinking of it."

"We have seen the man and woman  
who kept that hotel. They will tell  
if they have to."

"They will?" His dogged self pos-  
session rather astonished them. "Well,  
that ought to please you. I've not  
ing to do with the matter."

A change had taken place in him.  
The irritability approaching in vi-  
sion which had attended every  
speech and infused itself into every  
movement since he came into the  
room had left him. He spoke quietly  
and with a touch of irony in his  
tone.

"Then I have no doubt but you will  
do us this favor," continued Sweet-  
water in his pleasant manner. "It  
not a long walk from here. With you  
go there in my company with your  
coat collar pulled up and your hat  
down over your eyes, and ask for a  
seat in the saugery and show them  
this bottle. They won't know that it's  
empty. The man is sharp and the  
woman intelligent. They will see that  
you are a stranger and admit you  
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"Don't swear." It is unnecessary to  
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"You wouldn't believe me?"

"No; we have reasons, my boy.  
There were two bottles."

"Well?"

"The other has been found nearer  
your home."

"That's a trick. You're all up to  
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"Not in this case, Arthur. Let me  
entreat you in memory of your father  
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"If I had only died that night!" he  
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I did rob the wine vault. I did carry  
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road I went. But when I've admitted  
so much I've admitted all. I saw  
nothing of my sister's murder, saw  
nothing of what went on in the rooms  
upstairs. I crept in by the open win-  
dow at the top of the kitchen stairs,  
and I came out by the same. I only  
wanted the liquor, and when I got it  
I slid out as quickly as I could and  
made my way over the golf links to  
the road."

The district attorney's voice sounded  
thin, almost piercing, as he made this  
remark:

"You entered by an open window.  
Why didn't you go in by the door?"

"I hadn't the key. I had only ab-  
stracted the one which opens the wine  
vault. The rest I left on the ring. It  
was the sight of this key lying on our  
hall table which first gave me the  
idea. I feel like a cad when I think  
of it, but that's of no account now."

Flushed, he slowly sank back into  
his seat. No complaint now of being  
in a hurry or of his anxiety to regain  
his sick sister's bedside. He seemed  
to have forgotten those fears in the  
perturbations of the moment. His  
mind and interest were there; every-  
thing else had grown dim with dis-  
tance.

"Did you try the front door?"

"What was the use? I knew it to  
be locked."

"What was the use of trying the  
window? Wasn't it also, presumably,  
locked?"

The red mounted hot and feverish to  
his cheek.

"You'll think me no better than a  
street urchin or something worse," he  
exclaimed. "I knew that window. I  
had been through it before. You can  
move that lock with your knife blade.  
I had calculated on entering that  
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torney, wheeling suddenly toward the  
corner. "He says that he found this  
window unlocked when he approached  
it with the idea of escaping that way."

Arthur Cumberland remained un-  
moved.

The district attorney wheeled back.

"There were a number of bottles  
taken from the wine vault. Some half  
dozen were left on the kitchen table.  
Why did you trouble yourself to carry  
up so many?"

"Because my greed outran my con-  
venience. I thought I could lug away  
an armful, but there are limits to one's  
ability. I realized this when I re-  
membered how far I had to go and so  
left the greater part of them behind."

"Why, when you had a team ready  
to carry you?"

"A—I had no team." But the denial  
cost him something. His cheek lost  
its ruddiness and took on a sickly  
white which did not leave it again as  
long as the interview lasted.

"You had no team? How then did  
you manage to reach home in time to  
make your way back to Cuthbert road  
by half past 11?"

"I didn't go home. I went straight  
across the golf links. If fresh snow  
hadn't fallen you would have seen  
my tracks all the way to Cuthbert  
road."

"A fresh snow had not fallen. We  
should have known the whole story of  
that night before an hour had passed.  
How did you carry those bottles?"

"In my overcoat pockets—these  
pockets," he blurted out, clapping his  
hands on either side of him.

"Had it begun to snow when you  
left the clubhouse?"

"No."

"Was it dark?"

"I guess not; the links were bright as  
day, or I shouldn't have got over them  
as quickly as I did."

"Quickly? How quickly?" The dis-  
trict attorney stole a glance at the  
corner, which made Sweetwater ad-  
vance a step from his corner.

"I don't know. I don't understand  
these questions," was the sullen re-  
ply.

"You walked quickly. Does that  
mean you didn't look back?"

"How look back?"

"Your sister lit a candle in the small  
room where her coat was found. This  
light should have been visible from the  
golf links."

"I didn't see any light."

A few more questions followed, but  
they were of minor import and aroused  
less violent feeling. The serious part  
of the examination, if that it  
might be called, was over.

The corner glanced meaningly at  
the district attorney, who, tapping  
with his fingers on the table, hesitated  
for a moment before he finally turned  
again upon Arthur Cumberland.

"You wish to return to your sister?  
You are at liberty to do so. I will trou-  
ble you no more tonight. Your sleigh  
is at the door, I presume."

They watched him go, each as silent  
as he. The corner tried to speak, but  
succeeded no better than the boy him-  
self. When the door opened under his  
hand they all showed relief, but were  
startled back into their former atten-  
tion by his turning suddenly in the  
doorway with this final remark:

"What did you say about a bottle  
with a special label on it being found  
at our house? It never was, or, if it  
was, some fellow has been playing you  
a trick. I carried off those two bottles  
myself. One you see there; the other  
is—I can't tell where, but I didn't take  
it home. That you can bet on."

One more look, followed by a heavy  
frown and a low growling sound in  
his throat—which may have been his  
way of saying goodbye—and he was  
gone.

A few more words, some understand-  
ing as to the morrow, and Sweetwater  
was also gone. The district attorney  
and the corner still sat, but very little  
passed between them. The clock over-  
head struck the hour. Both looked up,  
but neither moved. Another fifteen  
minutes; then the telephone rang. The  
corner rose and lifted the receiver. The  
message could be heard by both  
gentlemen in the extreme quiet of this  
midnight hour.

"Dr. Perry?"

"Yes; I'm listening."

"He came in at a quarter to 12,  
greatly agitated and very white. I ran  
upon him in the lower hall, and he  
looked angry enough to knock me  
down, but he simply sat and stared at  
me and passed straight up to his sister's  
room. I waited till he came out; then  
I managed to get hold of the nurse,  
and she told me this queer tale:

"He was all in a tremble when he  
came in, but she declares he had not  
been drinking. He went immediately  
to the bedside, but his sister was  
asleep, and he didn't stay there, but  
went over where the nurse was and  
began to hang about her till suddenly  
she felt a twitch at her side and, look-  
ing quickly, saw the little book she  
carries there falling back into place.  
He had lifted it, and probably read  
what she had written in it during his  
absence."

"She was displeased, but he laughed  
when he saw that he had been caught  
and said boldly: 'You are keeping a  
record of my sister's sayings. Well, I  
think I'm as interested in them as you  
are and have as much right as you to  
read as you to write.' She made no  
answer, for they were innocent enough,  
but she'll keep the book away from  
him after this—of that you may be  
sure."

"And what is he doing now? Is he  
going into his own room tonight?"

"No. He went there, but only to  
bring out his pillows. He will sleep in  
the alcove."

"Drink?"

"No, not a drop. He has ordered  
the whisky locked up. I hear him  
moaning sometimes to himself, as if  
he missed it awfully, but not a thim-  
bleful has left the decanter."

"Good night, Hexford."

"You heard?" This to the district at-  
torney.

"Every word."

Both went for their overcoats. Only  
on leaving did they speak again, and  
then it was to say:

"At 10 o'clock tomorrow morning."

"At 10 o'clock."

down over your eyes, and ask for a  
seat in the saugery and show them  
this bottle. They won't know that it's  
empty. The man is sharp and the  
woman intelligent. They will see that  
you are a stranger and admit you  
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