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One man may speak for another, but one woman can't talk for another with any degree of satisfaction.  
"Cause of Female Influence." The height of the shoes and the shortness of the skirts, for one thing.  
Perhaps it would help some if the hardware dealers would display their stock of snow shovels.

**The BLACK BOX**  
by **E. Phillips Oppenheim**

Novelized from the Photo-Play of the Same Name. Produced by the Universal Film Manufacturing Company

He glanced around a little helplessly. Quest took a cigar from his case and lit it.  
"No good worrying," Quest sighed. "The question is how best to get out of the mess. What's the next move, anyway?"  
The professor glanced towards the son and took a small compass from his pocket. He pointed across the desert.  
"That's exactly our route," he said, "but I reckon we still must be two days from the Mongars, and how we are going to get there ourselves, much more get the women there, without camels, I don't know. There are no wells, and I don't believe those fellows have left us a single tin of water."

Laura put her head out of the tent in which the two women had slept. "Say, where's breakfast?" she exclaimed. "I can't smell the coffee."  
They turned and approached her silently. The two girls, fully dressed, came out of the tent as they approached.

"Young ladies," the professor announced, "I regret to say that a misfortune has befallen us, a misfortune which we shall be able, without doubt, to surmount, but which will mean a day of hardship and much inconvenience."  
"Where are the camels?" Lenora asked breathlessly.

"Gone!" Quest replied.  
"And the Arabs?"  
"Gone with them—we are left high and dry," Quest explained.  
"And what is worse," the professor added, with a groan, "they have taken with them all our stores, our rifles and our water."

"How far are we from the Mongar camp?" Lenora asked.  
"About a day's tramp," Quest replied quickly. "We may reach there by nightfall."  
"Then let's start walking at once, before it gets any hotter," Lenora suggested.

Quest patted her on the back. They made a close search of the tents, but found that the Arabs had taken everything in the way of food and drink, except a single half-filled tin of drinking water.

They started bravely enough, but by midday their little stock of water was gone, their feet were sorely blistered. No one complained, however, and the professor did his best to revive their spirits.

"We have come farther than I had dared to hope, in the time," he announced. "Fortunately, I know the exact direction we must take. Keep up your spirits, young ladies. At any time we may see signs of our destination."

They struggled on once more. Night came and brought with it a half-suffocating, half-torturing coolness. The vain straining of the eyes upon the horizon at any rate was spared to them. They slept in a fashion, but soon after dawn they were on their feet again. Suddenly Quest, who had gone a little out of his way to mount a low range of sand hills, waved his arm furiously. He was holding his field-glasses to his eyes. It was wonderful how that ray of hope transformed them. They hurried to where he was. He passed the glasses to the professor.

"A caravan!" he exclaimed. "I can see the camels and horses!"  
The professor almost snatched the glasses.  
"It is quite true," he agreed. "It is a caravan crossing at right angles to our direction. Come! They will see us before long."

Presently three or four horsemen detached themselves from the main body and came galloping towards them. The eyes of the little party glistened as they saw that the foremost had a water-bottle slung around his neck. He came dashing up, waving his arms.  
"You lost, people?" he asked. "Want water?"

They almost snatched the bottle from him. It was like pouring life into their veins. They all, at the professor's instigation, drank sparingly. Quest, with a great sigh of relief, lit a cigar.  
"Some adventure, this!" he declared.

The professor, who had been talking to the men in their own language, turned back towards the two girls.  
"It is a caravan," he explained. "Of peaceful merchants on their way to Jaffa. They are halting for us, and we shall be able, without a doubt, to arrange for water and food and a camel or two horses. The man here asks if the ladies will take the horses and ride?"

They started off gayly to where the caravan had come to a standstill. They had scarcely traversed a hundred yards, however, before the Arab who was leading Lenora's horse came to a sudden standstill. He pointed with his arm and commenced to talk in an excited fashion to his two companions. From across the desert, facing them, came a little company of horsemen, galloping fast and with the sunlight

flashing upon their rifles.  
"The Mongars!" the Arab cried, pointing wildly. "They attack the caravan!"  
The three Arabs talked together for a moment in an excited fashion. Then, without excuse or warning, they swung the two women to the ground, leaped



"If You Value Your Lives, You Will Do as You Are Bidden."

on their horses, and, turning northwards, galloped away.  
The professor looked on anxiously. "I am not at all sure," he said in an undertone to Quest, "about our position with the Mongars. Craig has a peculiar hold upon them, but as a rule they hate white men, and their blood will be up. . . . See! the fight is all over. Those fellows were no match for the Mongars. Most of them have fled and left the caravan."

The fight was indeed over. Four of the Mongars had galloped away in pursuit of the Arabs who had been the temporary escort of Quest and his companions. They passed about a hundred yards away, waving their arms and shouting furiously. One of them even fired a shot, which missed Quest by only a few inches.

"They say they are coming back," the professor muttered. "Who's this? It's the chief and—"  
"Our search is over, at any rate," Quest interrupted. "It's Craig!"

They came galloping up, Craig in white linen clothes and an Arab's cloak; the chief by his side—a fine, upright man with long, gray beard; behind, three Mongars, their rifles all ready to their shoulders. The chief wheeled up his horse as he came within twenty paces of the little party.

"White! English!" he shouted. "Why do you seek death here?"  
He waited for no reply, but turned to his men. Three of them dashed forward, their rifles, which were fitted with an odd sort of bayonet, drawn back for the lunge. Suddenly Craig, who had been a little in the rear, galloped shouting into the line of fire.

"Stop!" he ordered. "Chief, these people are my friends. Chief, the word!"

(To be continued.)

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It is so much bigger than the next biggest that the yard stick and the scales are not needed to make comparisons. It is so much better than the next best that the first trial proves its superiority.

Gold Soap is made in Canada in the Procter & Gamble Factories at Hamilton.

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**EVEN THE FURNITURE BLUE.**

Blue chairs and tables—even blue beds and dressers—are the moment's vogue, and the color is a rich, clear blue, that demands blue and white, black and white or the palest blue as a background. For summer bungalows and cottages this blue furniture is charming, but it is rather too definite in color and too unique in type to be the mainstay of a dignified and luxurious room in a town house. The summer bedroom, papered in blue and white and hung with cream scrim draperies, is a fitting background against which to pose a blue bedstead dresser and chiffonier; a dining room decorated in pale buff and ivory has a round table and long, simply designed sideboard in blue, and the chairs are blue with leather seats. The effect is very good—cool, and dainty for summer mealtimes.

Blue chairs and tables on the porch are especially the vogue, and of course these pieces are of

**WHY EYESIGHT FAILS**  
By a Specialist

Poor sight and bad teeth are due to the same cause—neglect. We neglect our teeth and they decay; we neglect our eyes, and our sight grows dim. Most people know how to preserve their teeth, but few know what to do for their eyes. Some who carefully clean their teeth do nothing to help their eyes carry the awful strain put upon them by modern life.

Our eyes need care, and if we refuse to give it to them we pay the penalty in suffering and poor eyesight. A soothing, cleansing, healing lotion for the eyes that 99 out of a hundred should use twice a day or oftener is made after this prescription: Dissolve 5 grains Bon-Opto in 1/2 glass of water; use as an eye bath. It sharpens the vision, relieves irritation, allays inflammation, makes the eyes feel smooth and fine as if well lubricated. Many who use it find to their great surprise that they do not need glasses. They regain perfect sight and eye comfort. Used early in the morning it makes the eyes feel fresh and smooth; used at night it brings comfort and a soothing sense of sweet relief from strain. After an automobile ride or a picture show; a day of close, hard work or an hour's reading that tires the eyes, an application of this solution soothes, comforts and rests the eyes. Your druggist can fill this prescription, or the Valmar Drug Co. of Toronto will fill it for you by mail. Any physician familiar with the formula, even if he has never prescribed it, will tell you that it is perfectly harmless.

A prominent City Freeman to whom one above article was submitted, said: "Bon-Opto is a very remarkable remedy. Its constituent ingredients are well known to eminent eye specialists and widely prescribed by them. It can be obtained from any good druggist and is one of the very few preparations, I feel, should be kept on hand for genuine use in almost every family."

blue wicker or of wood in rather massive sturdy design. For serving tea on the porch there is an enchanting four-leaf clover table. The four-leaf top of mahogany, the carved legs blue.

Sunshine Strawberries—Six pounds large, perfect strawberries, five pounds sugar, three cups boiling water. Boil the sugar and water to the soft ball stage. Add the berries and boil up at once. Pour onto large, shallow platters, cover with sheets of glass and set in the sun for two or three days, or until the syrup jellies.

If you suffer from this painful malady, apply Zam-Buk. It is purely herbal, quickly eases the dull, gnawing pain, stops bleeding, ends the irritation, and in a short time completely and permanently cures. Zam-Buk should be in every home.

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