

FACE COVERED WITH PIMPLES ASHAMED TO GO OUT

Many an otherwise beautiful and attractive face is sadly marred by unsightly pimples, blotches, flesh worms and various other blood diseases.

Their presence is a source of embarrassment to those afflicted as well as pain and regret to their friends.

Many a cheek and brow cast in the mould of beauty have been sadly defaced, their attractiveness lost and their possessor rendered unhappy for years.

Why then, consent to rest under this cloud of embarrassment?

There is an effective remedy for all these defects.

It is Burdock Blood Bitters. This remedy will drive out all the impurities from the blood and leave the complexion healthy and clear.

Mrs. Katherine Henry, Port Sydney, Ont., writes: "Two years ago my face was so covered with pimples I was ashamed to go out at all. I tried several remedies, but they were of no use. At last a friend advised me to try Burdock Blood Bitters. I got a bottle, and by the time it was used I could see a difference. I then got two more, and when I had used them the pimples were completely gone. I can highly recommend B. B. B."

Manufactured only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Artificial coloring of gold fish by keeping them in water containing certain chemicals is extensively carried on in Sicily.

The Only Grand Prize (Highest Award) given to Dictionaries at the Panama- Pacific Exposition was granted to WEBSTER'S NEW INTERNATIONAL

Superiority of Educational Merit.
This new creation answers with final authority all kinds of puzzling questions such as "How is *Przemysl* pronounced?" "Where is *Flinders*?" "What is a *continuous voyage*?" "What is a *horvitz*?" "What is *white coal*?" "How is *skat* pronounced?" and thousands of others. More than 400,000 Vocabulary Terms, 30,000 Geographical Subjects, 12,000 Biographical Entries. Over 6000 Illustrations, 2700 Pages. The only dictionary with the divided page—a stroke of genius.

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"The Fighting Trail"

It was over two months now since anything had been heard from von Bleck or any of his men. Gwyn, Nan and Casey were standing one day before the main shaft of the mine, watching the operations of the men. All about them things were busy. Ore cars were travelling into and out of the mine, cars of trains, laden with cinnabar, were moving along the narrow gauge railroad which had been built from the mine to the town and which, incidentally, had been one of the big improvements which Gwyn had installed in Lost Mine.

"It seems," said Gwyn, as he and Casey stood outside the shaft, "that we finally scared von Bleck away. He hasn't been heard from for nearly nine weeks now, and it looks as though he'll stay among the missing. I have written to the financial powers in New York and they are mighty well pleased with the outlook. I believe that they will send someone out soon to see how we are getting along."

"Well," said Casey, "if they do, the report ought to be a hum-dinger. We sure are progressing—and, don't forget, this is the only cinnabar mine that anyone knows of. And this would have been drained long ago if anybody except Don Carlos had known where to find it. Hi, there!" he called suddenly to a man operating an ore car which had just come from the entrance of the mine. "Stop your loafing and drive up here. We got no time for vacations between loads. Move up!"

The person to whom this curt order was addressed looked up from his car with a scowl. His unshaven face, covered with a ragged beard of several months' growth, was black with dust. And though no one knew it, it was so intentionally. As the laborer proceeded to push his car toward the engine boss, in obedience to his command, he read hastily a note that was stretched on the ore before him. It was in

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children
In Use For Over 30 Years

Always bears
the
Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

such a position behind the pile of ore that it could not be seen by the three who stood talking some distance away. It read:

"One-Lung:
"Keep yourself under cover. I need you where you are. Have learned that Gwyn and his wife found in the mine the deeds from the mine and the old land grant which gives them legal possession of the mine. This had been hidden in the mine by Don Carlos as a precaution should his house be robbed. It must be somewhere in Gwyn's cabin now. Get it! But don't let yourself be seen, as I may need you where you are later. Get the deeds and the grant now. You know what failure means!"

"VON BLECK,"
"One-Lung" tore the paper into tiny fragments when he had finished reading and put them into his pocket. He pushed the ore car past Casey and the others just in time to hear Gwyn say to Nan:

"I am terribly busy and want to finish up some things with Casey before it is too late. This is pay night. Do you suppose you could drive one of the machines to town and get the money from the bank? I'll send a man along with you, in case you don't get back until after dark."

"Of course I can go," Nan answered. "I'll start now and get back as soon as soon as I can."

Gwyn hailed a man who was near by and ordered him to pull up one of the automobiles. One-Lung who had skulked along slowly so he could hear what was being said, hurried along with his car to the end of the track, and then disappeared behind some ore cars. Casey and Gwyn walked slowly toward the former's office and left Nan as she was preparing for her departure to town.

The four men who were seated about the table leaned closer to each other and spoke in low tones. About them, standing in the rear room of town of Lost Mine, were a score or Brown's Cafe, in the centre of the more of the roughest, hardest type of men that had ever been seen in the town. They talked among themselves, glancing frequently at the group about the table, waiting to hear the decision of the conference. And von Bleck, Cut-Deep Rawls and Shoestring Drant were firing questions and statements in subdued tones, at another individual, a huge, fleshy person, weak of face, although not weak of body. This fourth man was known as Sheriff Gausley, whose main object in holding the position was to try to assure himself of re-election as every next election.

In a sudden spasm of duty, which struck him but infrequently, Gausley had threatened von Bleck and his band, but when the agent of the Central Powers gave him to understand that interference would result badly for him both physically and politically, he had seen things in a different light.

(Continued on page 7.)



"The Flavour Lasts"

We might advertise WRIGLEY'S as the
"dentifrice-without-a-brush."

For it cleanses the teeth and gums—it pleasantly
sweetens the mouth—it FIGHTS ACIDITY.

It brings a wholesome freshness to the palate that makes
the whole day lighter and
brighter.

Needless to caution you to
get WRIGLEY'S, the filtered,
the clean, gum.

For millions have made it
their positive choice, having
tried others.

So, if you forgot your tooth-
brush this morning, why,
Wrigley a bit!

Chew it after
every meal

Made
in
Canada



WHICH?

"This bulk tea is the best I could buy at the price, Mrs. Brown, but I believe you will like Red Rose better."

"We use Red Rose at home and like the rich flavor. My wife says it goes further."

Hundreds of grocers are making statements somewhat like this.

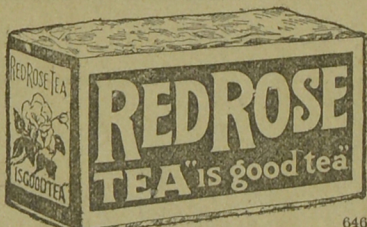
They have sold Red Rose Tea for many years and have found the quality so good that they use it in their homes.

Most grocers naturally like to make an extra profit on their bulk tea, but they cannot help recommending Red Rose Tea because they know it's worth the price.

They know it goes further because it consists chiefly of the teas from Assam in Northern India, the strongest, richest teas grown anywhere in the world.

Red Rose tastes better and goes further.

Kept Good
by the
Sealed
Package



T. H. Estabrooks Co., Limited
St. John, Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg, Calgary, Edmonton

Red Rose Coffee is as
generously good as Red Rose Tea



Old Dutch

Fruit Jars
and other
Glassware

can easily be
kept immaculate with

Old Dutch

And remember,
this cleanser
never harms
your hands



The New Fall

ARROW COLLAR

20c each, 3 for 50c.

\$4 Saved
Two
Fingers

The fingers were those of Mr. J. W. Besnard, of 539 Craig St. E., Montreal. He says,—"A falling beam badly smashed my hand. Two fingers were so severely crushed that the doctors said they would have to be amputated. Naturally I didn't want this, so decided to try Zam-Buk first. I applied Zam-Buk daily, and by the time I had used \$4 worth, the injury was completely healed. My fingers were saved!"

Just another illustration of the healing power of Zam-Buk. Accidents will happen. It may be your turn next. Better get a box and keep it handy. Accidents are less frequent than skin diseases, and remember this—

Zam-Buk is just as good for eczema, ulcers, skin diseases, and piles, as for cuts, burns, bruises.

All druggists and stores 50c. box, or 3 for \$1.25. Refuse substitutes.

ZAM-BUK

THE VALUE OF ADVERTISING in all cases must be based on the return for the outlay. No better opportunity in this respect can be found in this locality than

THE DAILY MAIL

This paper has a special value to the local advertiser, as the majority of its readers are in this city and the immediate surrounding country.

Our Advertising Rates will be found decidedly reasonable in view of the results.

PEOPLE READ OUR ADVERTISEMENTS

They are trying to buy
as wisely as they can. It
is necessary they should.

They are eager to know
what the local merchants
have to offer, and good
live advertising is interesting reading to them.

Most of our enterprising
business men have already
realized this fact and their
advertising appears regularly in the Mail.

If you are not a regular advertiser in the DAILY or SEMI-WEEKLY MAIL, you are overlooking an opportunity that no business man in this locality ought to be too busy to appreciate.

THE AD. AND THE MAN.

By James J. Montague.

He saw the ad from day to day
And muttered: "I see it;
The stuff may be just what they
say,
But I'm not going to buy it."
As time wore on he made remarks
It would not do to mention,
For he was mad because that ad
Was forced on his attention.

But in a week, or two, or three,
He said: "There's no denying,
The way that ad gets hold of me,
The stuff may be worth trying."
For just about a fortnight more
He dared mere words to win
him,
And then the ad completely had
Aroused the spender in him.

Next day he drifted in a store
And quietly expended
A few big iron dollars for
The stuff the ad commended.
He found it filled a long-felt need
Its excellence surprised him,
And now he's glad because the ad
So deftly hypnotized him.