

NEGLECTED COLDS

Lead to Consumption.

Unless a complete cure is effected the inflammation passes rapidly to the throat bronchial tubes, and then to the lungs.

You can't make new lungs any more than you can make new fingers or a new nose—hence consumption is practically incurable.

But Catarrh can be cured, except in its final and always fatal stage.

CATARRHOZONE

Guaranteed to Cure.

The purest balsams and the greatest antiseptics are sent to every spot where catarrhal trouble exists—germs are killed, foul secretions are destroyed, nature is given a chance and cure comes quickly.

Colds and throat troubles can't last if the pure healing vapor of Catarrhazone is breathed—sneezing and coughing cease at once, because irritation is removed.

Use Catarrhazone to prevent—use it to cure your winter ills—it's pleasant, safe, and guaranteed in every case.

FAMOUS WHOPPERS.

"If I am elected, I will be yours to command."

HE SPENT A RESTFUL DAY IN THE COUNTRY

(New York Sun.)

"Didjever play this here tennis?" Marmaduke Messquit, reaching for the liniment. "Don't, if you value your bones. I feel like a Louis Quince rocking chair that's been rocked on steady for two hundred years."

Marmaduke applied the soothing lotion to his joints and winced.

"I haven't had an athletic moment before since I quit close drill," he complained, "but I got it all in a bunch yesterday."

"How come?" we inquired, as we acceded to a request to rub the small of Marmaduke's back.

"I weakened up at Pliny McGivney's farm in Orang county. Pliny invited me up because he said I needed a rest. In the middle of the night some time he rushed into my room and shouted 'Get up!' Why?" I says. "We were with us and they laughed so hard they swallowed water and chok-

Eastern standard time?" I says. In answer Pliny pulled me out of bed by one leg. "Where's your bathing suit?" demanded Pliny.

"Put this on," he says. "Nobody'll want out and come by," with a woman's bathing suit, built for Marie Dressler or Mme. Tetrassini.

"Put this on," he says. "Nobody'll see you in it. 'You're totin' nobody will' I says. 'In the first place I won't put it on. In the second nobody could find me in it if I did.' But I did put it on. Pliny is masterful. We swam I hadn't been in water that is in a large body of water, in two years. An air pocket formed in my bathing skirt, so to speak. It threw me off my balance and my feet went up and my head went down."

"The two girls up at Pliny's house were with us and they laughed so hard they swallowed water and chok-

ed. Pliny had to rescue them first. I went down seven times and my whole life passed in review.

"Pliny saved me finally and unwrapped me from Marie Dressler's bathing suit. I turned coldly on him. 'I won't swim another stroke at 9 o'clock or any other hour,' I says. 'Make those hoydens stop laughing and kindly hand me my pants.'

"There was homebrew for dinner with quite a respectable percentage, somewhere around 99-100 and afterward I felt better. Then Miss Streeter—she was one of the girls—came along.

"Do you play tennis, Mr. Messquit?" she says.

"Not to brag about," I says. "I used to play ping pong quite a bit. The two games are alike somewhat, aren't they?"

"You could hardly tell them apart," says she. "Let's go. You take Pliny's racket and you can use Ethel's sneakers."

"But Ethel might want them. She might want to do some sneaking this afternoon," I says. "Anyway I'm off form this season. I think I better not play tennis."

"Oh, come on," says she, "don't be a troglodyte."

"My bluff was called. I don't know

anything about the game," I confessed.

"I'll bet you're a shark," says Miss Streeter "you've got a tennis face"

"Just whadda y'mean by that?" I says.

"I served before Miss Streeter. The first sixty-seven balls went alternately into the net or half a league down the State highway."

"Don't swing the racket with both hands," says Miss Streeter, laughing. "You stand like Babe Ruth at bat."

"Flatterer," says I, and hits a ball over into the neighboring township. Miss Streeter served next, and put the old spheroid over the plate first crack. That is she knocked it into the correct square, but I didn't find that out until later.

"Forty love," she sings out when I came back from chasing the ball.

"No woman is going to kid me and get away with it!"

"Fifty-five, sweetheart," I says, and Miss Streeter stumbled and fell over the net. Then she served again, and crack—right back into the square. I went after it, slipped on a muddy spot, it having rained Saturday night, and slid a yard or so on my ice cream trousers.

"Deuce!" shouted Miss Streeter.

"Thank you, Miss Streeter," I says, "but that don't half express my feel-

MOTHER!

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Child's Best Laxative



Accept "California" Syrup of Figs the package then you are sure your child is having the best and most harmless physic for the little stomach, liver and bowels. Children love its fruity taste. Full directions on each only—look for the name California on bottle. You must say "California."

CANADIAN SCULPTOR HOLDS EXHIBITION

(By Mark Zangwill staff correspondent of Daily Mail. Copyright by C. A. N. S.)

London, Sept. 4.—Dr. R. Tait McKenzie, the Canadian sculptor who is also Professor of Physical Education and of Physic-Therapy of the University of Pennsylvania, is holding an exhibition of his bronze statuettes and reliefs at The Fine Art Society, New Bond Street. His equipment is certainly comprehensive as athlete and exponent of physical culture he has had exceptional opportunity for studying human anatomy; and he has put it to excellent use. His ideal athletic figures are as well known in Europe as in America, having been exhibited at the Royal Academy the Paris Salon, and other places. And there are copies of his work at the Ashmolean Museum Oxford, and the Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge, and in many private collections. "The Joy of Effort," which is encrusted on the wall of the Stadium at Stockholm, to commemorate the fifth modern Olympic Games, received the King's special medal.

Mens sana in corpore sano is evidently Tait McKenzie's motto, and it is reflected in his work. He does not attempt, as many sculptors have attempted, to express the inexpressible in stone or bronze, mysticism in marble; the greatest have failed to be entirely convincing here, even Rodin, though Mestrovic, the great Serbian sculptor, has an undeniable genius for capturing mysterious elements. Tait McKenzie's work is clearly informed by the Greek spirit, and its inspiration is seen in his figures of athletes, running, jumping, playing football, or throwing the discus. Many are of the greatest interest. A delightful statuette of "The Boy Scout," full of youthful earnestness and grace, is an excellent piece of work, so is, "The Youthful Franklin," a sturdy Whittington-like figure. Very interesting too are the four masks, showing Violent Effort, Breathlessness, Fatigue, and Exhaustion. Many eminent people are here admirably represented in bronze, among them being Gertrude Elliot, as Cleopatra, Forbes Robertson as Julius Caesar, Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, physician and writer, and John McLure Hamilton, the famous painter. The portrait study of the sculptor's wife is charming. There are several war subjects, (Dr. Tait McKenzie was a Major in the R. A. M. C. during the war), such as "Over the Top" and "Blighty (or Six Days' Leave)" the latter a particularly fine work. Montreal and Pennsylvania should alike be proud of this Major-Professor-Doctor-Sculptor.

During a normal temperature the weather bureau's predictions get by without being read.

Looks as though Ponzi's suckers may get 50 per cent. of their money back. They'll still have enough left to play some other fellow's game.

ings. Look at these pants that Isadore Weinberg and Sons pressed and dry-cleaned yesterday!

"I can't play any more," says Miss Streeter. "You've demoralized me. I can't play and laugh too."

"Well, prior to quitting," I says, "would you mind telling me who won?"

"I don't know who won," says Miss Streeter, "but you take the prize."

"Now I wonder what she meant by that?"



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CIGARETTES