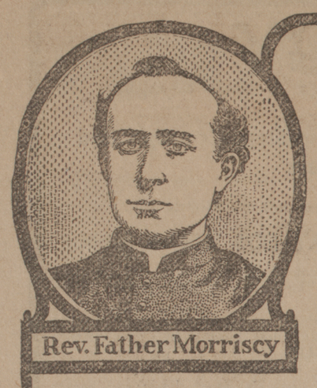

Rev. Father Morriscy

Father Morriscy's "No. 10" (Lung Tonic) Has Made Wonderful Cures

Father Morriscy's "No. 10" (Lung Tonic) has not only cured thousands of **ordinary cases** of throat and lung troubles, but also scores of **cases that were considered hopeless.**

It is no ordinary remedy that saves a man after doctors and friends have given up hope of his recovery from that dread disease, consumption. Yet there are well known cases where Father Morriscy's "No. 10" has done this. Mr. Miles Maroney, of Blissfield, N.B., was one of the fortunate ones. He writes:

"As a patient of Father Morriscy's I would thank you for an opportunity of giving expression to the benefits I have received from his prescriptions and medicines, not on one occasion, but at different times.

Some eight years ago I had occasion to apply to the Rev. gentleman for treatment for lung trouble which proved to be of a serious nature; so serious was my case that my friends looked upon my recovery as almost hopeless, but after his treatment I am thankful to say that to-day I am in perfect health."

Trial size 25c. per bottle. Regular size 50c.
At your dealer's. 67

FATHER MORRISCY MEDICINE CO. LTD., Chatham, N.B.

FIRE HAS BEEN BURNING 50 YEARS IN COAL MINE

More than fifty years ago a fire was started in a Pennsylvania coal field, and it is still burning. Hundreds of thousands of dollars have been spent by the Lehigh Valley Coal and Navigation Company to check its spread. Many skilled engineers and mining experts have been called in to devise a plan that would save the 400,000,000 tons of coal, toward which the flames have been steadily crawling year after year, but with no effect. Sometimes the problem would appear to have been solved, but always the fire broke out again, and always the lapse of a year would see it a few yards nearer the great main seam of the coal deposits, where a billion dollars' worth of property lay helpless to escape it. A week or so ago Engineer W. A. Lathrop, the president of the company, completed a remarkable operation that has placed a solid barrier in the path of the flames, and the coal company no doubt feels that it never got so much value for its money as is promised for the quarter of a million it laid out under Mr. Lathrop's direction.

Before Civil War

How the fire started, or when, nobody knows, though it was discovered for the first time on Feb. 19, 1859, near Mauch Chunk, Pa. The mines in this district were well known at the time and had been worked by a large company, so that there is a strong probability some careless miner may have left his lamp in one of the tunnels and thus fired the timbers. Still, if this were the origin of the fifty-year fire, it seems likely that the miners would have known it, and posterity would not have been left to speculate on the matter. The alternative supposition is that hot ashes, raked from a stove at the foot of the slope, may have worked their way underground, caught some coal, and gradualy fed up to the first large pocket. Here the fire would get sufficient start, and after that its destructive force would only be limited by the quantity of fuel. To this there has been no scarcity, the whole formation of the district being of coal.

Water Makes Things Worse

By whichever agency the fire was lighted, it was too far underground to be easily extinguished by the time it was discovered. Had no efforts then been made to put it out, the probability is that lack of air would have presently smothered the flames. However, the obvious remedy was to pour water on the burning coal, but the alarming result was that the water, coming in contact with the fire, caused explosions that cracked the coal bed open and made new paths along which the flames could make their way. At intervals despite this lesson, further efforts to flood out the fire were made, but with no better success. To understand the scheme that finally prevailed, it is necessary to bear in mind the configuration of the Panther Creek coal basin. It has been likened to a man's hand, with the thumb outstretched and the fingers close together. The fire began on the outside of the thumb and for fifty years has been working steadily toward the main deposits, which are represented by the closed fingers. The thumb has now been almost consumed, or in other words, a spur of mountain has been eaten away by the fire and the coal field lies undefended, except by the Lathrop wall.

The Slush Holes Fail

The concrete wall was tried only after Lathrop's previous device of 'slushing holes' had failed. These holes were driven down to water level in advance of the fire and were then filled with wet clay. The magnitude of this work may be estimated from the fact that to fill the deepest of these holes 8,000 tons of clay were required. There were 700 holes. Last December the advancing fire encountered these slush barriers, but went through them as though they had been cedar posts. Then the idea of a concrete wall was conceived and work was immediately undertaken. The fire was only 400 feet away when the excavations were begun, and the danger of the operation was fully realized, but it was the last desperate resource, and the risk had to be run. Shafts were sunk and the cut cemented, but before this preliminary was completed the coal, and gradually fed up to the first fire roaring round the barrier, and the experiment seemed foredoomed to failure.

Walking Against Time

The ground was so shattered that it was almost like sand. The rocks were too hot to handle, and coal damp filled the shafts. This drove the miners out, but Mr. Lathrop installed powerful ventilating machinery and the work was resumed. High wages were offered volunteers, an emergency hospital was equipped nearby, and working in half-hour shifts, the fight was kept up. Cases of prostration were frequent, but not a single death marred the building of the wall. The wall, as completed, goes underground 247 feet, it is 1,050 feet long and 12 feet thick, and is, in many respects, one of the most remarkable concrete structures ever built. It cuts the coal deposit in two, as though the thumb of the hand were severed at the root. Whether the wall will resist the fire that has been burning for half a century has yet to be proved, but there is every reason to suppose that the problem has been solved at length. The fire when it reaches this barrier is expected to die out for lack of fuel.

NEW YORK HERALD ON CANADA AND AMERICAN TARIFF

(New York Herald)

The discussion of a possible tariff war between this country and Canada has the effect of directing public attention to the absurdity of the existing tariff barriers on either side of the border.

In spite of these obstructions, trade between the Canadian and American peoples has steadily increased until today our northern neighbors buy yearly nearly $200,000,000 worth of our products—more than ten per cent of our entire export trade. After the British and Germans the Canadians are our best customers.

When trade is unrestricted it takes no more notice of political boundaries than do birds, fishes or airships. For two-thirds of the way across the continent the United States is divided from Canada only by an imaginary line, the forty-ninth parallel of latitude, and only similarly arbitrary lines separate New York, Vermont, New Hampshire and Maine from the Dominion.

Trade should be as free between New York and Canada on the north as it is between New York and Pennsylvania on the south. The force of natural laws is seen in the fact that despite the Dominion's tariff discrimination in favor of Great Britain the people of Canada today buy only one-fourth of their imports from the "mother country," and nearly three-fourths of the whole from the United States. And although Great Britain admits the products of of the Dominion free, while we impose a heavy tariff, one-third of all her exports are bought by the American people.

The Dominion has an area larger than ours, with a population relatively small, but rapidly growing—a population of substantially the same race, speaking for the most part the same language, professing similar political principles and maintaining the same standard of civilization. New Yorkers and Pennsylvanians are mutually benefited by unrestricted trade across the political line by which they are separated, and the American and Canadian peoples would similarly profit by ignoring, so far as commerce is concerned, the boundary between the two countries.

Take down the bars on both sides. This will do away with all fuss about discriminations and all talk about ruinous tariff wars and contribute to good feeling and mutual prosperity.

For Bilious Attacks

Here is help for you. Your bilious attacks may be both prevented and relieved, but prevention is better than cure. The means are at your hand. When a dull headache, furred tongue, yellow cast to the eyes, inactive bowels, dizziness, or a sick stomach, warn you of a coming bilious attack, resort at once to

BEECHAM'S PILLS

which act almost instantly on the liver and bowels, and quickly regulate the flow of bile. A few doses of Beecham's Pills will correct the stomach, put the blood in order, relieve headache and tone the entire system.

For over sixty years, on land and sea, Beecham's Pills, by their safe and thorough action on the stomach, bile and bowels, have maintained their world-wide reputation as

The Best Bile Medicine

Prepared only by Thomas Beecham, St. Helens, Lancashire, England.
Sold everywhere in Canada and U. S. America. In boxes 25 cents.

CENTRAL AMERICA AND UNCLE SAM

The Present Troubles and Something About Conditions in General

(Toronto Mail and Empire.)

When two American citizens are shot to death in cold blood on the order of a Central American dictator, because they took part in a revolution directed against him, the grim side of these "opera bouffe" wars comes suddenly home to the relatives and friends of the victims. The execution of Cannon and Groce for their participation in the Nicaraguayan insurrection has stirred their countrymen, and has made the United States government take action. Incidentally, it will cause a novel-reading public to lose confidence in those authors whose favorite theme is found in Latin-American revolutions, and who have created the impression that, while Americans are usually the brains and brawn behind these successful insurrections, no white man ever loses his life in the fighting. The Latin-Americans have been represented as a fiery but cowardly race. The fact has almost been lost sight of that the rifles of even cowards are deadly, that their bullets will kill.

Whether Groce and Cannon had any business to mix themselves up in Nicaraguan politics, and to espouse the cause of Estrada, is quite another question. It surely should be a mad principle to lay down that American or British subjects can fight against a foreign government, but that the foreign government cannot fight against them. Even the state department at Washington is not strong enough to force that doctrine down the throat of Nicaragua. Once the activity of Groce and and Cannon is admitted, diplomatic objection cannot be made to their deplorable fates. In a state of rebellion the ordinary courts of law and evidence are put aside; and exceptions cannot be taken to the temporary establishment of martial law. Diplomatically, the United States may not have a good case against Zelaya. She could intervene, however, not in the name of Groce and Cannon, but in the name of civilization, to put an end to conditions that exist in Guatemala, Nicaragua, Honduras and Venezuela. It is Nicaragua today; it was Venezuela yesterday; it may be any of the others tomorrow, for, generally speaking, the same conditions exist in all these republics.

It is interesting to recall, in the present situation, that Texas, California, Arizona and New Mexico became American states as a result of a Latin-American revolutions, either started or directed by "gringoes." These men, at the beginning of the revolution, were denounced as filibusters, and were proved to be clearly in the wrong, as a matter of international etiquette; but, their insurrections prospering, they became "heroes of the Alamo." No doubt many men of Anglo-Saxon blood have participated in Latin-American revolution through sheer love of fighting. Walker ,the hero of Nicaragua, is an instance. A few have fomented rebellion with a view of getting valuable concessions for next to nothing. But it is probable that no average Briton or American could live in a Central American republic without his sense of justice prompting him to strike a blow at the despotism that governed it. His common sense might remind him that it was "none of his business," but the provocation to have a shot at a dictator like Cabrera or Zelaya or Castro would be strong.

The curse of these countries is that they are democracies in name only. Every president is a despot; he may be a benevolent autocrat, and a great statesman, like Diaz, in Mexico, in which case objections to the methods by which he retains the office would be merely academic. There are elections in these republics, but the party in power gives the soldiers supervision of the ballot-casting and ballot-counting, with the result that the government is always sustained. Thus, after the last general election in Guatemala, it was announced that the government had been returned by a "unanimous" majority, larger than the entire male population of the republic. What is the opposition to do in the face of this sort of politics? It can either "take it lying down," or it can start a revolution.

To start a revolution at home is almost an impossibility, because of the military sytem of the government. The approved method is for the chief revolutionists to cross the border and make their plans from without. This necessary precaution is then seized on by the threatened government for declaring that the revolution is really a war, and that the attack is being engineered by a neighboring power. If the citizens are convinced, they fight desperately, and the revolution fails. If they understand the situation, they support the invaders, and the government goes out of office. These tactics are the commonplaces of Central American politics; and if the United States intervened with a plan to abolish them and substitute real elections for revolutions, no civilized power would seriously object.

NO DESERTED FARMS IN GERMANY

(Rudolf Cronau, in the December McClure's.)

The policy of conservation that made German forestry such a success is applied also to agriculture. Germany is not at all a land flowing with milk and honey. In enormous parts of Northern Germany the soil is decidedly poor. With that of the United States it cannot compare at all. But proper care did wonders. While the methods of farming used by many Americans have resulted in the utter decline of good land in a comparatively short time, the farm-lands of Germany, even though they have been under cultivation for centuries, bring forth rich crops year in and year out.

Mr. James Hill, one of the most noted experts on land affairs, at the famous Governor's Conference, made the remarkable statement that the soil of America, once the envy of every other country, gave during the ten years beginning with 1896, an average yield of 13.5 bushels of wheat per acre, while Germany produced 27.6. For the same decade the yield of oats was in America less than 30 bushels, in Germany 46. For barley the figures were 25 against 33, and for rye 15.4 against 24.

Deserted farms, which, as a result of soil exhaustion, can be found all over the eastern half of the United States, are absolutely unknown in Germany.

AT 81 HE ELOPES

Chicago, Dec. 2—After scorning the wiles of cupid eighty-one years, William Tursk's heart finally was pierced, and now he is living happily with a bride aged 82 on his little farm on the outskirts of Evanston.

A romance which dates back for years came to a climax when Tursk and Mrs. Caroline Weese eloped to Chicago a week ago and were quietly married. Mrs. Weese first husband died on Thanksgiving Day, 1908, and shortly after Tursk's sister with whom he had been living many years, died.

Tursk and Mrs. Weese had been acquainted for years and a short time ago decided they would be happier if they became life companions and the plan was carried out.

SHOP GIRL EARNING $10 BETTER THAN ACTRESS AT $100

Former Can Save Money But Actress Must Expend All Her Income to Live the Part

The prevalent idea that we women of the stage live in luxury, rolling in wealth from one year's end to the other, is absurd. True, we are paid salaries which, if saved, would amount to a nice, tidy sum at the end of the season. But how can we save No adequate idea of the never-ceasing strain on an actress' pocket book can be had by anyone not a professional woman. Compelled to maintain an "appearance" in keeping with our positions, the chance to put away ten per cent. of our weekly stipend is decidedly slim.

Miss Nina Blake, of the Girl from Rector's Co., so summed up a matter which will interest many. Continuing, she said:

Why, the $10 a week shop girl stands a better chance of saving money than the $100 a week actress. You doubt it? Well, a comparison of the living expenses of the two should readily convince you.

The heaviest drain on a professional woman's salary is her living expenses. An actress receiving $100 a week must stop at the best hotels. A room, with bath, at such a hotel costs at the least $3 a day. Seven times three are $21 each week for her room alone.

Come next her meals. It is impossible to dine at a first class hotel for less than $1 a meal, unless one indulges in nothing but a glass of ice water and even that costs from ten to twenty-five cents in a tip to the waiter. We will say that a decent breakfast costs $1, luncheon $1.50 and a respectable dinner $3. For one day's meals the cost amounts to $5.50. This may appear a trifle exorbitant to the girl living at home, but to anyone traveling about the country and living at the first class hotels $5.50 is a fair average. A week at this rate eats up $38.50 of that enormous $100.

Tips come third in the list of expenses. To the professional man and woman tipping soon becomes second nature and the appearance of a uniform with brass buttons is the cue to get out the much-worn pocket book.

Waiters, bell-boys, porters, maids — all must be recognized, and lucky is the guest who escapes for less than $1 each day. Seven days, seven dollars. Truly, the actress follows Andrew Carnegie's motto: "Count that day lost whose lowering sun sees no deduction from your pile of mon!"

And last, but not least, the daily and weekly "incidentals"—the world always regarded as suspicious as an expense account. Unfortunately, however, the actress cannot hand her expenses account to anyone but herself. The management pays railroad fare, the player the rest. And "rest" in this sense means spinal-meningitis of the exchequer. Laundry bills, tailor charges (and those of an actress are endless!) hair-dresser, manicure, cabs and a thousand and one things absolutely necessary to the life of the actress who must "look the part" her salary calls for.

And now let us strike a balance or whatever one does when he wishes to see how much money is left after all the bills are paid. $21 for room, $38.50 for meals, $7 in tips, and $10 to represent "incidentals," sums up $76.50. Subtract this amount from $100 and there is left just $23.50. Twenty-five weeks constitute an average season in the theatrical business. True, some companies play as long as forty weeks, but the majority are lucky if they remain on the boards twenty weeks of the theatrical year. Let us compute therefore, on the basis of twenty-five weeks; crediting the $100 a week player with twenty-five times 23.50, or $387.50.

The end of the sason with $387.50! Remarkable! But stop, we are not yet finished! We have forgotten entirely the items of dress! Gowns, hats, furs—all to be purchased by that colossal roll of $387.50. Why, to dress the role of "Loute" in "The Girl from Rector's," I spent $500 on gowns alone, to say nothing of my hats, furs, cloaks, boots and lingerie, and that was an item of expense at the beginning of the season. In the case of "The Girl From Rector's," which ran for upwards of 300 performances its first season, the members of the company had to replenish their wardrobes at the end of every hundred performances.

The Shop Girls $10

Compare these expenses with the cost of living necessary to the comfort of the girl earning $10 a week. She lives in her cozy room which, including meals, costs her about $4 or $5 a week. If she rents her room by the month which is possible, because she lives in the same city the year around, the cost is less. Nor does she have to tip a porter or bell-boy every time she wishes a drink of water. She does not have to pay hotel prices, which are double and triple usual rates, to have her skirts pressed and her waists laundered. She has her little gas stove and her iron and can press her own garments. It is not necessary for her to do her shopping in a cab, nor does she have to spend two dollars a week transportation between hotel and depot as does the actress. The shop girl can reach her place of employment for 5 cents or live within walking distance of the shop.

We will allow her, however, $2 a week for "incidentals." This added to the $4 for living expenses, leaves her $4 a week. The shop girl draws salary fifty two-weeks in the year, 52 times $4 gives her $208. Her clothing may diminish this sum $75, leaving her to bank $133. She has this $133 when she begins the ensuing year for her employment is steady and her income regular.

At the end of ten years the girl making $10 a week may be counted upon to have more money to her credit than the professional woman on a salary of $100, and besides the heavy expenses the actress is forced to stand there is another reason for her financial embarassment. Her employment is not steady, her salary uncertain. She may be working today and out of a position for the following three months, because since her "figure" is established it would be knocking the underpinning from her reputation to work for a smaller wage.

Why do we continue in so unprofitable a profession? That's hard to answer. It's our temperament, I suppose, combined with the overwhelming fascination attaching to the stage. It would be as easy for me to give up the stage as it would be for Teddy Roosevelt to hide from publicity. It's in the blood, or gets in after one has tasted the fascination of the life. But it's terribly hard and I sometimes envy the girl drawing regularly her $10 a week and sitting in the parlor with her beau Wednesday nights. There are no parlors for the actress "on the road," no evenings beside a cozy fireplace, and it's a wonder to me how we remain young so long as we do. There is one consolation, however, the $100 actress really lives while drawing salary!

Had Weak Back.

Would Often Lie in Bed for Days Scarcely Able to Turn Herself.

Weak back comes from the kidneys, and when the kidneys are out of order the whole system becomes deranged. Those who have never been troubled with kidney trouble do not know of the suffering and misery which those afflicted undergo.

Doan's Kidney Pills are a specific for all kidney troubles.

They begin by helping the kidneys to flush of all the acrid and poisonous impurities which have collected, thus clearing out the kidneys, bladder and all the urinary passages and carrying away the uric acid, the chief cause of rheumatism, from the blood.

Mrs. Arch. Schnare, Black Point, N.B., writes:—"For years I was troubled with weak back. Oftentimes I have lain in bed for days, being scarcely able to turn myself, and I have also been a great sufferer while trying to perform my household duties. I had doctors attending me without avail and tried liniments and plasters, but nothing seemed to do me any good. I was about to give up in despair when my husband induced me to try Doan's Kidney Pills, and after using two boxes I am now well and able to do my work. I am positive Doan's Kidney Pills are all that you claim for them, and I would advise all kidney sufferers to give them a fair trial."

Price, 50 cents per box, or 3 for $1.25, at all dealers or The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

In ordering specify "Doan's."

HOW DID HE KNOW?

From Tit-Bits.

After dinner, when the ladies had gone upstairs, the men, over their coffee and cigars, talked as men will, of love. All of a sudden the host cried in a loud voice:

"I tell you gentlemen it is the truth. I have kissed the dainty Japanese girl; I have kissed the South Sea island maiden; I have kissed the girls of England, of Spain, of Germany, even of America; but it is most true to kiss my wife is best of all."

Then a young man cried across the table: "By heaven, sir, you are right there."

Hay's Hair Health

GRAY HAIR HANDICAPS YOU IN BUSINESS AND OTHER THINGS. GET RID OF IT, RIGHT AWAY.

Gray hair is an unnatural disfigurement, it is your duty to yourself and your friends to get rid of it as soon as possible. It is a serious injury to you in your social and business life.

Get rid of it, by all means, but don't try to do so by the use of dyes, whose effect is but temporary and unsatisfactory and which may permanently injure your hair.

Use Hay's Hair Health and look young. It isn't a dye—it won't injure your hair and nobody will know you are using it. It quickly and unfailingly restores the natural color and beauty of the hair—brings back its youth, luster, softness and brilliant luxuriance.

$1 and 50c. Bottles, at Druggists.

Send 2c. for books "The Care of the Skin," "The Care of the Hair."

Philo Hay Spec. Co., Newark, N. J. U. S. A.

E. CLINTON BROWN, COR. UNION AND WATERLOO STREETS.

DOCTORS LOSING THEIR INCOMES

(From Topics of the Times, in New York Times.)

According to American Medicine, which ought to know that it is not given to making sensational statements unless they are true, the doctor's lot in these latter days is not a happy one. He is progressing rapidly in efficiency and scientific knowledge of disease tries to look forward to a time when orthodox medicine will have conquered all the medical heresies, but at present the financial rewards of his labor are only too often desperately small, and they are decreasing with alarming rapidity. "In many of our large cities," the writer of the article says, "there has been during the past two years a decline in general and office practice of over 50 per cent.," and in parts of New York, Brooklyn and Philadelphia, all prosperous cities, practioners of ten, twenty or more years' experience have seen their clients decrease to an even greater extent.

Various reasons for the change are given, including the vogue of Eddyism and like petilent quackeries, the stupid but widespread fear roused by the doctor's readiness to call in the surgeon, and an actual diminution of disease resulting from the modern sanitation and prophylaxis. In the opinion of American Medicine, however, by far the greatest obstacles to the doctor's earning a decent and honest living are the two evils, hospital-dispensary-clinic abuse, and immature or premature specialism.

Thousands and thousands of patients perfectly well able to pay for treatment daily resort to the distributors of medical charity and fall into this sort of papuperism without any apparent appreciation of the fact that it puts them on the level of the street beggar. Responsibility for the growth and present enormous extent of this form of swindling is placed squarely on the doctaors themselves, who eagerly seek the prestige, the advertising and—usually last—the experience which clinical and hospital appointments give. While not denying that it is both the doctor's privilege and his duty to do much unpaid work for the very poor, American Medicine believes that he should not be called upon to carry more than his share of the burden created by the impecunious sick, and that when regularly chosen for this service of the community he should be adequately paid out of public funds.

As for the other evil, for the real specialist, American Medicine has the highest respect, but for the multitudes of inexperienced, or only slightly experienced, men who claim the name and bring discredit upon it by their incompetency, its condemnation is severe. These ideas, most of which will be quite new to the layman, would seem to deserve rather serious consideration, since the public's health and safety are deeply involved in them.

CANADA'S REVENUE MAY REACH $100,000,000

(Ottawa Journal.)

Canada's revenue is going almost to the hundred million mark this year and may reach that figure. However, it is certain that the high-water mark of two years ago of ninety-six million will be passed. During the first eight months of the fiscal year the Customs totalled $39,110,567, which is an increase of $8,141,323. During the month of November the collections toalled $5,092,761, being an increase of $1,302,708.

Canada's total revenue last year from customs and from all other sources was eighty-five and a half million. At the present rate of customs revenue increase that item alone will almost span the difference between last year's figures and the hundred million mark, and all the other sources of revenue are showing increases.

Coffee Stain—Even when there is cream in it, can be removed by rubbing in pure glycerine. Leave for a little, and then wash out with warm water.

Constipation.

No one need expect to be healthy if the bowels are allowed to become clogged up. A free motion of the bowels daily should be the rule with everyone who aspires to perfect health.

Costiveness or constipation clogs the bowels, chokes up the natural outlet of impure matter, and retains in the system the poisonous effete waste products of nature, causing bad blood, dyspepsia, headache, biliousness, foul humors, pimples, boils, blotches, piles, etc. Burdock Blood Bitters has built up an unrivalled reputation as a cure for constipation and all the diseases which arise from it.

Constipation Cured.

Mr. Burns Woodcock, Nashwaak Bridge, N.S., writes: "For over two years my wife was troubled with constipation. "She tried several physicians, but could get no relief, but after taking three bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters she was completely cured and is to-day in good health. My wife and I cannot speak too highly of Burdock Blood Bitters."

For sale by all dealers.

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

GERMAN PROGRESS

Many a chapter has been written on the regeneration of Germany. Where once barren fields stood, so barren that foodstuffs would not grow, there have arisen vast works bristling with the stacks of factories, and thousands of commercial flowers grow where once not a weed would flourish. And in all these plants chemists are working, controlling the products that are made, and creating new things, and for every new and useful compound more work is found, and whereas, emigration was the rule in Germany thirty to fifty years ago, and its best people left it like rats from a sinking ship, today many are immigrating, for it's a flourishing land which chemistry has retrieved. Germany was always poor up to ten or fifteen years ago. With one or two possible exceptions, no vast industries existed, and it had nothing to export, but today its exports are enormous, its people prosperous, in sad comparison to its neighbor, Austria, where industry is making slow progress compared with Germany.—Dr. Maximilian Toch in Science.

HOW DOCTOR DECEIVED HIM.

A local physician who acts as examiner for an accident insurance company said that he has to be watchful in order to keep the companies he represents from being "stung" on accident claims.

"A man was in my office," he said, "who said that he had fallen from a street car. I examined his arm, and though there were a few bruises on it, it didn't appear to be badly hurt.

"'How high can you raise it?' I continued, and he answered by raising his arm with apparent difficulty, until his hand was a few inches above his head.

"'Pretty bad,' I commented. 'Now show me how high you could raise it before this accident, happened.'

"He lifted it easily, then 'way up in the air, and it wasn't until I began to laugh that he realized that he had exposed himself. He cleared out in a hurry then."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Take thick sour milk a day old, whip till light and foamy, set on ice and cool, and you have the finest and best buttermilk you ever drank.

H.P. Sauce

Simply say H.P.

to your grocer—he will hand you a bottle of the most appetising sauce in the world

Be sure you *do* say H.P., because it is H.P. Sauce you want

You can easily tell it — there's a view of the British Houses of Parliament and the letters H.P. prominently displayed on every bottle of real H.P. Sauce.

H.P. is used on the dining tables of the British and Canadian Houses of Parliament — that's why it's called H.P. Sauce.



For the quality of pure interest and a thrilling plot a book by LOUIS TRACY never fails — his latest

The Stowaway

is a rattling good sea story, wrought around an amazing series of adventures. **Cloth $1.25**



Hudson Douglas, the author of **"A Million a Minute,"** has written a corking new story,

The Lantern of Luck

The cover, which is a beauty, isn't half as good as the story, which is one of the kind you can't afford to miss.

Cloth $1.25

FOR SALE WHEREVER BOOKS ARE SOLD

McLEOD & ALLEN The House of Good Fiction TORONTO