INTO THE PRIMITIVE

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ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS

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CHAPTER I.

Wave-Tossed and Castaway.

THE beginning was at Cape Town, when Blake and Winthrope boarded the steamer as fellow passengers with Lady Bayrose and her party.

This was a week after Winthrope had arrived on the tramp steamer from India, and her ladyship had explained to Miss Leslie that it was as well for her not to be too hasty in accepting his attentions. To be sure, he was an Englishman, his dress and manners were irreproachable, and he was in the prime of ripened youth. Yet Lady Bayrose was too conscientious a chaperon to be fully satisfied with her countryman's bare assertion that he was engaged on a diplomatic mission requiring reticence regarding his identity. She did not see why this should prevent him from confiding in her.

Notwithstanding this, Winthrope came aboard ship virtually as a member of her ladyship's party. He was so quick, so thoughtful of her comfort, and said so much before anyone to her than to Miss Leslie, that her ladyship had decided to tolerate him, even before Blake became a factor in the situation.

From the moment he crossed the gangway the American engineer entered upon a daily routine of drinking and gambling, varied only by attempts to strike up an off-hand acquaintance with Miss Leslie. This was Winthrope's opportunity, and his clever frustration of what Lady Bayrose termed "that low bounder's impudence" served to recall him in the good graces of her ladyship as well as in the favor of the American heiress.

Such, at least, was what Winthrope intimated to the persistent engineer with a supercilliousness of tone and manner that would have stung even a British lackey to resentment. To Blake it was supremely galling. He could not rejoin in kind, and the slightest attempt at physical retort would have meant irons and confinement. It was a British ship. Behind Winthrope was Lady Bayrose; behind her ladyship, as a matter of course, was all the despotic authority of the captain. In the circumstances, it was not surprising that the American drank heavier after each successive goading.

Meantime the ship, having touched at Port Natal, steamed on up the east coast, into the Mozambique channel.

On the day of the cyclone, Blake had withdrawn into his stateroom with a number of bottles, and throughout that fearful afternoon was blissfully unconscious of the danger. Even when the steamer went on her beam ends he was only partially roused by the shock.

He took a long pull from a quart flask of whisky, placed the flask with great care in his hip pocket, and lurched out through the open doorway.

The sea was breaking over the steamer in torrents; but between waves Blake was dragged across to the side and flung over into the bottom of the one remaining boat. He served as a cushion to break the fall of Miss Leslie, who was tossed in after him. At the same time, Winthrope, frantic with fear, scrambled into the bows and cut loose.

She and Winthrope saw the steamer slip from the reef and sink back into deep water, carrying down in the vortex the mate and the few remaining sailors. After that all was chaos to them. They were driven ashore before the terrific gusts of the cyclone, blinded by the stinging spoondrift to all else but the hell of breakers and coral reefs in whose midst they swirled so dizzily. And through it all Blake lay huddled on the bottom boards gurgling blithely of spicy zephyrs and swaying hammocks.

There came the seemingly final moment when the boat went spinning stern over prow.

Half-sobered, Blake opened his eyes and stared solemnly about him. He was given little time to take his bearings. A smother of broken surf came seething up from one of the great breakers, to roll him over and scrape him a little farther up the muddy shore. There the flood deposited him for a moment, until it could gather force to sweep back and drag him down again toward the roaring sea that had cast him up.

Blake objected—not to the danger of being drowned, but to interference with his repose. He had reached the obstinate stage. He grunted a protest. Again the flood seethed up the shore, and rolled him away from the danger. This was too much! He set his jaw, turned over, and staggered to his feet. Instantly one of the terrific wind-blasts struck his broad back and sent him spinning for yards. He brought up in a shallow pool, beside a hummock.

Under the lee of the knoll lay Winthrope and Miss Leslie. Though conscious, both were draggled and bruised and beaten to exhaustion. They were together because they had come ashore together. When the boat capsized, Miss Leslie had been flung against the Englishman, and they had held fast to each other with the desperate clutch of drowning persons. Neither of them ever recalled how they gained the shelter of the hummock.

Blake, sitting waist-deep in the pool, blinked at them benignly with his pale blue eyes, and produced the quart flask, still a third full of whisky.

"I shay, fren's," he observed, "ha' one on me. Won' cos' you shent—outa re' shent!"

"You fuddled lout!" shouted Winthrope. "Come out of that pool!"

"Wassama'er pool? Pool's allri!"

The Englishman squinted through the driving scud at the intoxicated man with an anxious frown. In all probability he felt no commiseration for the American; but it was no light matter to be flung up barehanded on the most unhealthful and savage stretch of the Mozambique coast, and Blake might be able to help them out of their predicament. To leave him in the pool was therefore not to be thought of. So soon as he had drained his bottle, he would lie down, and that would be the end of him. As any attempt to move him forcibly was out of the question, the situation demanded that Winthrope justify his intimations of diplomatic training. After considering the problem for several minutes, he met it in a way that proved he was at least not lacking in shrewdness and tact.

"See here, Blake," he called, in another lull between the shrieking gusts, "the lady is fatigued. You're too much of a gentleman to ask her to come over there."

It required some moments for this to penetrate Blake's fuddled brain. After a futile attempt to gain his feet, he crawled out of the pool on all fours, and, with tears in his eyes, pressed his flask upon Miss Leslie. She shrank away from him, shuddering, and drew herself up in a huddle of flaccid limbs and limp garments. Winthrope, however, not only accepted the flask, but came near to draining it.

Blake squinted at the diminished contents, hesitated, and cast a glance of maudlin gallantry at Miss Leslie. She lay coiled, closer than before, in a draggled heap. Her posture suggested sleep. Blake stared at her, the flask extended waveringly before him. Then he brought it to his lips, and drained out the last drop.

"Time turn in," he mumbled, and sprawled full length in the brackish ooze. Immediately he fell into a drunken stupor.

Winthrope, invigorated by the liquor rose to his knees, and peered around. It was impossible to face the scud and spoondrift from the furious sea; but to leeward he caught a glimpse of a marsh flooded with salt water, its reedy vegetation beaten flat by the storm. He himself was beaten down by a terrific gust. Panting and trembling, he waited for the wind to lull, in hope that he might obtain a clearer view of his surroundings. Before he again dared rise to his feet darkness swept down with tropical suddenness and blurred out everything.

The effect of the whisky soon passed, and Winthrope huddled between his companions, drenched and exhausted. Though he could hear Miss Leslie moaning, he was too miserable himself to inquire whether he could do anything for her.

Presently he became aware that the wind was falling. The center of the cyclone had passed before the ship struck, and they were now in the outermost circle of the vast whirlwind. With the consciousness of this change for the better, Winthrope's fear-racked nerves relaxed and he fell into a heavy sleep.

CHAPTER II.

Worse Than Wilderness.

A WAIL from Miss Leslie roused the Englishman out of a dream in which he had been swimming for life across a sea of boiling oil. He sat up and gazed about him, half-dazed. The cyclone had been followed by a dead calm, and the sun, already well above the horizon, was blazing upon them over the glassy surfaces of the dying swells with fierce heat.

Winthrope felt about for his hat. It had been blown off when, at the striking of the steamer, he had rushed up on deck. As he remembered, he straightened, and looked at his companions. Blake lay snoring where he had first outstretched himself, sleeping the sleep of the just—and of the drunkard. The girl, however, was already awake. She sat with her hands clasped in her lap, while the tears rolled slowly down her cheeks.

"My—ah—dear Miss Genevieve, what is the matter?" exclaimed Winthrope.

"Matter? Do you ask, when we are here on this wretched coast and may not get away for weeks? Oh, I did so count on the London season this year! Lady Bayrose promised that I should be among those presented."

"Well, I—ah—fancy, Lady Bayrose will do no more presenting—unless it may be to the heavenly choir, you know."

"Why, what do you mean, Mr. Winthrope? You told me that she and the maids had been put in the largest boat."

"My dear Miss Genevieve, you must remember that I am a diplomat. It was all quite sufficiently harrowing, I assure you. They were, indeed, put into the largest boat—Beastly muddle!—While they waited for the mate to fetch you, the boat was crushed alongside, and all in it drowned."

"Drowned!—drowned! Oh, dear Lady Bayrose! And she'd traveled so much—oh, oh, it is horrible! Why did she persuade me to visit the Cape? It was only to be with her—And then for us to start off for India, when we might have sailed straight to England! Oh, it is horrible! horrible! And my maid, and all—it cannot be possible!"

"Pray, do not excite yourself, my dear Miss Genevieve. Their troubles are all over. Eh! Gawd has taken them to Him, you know."

"But the pity of it! To be drowned—so far from home!"

"Ah, if that's all you're worrying about!—I must say I'd like to know how we'll get a snack for breakfast. I'm hungry as a——groom."

"Eating! How can you think of eating, Mr. Winthrope—and all the others drowned? This sun is becoming dreadfully hot. It is unbearable! Can you not put up some kind of an awning?"

"Well, now, I must say, I was never much of a hand at such things, and really I can't imagine what one could rig up. There might have been a bit of sail in the boat, but one can't see a shp of it. I fancy it was smashed."

Miss Leslie ventured a glance at Blake. Though still lying as he had sprawled in his drunkenness, there was a comforting suggestion of power in his broad shoulders and square jaw.

"Is he still—in that condition?"

"Must have slept it off by this time, and there's no more in the flask," answered Winthrope. Reaching over with his foot, he pushed against Blake's back.

"Huh! All right," grunted the sleeper, and sat up, as had Winthrope, half dazed. Then he stared around him, and rose to his feet. "Well, what in hell! Say, this is damn cheerful!"

"I fancy we are in a nasty fix. But I say, my man, there is a woman present, and your language, you know——"

Blake turned and fixed the Englishman with a cold stare.

"Look here, you bloomin' lud," he said, "there's just one thing you're going to understand, right here and now. I'm not your man, and we're not going to have any of that kind of blatter. Any fool can see we're in a tight hole, and we'd like to keep company for a while—probably long as we last."

"What—ah—may I ask, do you mean by that?"

Blake laughed harshly, and pointed from the reef-strewn sea to the vast stretches of desolate marsh. Far inland, across miles of brackish lagoons and reedy mud flats, could be seen groups of scrubby, half-leafless trees; ten or twelve miles to the southward a rocky headland jutted out into the water; otherwise there was nothing in sight but sea and swamp. If it could not properly be termed a desolate view, it was at least a very wet landscape.

"Fine prospect," remarked Blake, dryly. "We'll be in luck if the fever don't get the last of us inside a month; and as for you two, you'd have as much show of lasting a month as a lump with a rattlesnake. If I wasn't for Tom Blake—that's my name—Tom Blake—and as long as this shindy lasts, you're welcome to call me Tom or Blake, whichever suits. But understand, we're not going to have any more of your bloody, bloomin' English airs and condescension. Aboard ship you had the drop on me, and could pile on dog till the cows came home. Here I'm Blake and you're Winthrope."

"Believe me, Mr. Blake, I quite appreciate the—ah—situation. And now, I fancy that, instead of wasting time——"

"It's about time you introduced me to the lady," interrupted Blake, and he stared at them half defiantly, yet with a twinkle in his eyes.

Miss Leslie flushed. Winthrope swore softly, and bit his lip. Aboard ship, backed by Lady Bayrose and the captain, he had goaded the American at pleasure. Now, however, the situation was reversed. Both title and authority had been swept away by the storm, and he was left to shift for himself against the man who had every reason to hate him for his overbearing insolence. Worse still, both he and Miss Leslie were now dependent upon the American, in all probability for life itself. It was a bitter pill and hard to swallow.

Blake was not slow to observe the Englishman's hesitancy. He grinned.

"Every dog has his day, and I guess this is mine," he said. "Take your time, if it comes hard. I can imagine it's a pretty stiff dose for your lordship. But why in—why in frozen hades an American lady should object to an introduction to a countryman who's going to do his level best to save her pretty little self from the hyenas—well, it beats me."

Winthrope flushed redder than the girl.

"Miss Leslie, Mr. Blake," he murmured, hoping to put an end to the situation.

But yet Blake persisted. He bowed, openly exultant.

"You see, miss," he said, "I know the correct thing quite as much as your swells. I knew all along you were Jenny Leslie. I ran a survey for your dear papa when he was manipulating the Q. T. railroad, and he did me out of my pay."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Sleeping the Sleep of the Just and the Drunkard.

FIRST CHARGE TO CUSTOMERS

Somewhat Novel System in Vogue in Stores of Salem.

Evidence of that thrift which contributed its share in making Salem the prosperous little city it is to-day smote me unawares the first day I ventured into one of the numerous "antique" stores.

The shop's exterior was tempting and I entered, to find some indifferent mahogany littered about a severe maiden lady who stood framed in an extremely interesting interior. I noted the dispositions of things and was preparing to leave, having just replaced something on the shelf where it belonged, when the lady said "That will be ten cents."

"Thank you; I really couldn't use it," I replied, edging away for the door.

"But the charge is ten cents," she added, coldly, moving nearer.

"So I understand," said I, skillfully maneuvering for a hurried but dignified exit.

"The admission to the store is ten cents," she put in here, with chilly distinctness, outflanking me.

For anything savoring of novelty in this fin de siecle business world let us be truly thankful! The shopkeeper who charges you a fee for the privilege of entering her store does not lose in dignity by the proceeding. She insists upon the disbursement with such an air of divine right that for the moment you feel strangely like the recipient of a favor, and wander down the street, a prey to vague fears that possibly you may owe her money.—Harper's Magazine.

Why People Disappoint.

The reason why men and women are mysterious to us, and prove disappointing, is that we will read them from our own books, just as we are perplexed by reading ourselves from theirs.—George Meredith.

NEW HAVEN LOSING ELMS

GLORIES OF UNIVERSITY CITY FAST DISAPPEARING

REMAINS OF THE FAMOUS "GOTHIC ARCH."

That New Haven is fast losing the bosky glories for which she has been renowned for two centuries, and whence her title, Elm City, was derived, is bad news to thousands of Elis graduate sons and to many others who visit the university town to be edified by football contests. The trees are dying as the result of neglect, and soon the picturesque streets may be as bald as an alumnus of the class of '63. It is estimated that elm beetles and other insects have destroyed half of the city's 16,000 trees, and, figuring the value of a tree at $150, there is a total loss of $1,200,000. But no monetary calculation can represent the damage to beauty, and the replacement of the stately foliage cannot be accomplished in a few years, or even generations.

An association of citizens, headed by Prof. Henry Graves of the Yale School of Forestry, has begun a movement to save the trees which remain. Last fall the trees were sprayed, and when hundreds of fine specimens were killed Prof. Graves and the citizens behind him are trying to have the care of the trees placed in the hands of a competent park commission.

Next to the university itself the trees of New Haven have been the city's chief glory since the town was founded, in 1626. Trees were planted around the central green at once, and in 1760 Jared Elliott warned the colonists that the trees "must be protected from savage beasts." The elms which have lined the green and the central streets were planted in 1686, according to the "Chronicles of New Haven Green," by Henry T. Blake.

Prof. Franklin Bowditch Dexter of Yale points out in his paper, "New Haven in 1784," that Elm street took its name from the patriarchial trees planted in front of the house of Rev. Dr. Pierpont, which remained till a few years ago. Rev. Dr. Leonard Bacon, one of the most famous pastors in the history of the Center church of New Haven, thus told of the planting of the first tree in front of the Pierpont residence:

"As the people were bringing in their free-will offerings of one kind and another to complete and furnish the building, one man (a poor parishioner, William Cooper by name), desiring to do something for the object, and having nothing else to offer, brought on his shoulder from the farms two elm saplings and planted them before the door of the minister's house. Some 40 years afterward (1726) Jonathan Edwards, then soon to take rank in the intellectual world with Locke and Liebnitz, spoke words of mingled love and piety in the ear of Sarah Pierpont under their shade."

Mr. Blake's "Chronicles" show that a systematic planting of trees through out the city took place in 1759. Prof. Dexter thinks that the large button wood tree which has stood in front of the First Methodist church in Elm street is probably a relic of that famous planting. This tree has succumbed to recent neglect and is now dead. Prof. Dexter says that "250 buttonwood and elm trees were set out in 1759 around the green."

Rev. Samuel Peters says in his "General History of Connecticut," written in 1781 in London, that New Haven was the most beautiful town in New England, if not in America. He eulogized the trees of the town, but descendants of the dissenters who founded New Haven record that New Haven was far less favorably impressed with the old Tory parson than Rev. Mr. Peters was with New Haven. Rev. Manasseh Cutler wrote in a similar vein of his visit to New Haven in 1787. "He said that the trees were large, and added much to the town's beauty." He made special mention of the long rows across the center of the green.

The incorporation of the city in 1784 gave impetus to a planting movement in connection with the beautifying of the city, although when the British invaded it in 1779 their general, Garth, looked at the trees and wrote home that "the town is too pretty to burn." The great planting of New Haven trees, however, was the one of 1792. This came in response to an order of the common council, and James Hillhouse, after whom Hillhouse avenue was named, was the chief promoter. Atwater's history says of this planting:

"The great planting of the elms had its inception in the order issued from the common council, September 22, 1784, and approved in city council June 5, 1787, for the laying out of Temple street to Grove street. The avenue, through the Hillhouse farm, 105 feet wide, now Hillhouse avenue, was surveyed and laid out and the elms planted in 1792. Among the boys who assisted were Ogden Edwards, born in 1781, afterward a New York city judge, and Henry Baldwin, born in 1779, afterward a judge of the supreme court of the United States. The latter once said in the presence of Mrs. Worthington Hooker, then a young woman, and a daughter of Gov. Edwards: 'I held many an elm while Hillhouse shoveled in the earth.' Even the girls caught the enthusiasm. There was, for instance, Caroline Shipman, who became Mrs. Garnet Duncan of Louisville, Ky. She was a daughter of Elias Shipman, a leading merchant, who lived in the house now occupied by the Quinnipiac club. She atered the trees which Hillhouse had planted along Chapel street in front of her house, and with her own hands set out an elm."

There was another large planting in 1839 by order of the common council, when 150 maples were set out. The trees which were started on these two dates were at the height of their glory about 1865, when the picture of the famous Gothic arch in Temple street was taken. The heavy storm of 1853 damaged them badly, and in 1900 a commission was appointed to replace those destroyed.

World's Largest Island.

Of the world's largest islands Borneo and New Guinea are accounted the two largest. As their areas have not been accurately ascertained, it is uncertain which is the larger of the two. Authorities vary, some calling New Guinea the largest island on earth, some the second largest. Its area is estimated at about 313,000 square miles—greater than that of all our Atlantic coast states from New Jersey to Florida, with West Virginia added. Of this vast isle the Dutch own nearly half—and the best half—all west of longitude 141 east of Greenwich. This large tract of land, estimated at 152,000 square miles—more than three times the extent of the state of New York—is practically unexplored.

Conservation of Baubles.

Nothing is lost in the economy of nature or of trade. The discarded ping-pong balls, in heightened color, now masquerade as cherries on ladies' hats. Fact. They are pretty enough, but not good enough to eat.—Boston Herald.

IS COUNTRY WITHOUT GERMS

Peculiarity of Jamaica That Greatly Impressed Philadelphia Physician.

A Philadelphia physician, lately returned from a trip to Jamaica, was greatly impressed with the almost total absence of many kinds of germs on the island. Infection is so rare as to be almost unknown, and it is not necessary for surgeons to take the precautions against it which are indispensable here. "I was amazed when I saw them dressing wounds in a Kingston hospital," said the physician "They used no antiseptics of any kind, and did not even go to the trouble of sterilizing instruments. I questioned the surgeons in charge, and they said it was not necessary, that there were so few infectious germs on the island that healing was almost never interrupted by infection. If we should do work in any of our Philadelphia hospitals as they do it, we would be overwhelmed with blood poisoning and other cases of that kind. They will not always have this freedom from germs, however. Intercourse with the United States and Europe will, in time, load them up with germs, unless great precautions are taken. It is a pity that such must be the case, just as the introduction of tuberculosis germs into America by the white man was a great pity. The Indians never had tuberculosis until the Europeans came, and then they were decimated by the disease. Many of the South Sea islands are totally free from malaria just because they do not have malarial germs nor the mosquitoes which transmit them. To me a country that had no germs would seem a paradise."

There are fewer reckoning days if housekeepers pay cash. If they persist in running accounts for groceries and other staples they should have a book and see to it that the right price is put down the minute anything is bought.

FEW CARESSES IN HER LIFE

Infinite Pathos in Remark Made by Little Philadelphia Child of the Slums.

Dr. Herman L. During, superintendent of the Philadelphia City mission, has for many years devoted his life to the poor. Dr. During is the inventor of the pretzel test for street beggars. When a street beggar pleads starvation, you buy him a big German pretzel at the nearest stand. If he eats the pretzel, he is honest; if he refuses it, he is a fraud.

Dr. During in his work among the poor has learned many odd, quaint things that he relates superbly, for he is a born story-teller. In an address at Bala, apropos of the hard, rough lives of the children of the poor, he related a dialogue between two little girls in Rum alley.

"Maggie, wuz ye ever kissed?" said the first tot.

"On'y wunst in me life wot I kin remember," said the second. "When I wuz in de Honnyman hospital wid a broken arm one o' de lady nusses kissed me, an' I blushed like a child."

Counsel Sought from Christian Men.

An evidence of the part which our missionary colleges are to play in the reconstruction of Turkey is found in the appointment of two professors in Euphrates college on a committee to consider educational measures for one of the large interior provinces. One, Prof. N. Teneklijan, several years ago served a term of six months in prison, being falsely accused of disloyalty, and Prof. Nahigian studied for a time under President Angell at Ann Arbor. Both are scholarly and earnest Christian men. The same governor has also asked Dr. H. N. Barnum, the veteran missionary of the American board in eastern Turkey, to suggest what in his judgment will promote popular education and social reform.

What Kind of an "Office."

Once upon a time a child who was asked on an examination paper to define a mountain range, replied: "A large-sized cook stove." The same method of reasoning seems to go with older growth. A recent examination paper at the Sheffield Scientific school at Yale contained the question, "What is the office of the gastric juice?" And the answer on one paper read: "The stomach."—Everybody's Magazine.

Catarrh Cannot Be Cured

with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing catarrh. Send for testimonials, free.

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Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Work Ahead for Josh.

"I'll be kind o' glad when Josh gits home from school," said Farmer Cornstalk. "I have an idea he can be right useful."

"Are you going to put him to work?"

"Maybe. I'm exhausted all the language I know on that team of mules. But I haven't given up hope. I want to see whether Josh can startle 'em some with his college yell."—Washington Star.

The Grip of Spring.

During the last twenty years many of our citizens have been attacked in the spring months by grip. Some have had serious or slight attacks every year or two. All know it to be a dangerous disease. If Lane's Pleasant Tablets (which are sold at 25 cents a box by druggists and dealers) are taken for a few days at the first sneeze, there is hardly a chance of the malady getting a foothold. If you cannot get them near home, send 25 cents to Prator F. Woodward, Le Roy, N. Y. Sample free.

Swinburne and the Cabman.

In his youthful days Swinburne had a quarrel with a cabman over his fare. The cabman abused the poet mercilessly. Addressing him Swinburne said: "And may I invite you to descend from your perch and hear how a poet can swear?"

Important to Mothers.

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it

Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

In Use For Over 30 Years.

The Kind You Have Always Bought.

Hypocrisy.

Dr. Cook—Briggs, what is a hypocrite?

Briggs, '12—A hypocrite is a student who comes to freshman English class with a smile on his face.—Wisconsin Sphinx.

Ask Your Druggist for Allen's Foot-Ease.

"I tried ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE recently, and have just bought another supply. It has cured my corns, and the hot, burning and itching sensation in my feet which was almost unbearable, and I would not be without it now."—Mrs. E. Walker, Camden, N. J." Sold by all Druggists, 25c.

The Appropriate Place.

"That ship carries a big cargo of eggs."

"Do they carry eggs in a ship or in the hatches?"

Free! A 10c package of Garfield Tea to anyone mailing us this notice, with name and address and name and address of 10 friends not now using the ideal Laxative. Garfield Tea Co., Brooklyn, N. Y.

All pleasure must be bought at the price of pain. For the true, the price is paid before you enjoy it; for the false, after you enjoy it.—John Foster.

Those who keep Hamlins Wizard Oil in the house, do not have to buy any other remedy for sore throat. No other remedy will cure this trouble so quickly or so surely. Remember this.

Nearly all of the world's supply of asbestos comes from Canada.

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