



No Mystery About Good Cooking

Let Carnation Milk add its rich flavor to all your cooking where the recipe calls for milk. Then, too, not only does it add new flavor because of its richness, but it also adds its own good food value. Reasonably priced at your grocer's, Carnation is just pure, fresh milk, evaporated to double richness, kept safe by sterilization. Order several tall (16 oz.) cans or by the case of 48 cans.

Send for copy of Mary Blake's CookBook—address

Carnation Milk Products Company, Limited, Aylmer, Ontario.

Carnation Milk

"From Contested Cows"

The Label is Red and White



NEW YORK, Sept. 18.—Dr. Menas asperated me," explained Arthur Voss, 36, of No. 10 Edgewood avenue, Yonkers, when arraigned before Judge Charles W. Boote in Yonkers City Court today, charged with assaulting his wife.

THE UNHOLY FRIENDS SAY SHE IS PICTURE OF HEALTH

SYNOPSIS

Tweedledee, a dwarf performing in a sideshow, seeks to be taken seriously but his heroic intentions only provoke laughter. He decides to enter upon a life of crime, murder if necessary, to satisfy his ego, but because he is lacking in commanding voice and physique he seeks to enlist the aid of his companions, a ventriloquist, known as Echo, and a giant strong man, Hercules.

INSTALLMENT 2

"Echo" lifted his beautiful, girl-like face; and in his large, luminous eyes the light of excitement was flashing brightly. "Yes, we will go," he said, "and I will take my little friend here." He touched the demon with a caressing hand. "He will point out our path for us, for he is wise—terribly wise. But listen, and I'll tell you a secret." He bent down till his lips touched the dwarf's ear. "He's a thief, and he stole my brain from me. Yes, that's it—that's the reason I have him beside the day and night. I caught him at it, and I've hid him ever since. Sometimes he tries to get away, and then I seize him thus."

He plucked the little demon off his shoulder with a long, thin, hand, and held it suspended in the air. "Now you'll hear him choke. Listen!" Then the mouth of the little wooden demon opened, and from it came a horrible choking sound, intermingled with inarticulate words and gasping groans. "Ah, you hear?" said "Echo" with his head on one side. "Well, well, it's enough. I must not kill him. What would become of my brain then? It would be silent; it would no longer tell me what to do. I would be worse off than Hercules. Well, well, I go back to my shoulder. I've punished you enough today. But to steal my brain! O, you sly one, you sly one! Be good, now, and answer when you're spoken to."

"I will, O master!" said the little wooden demon in a weak, trembling voice. "Just try me, Master."

"Very well. Why is a repentant sinner blessed in the eyes of God?" "Oh, Oh!" cried the demon with a knowing roll of his head. "I should know that, Master. I should know that."

"You should. Then answer." The imp laid a wooden finger beside his wooden nose, and looked at Tweedledee. "Because he has so much to tell, O Master."

"Well answered, my brain. We must go now, for the people are coming. Good-bye, Tweedledee." "Come to my room tonight," Echo said. "We have our plans to make."

"And shan't I come too?" growled Hercules in sorrow. "Surely my friend is not angry with me?" "Yes, angry, angry," said the dwarf. "You're so hard to rouse, so hard to change into a man. But come, I will be glad to see you. Yes, the crowd is gathering. Ah, how I hate them all!"

As he finished speaking, people began to drift through the tent door. The circus was over. Outside the hand could be heard playing, and the speliars barking. Tweedledee's two friends hurried off to their respective platforms, and took their accustomed places. The one sat surrounded by heavy weights, sledgehammers, iron belts; the other by innocent blue-eyed dolls, in whose company the wooden demon appeared more diabolical than ever.

Tweedledee sat gloomily staring at the gathering crowd, at the men in holiday attire, at the tittering women, at the round-eyed children—yes, at the children, for these he hated most. They were caricatures of himself. These little brainless beasts had bodies like his own. And because of this he was treated like them. To be a man, and yet to be treated like a child—that was indeed terrible! And they would grow, these children; they would grow and come back some day to laugh at him. But he?—why, he would always stay the same. Even now he felt that they knew this; he felt that they exulted in the knowledge of the future—in the knowledge that they grew larger year by year, in the knowledge that some day as tall men and women they would come back and laugh at their fathers and mothers, were laughing now. Yes, he hated them most. Their piping voices, their pointing fingers, their curious eyes—all filled him with a nauseating hatred hard to bear. At sight of them, he felt tempted to spring forward, to dig his finger-nails into

"I cannot give Tanlac too many thanks, for it brought back my health and strength after everything else failed, and nearly all hope of getting well had left me." Is the grateful statement of Mrs. Sarah Duester. Stomach trouble and rheumatism had been gradually weakening her down for 20 years. At times she had all over, could not walk without limping, and felt too weak to get out of her chair. Sleep was almost out of the question and I was nervous, discouraged and dependent.

"When I began taking Tanlac I was down to 120 lbs. but I now weigh 160 and haven't an ailment in the world. This is what Tanlac did for me four years ago and since then I have never been without it in the house. It is a tonic for all ailments and everyone says I am the picture of health."

What Tanlac has done for others, it can also do for you. For sale by all good druggists. Accept no substitute.

TANLAC FOR YOUR HEALTH

Tanlac Vegetable Pills for constipation, indigestion, and all ailments of the bowels, recommended by the manufacturers of Tanlac.

their soft flesh, to hurl them to the ground, to stamp them into unrecognizable bloody heaps. At the very thought, Tweedledee seized the arms of his toy chair with a convulsive grip and held him down. It grew warmer in the tent. It was as though these people, this herd of swarming animals, were sucking the precious air through their great, gaping mouths; were taking it from Tweedledee. His breast rose and fell; he leaned back, sick and dizzy; and he felt that his over-strained nerves were giving way.

Now the speliar was herding the people together, was marching them about the side show from one freak to another, was pointing out the strange malformations of them all—was holding them up to ridicule of the mob. He was before the Human Skeleton—Tweedledee's special enemy—and, strange to say, the West Indian took a certain pride in his shrunken body—a pride that sometimes nearly drove the dwarf to frenzy. Stank! a man, he returned the smiles of the people; then, still smiling, he bowed and sat down. The crowd passed on.

"Here we have Fatima, ladies and gentlemen!" cried the speliar; and that mass of purple, painful flesh lumbered to her feet. "Fatima, ladies and gentlemen, the finest girl in the world! Ain't she a fine, big girl? How would you like to call on her some night, and have her sit on your knee?"—this to a smiling young man in the crowd— "You would, eh? But s-sh! mustn't talk like that. The Human Skeleton will hear me. He and she are soul mates. That's the reason they sit here side by side. Look at her blush! Ain't she too cute? Well, step this way, ladies and gentlemen; step this way! Here on our right is Hercules, the gigantic man from the North. Watch him beat those horse-shoes in his hand. Watch him break that iron chain across his chest! Here we have the one and only Hercules, ladies and gentlemen—the one and only Hercules."

And so it went, until the crowd had nearly crested the enclosure. The speliar stood before Tweedledee's platform. The dwarf rose slowly to his feet, and stood staring at the white ring of faces. His nerves were on edge. He felt as though his body were a mass of throbbing wires, as though at any moment some strange spring would be set in motion—some spring that would instant would release these wires and start them trembling and writhing in his brain.

"Here we have Tweedledee, ladies and gentlemen!" began the speliar in his hoarse voice—"Tweedledee, the king of the pygmies! We found him in the wilds of Africa ruling over a large nation of his kind. We had some difficulty in capturing him, ladies and gentlemen, for he's as fierce as a tiger and twice as strong."

Through the laughing of the crowd came a child's shrill voice: "Oh, lift me up, Papa." It said: "Lift me up, please; I want to see the funny little man!"

A tall man in the crowd lifted the little boy in his arms till the child's face was nearly on a level with Tweedledee's. The dwarf glowered at it, and clenched his hands. Surely the spring was giving away at last. All the wires began to tremble at once. How he hated this thing that was pushed at him!—this stupid little beast with sticky hands and dirty face, with staring eyes and drooping lips—this disgusting caricature of himself.

"Oh, Papa!" piped the child, "he is funny lookin'! Why, he ain't as big as me! Won't you grow no more, mister? Why, you ain't fierce! You couldn't hurt nobody, could you, mister?"

Tweedledee slipped the spring in his motionless brain, and yet his body worked as smoothly as a machine. "I'll try," he said grimly. Barely were the words out of his mouth, before he kicked out with all his force straight into the child's face. He felt the toe of his shoe sink into something soft, and then, with a cry of savage joy, he leaped back. At last he would be taken seriously.

And he was. For a moment the people, crowded about his platform, were as silent as statues. Even the child was silent till he felt the blood running down his face. Then he screamed, and as though this scream brought the others to life, they muttered among themselves and drew back. But not so the father. Red from anger, he handed the howling boy to his mother and leaped forward. In an instant he had seized Tweedledee, and was raining a shower of blows on his tiny body—savage blows which quite convinced the dwarf that he was taken seriously. Through all the pain of them, a strange exultation filled him; and he struggled in the other's grasp like a little demon, using hand, foot and teeth in his defense. But suddenly he was

rescued—suddenly two mighty arms bore his assailant away.

Hercules had come to the assistance of his friend. Tearing through the crowd as an elephant tears through a garden of shrubs, he had leaped upon the platform, and seized the father of the child, and, with a single effort of his arms, had thrown him out on the floor of white, upturned faces.

And this was not all. Some spring had also slipped in the giant's dull brain. The plodding beast was a plodding beast no longer, for it had tasted blood. The machine had gone mad.

Hercules in that instant became terrible. His face turned crimson; the veins stood out on his forehead like fat, twisting worms; his teeth grated together; and flecks of foam gathered about the corners of his mouth. For a moment he stood thus—his great corded fists held high above his head, his bloodshot eyes staring wildly at the crowd before him—and then, with the articulate roar of a wild beast, he charged down upon them.

All became pandemonium. Hoarse shouts and shrill screams filled the tent, intermingled with the dull sound of blows falling on bodies. Men ran from him like rats; and like rats, they were trampled down—exterminated. The dwarf danced about his platform from sheer joy. "Kill them, Hercules!" he screamed. "Kill them all!"

But now other figures appeared on the scene—strong, silent men, acrobats, athletes, drawn by the shouting. They sprang on the giant. They seized him about the arms, the legs, the shoulders. He went down beneath a living mass of men, as a great bear goes down beneath a pack of dogs, only to rise again and shake them off. Bleeding, dishevelled, he tossed men about as though they were rag dolls. At last a rope was brought, and he was entangled in it. Falling to the ground, he was bound fast. He lay full length, as harmless as a bundle of tagots.

And then the crowd breathed again. They began to examine their wounds. Five senseless forms lay on the trampled grass; and among the rest few had escaped unscathed. Even the Human Skeleton had a badly discolored eye. As he passed the motionless figure on his way out of the tent, he kicked the helpless giant in the ribs.

Tweedledee saw this out of the corner of his eye, as he was being carried noiselessly away, during the fray by Echo, and marked it down on the pages of his memory. (To be Continued.)

Gas In The Stomach Is Dangerous

Recommends Daily Use of Magnate to Overcome Trouble Caused by Fermenting Food and Acid Indigestion.

Gas and wind in the stomach accompanied by that full, bloated feeling after eating are almost certain evidence of the presence of excessive hydrochloric acid in the stomach, creating so-called "acid indigestion." Acid stomachs are dangerous because they irritate the delicate lining of the stomach, often leading to gastritis accompanied by serious hemorrhages. Food ferments and sours, creating the distending gas which distends the stomach and hampers the normal function of the internal organs, often affecting the heart.

It is the worst of folly to neglect such a serious condition or to treat with ordinary digestive aids which have no neutralizing effect on the stomach acids. Instead get from any druggist a few ounces of Bismarck Magnesia and take a teaspoonful in a quarter glass of water right after eating. This will drive the gas, wind and bloating right out of the body, sweeten the stomach, neutralize the excess acid and prevent its formation. Bismarck Magnesia in powder or tablet form (never liquid or milk) is harmless to the stomach. Inexpensive to take and the best form of magnesia for stomach purposes. It is used by thousands of people who enjoy their meals with so much more fear of indigestion.

C. N. R. Radio Program

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1925

CNRA (291 Metres), MONCTON, N. B.

9 P. M. (A. S. T.)—Studio Programme.

ORGAN RECITAL Prof. George Ross, Mus. Bac., A. R. C. O., and assisting artists, direct from Sabal John's Church, Moncton, N. B.

Followed by CNRA Dance Orchestra. Mrs. Irvine Malcolm, Accompanist. CNRR (356 Metres), REGINA, SASK.

S. P. M. (M. T.)—Kiddies' Bedtime Story. Mrs. R. Taylor and Concert Party.

BRITISH EMIGRATION STRANGLING BY DOLES. LONDON, Sept. 21.—The Daily Mail draws attention to the decrease in British emigration which it declares, is being strangled by doles and pensions. The paper

SMILES



She: Marry you? Why you've only known me three days. He: Well, a fellow can see a lot of a girl in three days now.



AN AIMLESS LIFE Wife: He never does nothing but bum around the country with a gun he can't hit nothing with. Friend: Sorter aimless existence he leads, eh?



MARINE AMUSEMENTS Stranger: Any amusements around here? Native: We have fish balls some times!



KEEPING HER VOCABULARY DOWN Visitor: Working crossword puzzles for a month or two will add several thousand words to one's vocabulary. Host: Aw-er-oblige me by not mentioning that fact in my wife's presence, will you?



NOT A REASSURING COMPARISON Menagerie Man: Don't be afraid of that tiger, sir, he's as harmless as your wife. Meekton: Goodby, I'm gone!

Goodness receives appreciation

The thousands of satisfied daily users of

KING COLE TEA

testify to its unflinching goodness.

For the enjoyment of old friends and new, Tea will be served FREE in restful "King Cole" Tea Rooms at the Exhibitions

—AT—

Sherbrooke, P. Q.	Fredricton, N. B.
Quebec, P. Q.	Sydney, N. S.
St. Stephen, N. B.	Bridgewater, N. S.
Woodstock, N. B.	Yarmouth, N. S.
Chatham, N. B.	Charlottetown, P. E. I.
	Saint John, N. B.

FOR SALE

We offer for Private Sale that valuable Dairy Farm the property of J.J. Storey, situated at Winsloe, best known as the Howard Farm, consisting of 90 acres of choice land all clear and well fenced. All in a high state of cultivation. Every field as rich as a garden. Dwelling house and outbuildings all in first class repair. An ideal farm for dairying and Fox Ranching. Apply

J. J. STOREY at Auld Bros., or BENJ. CARTER & SON, Auctioneers.

STATISTICS

compiled from the records of over 80,000 patients at the Palmer School of Chiropractic prove that CHIROPRACTIC gets results where disease attacks the tissues of the human body.

Following are a few of the more common diseases that have readily responded to adjustments—Anemia, Asthma, Appendicitis, (acute), Bed Wetting, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Colds, Constipation, Coughs, Deafness, Diabetes, Diseases of the Uterus, Eczema, Epilepsy, Gall Stones, Fevers, Gout, Heart Disease, High Blood Pressure, Headaches, Infantile Paralysis, Influenza, Insanity, Insomnia, Jaundice, Kidney and Liver Diseases, Lumbago, Neuralgia, Neuritis, Ostitis, Paralysis, Piles, Pneumonia, Rheumatism, Rheumatoid, Stomach Disorders, Strains, Sciatica, Spinal Curvatures, Tonsillitis, Tuberculosis, Worms and Wry Neck. The question may arise—why? How? Ask your Chiropractor to explain.

W. R. CARSON, D. C., Ph. C.
Three Year Palmer Graduate
Office Hours—9 to 12, 2 to 5, 7 to 8 Mon, Wed, Fri.
Riley Building, Opposite Frow's.
5021-4-19stwed33.

Fox Owners

We have just received direct from the Factory of

ROSS - MILLER

One Carload 36,000 Lbs. of their Celebrated Standard Fox Biscuit

These Superior Fox Biscuits are now for sale at our FEED and SEED Store, 72-74 Queen Street. Every FOX OWNER will want these BISCUITS. Price no higher than ordinary stock is sold for.

In Bag lots 8 cents per pound.
500 lb. lots 7 1/2 cents per pound.

SPECIAL PRICE in ton lots. Phone or mail your order. Prompt shipment made.

CARTER & CO., Limited.

Distributors for Queens and Kings Counties

R. E. SPILLETT Secretary

NOTICE

The Annual Meeting of the Spring Park Black Fox Company will be held in the Y. M. C. A. Rooms on Thursday, October 1st at 8 p.m. All interested please attend.

Supreme PIPELESS FURNACE

This illustration will explain the interior construction of the Supreme Pipeless Furnace, two panels having been removed to show the inside.

The casing is the simplest thing in the world. There are no bolts, rivets or hooks. Anyone without mechanical skill can install it easily, in less than two hours, thus saving time and money by not having to wait and pay for services of experts. Why experiment?

The Supreme Pipeless gives full value for every dollar invested, and has the largest sale of any Pipeless in Canada.

SEE IT AT EXHIBITION BUILDING.

The Rogers Hardware Company Ltd.

WHOLESALE & RETAIL

5058-9-22M31

Farquhar Steamship Line

S. S. "HETHPOOL" Leaves Boston for Halifax, Sept. 22nd, Connecting With

S. S. "SABLE I" Leaving Halifax for Charlottetown, Sept. 24th.

Leaving Charlottetown, Sept. 25th for Sydney, North Sydney, Curling, Cornerbrook and other West Coast Newfoundland Ports.

Regular fortnightly service thereafter until close of navigation.

CARVELL BROS.

AGENTS

EASTERN STEAMSHIP LINES, INC.

BOSTON-ST. JOHN, N. B.—(International) LINE
Fare St. John to Boston \$10.00; Eastport or Lunenburg to Boston \$8.00
Staterooms \$3.50

S. S. GOV. DINGLEY
Atlantic Time

Leave St. John Wednesdays at 9 A. M. and Saturdays at 7 P. M.
Wednesday sailings leave Eastport 1:30 P. M., Standard Time
Lunenburg 2:30 P. M., Standard Time due Boston Thursday 9 A. M.
Saturday sailings direct to Boston, due Sunday 3 P. M.
On Saturdays passengers may leave Eastport for Boston via St. John.

For additional information apply to agents at above ports.

Kills Insects

No messy fly-paper or dangerous poison pads need to rid your home of flies, mosquitoes, wasps, roaches, bedbugs or other insects.

Spray FLY-TOX in the air—in five minutes they all are dead.

FLY-TOX is harmless to humans, has pleasant odor, will not stain, never fails. A trial spray free with every 8 oz. bottle. Sold in bottles only at your dealers.

Box, Bottle, 50c.

CANADA REX SPRAY CO., LIMITED

BRIGHTON ONTARIO

FLY-TOX

the new 1/2 lb Package

KRAFT CHEESE

the very same wholesome, satisfying, strength-giving Kraft Cheese you know so well—tin-foil wrapped in a handy size.

22-25