

Vapo-Resolene

Established 1879.

Whooping Cough, Croup, Bronchitis
Cough, Grip, Asthma, Diphtheria.

CRESOLENE IS A BOON TO ASTHMATICS.


Does it not seem more effective to breathe in a remedy to cure disease of the breathing organs than to take the remedy into the stomach?

It cures because the air rendered strongly antiseptic is carried over the diseased surface with every breath, giving prolonged and constant treatment. It is invaluable to mothers with small children.

Those of a consumptive tendency find immediate relief from coughs or inflamed conditions of the throat.

Sold by Chemists.
Send post card for booklet.

Trade supplied by
Kempson, Prosser & Co.,
Ltd., 8, Market Street, Auckland.
Vapo-Resolene Company,
New York, U.S.A.



Headache, Indigestion and Constipation.

AN IMPORTANT DISCOVERY.

It will interest sufferers to know that a valuable medicine, called Frootoids, has been discovered, which is now completely curing each of the above-named complaints. Frootoids are elegant in appearance, and pleasant to take, and, what is of the utmost importance, are thoroughly reliable in affording quick relief. You do not require to go on taking them for a prolonged period, as is necessary with some medicines, which even then are mostly disappointing; you simply take a dose of Frootoids when ill and repeat the dose if necessary, but generally one dose is quite effective.

Frootoids are immensely more valuable than an ordinary aperient, in so far that they not only act as an aperient, but do remove from the blood, tissues, and internal organs all the waste poisonous matter that is clogging them and choking the channels that lead to and from them. The beneficial effects of Frootoids are evident at once by the disappearance of headache, the head becoming clear, and a bright, cheery sense of perfect health taking the place of sluggish, depressed feelings, by the liver acting properly, and by the food being properly digested.

Frootoids are the proper aperient medicine to take when any Congestion or Blood Poison is present, or when Congestion of the Brain or Apoplexy is present or threatening. They have been tested, and have been proved to afford quick relief in such cases when other aperients have not done any good at all. It is of the utmost importance that this should be borne in mind, for in such cases to take an ordinary aperient is to waste time and permit of a serious illness becoming fatal.

Frootoids act splendidly on the liver, and quickly cut off attacks that antibilious pills make worse. Many people have been made sick and ill by antibilious pills that could have been cured at once by Frootoids. People should not allow themselves to be duped into contracting a medicine-taking habit by being persuaded to take daily doses with each meal of so-called indigestion cures that do NOT cure. Frootoids have been subjected to extensive tests, and have in every case proved successful in completely curing the complaints named.

A constipated habit of body will be completely cured if the patient will on each occasion, when suffering, take a dose of Frootoids, instead of an ordinary aperient; by so doing, the patient will require doses only at longer intervals, and will so become quite independent of the necessity of taking any aperient medicine.

Frootoids are only now being placed on the Australian market, consequently you may at present have a difficulty in getting them from your local chemist or storekeeper; but ask for them, and if you cannot get them at once, send stamps or postal note for price, 3/6, to W. G. Hearne, Chemist, Geelong, and a bottle of them will be immediately forwarded to you post free. Chemists, storekeepers, and wholesalers can now obtain wholesale supplies from W. G. Hearne, Chemist, Geelong, Victoria.

N.Z. Branch Office, No. 11, First Floor, "Hans' Buildings, Williams-street, Wellington.

Sister Ann's Lions

By FLOY SULZER BINGHAM



SISTER ANN aroused the animals in the menagerie to an exhibition spirit by prodding me sharply with a long pole. I threw myself against the bars of the bull-pen and seized the corn-husk meat she threw within, but not with the ferocity pleasing to Ann.

"The trouble is, Patty, you've never been to a real circus," she said regretfully.

That supreme joy had fallen to Sister Ann a short time before our coming to visit Uncle Henry on his mountain ranch. It coloured her dreams and shaped her days.

Before the advent of the circus, Ann's choice of occupations had long wavered between the delights of a lady Indian fighter, and the thrills enjoyed by an aeronaut. Then the show flaunted its spangled banners, and now, at twelve, Sister Ann would be a circus queen. I was ten and had no ambitions.

"You can do it best, Sister Ann," I suggested.

Ann tried to squeeze through the small space between the upright poles with which Uncle Henry had divided the barn for a vicious bull; but, failing, we were obliged to change places by running round through the doors.

Then I was shown the real thing. Ann plunged and growled and tore her feathery meat to fragments. She threw herself against the bars and showed all

her sharp little white teeth with such terrifying intent that I stood appalled. "O Sister Ann," I entreated, "let's play something else."

Sister Ann's features relaxed into their normal form. "Well, so long as it ain't dolls," she agreed. So we turned our attention elsewhere.

In the end of the log barn was a square window, fitted with a sliding door, which was called the "bear-window." At some early day it had been used to entrap a pig-stealing bear. We now raised the window, and to keep it up, inserted a peg with string attached, as Uncle Henry had shown us. Then I crawled through, and Ann pulled the string and sprang the trap. Soon I was in the midst of a severe course of bear-training. Suddenly Ann dropped my halter and, seizing what she called a snake-stick, made off, with flying curls.

Following her with my eyes, I saw on the mountain side, near the yard fence, an angry, fang-jawed head and an uplifted, buzzing tail. Then Ann made a jab with her forked stick. I had learned my part; and following on with the axe, I shudderingly severed the loathsome head. The job must be neatly done, for Sister Ann wanted the rattlesnake skins for personal adornment.

"O Sister Ann," I wailed, "I wish you wouldn't."

"Wouldn't what?" said Ann; and I said no more.

Aunt Emma came to the door as Ann dragged her headless captive into the yard.

"Now, Ann," she said, "I don't think your mother would like to have you hunt rattlesnakes." "It's great fun," Ann answered evasively.

"But they will bite you," Aunt Emma insisted.

Ann looked contemptuously down at her still wiggling victim. "They always act as if they'd like to," she admitted, "but it's a pure waste of time, Aunt Emma." And I had faith it was so.

At dinner Aunt Emma looked grave. She had received word that one of her sister's children was dangerously ill. "I have been wondering," she began, "whether my two little guests could keep house for Uncle Henry if I should be gone a week?"

Ann was a wonderful cook, but her reputation had not preceded her.

"Meat, rare or well done?" said she. "And what is his favourite cake?"

Ann's finality of manner left no room for further discussion. Aunt Emma looked at Uncle Henry with a queer little twinkle in her eye.

"I think, Henry, I shall start right after dinner," she said.

Except for the meats, Aunt Emma's departure left but little for us children to do. Uncle Henry lived on his mountain ranch only a short time during

the summer. He had already sent his cows to the valley, and there were now on the place only a few hens and a small flock of high-grade sheep—said to be the finest in Colorado—which he was herding on shares.

Left to Ann's generalship, every meal was a banquet, limited only by the resources of the pantry. She had promised Aunt Emma to leave all snakes in peace, during her absence, so we spent our spare time playing circus and training our pet lambs—at least, Ann trained hers; mine seemed too stupid.

Two days after Aunt Emma's departure a man rode up to the house to tell Uncle Henry that the Box-S outfit was rounding up steers. That ranch had none too good a reputation for respecting other people's brands, so the neighbouring ranchers made a point of being present when the Box-S gathered cattle.

Uncle Henry corralled the sheep early in the day and left us with the understanding that he would be back before night, or else send some one to stay with us and herd the sheep.

That night we sat up late, but no one came. We were furc-bred children, and fortunately had no fear of the dark or of ghosts—at least, Ann hadn't. The next morning we were still alone.

Sister Ann said she could herd sheep "as good as anybody," and as we had an intelligent dog, there was no difficulty in taking the sheep out and corraling them again at night.

Before locking the doors that night I called Shep, the dog, into the house for



"At breakfast Sister Ann was thoughtful."

company. It must have been near morning when we were awakened by the dog's growling. We both sat up in bed and listened. Presently we heard the sheep stamping and then rushing wildly about the corral.

"I guess it's a coyote," I whispered to Sister Ann.

We crept out of bed and went to the window, but could see nothing, for around the corral was a tight board-fence, six feet high. Just then the sheep began to bleat.

"We can see from upstairs," Ann suggested.

She lighted the lamp, and we went into the kitchen and climbed the ladder to the attic.

The moon shone brightly, and from the attic window we saw a dark object crouched in the centre of the corral. As the flock rushed wildly about, crowding against the fence, the creature sprang into the midst of them, biting and striking right and left. When the sheep scattered, he had a lamb in his mouth and stood out plain in the moonlight, among those he had killed at a blow.

"O Sister Ann!" I gasped, chattering



"From the attic window we saw a dark object crouched in the centre of the corral."