

## THE BALMY BREEZES OF THE SUNNY SOUTH

Are laden with Health and Happiness for the Worn-out Wrestler with the Strenuous Life.

But you cannot repair wasted tissue or restore strength to jangled nerves with air and sunshine alone.

The stomach calls for a food that supplies body-building material in its most digestible form. Such a food is

### Shredded Whole Wheat.

It is made of the whole wheat, cleaned, cooked and drawn into fine porous shreds and baked. These delicate shreds contain all the nutritive elements of the whole wheat grain and are taken up and assimilated when the stomach rejects all other foods.

**Shredded Wheat is made in two forms--BISCUIT and TRISCUIT. The BISCUIT is delicious for breakfast with hot or cold milk or cream, or for any meal in combination with fruit or vegetables. TRISCUIT is the shredded whole wheat cracker, crisp, nourishing and appetizing. Delicious as a toast with beverages or with cheese or preserves.**

"It's All in the Shreds."

**THE NATURAL FOOD COMPANY**

Niagara Falls, N. Y.

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We carry a full line of Fancy and Heavy

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Such brands as are handled by New England Grocers.

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## FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS

### The Search for the Candy Trees.

It was the day after Christmas that little Wolf Logan, barely four years old, was reminded for, oh, the hundredth time, that he had never seen a candy tree; did not even know where one grew. Wolf did not think this strange because he lived in the heart of a big, noisy city, where trees were few. He had seen some peach and pear and apple trees, and many shade trees upon which nothing grew, but he had never seen an orange or a lemon tree, and it was not strange that he had not seen a candy tree, and a chocolate drop tree in particular.

Wolf had often pondered much and alone upon this matter. He had not told mamma because he was fully aware of what mamma's views on the subject of

thought that with candy, candy everywhere it was reasonable to suppose that the candy trees, in all their glorious sweetness, groaning under their weight of dainties, could not be very far away; somewhere, of course, beyond the foot of the street where his knowledge of the world ended and the mysterious unknown began. With the thought came a resolve; he would find the candy forest that very afternoon!

Surely there could be no harm in a desire to see the candy forest and the chocolate drop trees in particular; surely he would not touch the fruit, not even if a kind hearted man or a smiling-faced woman offered him a whole basketful. He would simply find the candy forest for himself and solve a puzzling problem, that was all.



"IT ALL CAME BACK VERY FORCIBLY TO HIM AS HE PLAYED WITH HIS CHRISTMAS TOYS."

chocolate drops and their relation to little boys, were. He had been tempted to question grandmamma, but he feared that she was also a sympathizer, and so he had gradually come to the conclusion that this discovery was one which he must make himself. This all came back very forcibly to him as he played with his Christmas toys and ate his last chocolate drops with a painful consciousness that it would be a very, very long time before mamma would permit as generous over-indulgence in sweets. With this thought came a new idea. If candy was so plentiful at Christmas it was but natural to suppose that Christmas time was the harvest season for candy trees, just as July was for peaches and September for apples and pears. Then as a natural consequence, came the

When the time came for his afternoon romp in the little yard adjoining the house, Wolf let grandmamma put on his heavy coat, warm mittens and big cap with undue eagerness, slipped quietly into the yard, thence to the gate and down the street to the edge of the mysterious unknown.

It thrilled him with a vague sense of fear for a moment, but only a moment, for the vision of the candy forest and the chocolate drop trees in particular, rose sharp and clear, beckoning him on. Strange sights and sounds fascinated him, desire led him forward, time and space were forgotten, and then suddenly, in the distance, a block or so away, rose trees sharp and clear against the steel gray sky. He hurried forward, slipped across a busy street, and found an iron