



Reading for Women and all the Family



BIG TIMBER

By BERTRAND W. SINCLAIR

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(Continued.)

But Vancouver was Fyfe's home town. It had been hers. Many people knew her. The local papers would feature her. She did not know how Fyfe would take it. She did not even know if there had been any open talk of their separation. Money, she felt, was a small thing beside opening old sores. For herself, she was tolerably indifferent to Vancouver's social estimate of her or her acts. Nevertheless so long as she bore Fyfe's name she did not feel free to make herself a public figure there without his sanction. As for the other considerations you mention they are of no weight at all. I never wanted to keep you in a glass case. Even if all were well between us I wouldn't have any feeling about your singing in public other than pride in your ability to command public favor with your voice. It's a wonderful voice, too big and free a thing to remain obscure.

"JACK!"
Stella sat thoughtfully gazing at the letter for a long time. "I wonder," she said aloud, and

Ill Health Often Due to Neglect of Kidneys and Liver

Many organs take part in assimilation of food, and a number are active in eliminating those portions of the food which are not taken into the blood for the upbuilding of the body. Of the eliminative organs, the liver and the kidneys are of major importance, and are most likely to be overworked and become diseased. When such is the case, various troubles of a digestive and eliminative character occur, and such troubles are so frequent and so common that it is absolutely necessary to find some relief. Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Remedy was compounded over 40 years ago to help equalize the work of both kidneys and liver. How successful it has been is evidenced by its widespread sale, and its value is attested by an immense number of appreciative users who through these many years have put it to the severest tests with the most satisfactory results.

The experience of multitudes is

sometimes worth more than the wisdom even of the brightest physicians. Hence, if you have liver or kidney troubles, you cannot do better than call upon your druggist for Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Remedy.

"About 7 years ago I was so weak and worn out that I could hardly work. After trying other things without relief, I tried Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Remedy. In a short time the pain left me, my urine cleared up and the rheumatism and dyspepsia vanished. We have used Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Remedy with great success in our family." O. F. Rose, Burtonville, Kentucky, U. S. A.

Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Remedy contains no harmful ingredients and should be used when the kidneys need attention.

Sold by druggists everywhere. Sample sent on receipt of ten cents. Warner's Safe Remedies Co., Dept. 266, Rochester, N. Y.

run smoothly along the old, quiet channels? She was as sure as she was sure of the breath she drew that Fyfe wanted her, that he longed for and would welcome her. But she was equally sure that the old illusions would never serve. She couldn't even make him happy, much less herself. Monohan—well, Monohan was a dead issue. He had come to the Charteris to see her, all smiles and eagerness. She had been able to look at him and through him—and cut him dead—and do it without a single flutter of her heart.

That brief and illuminating episode in Wain's had merely confirmed an impression that had slowly grown upon her, and her outbreak of feeling that night had only been the overflowing of shamed anger at herself for letting his magnetic personality make so deep an impression on her that she could admit to him that she cared. She felt that she had belittled herself by that. But he was no longer a problem. She wondered now how he ever could have been. She recalled that once Jack Fyfe had soberly told her she would never sense life's real values while she nursed so many illusions. Monohan had been one of them.

"But it wouldn't work," she whispered to herself. "I couldn't do it. He'd know I only did it because I was sorry, because I thought I should because he's older, and they seem so many and so strong in spite of everything. Were harder to break than the new road is to follow alone. He'd resent anything like pity for his loneliness. And if Monohan has made any real trouble it began over me or at least it focused on me. And he might resent that. He's ten times a better man than I am a woman. He thinks about the other fellow's side of things. I'm just what he said about Charlie—self centered, a profound egotist. If I really and truly loved Jack Fyfe I'd be a jealous little fury if he so much as looked at another woman. But I don't, and I don't see why I don't. I want to be loved; I want to love. I've always wanted that so much that I'll never dare trust my instincts about it again. I wonder why people like me exist to go blundering about in the world playing havoc with themselves and everybody else?"

(To be continued.)

Bringing Up Father



SEE - ITS TWO O'CLOCK - I'LL GET THE DEUCE WHEN I GET HOME -

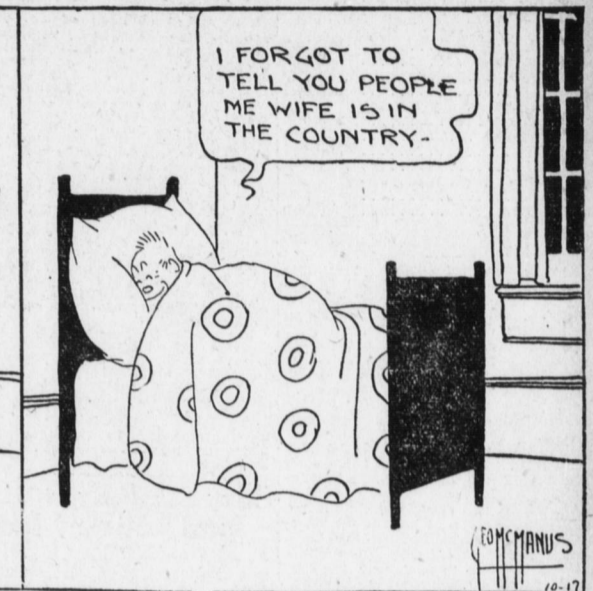
WELL - I FEEL SORRY FOR YOU JERRY -



I GUESS I'LL GO HOME TOO AN' HAVE A GOOD REST -



I'LL HANG THEM THINGS UP IN THE MORNIN'!



I FORGOT TO TELL YOU PEOPLE ME WIFE IS IN THE COUNTRY -

All's Well That Ends Well

By JANE McLEAN.

He had never amounted to anything, but he had somehow a lovable quality. It wasn't at all because he deserved to be loved, but he had inherited more than his share of good looks, and this fact was a large credit mark.

His mother was a pale-faced little woman, tired out with the strain of trying to help him make good. His father, fair and just always in matters of business, with the consciousness that he had failed somehow to make his son what he had dreamed, had grown bitter. He was prone to blame the little, white-faced mother, who shivered under the criticism but clung bravely to the belief that her boy would succeed.

After he had lost many positions and had sneaked home late one night to be slept in noiselessly by his mother he left for nearly two days. His father said nothing—he did not even go to the boy's room; but the little mother worried and cared for him, and her little white face kept getting whiter, until she looked like a ghost of herself. One day even that six feet of splendid manhood, lying full length in his narrow brass bed, noticed it and said carelessly:

"What you been doing to yourself, mom—you look peaked?"

"Oh, nothing, Dan," she had returned quickly, and then she added timidly:

"Ain't you goin' to get up and try for that job?"

He yawned. "Sure, but don't keep ragging a fellow. You fellows are all made that way." And he was too busy gobbling fried eggs and bacon and taking long swallows of fragrant coffee to notice the furtive tear that stole down the white face of the little mother who had never given up hoping.

When he had finished his breakfast he lay back once more on the pillow and laughed good naturedly, telling in his own inimitable manner a funny experience, until the white face of the mother relaxed and she smiled a little bit in spite of herself. She smiled while she washed up the breakfast dishes and continued to smile when he came downstairs and, kissing her carelessly, went out. He did not tell her where he was going, and she did not ask him, for fear he would think she was nagging, but he borrowed a dollar from her.

"Be back for dinner," he called out. But he didn't come back for dinner, and he didn't come the next night nor the next, and his father's face grew longer and more disapproving each night, and when he spoke, he spoke only to accuse the white-faced little woman of her laxness in bringing up her son.

"He knows he can wheedle anything out of you," the man said bitterly. "Think of the money you've let him take. It was always that way from the time he was a boy. I was never allowed to punish him without interference on your part. Now look at him. He'll never amount

to a thing, and he has no respect at all for you, just laughs at you for an easy mark after he has taken everything you have. Let me tell you, he can't do that with me. I'm through!"

The little mother said nothing. There was really nothing to say, but she thought in her heart that perhaps the boy did love her a little bit, and she would rather have him come to her if only to borrow than not to have him call at all.

Two weeks later the two were sitting over the lamp in the little front room when the bell rang imperiously. The father looked up over his glasses and the little woman's eyes filled with a sudden dread. She knew that ring, and she was afraid to answer it. Too often it had brought her boy home the worse for wear and if she could smuggle him to bed without his father's knowing it, she did not mind so much, but to let him in now, when his father's heart was so sore and bitter against him, was a physical impossibility. She hesitated, and the mother looked at her anxiously.

"I'll go," she vouchsafed, and she crouched in her chair with wide eyes waiting for what would come.

"Hello, dad," said the voice she loved on earth, and the instant she heard it ringing true and clear, she was out of her chair and in a big pair of arms. Then she stood back and looked at him. He stood six feet of splendid manhood, immaculate in blue serge. His bare brown throat looked somehow a splendid support for the head that carried high, and his eyes were blue and keen.

"Dan," she gasped. "Dan!"

He laughed a little in the old way, and stood away from her proudly. "I've enlisted," he said simply.

"O, my dear, my dear," she said, the tears beginning to run down her cheeks. "you're so young."

"He's all right, mother," said the grim-faced man, speaking for the first time. "His hands, boy, his hope flared once again within the mother's heart, although, woman-like, she dreaded the future.

Advice to the Lovelorn

LET HIM DO HIS BIT

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

I am nineteen years of age and keeping company with a gentleman of twenty-one. He wants to join the Navy, for he feels it his duty to do his bit, too, but holds back because he does not want to leave me. I have asked my opinion on this matter, but I refuse to discuss it, for I don't want him to go, and still I don't want to hold him back.

A. G.

Of course, you mustn't hold him back from doing his bit. Since the boy you love feels the call to give his services to his country, the girl who loves him must not come between him and his feeling of patriotism and rightness. We all have to sacrifice our personal happiness, now to the needs of our country and of humanity itself.

BECOME A WAR BRIDE

Dear J. J. M.: If the circumstances are as you represent, there should be no bar to an early wedding. Even the Army should not be allowed to stand in the way.

NO MORE FOOT MISERY

ICE-MINT
A NEW DISCOVERY STOPS SORENESS AND CORNS FALL OFF

Just a touch or two with ice-mint on your corns and foot troubles are ended. It takes the soreness right out, then the corn or callous shrivels and lifts off.

No matter what you have tried or how many times you have been disappointed here is a real help for you at last.

You will never have to cut a corn again or bother with bungling tape or plasters.

Hard corns, soft corns or corns between the toes just shrivel up and lift off so easily. It's wonderful. You feel no pain or soreness when applying ice-mint to your feet. It doesn't even irritate the skin.

This new discovery made from a Japanese product is certainly magical the way it draws out inflammation from a pair of swollen, burning, aching feet. Ice-mint certainly is a delightful cooling, soothing feeling to the feet that it just makes you sigh with relief. It is the real Japanese secret for fine, healthy little feet. It is greatly appreciated by women who wear high heel shoes. It absolutely prevents foot odors and keeps them sweet and comfortable.

It costs little and will give your poor, tired, suffering, swollen feet the treat of a child and is recommended by good druggists everywhere.—Advertisement.

Royal Baking Powder saves eggs in baking

In many recipes only half as many eggs are required, in some none at all, if an additional quantity of Royal Baking Powder is used, about a teaspoon, in place of each egg omitted.

Try the following recipes which also conserve white flour as urged by the government.

Corn Meal Griddle Cakes

- 1 1/2 cups corn meal
- 1 1/2 cups boiling water
- 1/2 cup milk
- 1/2 teaspoon shortening
- 1 tablespoon molasses
- 1/2 cup flour
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 4 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder

NO EGGS

Scald corn meal in bowl with boiling water; add milk, melted shortening and molasses; add flour, salt and baking powder which have been sifted together; mix well. Bake on hot griddle until brown.

(The Old Method called for 2 eggs)

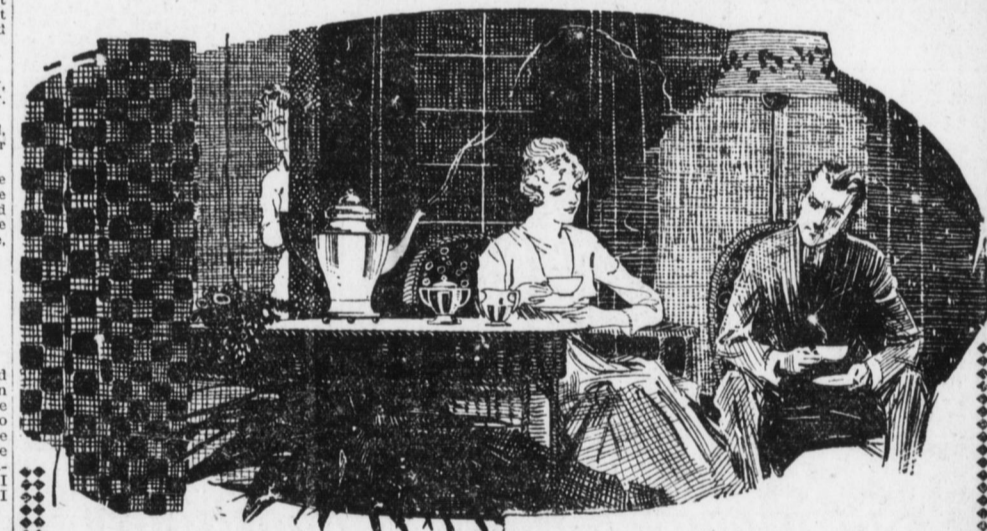
Eggless, Milkless, Butterless Cake

- 1 cup brown sugar
- 1/2 cup water
- 1 cup seeded raisins
- 2 ounces citron, cut fine
- 1/2 cup shortening
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 1 teaspoon nutmeg
- 1 teaspoon cinnamon
- 1 cup flour
- 1 cup rye flour
- 5 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder

Boil sugar, water, fruit, shortening, salt and spices together in saucepan 3 minutes. When cool, add flour and baking powder which have been sifted together. Mix well; bake in loaf pan in moderate oven about 45 minutes.

(The Old Method [Fruit Cake] called for 2 eggs)

Send for our new booklet "55 Ways to Save Eggs." Mailed free on request. Address Royal Baking Powder Co., Dept. H., 135 William Street, New York



There's a Lot of Sentiment In a Good Cup of Coffee!

It's just like a friendship — good or bad, it can make or mar the occasion! And where, when or what is the occasion that allows or admits of a poor cup of coffee?

Wouldn't it be a wonderful thing to always have Good Coffee — in a jiffy — just when you want it?

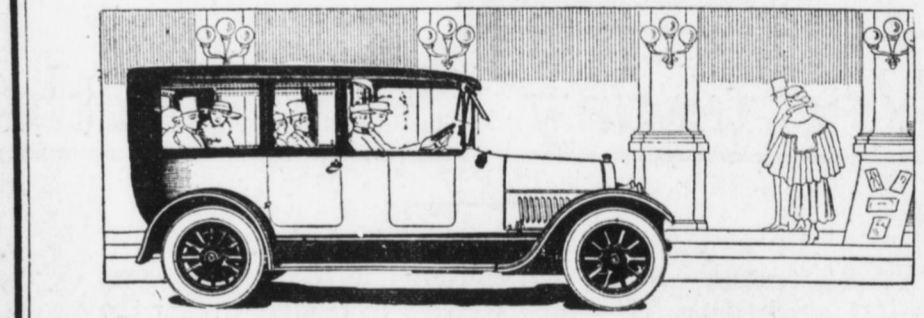
No! It isn't wonderful. It isn't even unusual. It's an everyday matter if you have an

Electric Percolator

Now is the time to buy a Percolator. During October we are selling \$7.50 Westinghouse Percolators at the special price of \$5.35

With a percolator you can get better coffee from the same can.

HARRISBURG LIGHT & POWER COMPANY



Here's Limousine Perfection

Webster tells us that perfection means "without defect of any kind." And that is the basis on which we want you to own a Cadillac Limousine. Not only is it perfect in construction and design—that can be said of any Cadillac—but it is perfect in its application to your family. It brings quiet dignity, unusual utility, and absolute comfort. And above all it will serve your family like a faithful friend. We hope you are most exacting in your demands. Come in and let us talk over the details together. Or a phone call will bring a salesman.

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