

Reading for Women and all the Family

Bringing Up Father

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By McManus

BIG TIMBER

By BERTRAND W. SINCLAIR

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(Continued.)

Even at the time she had sensed this and dreaded what it might ultimately lead to. Even when she had answered eagerly to the physical charm of him she had fought against admitting to herself what desperate intent might have lain back of the killing of Billy Dale—the shot that Lefty Howe declared was meant for Fyfe. She had long outgrown Monohan's lure, but if he had come to her or written to make out a case for himself when she first went to Seattle she would have accepted his word against anything. Her heart would have fought for him against the logic of her brain.

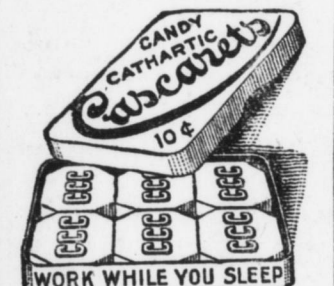
But—she had had a long time to think, to compare, to distrust all that she knew of him, much that was subconscious impression rising late to the surface, a little that she heard from various sources. The sum total gave her a man of rank, passions, of rare and merciless finesse where his desires figured, a man who got what he wanted by whatever means—a most dilly served but no greater than any craving to possess a woman would be the measure of his rancor against a man who humiliated him, thwarted him. She could understand how a man like Monohan would hate a man like Jack Fyfe, would nurse and feed on the venom of his hate until setting a torch to Fyfe's timber would be a ticky enough counterstroke.

She shrank from the thought. Yet it lingered until she felt guilty. Though it made no material difference to her that Fyfe might or might not face ruin, she could not, before her own conscience, evade responsibility. The powder might have been laid, but her folly had touched spark to the fuse as she saw it. That scared her like a pan far into the night. For every crime a punishment, for every sin a peace. Her words had taught her that. She had never danced; she had only listened to the piper and lusted to dance as nature had fashioned her to do. But the piper

DON'T BE BILIOUS, HEADACHY, SICK OR CONSTIPATED

Enjoy life! Live your liver and bowels to-night and feel great.

Wake up with head clear, stomach sweet, breath right, cold gone.



WORK WHILE YOU SLEEP

Take one or two Cascarets to-night and enjoy the nicest, gentlest liver and bowel cleansing you ever experienced. Wake up feeling grand, your head will be clear, your tongue clean, breath sweet, stomach relaxed and your liver and thirty feet of bowels active. Get a box at any drug store now and get straightened up by morning. Stop the headache, biliousness, bad colds and bad days. Feel fit and ready for work or play. Cascarets do not gripe, sicken or inconvenience you the next day like salts, pills or calomel. They're fine!

Mothers should give a whole Cascaret anytime to cross, sick, bilious or feverish children because it will act thoroughly and can not injure.

CAMPHOROLE GIVES IMMEDIATE RELIEF

Opens Up Clogged Nostrils. Vanishes Cold in Head and Catarrh Like Magic

Camphorole soothes and relieves catarrhal deafness and head noises. Drives out congestion without apparatus, inhalers, lotions, harmful drugs, smoke or electricity. Do not treat your cold lightly; this is pneumonia season. If you have cold in head, pain in chest; or sore throat send to nearest drug store and get a jar of Camphorole, and watch how quick it will relieve you.

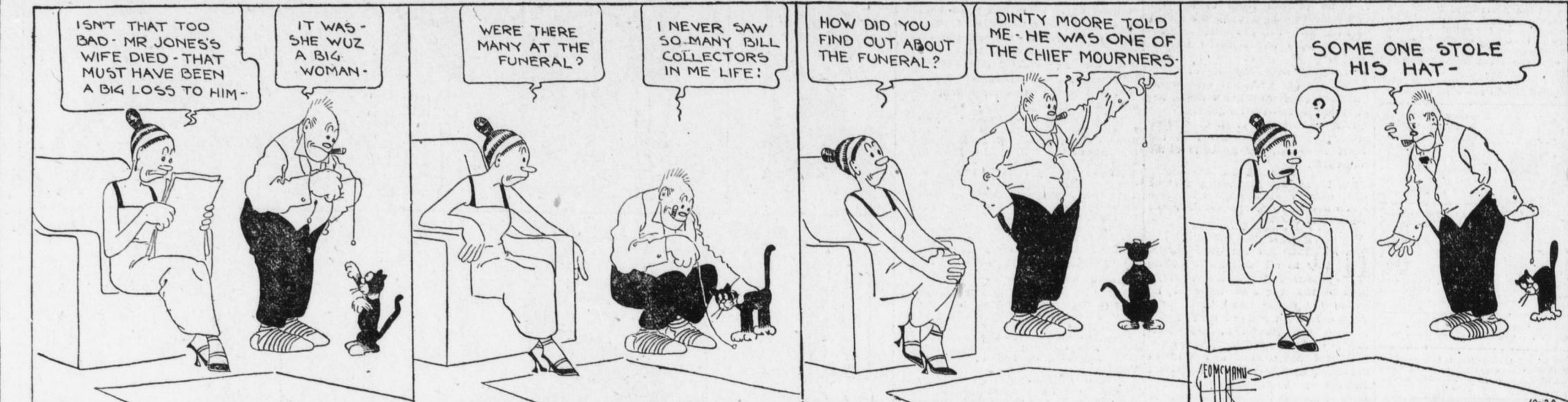
Physicians recommend Camphorole for colds and catarrhal affections of the nose and throat, bronchitis, croup, asthma, stiff neck, sore muscles, lumbago, stiff joints, headache, frosted feet, rheumatism, cold in muscles, neuritis, hay fever applied to chest will check development of cold and often prevent pneumonia. At all druggists. 25c and 50c jars.—Advertisement.



Rheumatic Aches

Drive them out with Sloan's Liniment, the quick-acting, soothing liniment that penetrates without rubbing and relieves the pain. So much cleaner than musky plasters or ointments; it does not stain the skin or clog the pores. Always have a bottle in the house for the aches and pains of rheumatism, gout, lumbago, strains, sprains, stiff joints and all muscle soreness.

Sloan's Liniment
KILLS PAIN



was sending his bill. She surveyed it wearily, emotionally bankrupt, wondering in what coin of the soul she would have to pay.

CHAPTER XVII
A Ride by Night

Stella sang in the gilt ballroom of the Granada next afternoon, behind the footlights of a miniature stage, with the blinds drawn and a hundred of Vancouver's social elite critically, expectantly listening. She sang her way straight into the heart of that audience with her opening number. This was on Wednesday. Fyfe sang again and Saturday afternoon.

When she came back to her room after that last concert wearied with the effort of listening to chattering women and hearing the grating of an admiring contingent which insisted upon making her last appearance a social triumph, she found a letter forwarded from Seattle. She slit the envelope, and typewritten sheet unfolded a green slip—a check. She looked at the figures, scarcely comprehending until she read the letter.

"We take pleasure in handing you herewith," Mr. Lauder wrote for the firm, "our check for \$19,500, proceeds of all stock sold as per your telegraphed instructions, less brokerage charges. We sold same at par and trust this will be satisfactory."

She looked at the check again. Nineteen thousand five hundred—payable to her order! Two years ago such a sum would have lifted her to plutocratic heights, filled her with pleasurable excitement, innumerable anticipations. Now it stirred her less than the \$200 she had just received from the Granada concert committee. She had earned that, had given for it due measure of herself. This other had come without effort, without expectation. And that she had ever needed money before did she now require such a sum.

She was her own mistress, free as the wind. Fyfe had said that she looked out into the smoky veil that shrouded the water front and the hills across the inlet, that swirled and eddied above the giant fir in Stanley park, and her mind flew back to Roaring lake where the Red Flower of Kipling's "Jungle Book" bloomed to her husband's ruin. Did it? She wondered. She could not think of him as beaten, bested in any undertaking. She had never been able to think of him in those terms. Always to her he had conveyed the impression of a superman. Always she had been a little in awe of him, of his strength, his patient inflexible determination, glimpsing under his habitual repression certain tremendous forces. She could not conceive him as a broken man.

Curled among the pillows of her bed that night, she looked over the evening papers, read with a swift heart sinking that the Roaring lake fire was assuming terrific proportions; that nothing but a deluge of rain would stay it now. And more significantly, except for a minor blaze or two the fire raged almost wholly upon and around the Fyfe block of limits. She laid aside the papers, switched off the lights and lay staring wide eyed at the dusky ceiling.

At twenty minutes of midnight she was called to the door of her room to receive a telegram. It was from Linda, and it read:

"Charlie badly hurt. Can you come?"

Stella reached for the telephone receiver. The night clerk at the C. P. R. depot told her the first train she could take left at 6 in the morning. That meant reaching the Springs at 9:30—nine and a half hours to sit with idle hands in suspense. She did not know what tra-

gic denouement awaited there, what she could do once she reached there. She knew only that a fever of impatience burned in her. The message had strung her suddenly taut, as if a crisis had arisen in which willy-nilly she must take a hand.

So, groping for the relief of action, some method of spanning that nine hours' wait, her eye fell upon a card tucked beside the telephone case. She held it between finger and thumb, her brows puckered:

TAXIS AND TOURING CARS

Anywhere. Any time. She took down the receiver again and asked for Seymour 8X.

"Western Taxi," a man's voice drawled.

"I want to reach Roaring Springs in the shortest time possible," she told him rather breathlessly. "Can you furnish me a machine and a reliable chauffeur?"

"Roaring Springs?" he repeated. "How many passengers?"

"One. Myself."

She heard a faint burble of talk away at the other end of the wire, then the same voice speaking crisply:

"Gotta big six roadster and a first class driver. It'll cost you \$75 in advance.

"Your money will be waiting for you here," she answered calmly.

"How soon can you bring the car around to the Hotel Granada?"

"In ten minutes, if you say so."

"Say twenty minutes, then."

"All right."

(To be continued.)

"THEIR MARRIED LIFE"

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"The bills again," said Warren. "Well, I might as well go through them now and have it over with."

"Yes, you might as well get a few of the checks off to-night," Helen returned. "Cheer up dear, they're not so bad."

"That depends on what you would call bad. Anything in the shape of a bill sends a cold shiver down my back these days. Here's the rent, now; every time I look at the rent bill I want to swear."

"Then you ought to think of the money you have in your pocket that you might have spent for anything. That will make you feel better."

"That's right. Say, have the bills come in for the new draperies?"

"Not yet, dear, we didn't buy them until this month. They won't be in till the first of next month. Isn't that splendid?"

"There's a woman for you," Warren returned. "I'll warrant that you can hardly wait till the first of the month so that you can charge on next month's bill. Sometimes I swear I'll never have another thing charged."

"And then you go and charge something yourself and find it very convenient, don't you?" questioned Helen sweetly.

Warren growled out a reply and wrote a hasty check for the rent.

"Did you get that waist you wanted so badly?"

"Not yet. I simply can't match the shade of my suit. It's strange, too—this mouse shade is so popular this season. And, besides, I need a waist horribly."

HELEN'S REASONING.

"That's what I can't understand," Warren said, looking up. "If you need a thing as badly as that, why not buy two or three waists at once?"

"Oh, but, Warren, crepe waists are so expensive! Why, I feel extravagant when I buy just one, let alone two or three."

"But what difference does it make in the end? You bought that pink waist just a week or so ago, and now you're going to get another. If you had bought two or even three at the same time you would have saved yourself an extra trip downtown and all kinds of trouble. I thought I taught you that principle two years ago, when you bought your shoes."

"If I had charged twenty or thirty dollars' worth of George's waists on the bills you certainly would be anything but delighted that I had taken your advice," Helen returned. "Really, dear, you don't know how expensive they are."

"And they look awful, too. I don't see how you women get along in the winter with those wispy things and nothing warm underneath."

"You're not advocating flannels, are you, dear?" Helen laughed.

"Well, it's not so ridiculous as you think. Say, I thought you said the bills weren't high? Look at this from Croft and Ordway's. Gee, that's a hummer!"

"There's nothing there that you don't know about," Helen protested, looking over his shoulder.

"Yes, there is. What's this one robe de nuit, ten dollars?"

"That's the piece of lingerie we

Monroe County Is Saving Its Pigs

The sow that produces high-priced pork is in the same class with the goose that laid the golden eggs and Monroe county does not intend to allow her to be killed off.

J. A. Seguire, food chairman of the county, has written to Howard Heinz, Food Director of the Pennsylvania Committee of Public Safety, announcing that a plan is being worked out to buy up the brood sows that are put up at public sales. Instead of going to the butchering pen these sows are to be turned over to farmers who will agree to produce crops of little porkers.

It was Monroe county that first put into operation the plan of buying calves and turning them over to the boys and girls to be converted into beef or dairy cattle. The banks of the county made this possible by advancing the money and the youngsters paid back the cost of the calves in instalments. It is proposed to use similar methods in keeping the brood sows in the county.

Hogs furnish meat more cheaply and more kindly than any other stock and what is more important they are wonderful producers of fats. When pork is selling around 17 or 18 cents there is great temptation to sell but the value of a sow that can produce such expensive offspring is proportionately increased and Monroe county will save her.

Daily Dot Puzzle

11	10	9
12	13	8
14	4	7
15	25	5
16	24	6
17	23	
18	22	
19	21	
20	20	

Coming events cast their shadows before.

Draw from one to two and so on to the end.

ERUPTION ALMOST CAUSED HER DEATH CUTICURA HEALED

Completely Covered One Side Of Head and Face, Itched and Burned. Hair Fell Out.

"A small eruption began on the left side of my daughter's face and it spread until it completely covered one side of her head and face. It was like a blister and very red. It itched and burned. She was very cross and fretful, and her hair fell out. It almost caused her death. (Signed) Mrs. Thomas, R. D. 1, Rome, Pa., December 11, 1916.

Delicate, sensitive skins with tendency to pimples, redness or roughness should not be irritated by impure, strongly medicated soaps. Why not use on the face, and for every-day toilet purposes, Cuticura, a pure, gentle soap, touching the first signs of pimples or irritation with Cuticura Ointment.

For Free Sample Each by Return Mail address post-card: "Cuticura, Dept. H, Boston." Sold everywhere. Soap 25c. Ointment 25c and 50c.

"They're in the storeroom. You were out one day, I think."

"Oh," said Helen slyly. "Well you don't mind how many tennis rackets you buy at ten dollars apiece, do you?"

"If you played tennis more, you'd understand how necessary it is to have two good rackets going at once. My old racket is all in now."

"Oh, I'm not saying anything, dear. It's up to you if you pay twenty dollars for your sport. But don't scold me because Croft & Ordway's bill is so large. When you take off those rackets and that piece of lingerie, there isn't so very much to tax me with, now is there?"

"Well, you know how it is. You pick up a bill and glance at the total, and wonder how the deuce you ever managed to charge so much in one month."

And on top of his generous offer about the waists, Helen hadn't the heart to say anything more.

To Be Continued.

THE LUCKY Y. M. C. A. MAN

Some of the Y. M. C. A. men live in a mansion which was given them under most romantic circumstances. A very wealthy family wanted to go out to their summer home, but they did not like the idea of having their palace appropriated by the government, so my friend—who had two days with his parents in America between his return from Shanghai and his departure for Petrograd to act as secretary to John R. Mott—packed a suit case, moved into the house and put out an American flag.

There is a spacious garden and a fine observatory, a poolroom and a plunge bath. Upstairs there is an art gallery of two score or so fine paintings and a library of Russian, Italian, German, French and English books, with a Charles Garvice novel laid across a set of Lord Lytton, and with a row of busts around the wall. Schiller looks across at Washington, and Peter the Great is opposite

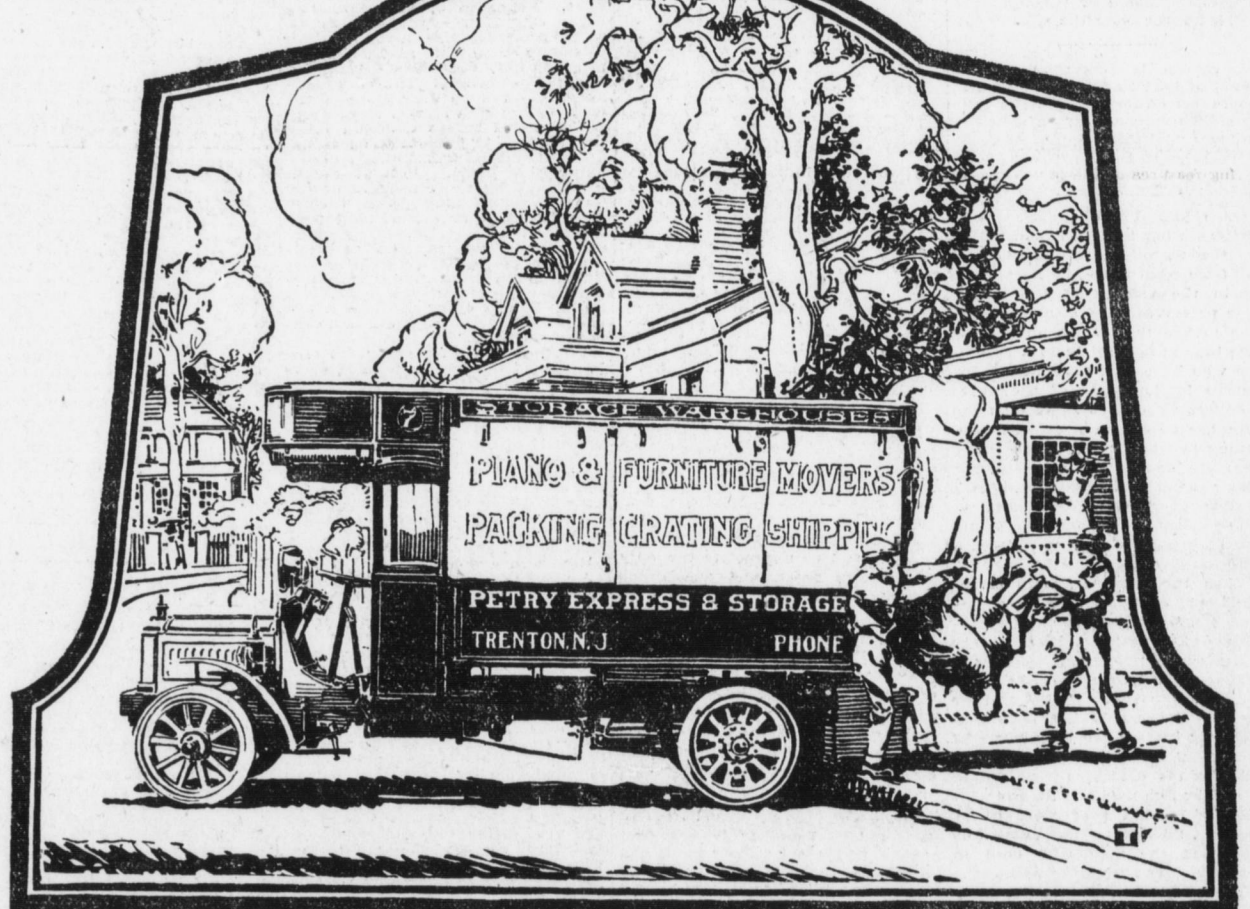
Moses, Pushkin, Mollere and Shakespeare are grouped together in one lot, and Plato has turned his head away from this Allied exhibition.—Maynard Owen Williams, in the Christian Herald.

As Pure As the Lily
and as clear and soft. Your skin and complexion will always have a wonderful transparent Lily white appearance if you will constantly use

Gouraud's Oriental Cream

Send 10c for Trial Size
FERD T. HOPKINS & SON, New York

PACKARD TRUCKS



Go get it! Packard range and economy enable you to broaden your business field.

Even before traffic hold-ups put a premium on motor shipments, 500-mile trips were frequent undertakings for the Petry Express & Storage Co.'s Packard trucks.

Now. We feel that this record of repeat orders proves conclusively that Packards stand up under hard wear.

"In its five months of service, our ton-and-a-half Packard has averaged about 2000 miles a month. It is the best light truck we have ever seen."

Four-speed, silent, chainless units in seven right sizes. Let Packard Motor Car Company of Philadelphia, 101 Market Street, Harrisburg, help you solve your problems. Ask the man who owns one.

“From Trenton,” says Frederick Petry, “we go as far east as Springfield, Mass., and Providence, R. I.—and south to points sixty miles below Washington. For such trips, reliable equipment is absolutely necessary. “Five years ago we began with one Packard. We are using five

