SYNOPSIS.

Adele la Chesnayne, a belle of New France, is among conspirators at her unciefs house. Cassion, the commissaire has enlisted her Uncie Chesni's ald sgainst La Salle. D'Artigny La Sulle's frient, offors his services as guide to Cassion's party on the journey to the wilderness. The uncle informs Adele that he has betrothed her to Cassion and fortidisher to see D'Artigny again. In Quelec Adele visits her triend, Sister Colonia, who brings D'Artigny to her. She tells him her story and he your to release her from the bargain with Cassion. D'Artigny leaves promising to see her at the dance. Cassion escorts Adele to the hall she meets the governor, La Barre, and hears him ware the commissairs against D'Artigny. D'Artigny's ticket to the ball has been recalled, but he gains entrance by the window. Adele informs him of the savernor's words to Cassion. **********

La Barre and Cassion, enemies of Adele and haters of her protector, Rens d'Artigny, visit a frightful tragedy on this brave little girl-one which marks her for life-all unbeknownst to Rene. How she meets the great sorrow, with what courage she faces a future that looks forever dark, is described with keen sympathy in this installment.

CHAPTER V .- Continued.

(Adele, hiding in a dark room with O'Artigny, is caught eavesdropping on the governor as he conspires with rastals to steal her heritage and is brought into the open. He questions

"I do not know, monsieur."

"Who was here when you came in?" "No one, monsieur; the room was

Then you hid there, and overheard he conversation between Calonel Del-

guard and myself? "Yes, monsieur," I confessed, feel-

ing my limbs tremble 'And also all that has passed since Monsieur Cassion entered?"

"Yes, monsieur." He drew a deep breath, striking his sand on the desk, as though he would control his anger

"Were you alone? Had you a com-

I know not how I managed It, yet 1 raised my eyes to his, simulating a surprise I was far from feeling.

"Alone, monsieur? I am Adele la discovery is open without word from

His suspleious, doubting eyes never teft my face, and there was sneer in his voice as he answered.

with by a witch. Perchance in h easy for you to lie. Well, we will see, Look within the sloove, Cassion."

The commissaire was there even before the words of command were uttered, and my heart seemed to stop beating as his beavy hand tore uside the drapery. I leaned on the desk, bracing myself, expecting a blow, a struggle; but all was silent. Cassion, braced, and expectant, peered into the shadows, evidently perceiving nothing; then stepped within, only to lustantly reappear, his expression that of dis-

"No one is there, monsieur," he re ported, "but the window is open."

"And not a dangerous leap to the court below," returned La Barre thoughtfully. "So far you win, mademoiselle. Now will you answer me-



The Door Opened and a Lean Priest in Black Robe Entered.

swere you alone there ten minutes 8207

"It is useless for me to reply, moneleur," I answered with dignity, "as It will in no way change your deci-

"You have courage, at least," "The inheritance of my race, men-

"Well, we'll test it then, but not in the form you anticipate." He smiled. but not pleasantly, and resumed his seat at the desk. "I propose closing your mouth, mademoiselle and placing sion, have the lieutenant at the door

Barre, and stood ellently awaiting his orders. The latter remained a mo-

"Where Is Father Le Guard?" "In the chapel, monsieur; he passed

ment motionless, his lips firm set.

me a moment ago." "Good; inform the pere that I desire his presence at once. Wait! know you

the fur trader, Hugo Chevet?" "I have seen the man, monsteurbig fellow, with a shaggy head."

"Ay, as savage as the Indians be has fived among. He is to be found at Eclair's wine shop in the Rue St. Louis. Have your sentries bring him here to me. Attend to both these mat-

"Yes, monsieur,"

La Barre's eyes turned from the disppearing figure of the officer, rested a ement on my face, and then smiled grimly as he fronted Casalon. He seemed well pleased with himself, and to have recovered his good humor. "A delightful surprise for you, Mon-

sieur Cassion," he said genially, "and let us hope no less a pleasure for the fair lady. Be seated, mademoiselle. Your marriage is to take place to-

"This affair is no longer one of affection; it has become the king's business, a matter of state. I decide it is sest for you to leave Quebec; ay! and New France, mademoiselle. There is but one choice, imprisonment here, or exile into the wilderness." He leaned forward staring into my face with his lerce, threatening eyes. "I feel it better that you go as Monsieur Cassion's wife, and under his protection. I decree that so you shall go."

"Alone-with-with-Monsieur Cas-

"One of his party. "Tis my order also that Hugo Chevet be of the company. Perchance a year in the wilderness may be of benefit to him, and he might be of value in watching over young D'Artigny."

Never have I felt more helpless, more utterly alone. I knew all he meant, but my mind grasped no way of escape. His face leered at me as through a mist, yet as I glanced aside at Cassion it only brought home to me a more complete dejection. The man was glad-glad! He had no conscience, no shame. To appeal to him would be waste of breath-a deeper humiliation. Suddenly I felt cold, hard, Chesnayne; if you doubt, the way of reckless; ay! they had the power to force me through the unboly ceremony. I was only a helpless girl; but beyond that I would laugh at them; and Cassion-if he dared-

The door opened, and a lean priest "Rah! I am not in love to be played in long black robe entered noiselessly. as his crafty eyes swiftly swept our

> "Monsieur desired my presence?" happiness. There are two here to be on my face, and he lifted a hand to leined in matrimony by bonds of Holy church. We but wait the coming of Barre crumpled the paper be held the lady's guardian."

The pere must have interpreted the expression of my face,

"By order of the king," returned La have a pleasant surprise for you. "Tis dame? hereby ordered that you accompany Commissaire Cassion to the Illinois contemptuously country as interpreter, to be paid from my private fund."

dark face, scarce able to comprehend, his brain dazed from heavy drinking, for his face darkened. "The Illinois country! I-Huge Chever? "The some Joke, menslear?"

La Barre permitted himself a laugh, I would hear no more until word "Bah! let the land ite fallow: 'twill comes of your arrival at St. Louis." cost little while you draw a wage, and

CHAPTER VI.

The Wife of Francois Cassion. It is vague, all that transpired, the scene, yet it returns to memory step path which led to the river. more in a passing picture than an acsmile curling his thin lips. I shrank tion took possession of me. Yet there

in a voice which scarcely sounded like hand the heavy paper knife I had my own. Cassion stood still, the smile snatched up from La Barre's desk, and of triumph leaving his face. La Barre I thrust it into the waistband of my urned, his eyes cold and hard.

to keep erect.

would dare disober me?" I caught my breath, gripping the chair with both hands,

you beyond temptation. Monsieur Cas- swered, surprised at the clearness with | fleeting on the water, and showing us which I spoke. "That would be use- the dark outlines of waiting causes, ess; you have behind you the power of and seated figures. Gazing about Cas-As though in a dare I saw Cassion France, and I am a mere girl. Nor do sion broke the slience, his voice asopen the door, speak a sharp word to I appeal, for I know well the cause of suming the harshness of authority. one without and return, followed by your decision. It is indeed my priv- "Three canoes! Where is the other? s truing officer, who glanced curiously liege to appeal to Holy church for pro- Huh! if there be delay now, someone even as he saluted La tection from this outrage, but not will make answer to me. Pass the

"Pere le Guard is chaplain of my

iousehold." "And servant to your will, monsieur Tis known in all New France he is more diplomat than priest. Nay! I take back my word, and will make

trial of his priesthood. Father, I do not love this man, nor marry him of my own free will. I appeal to you, to the church, to refuse the sanction." The priest stood with fingers interlocked, and head bowed, nor did his eves meet mine.

"I am but the humble instrument of those in authority, daughter," he replied gently, "and must perform the sacred duties of my office. 'Tis your own confession that your hand has een pledged to Monsieur Cassion."

"By Hugo Chevet, not myself." "Enough of this," broke in La Barre sternly, and he gripped my arm, "The girl bath lost her head, and such controversy is unseemly in my presence. Pere le Guard, let the ceremony pro-

""Tis your order, monsteur?" "Ay! do I not speak my will plainly enough? Come, the hour is late, and our king's business is of more import than the whim of a girl."

I never moved, never lifted my eyes,

I was conscious of nothing, but helpess, impotent anger, of voiceless shame. They might force me to go through the form, but never would they make me the wife of this man. My heart throbbed with rebellion, my mind hardened into revolt. I knew all that occurred, realized the significance of every word and act, yet it was as if appertained to someone else. felt the clammy touch of Cassion's and on my nerveless fingers, and I nust have answered the interrogatores of the priest, for his voice droned on, meaningless to the end. It was only in the silence which fellowed that seeined to regain consciousness, and new grip on my numbed faculties. Indeed I was still groping in the fog. bewildered, inert, when La Barre gave utterance to a coarse laugh.

"Congratulations, Francois," he ried. "A fair wife, and not so unwilling after all. And now your first

The speer of these words was like slap In the face, and all the batred, and indignation I felt seethed to the surface. A heavy paper kulfe lay on the desk, and I gripped it in my fingers, and stepped back, facing them. The mist seemed to roll away, and I even La Barre gave back a step, and as purpose and decision returned. the grin faded from the thin lips of the commissaire.

""Tis ended then." I said, and my olce did not falter. "I am this man's wife. Very well, you have had your to what I shall say, Monsieur le Gousnow your law, and that this coreaptive, nothing more; you can rob me ow-but, mark you! all that you will ver get is money. Monsieur Cassion, if ne, I will kill you as I would a snake. kiss me! Try it, monsieur, if you

Cassion stood leaning forward, just where my first words had held him "Yes, Pere le Guard, a mission of motionless. As I paused his eyes were wipe away drops of perspiration. La

"So," he exclaimed, "we have unchalued a tiger cat. Well, all this is "Tis regular, monsiour?" he asked, unught to me; and Francois, I leave you and the wilderness to do the tam-Barre sternly. "Beyond that it is not init. In faith, 'tis time already you becessary that you luquire. Ah! Mon- were off. You agree to accompany sieur Chevet; they found you then? I the party without resistance. ma-

"As well there, as here," I answered

"And you, Hugo Chevet?" The giant growled something inar-

Chevet stared into the governor's ticulate through his beard, not altogether, I thought, to La Barre's liking,

"By St. Anne! 'tis a happy family amid which you start your honey "None at all, as you will discover moon, Monsieur Cassion," he clacu resently, my man. I do not lest on lated at length, "but go you must, though I send a file of soldlers with "But my land, monsiem; my niero?" you to the boats. Now leave me, and

We left the room together, the three is for mademoiselle, 'tis that you may of us, and no one spoke, as we travaccompany her I make choice. Stand ersed the great assembly hall, in which back; you have your orders, and now dancers still lingered, and gained the I'll show you good reusen." He stood outer hall. Cassion secured my clock, up and placed his hand on Casslen's and I wrapped it about my shoulders, arm. "Now, my dear Francols, if you for the night air without was already chill, and then, yet in unbroken silence, we passed down the steps into the darkness of the street. I walked beside Chevet, who was growling to himself, scarce sober enough to clearly realize what had occurred, and so we knew then, and recall now, much of followed the commissaire down the

Vaguely I comprehended that I was tual reality in which I was an actor, no longer Adele la Cheanayne, but the But one clear impression dominated wife of that man I followed. A word, my brain-my helplessness to resist a muttered prayer, an uplifted hand, the command of La Barre. His word had made me his slave, his vassal was law in the colony, and from it. Nothing could break the bond between there was no appeal, save to the king, us save death. I might hate, despise, Through swimming mist I saw his revile, but the bond held. This thought face, stern, dark, threatening, and then grew clearer as my mind readjusted glimpsed Cassion approaching me, a itself, and the full horror of the situaback from him, yet arose to my feet, was nothing I could do: I could neither trembling so that I clung to the chair escape nor fight, nor had I a friend to whom I could appeal, Suddenly I "Do not touch me, morestour," I said realized that I still grasped in my skirt. It was my only weapon of de-"What is this, mademolastie? You fense, yet to know I had even that

seemed to bring me a glow of courage. We reached the river's edge and halted. Below us, on the bank, the "No. Monsieur le Governor," I an- blazing fire emitted a red gleam re-

through such representative as I see word for the sergeant; ah! is this you. surroundings, for I was aroused by Cassion's voice shouting some com-

Le Cinire?" "All is prepared, monsieur." He glared at the stocky figure front-

ing him in infantry uniform. "Prepared! You have but three boats at the bank." "The other is below, monsieur; it is

loaded and walts to lead the way." "Ah! and who is in charge?" "Was it not your will that it be the guide-the Sleur d'Artigny?"

"Sacre! but I had forgotten the fellow. Ay! 'tis the best place for him, And are all provisions and arms aboard? You checked them. Le Claire?" "With care, monsieur; I watched the in their work. As we shot forward stowing of each piece; there is noth-

ing forgotten." I found myself in one of the canoes, so filled with men any movement was almost impossible, yet of this I did not complain, for my Uncle Chevet was next to me, and Cassion took sprang down the bank to greet us, hat place at the steering oar in the stern. To be separated from him was all I glance fell before the engerness in his



'Try It, Monsieur, If You Doubt How of surprise. I obey your orders." My Race Repays Insult."

asked. He had won! he had used his power to conquer! Very well, now he would pay the price. He thought me a helpless girl; he would find me a saw their faces, and there must have woman, and a La Chesnayne. The been that in mine to startle them, for | tears left my eyes, and my head lifted,

We were skirting the northern bank, the high bluffs blotting out the stars, with here and there, far up above us, a light gleaming from some distant window, its rays reflecting along the way! now I will have mine. Listen black water. The Indian paddlers worked silently, driving the sharp vernour, and you also, Francois Cas- prow of the heavily laden canoe stendsion. By rite of church you call me lly up stream. Farther out to the left wife, but that is your only claim. I was the dim outline of another boat, keeping pace with ours, the moving nony has senied my lips. I am your figures of the paddlers revealed against the water beyond.

As the sun forced its way through an obscuring cloud, the mist rose may escape that fate, or avoid accomyou dare lay so much as a finger on slowly and drifted aside, giving me glimpse of the canoe in advance, alfurther. I do not love you; I do not know what I say, and mean it. You | though it remained indistinct, a vague speck in the waste of water. I sat doubt how my race repays insult. I motionless, gazing about at the scene, will go with you; I will bear your yet vaguely comprehending the nature name; this the law compels, but I am of our surroundings. My mind reing into mine. still mistress of my soul, and of my viewed the strange events of the past body. You hear me, messleurs? You night, and endeavored to adjust itself. temper, or imagine me blind. I know an instant of time my life had utterly what has so suddenly changed youhanged-I had been married and ex- it is that gay, simpering fool yonder. iled; wedded to a man whom I de-But be careful how far you go. I am spised, and forced to accompany him your husband, and in authority here.' into the unknown wilderness. It was like a dream, a delirium of fever, and My only feeling toward him at that even yet I could not seem to compreand its dread reality. But the speeding canoes, the strange faces, the oceasional sound of Cassion's voice, the slumbering figure of Chevet was evidence of truth not to be ignored, and shead yonder, a mere outline, was the oat which contained D'Artigny, What now with a woman. Your speech, your would be say, or do, when he learned insinuation is insult. I disliked you the truth? Would be care greatly? before; now ! despise you, yet I will Had I read rightly the message of his say this in answer to what you have eyes? Could I have trust, and confiinfimated Monsieur d'Artigny is nothlence in his loyalty? Would be acing to me, save that he hath shown cept my explanation! or would be conemn me for this act in which I was as you wrong me, in thinking othern no wise to blame? Mother of God! wise, and whatever the cause of miscame to me that it was not so much understanding between us, there is no Monsleur Cassion I feared, as the excuse for you to pick quarrel with Sieur d'Artigny. What would be his him." erdict? My heart seemed to stop its eating, and tears dimmed my eyes, as I gazed across the water at that distant canoe, I knew then that all ny courage, all my hope, centered on is decision—the decision of the man

CHAPTER VII.

The Two Man Meet. I could not have slept, although I must have lost consciousness of our

Unlike Its Woodpecker Causin the

Bird Spends Much Time on

it to forsake the trees, and the diet of

and understanding.

housand each.

ping over lawns.

FLICKER IS AN ANT EATER opening big enough to admit the bird and room enough inside for one of its breadth is almost certain to be accepted.

scheme?

Police Deadline. The police "deadline" in New York The flicker is America's most imporcity, the especially guarded section ant ant eater. It has an appetite for which includes the financial district. these little creatures that is almost becovers the territory of Manhattan is United States cientists examined the stomach of land below Fulton street. The origione bird and found more than five nal use of the word "deadline" was to thousand nots. The stomachs of two designate a line drawn around the inothers contained more than three side or outside of a military prison, which no prisoner could cross without incurring the penalty of being imme-It is the only member of the wooddiately shot down. The word was especker family which spends much pecially used in the Civil war of open time on the ground. It may be that air inclosures or prisoners' stockades. its appetite for ants has compelled

Effective Silencing Device.

boring insects which its relatives en-The sound deflector installed by the joy. At any rate, you'll see it quite. often scooting along highways or hopbureau of lighthouses at the Buffalo light station, to lessen the distract-Yes, it is here now, and if its appeing noise spreading from the fog siren tite is normal this year, its family back over the city, is a saucer-shaped probably has consumed several mil- plate of steel, 14 feet in diameter. lions of ants by this time. You'll This shield is given a vibration re know it by its mottled brown and ducing lining of asbestos board on the black body, the red patch on its head face toward the lake. A space of four and the black crescent at its throat. Inches between the steel and asbestos If you need any other identification, is filled with mineral wool, corrosion watch it when it flies, and see the of the steel by the sulphur impurity white patch beneath its tail feathers, of the wool having been guarded Perhaps you would like it to spend against by suitable treatment. This the summer with you. An invitation silencing device has cut off much of in the form of a bird box, with an the undesired sound.

TRUE AT THE LAST

were making landing on the river bank. The sun was two hours high, Wolf-Dog Deserted Master, But and the spot selected a low grass-Still Loved Him. covered point, shaded by trees. Chevet had awakened, sobered by his nap,

mand, and became aware that we

and the advance canoe had already

soldiers it contained busily engaged in

starting fires with which to cook our

I perceived D'Artigny with my first

glauce, standing erect on the bank.

his back toward us, directing the men

ferently, and I marked the sudden

in surprise, although the distance gave

cance came into the shallows he

in hand, his eyes on me. My own

"Ah! Monsieur Cassion." he ex-

claimed, the very sound of his voice

evidencing delight. "You have guests

Cassion stepped over the side and

fronted him, no longer a smiling gal-

lant of the court, but brutal in au-

"And that is that to you, may I

ask, Sieur d'Artigny?" he said coldly

I did not even venture to glance up to

perceive what occurred, although I felt

that D'Artigny's eyes shifted their in-

quiry from Cassion's face to mine.

There must be no quarrel now, not

until he knew the truth, not until I

had opportunity to explain, and yet

he was a firebrand, and it would be

like him to resent such words. How

relieved I felt as his voice made final

"Pardon, Monsieur le Commissaire,

he said, pleasantly enough. "It is

true I forgot my place in this moment

I looked up as he turned away and

disappeared, Cassion stared after him,

smothered an oath, and evidently dis-

appointed at so tame an ending of the

affair, for it was his nature to bluster

and boast. Yet as his lips changed to

a grin, I knew of what the man was

thinking - he had mistaken D'Arti-

gny's actions for cowardice, and felt

with him. He turned to the canoe,

new conception of importance in the

"Come ashore, men; ay! draw the

boat higher on the sand. Now, Mon-

sieur Chevet, assist your niece for-

ward to where I can help her to land

"It is not necessary, monsieur." I

replied, avoiding his hand and leap-

ing lightly to the firm sand. "You have

me as your wife. I know not how I

panying you. So far I submit, but no

even feel friendship toward you. Let

He grasped my azm, turning me

about until I faced him, his eyes glar-

"Not until I speak," he replied

treateningly. "Do not mistake my

I released my arm, but did not move

moment was one of disgust, defiance.

The threat in his eyes, the cool inso

lence of his speech, set my blood on

"Monsieur," I said coldly, although

every nerve of my body throbbed,

"you may know girls, but you deal

himself friend. You wrong him, even

Will the Jesuit, Uncle Che-

vet and D'Artigny counterplot

against Cassion and his iniqui-

tous fellows to free Adele-pro-

vided she has the opportunity

to tell them what she has

learned before it is too late to

thwart Governor La Barre's

(TO BE CONTINUED)

with dry feet-permit me, Adele."

sharp tone of his voice,

me pass,"

sured now of how he would deal

on the journey; 'tis unexpected.'

face, and I turned away,

thority.

served."

morning meal.

been drawn up on the shore, the few

Answered "Call of His Fathers," Though He Proved Loyal When Loyalty Meant Death by the Fangs of His Pack.

He had been called Wolf since puppyhood. He stood nearly forty inches with a small ragged, rail-like body, and toward the landing be turned indifunusually long legs that ended in great, soft, padlike feet. Jack Stern, Steve straightening of his body, as though Wormell's partner, used to say that the dog could not turn round in their me no clear vision of his face. As our "two-by four" cabin without knocking over the table and chairs and seriously endangering the stove and other furni One evening, as Steve and Jack sat

playing a game of cribbage in their ranger cabin, a wolf howled lugubriously from the mountain side. After a noment came the answer; then another caught up the call, and another. until the lonesome wail echoed from mountain top to mountain top.

Suddenly there came a howl, nearer and more deep-throated.

Stern opened the door. "Come here, Steve!" he said, and

contemptuous. "You are but our guide, the ranger stepped to his side, and it is no concern of yours who On a small, treeless mound, not far may compose the company, 'Twill be from the cabin, sat Wolf. He was well for you to remember your place, squatting on his haunches, with his and attend to your duties. Go, now, nose pointed toward the sky, while and see that the men have breakfast from his throat came a cry quite un-There was a moment of silence, and

like his usual howl. "It's the call of his fathers, Steve," said Jack, "Some day you'll have no dog; he'll be gone with the pack."

Steve laughed at the idea. He had brought Wolf, an awkward, bench-legged puppy, out to the ranger cabin in a sack; the dog had always been faithful and contented with his lot.

But one morning in the spring Wolf was missing.

At first Sieve clung to the hope that Wolf would return when the "running" season was over. He had heard of dogs doing that. But spring merged into summer, and summer into fall, yet the dog did not come back.

Then they begun to hear that Wolf

had been seen running at the head of a small band of wolves, although they never found a man who had actually seen him. About Christians time, when the snow was deeper than for many win-

ters past, prowling bands of wolves be

gan to come down near the camp. One day Steve found that a large bull elk had been killed within a mile of camp. Signs of the struggle were to be seen for a hundred yards round. Near the scattered bones of the elk were the disembowled remains of two wolves. A little farther along a young low elk had fallen beneath the fangs of the mountain bandits. And at each kill Steve found a large track, twice the size of that made by a comme forced me into marriage; the law holds

When the snow had crusted so that would bear up the weight of a man, Steve threw his rifle neross his arm and walked over to the breaks of the Grande Ronde. He was nearing the broken lands when the sound of a running pack came to his ears. A moment later a small band of wolves, perhaps fifteen in number, burst from the timber, running toward him. And at their end ran Wolf.

The ranger forgot his danger. He

ried. "Wolf, don't you know me?" The sound of his voice brought the great dog to a standstill, and the pack stopped with him. Nose in the air, sides aquiver, he stood a moment; then, with a low bay of recognition, he sprang toward his one-time master.

The pack, evidently mistaking their ender's intention, likewise rushed at Steve. And the next instant, with his gun clubbed, he was in the midst of a snarling, snapping mass of famine-

razed wolves. When Jack arrived on the scene he found Steve sitting in the snow, with the sluggy head of Wolf pillowed in his lap. Around him, with their mangy pelts torn and bloody, lay half a dozen dend wolves,

The ranger's clothing was torn to shreds and one arm and leg were a mass of cuts and gashes; but there were tears in his eyes.

"He fought for me, Jack," he said, pressing the stiffening lids over the glazed eyes of the dead bound. "He gave his life for me. How he fought! And against his own blood, too. Youder lies one of his own pups, Why shouldn't I love him?"--Youth's Com-

Pockets.

The Amiable Imbecile who is always springing something on the unwary has a new one. He rushes up to you and cackles: "How many pockets you got? Answer quick." You answer, "six," or "seventeen," according to your conservative or radical impulses. The Amiable Imbecile grins broadly and tells you to "count 'em." count them and find that you have missed it by anywhere from two to ten, if you are wearing a three-piece suit. The Amiable Imbeclle says he knew you couldn't tell how many pockets you had, and goes away and tries it on someone else. The mind of man does not seem equal to the task of computing man's pockets on short notice. He is stampeded by an abrupt inquiry on the subject and makes the most outlandish estimates. A woman is different-a married woman, anyway. If you really want to know how many pockets a man has, don't bother with him. Ask his wife.

What, Indeed!

It was a very serious conversation that was overheard by a number of passengers of a street car the other night. Two young girls of the "giddy" type were conversing about the possi bilities of the United States getting into trouble with Mexico.

"Well, I certainly would hate to see all the American soldiers go down into Mexico," one girl said.

"Why?" her companion inquired. "Because, while the soldiers were down in Mexico what would prevent the Europeans from coming over here and getting us girls?"-Columbus (O.)



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TALES LIKED BY STRATHCONA

Great Scotchman Highly Pleased by Anecdotes That Dealt With the Country of His Birth.

Lord Strathcona was fond of stories of his Scottish countrymen . One that pleased him highly I have heard often repeat, says Mr. Beckles Willson, in The Life of Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal."

A Scot was once boasting that Scotch apples were far better than the Canadian variety.

"Really!" exclaimed his friend, "you can't mean that !"

"I do mean it," was the response "but I must premeese that for my aln taste I prefer them soor and hard." One story told of his native town delighted him, although he professed incredulity. The superintendent of the Forres Sabbath school had prepared a list of questions for the junfor class: Name the strongest man; the wisest man; the meekest man. Only one child, a cynical little elf she was, answered correctly: Samson, Solomon Moses. All the others wrote or printed opposite the queries the name of the hero of their hearts-Lord Strathcona. There might be stronger and wiser and meeker men, but the junior class was not "acquainted wi" 'em."-Youth's Companion.

His Inheritance. Askitt-Did young Dodge inherit anything from his father? Noitt-Yes, I believe he inherited the old man's desire to avoid work,

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embodies the full, rich nutriment of whole wheat combined with malted barley. This combination gives it a distinctive, delicious flavor unknown to foods made from wheat

Only selected grain is used in making Grape-Nuts and through skillful processing it comes from the package fresh, crisp, untouched by hand, and ready to eat.

Through long baking. the energy producing starches of the grain are made wonderfully easy of digestion.

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