

# Beyond the Frontier

## By RANDALL PARRISH

### A Romance of Early Days in the Middle West

Author of "Keith of the Border," "My Lady of Doubt," "The Maid of the Forest," etc.



#### SYNOPSIS.

Adèle is Chosenay, a belle of New France, is among conspirators at her uncle's house. Cassion, the commissaire, has enlisted her to help him in his fight against La Salle. D'Artigny, La Salle's friend, offers his services as guide to Cassion's party on the journey to the wilderness. The uncle informs Adèle that he has betrothed her to Cassion and forbids her to see D'Artigny again. In Quebec Adèle visits her friend, Sister Celeste, who brings D'Artigny to her. She tells him her story and he vows to rescue her from the hands of Cassion. D'Artigny leaves promising to see her at the hall. Cassion escorts Adèle to the hall by the window. Adèle informs him of the governor's words to Cassion. For her kidnapping at the hall Adèle is ordered by the governor to marry Cassion at once and to accompany him to the Illinois country. He summons Chevet and directs that he attend them on the journey. They leave in the boats. Adèle's future depends on the decision of D'Artigny whom she now knows she loves. Cassion and D'Artigny have words. Uncle Chevet for the first time hears that his niece is an heiress, and he tries to seduce Cassion's motive. Adèle refuses to permit her husband to share her sleeping quarters. Chevet agrees to help her. She tells her story to D'Artigny, but he declines to give her active aid against her husband.

Bad luck frequently comes in bunches. Adèle has been buffeted by fate for months, nay for several years. In this fight against Commissaire Cassion she needs direly every aid she can muster, yet one after another her sources of help fall away. This is a thrilling installment, which describes how she receives two serious shocks. One of them blackens her love affair. The other frightens her.

Cassion finds his wife alone on the hill and discovers a man's footprints. He accuses her angrily.

#### CHAPTER XI—Continued.

"The print is fresh, not ancient, and some of the men from my camp have come this way."

He strode forward across the narrow open space and disappeared into the fringe of trees bordering the edge of the bluff. It would have been easy for me to depart, to escape to the security of the tent below, but curiosity held me motionless. I knew what he would discover, and preferred to face the consequences where I was free to answer him face to face. I wished him to be suspicious, to feel that he had a rival; I would fan his jealousy to the very danger point. Nor had I long to wait. Forth from the shade of the trees he burst and came toward me, his face white, his eyes blazing.

"The fellow I thought," he burst forth, "and he went down the face of the bluff yonder. So you dared to have a word with him?"

"With whom, monsieur?"

"D'Artigny, the young fool! Do you think me blind? Did I not know you were together in Quebec? What are you laughing at?"

"I was not laughing, monsieur. Your ridiculous charge does not amuse me. I am a woman you insult me! I am your wife; you charge me with indiscretion. If you think to win me with such cowardly insinuations you know little of my nature. I will not talk with you, nor discuss the matter. I return to the camp."

His hands clinched as though he had the throat of an enemy between them, but angry as he was, some vague doubt restrained him.

"Mon dieu! I'll fight the dog!"

"D'Artigny, you mean? 'Tis his trade, I hear, and he is good at it."

"Bah! a hanger of the woods. I doubt if he ever crossed blades with a swordsman. But mark you this, madame, the lad feels my steel if ever you so much as speak to him again."

There was contempt in my eyes, nor did I strive to disguise it.

"Am I your wife, monsieur, or your slave?"

"My wife, and I know how to hold you! Mon dieu! but you shall learn that lesson. I was a fool to ever give the best place in the boats. La Harre warned me that he would make trouble. Now I tell you what will occur if you play false with me."

"You may spare your threats—they weigh nothing. The Sieur d'Artigny is my friend, and I shall address him when it pleases me. With whatever quarrel may arise between you I have no interest. Let that suffice, and now I bid you good night, monsieur."

He made no effort to halt me, nor to follow, and I made my way down the darkening path, without so much as turning my head to observe his movements. It was almost like a play to me, and I was reckless of the consequences, intent only on my purpose.

In the early dawn we broke camp as usual, except that chosen boatsmen guided the emptied canoes through the rapids, while the others of the party made portage along the rough shore. In the smooth water above we all embarked again, and won slow way against the current. The advance company had departed before our arrival, nor did I again obtain glimpse of D'Artigny for many days.

I would not say that Cassion purposely kept us apart, for the arrangement might have been the same had I not been of the party, yet the only communication between the two divisions occurred when some messenger brought back warning of dangerous water ahead. Usually this messenger was an Indian, but once D'Artigny himself came and guided our canoes through a torrent of white, raging wa-

ter, amid a maze of murderous rocks. During these days and weeks Cassion treated me with consideration and outward respect. Not that he failed to talk freely, and to boast of his exploits and adventures, yet he refrained from laying hand on me, nor did he once refer to the incident of the bluff.

Nor was the journey lacking in interest or adventure. Never shall I forget the charm of those days and nights, amid which we made slow and toilsome passage through the desolate wilderness, ever gaining new leagues to the westward. Only twice in weeks did we encounter human beings—once a camp of Indians on the shore of a lake, and once a Capuchin monk, alone but for a single voyageur as companion, passed us upon the river. And when, at last, we made the long portage, tramping through the dark forest aisles, bearing on our shoulders heavy loads, scarcely able to see the sun even at midday through the leafy screen of leaves, and came forth at twilight on the shores of the mighty lake, no words can express the raptures with which I stood and gazed across that expanse of heaving, rested water. The men launched their canoes upon the surface and made camp in the edge of the forest, but I could not move, could not restrain my eyes, until darkness descended and left all before me a void.

It was scarcely more than daybreak when we broke camp and headed our canoes out into the lake. With the dawn, and the glint of sunlight over the waters, much of my dread departed, and I could appreciate the wild song of delight with which our Indian paddlers bent to their work. The sharp-pointed canoes swept through the waters swiftly, no longer battling against a current, and the shore line ever in view was fascinating in its green foliage. We kept close to the northern shore, and soon found passage amid numerous islands, forest covered, but with high, rocky outlines.

For four days we coasted thus, never out of sight of shore, and usually with islands between us and the main body of water. In all that time we had no sign of man—not even a wisp of smoke, nor heard the crack of distant rifle. About us extended loneliness and desolation, great waters never still, vast forests grim and somber, tall, menacing rocks, bright-colored in the sun.

As last we left the chain of islands behind, and one morning struck out from the shore into the waste of waters, the prows of the canoes turned westward, the steersmen guiding our course by the sun. For several hours we were beyond view of land, with naught to rest the eye upon save the gray sea, and then, when it was nearly night, we reached the shore and beached our canoes at St. Ignace.

So much had been said of St. Ignace, and so long had the name been familiar throughout New France, that my first view of the place brought me bitter disappointment.

The miserable little village was upon a point of land, originally covered with heavy growth of forest. A bit of this had been rudely cut, the rotting stumps still standing, and from the timber a dozen rough log houses had been constructed facing the lake. A few rods back, on slightly higher land, was a log chapel and a house, somewhat more pretentious than the others, in which the priests lodged. The whole aspect of the place was peculiarly desolate and depressing, facing that vast waste of water, the black forest shadows behind, and those rotting stumps in the foreground.

Nor was our welcome one to make the heart rejoice. Scarce a dozen persons gathered at the beach to aid us in making landing, rough engages mostly, and not among them all a face familiar. It was only later, when two priests from the mission came hurrying forward, that we were greeted by cordial speech. These invited a few of us to become guests at the mission house, and assigned the remainder of our party to vacant tents.

Cassion, Chevet and Pere Alouez accompanied me as I walked beside a young priest up the beaten path, but D'Artigny was left behind with the men. I overheard Cassion order him to remain, but he added some word in lower voice, which brought a flush of anger into the younger man's face, although he merely turned on his heel without reply.

We remained at St. Ignace three days, busily engaged in repairing our canoes and rendering them fit for the long voyage yet before us. From this point we were to venture on treacherous waters, as yet scarcely explored, the shores inhabited by savage, unknown tribes, with not a white man in all the long distance from Green Bay to the Chicago portage. Once I got out the map and traced the distance, feeling sick at heart as I thus realized more clearly the weary journey.

These were dull, lonely days I passed in the desolate mission house, while the others were busy at their various tasks. Only at night time, or as they straggled in to their meals, did I see anyone but Pere Alouez, who was always close at hand, a silent shadow from whose presence I could not escape. I visited the priest's garden, climbed the rocks overlooking the water and even ventured into the dark forest, but he was ever beside me, snave but insistent on doing his master's will. The only glimpse I had of D'Artigny was at a distance, for

not once did he approach the mission house. So I was glad enough when the canoes were ready, and all preparations made for departure.

Yet we were not destined to escape thus easily from St. Ignace. Of what occurred I must write as it happened to me then, and not as its full significance became later clear to my understanding. It was after nightfall when Cassion returned to the mission house.

The lights were burning on the table, and the three priests were rather impatiently waiting their evening meal, occasionally exchanging brief sentences, or peering toward the open window toward the dark water.

Cassion came in alone, yet I observed nothing strange about his appearance, except that he failed to greet me with the usual attempt at gallantry, although his sharp eyes swept our faces as he closed the door, and stared about as he roomed.

"What! not eaten yet?" he exclaimed. "I anticipated my fate to be a lonely meal, for the rascals worked like snails, and I would not leave them rest until all was finished. Faith, the odor is appetizing, and I am hungry as a bear."

The younger priest wiped his hand to the servant yet asked softly: "Monsieur Chevet—he is delayed also?"

"He will sup with his men tonight," returned Cassion shortly, seating himself on the bench. "The sergeant keeps guard of the canoes, and Chevet will be useful with those off duty."

The man ate as though nearly famished, his ready tongue unusually silent, and at the conclusion of the meal, appeared so fatigued that I made early excuse to withdraw so he might rest in comfort, climbing the ladder in one corner to my own bed beneath the eaves. This apartment, whose only advantage was privacy, was no more than a narrow space between the sloping rafters of the roof, unfurnished, but with a small window in the end, closed by a wooden shutter. A partition of axe-hewn planks divided this little into two compartments, thus composing the priests' sleeping chambers. While I was there they both occupied the one to the south, Cassion, Chevet and Pere Alouez resting in the main room below.

As I lowered the trap in the floor, shutting out the murmur of voices, I was conscious of no desire to sleep, my mind busily occupied with possibilities of the morrow. I opened the window and seated myself on the floor gazing out at the night. Below extended the priests' garden, and beyond the dark gloom of forest depths, the way of egress was easy—a mere step to the flat roof of the kitchen, the dovetailed logs of which afforded a ladder to the ground. I had no object in such adventure, but a restless impulse urged me, and, almost before I realized my action, I was upon the ground. Avoiding the gleam of light which streamed from the open window of the room below, I crossed the garden and reached the path leading downward to the shore. From this point I could perceive the wide sweep of water, showing silvery in the dim moonlight, and detect the darker rim of the land. There was fire on the point below the huts, and its red glare afforded glimpses of the canoes—mere blurred outlines—and occasionally the figure of a man, only recognizable as he moved.

I was still staring at this dim picture when some noise, other than the wind, startled me and I drew silently back behind a great stump to avoid discovery. My thought was that someone had left the mission house—Cassion perhaps with final orders to those on the beach—but a moment later I realized my mistake, yet only crouched lower in the shadow—a man was advancing from the black concealment of the woods and crossing the open space.

He moved cautiously, yet boldly enough, and his movements were not those of an Indian, although the low bushes between us and the house shadow, prevented my distinguishing more than his mere outline. It was only when he lifted his head into the gleam of light, and took hasty survey through the window of the scene within, that I recognized the face of D'Artigny. He lingered scarcely a moment, evidently satisfied with what he saw, and then drew silently back, hesitating a brief space, as though debating his next movement.

I waited breathless, wondering what his purpose could be, half inclined to intercept and question him. Was he seeking to serve my cause? to learn the truth of my relationship with Cassion? or did he have some other object, some personal feud in which he sought revenge? The first thought sent the warm blood leaping through my veins; the second left me shivering as if with sudden chill.

Even as I stood, hesitating, uncertain, he turned and retraced his steps along the same path of his approach, passing me not ten steps away and vanishing into the wood. I thought

he paused at the edge and bent down, yet before I found voice or determination to stop him, he had disappeared. My courage returned, spurred by curiosity. Why should he take so roundabout a way to reach the shore? What was that black, shapeless thing he had paused to examine? I could see something there, dark and motionless, though to my eyes no more than a shadow.

I ventured toward it, creeping behind the bushes bordering the path, conscious of an odd fear as I drew closer. Yet it was not until I emerged from the fringe of shrubbery that even the faintest conception of what the object was I saw occurred to me. Then I stopped, frozen by horror, for I confronted a dead body.

For an instant I could not utter a sound or move a muscle of my body. My hands clung convulsively to a nearby branch, thus supporting me erect in spite of trembling limbs and black and almost shapeless in the moonlight. Only part of the trunk was revealed, the lower portion concealed by bushes, yet I could no longer doubt it was a man's body—a large, heavily built man, his hat still crushed on his head, but with face turned away.

What courage overcame my horror and urged me forward I cannot tell; I seemed impelled by some power not my own, a vague fear of recognition tugging at my heart. I crept nearer, almost inch by inch, trembling at every noise, dreading to discover the truth. At last I could perceive the ghastly features—the dead man was Hugo Chevet.

I nerved myself to the effort, and turned the body sufficiently to enable me to discover the wound—he had been pierced by a knife from behind; had fallen, no doubt, without uttering a cry, dead ere he struck the ground. Then it was murder, foul murder, a blow in the back. Why had the deed been done? What spirit of revenge, of hatred, of fear, could have led to such an act? I got again to my feet, staring about through the weird moonlight, every nerve throbbing, as I thought to grip the fact and find its cause. Slowly I drew back, shrinking in growing terror from the corpse, until I was safely in the priest's garden. There I paused irresolute, my dazed, benumbed brain beginning to grasp the situation and assert itself.

where the body lay, he thrust him through the door. I lingered behind shrinking from being again compelled to view the sight of the dead man, yet unable to keep entirely away. Cassion stopped, looking down at the object on the grass, but made no effort to touch it with his hands. The soldier bent and rolled the body over, and one of the priests felt in the pockets of the jacket, bringing forth a paper or two. Cassion took these, gripping them in his fingers, his face appearing gray in the early light.

"Mon dieu! the man has been murdered," he exclaimed, "a dastard blow in the back. Look about and see if you find a knife. Had he quarrel with anyone, Moulin?"

The soldier straightened up.

"No, monsieur; I heard of none, though he was often rough and harsh of tongue to the men. Ah! now I remember."

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#### CHAPTER XII.

##### The Murder of Chevet

Who had killed him? What should I do? These were the two questions haunting my mind, and becoming more and more insistent. The light still burned in the mission house, and I could picture the scene within—the three priests reading, or talking softly to each other, and Cassion asleep on his bench in the corner, wearied with the day.

I could not understand, could not imagine a cause, and yet the assassin must have been D'Artigny. How else could I account for his presence there in the night, his efforts at concealment, his heading over the dead body, and then hurrying away without sounding an alarm. The evidence against the man seemed conclusive, and yet I would not condemn. There might be other reasons for his silence, for his secret presence, and if I pushed into the house, proclaiming my discovery and confessing what I had seen, he would be left without defense.

##### Flat Feet and Patriotism

It is not lack of patriotism that makes Uncle Sam's task of recruiting a big army a difficult task. It is flat feet and weak hearts, says the New York Globe. Despite prosperity there are thousands of young men who, under the stimulus of preparedness campaigns, have been and are offering their services to the country, but few are accepted.

The preparedness parade is having its effect. Thousands of inquiries have come into the recruiting stations by mail, telephone and by applicants in person. If only flat-footedness and weak hearts could be eliminated, there would be no difficulty in getting all the men necessary. The flat-footedness is due in a large respect to the carelessness of most men in selecting proper shoes. The poor heart showing is due in a large measure, the recruiting officers say, to the increased number of cigarette smokers.

As an instance of the severity of the physical examination, the report of Capt. Frank E. Evans, recruiting officer for the marine corps, may be cited. Captain Evans has six recruiting stations—five in New York and one in Newark. During the first eleven days of May there were 149 applicants for enlistment, and of this number there was not a single man who qualified. The majority of these men were rejected for poor hearts. Among the others were many suffering from flat-footedness.

Elephant Labyrinth. Near Ayutthia, formerly the capital of Siam, is a curious labyrinth in which elephants are captured alive. The labyrinth is formed by a double row of immense tree trunks set firmly in the ground, the space between them gradually narrowing. Where it begins at the edge of the forest the opening of the labyrinth is more than a mile broad, but as it approaches Ayutthia it becomes so narrow that the elephants cannot turn around. Tame elephants are employed to lure wild ones into the trap. Having reached the inner end of the labyrinth, the tame elephants are allowed to pass through a gate, while men lying in wait slip shackles over the feet of the captives.

The Needful. "What's the use of all of these hereologies and folderols?" demanded the old man as he looked over the list of subjects his son had been studying at college. "Why don't they learn you something useful—something you can make money out of?"

"Money isn't the only thing in the world, father," said the young man reprovingly.

"Mebbe it ain't, son. Mebbe it ain't. But I notice it's the only thing you ever asked for in the letters you wrote to me and your ma while you was in college."

He had words with Sieur d'Artigny on the beach at dusk. I know not the cause, yet the younger man left him angrily and passed by where I stood, with his hands clinched.

"D'Artigny, hey!" Cassion's voice had a ring of pleasure in it. "Ay! he is a hothead. Know you where the young cock is now?"

"He, with the chief, left an hour ago. Was it not your order, monsieur?"

Cassion made a swift gesture, but what it might signify I could not determine, as his face was turned away. A moment there was silence, as he shaded his eyes and peered out across the water.



"He is Dead—the Big Man," He Stammered.

It certainly looks bad for D'Artigny. Do you believe that he has murdered Chevet in a fit of temper? Is there a possibility that Cassion knows more of the tragedy than his manner indicates?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

carelessness in buying shoes unfit for many Americans for service in the Army.

Electric Wheel Chairs. Electric wheel chairs similar to those employed at the Panama-Pacific International exposition last year are being used successfully in Europe for the wounded and crippled soldiers. Invariably the convalescent men prefer to direct their own chair rather than to have someone push them about. One of these chairs, which is of Swiss make and costs a small sum, is equipped with a one-quarter horse power motor suspended between the steering and rear wheel. Current is supplied from a battery of 15 lead plate cells housed in three boxes beneath the seat. The battery is of 50 ampere hours capacity and provides sufficient energy for a run of thirty to forty miles. Five forward and five reverse speeds are provided. The steering and operating mechanism is of the very simplest.

Indeed It Does. "Telephones are great time savers, aren't they?"

"Well, that depends upon who calls you up."

Stored Up Energy. Grape-Nuts food stands preeminent as a builder of this kind of energy. It is made of the entire nutriment of whole wheat and barley, two of the richest sources of food strength.

Grape-Nuts also includes the vital mineral elements of the grain, so much emphasized in these days of investigation of real food values.

Crisp, ready to eat, easy to digest, wonderfully nourishing and delicious.

"There's a Reason" for Grape-Nuts

Christ is the general manager of God and man and the earth.

### OPEN AIR WORK

By REV. HOWARD W. POPE  
Moody Bible Institute,  
Chicago

TEXT—Go ye... preach the Gospel to every creature.—Mark 16:15.

With the coming of summer church audiences begin to dwindle, and streets and parks begin to swarm with people. Nature spreads her carpet of green, and the air is soft and balmy. The birds sing, the flowers bloom and everything seems to say: "Come out and enjoy life with us. Why should we try to resist this pleading and insist on holding all our religious services indoors simply because we always have done it?"

Many a church would double its audience by holding an occasional service out of doors, under the trees or in some adjacent park. If chairs can be provided, so much the better. If not, let the people sit on the grass as they did when Jesus preached. If the church has no convenient place for outdoor meetings, hold an open air service on the porch before the evening meeting. Have plenty of good singing with two or three-minute addresses sandwiched between, and in a little while the children will gather, the passers will stop, the carriages will drive up and you will have a large company of people, many of whom would never think of entering a church. If you have never tried it, begin this season.

Every church ought to have a band of open air workers to hold meetings regularly all summer, at such points as may seem most strategic. Some churches gain from fifty to a hundred new members each year by their open air work in the summer. And even if they did not add a single convert, they would be well repaid for the effort in the benefit obtained by the workers. Then too it affords an outlet for the zeal and faith and energy of the church. It puts new life into every department of work. The church begins to respect itself, for it is now working on the aggressive as it should, and is no longer content to simply hold its own. The outside world will soon recognize the difference too, and esteem it more highly.

Open-air workers should be carefully trained, for no work requires more tact, and wisdom, and holy boldness. All kinds of talent can be used and that is another advantage. Those who cannot speak can sing, or pray silently, or give out Gospel cards, or do personal work, or keep the children quiet. The following suggestions are taken from a book written by a very dear friend of mine, Henry B. Gibbud. The book is called, "Under the Blue Canopy of Heaven," and can be had for 50 cents of Mrs. H. B. Gibbud, Springfield, Mass.

"Permit.—In towns and cities it is necessary to obtain a permit for street services. Have someone of influence apply for the permit. A politician is better for this work than a preacher.

"Place of meeting.—Go where the people are. It may be a noisy place, but you have the people. If you want quiet, go to the cemetery.

"Select a place where you have a building at your back. It will act as a sounding board, throwing out the voice. If possible arrange the meeting so that you may also have a building in front of you. It is very hard to speak in the open air, and a building in front of you to throw the voice back will make it much easier.

"Talk with the wind always and never against it.

"Select a place where the audience will be comfortable. Give them the shade even if you have to stand in the sun.

"Have bright, new, catchy songs. The audience as a rule do not join in the singing, so that there is less need of familiar hymns.

"Speakers.—Let them stand on a chair, or box or platform. Then your voice sounds out and over the crowd. All can see you, and you can see them. If any disturbance occurs, such as dog fight, always give out a hymn. The song will put a new thought into the dog's mind and often break up the fight.

"Never ask questions of the crowd; you will get more than you bargained for. Do not stop to answer questions put by the crowd, but courteously say that you will be glad to talk with the questioner after the service.

"Preach the Word.—This old world is hungry for the plain Gospel made fresh and vivid by actual experience. Use plenty of illustrations but see that you have something to illustrate. Nothing grips an audience or holds attention like the simple Gospel story told out of a warm heart.

"Do not have the Bible in sight, nor generally read from it for the following reason; Catholics will be prejudiced at once, and will not come up. We quote from it and refer to it but do not keep it in sight.

"Call for decision at the close of the service, or invite into a church if another service is to follow. Let each worker select someone for personal effort when the meeting closes."

By offering to give away Gospel cards or "Little Preachers" at the close of the service you can often hold the entire crowd to the very end. Show them the cards and read some of the titles, such as "The Workingman's Trust, Are you in it?" "The Three Cheers of Jesus," "Four Things Which One Ought to Know," "The Unanswerable Question," "Coffin Nails," "Morbus Sabbaticus, or Sunday Sickness," "Get Right With God," "God Wants the Boys," "Only Three Steps Into the Christian Life."

Christ is the general manager of God and man and the earth.

### Housework Is a Burden

It's hard enough to keep house if in perfect health, but a woman who is weak, tired and suffering from an aching back has a heavy burden.

Any woman in this condition has good cause to suspect kidney trouble, especially if the kidney action seems disordered.

Doan's Kidney Pills have cured thousands of suffering women. It's the best recommended special kidney remedy.

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Mrs. Campbell, nurse, 228 R. 12th St., Philadelphia, Pa., says: "For five years I had kidney disease. I couldn't rest well and my health got so poor I could hardly do my housework. I doctor and tried every medicine I knew of, without success until I took Doan's Kidney Pills. They cured me and it has been a long time since I have had any further kidney trouble."

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### DROPPING OF MIDDLE NAMES

A Two-Ply Title Found to Be More Convenient Socially, Morally and Financially.

This is the day of the two-cylinder name, which fact has been proved by cognomen connoisseurs who have looked over every name at Harvard and inspected the persons to whom the names belong. They learned that some extremely nice persons have no middle names at all, and seem to get on rather well without them.

It is assumed that the ever-growing trend toward efficiency is to be blamed for the dropping of oversized names, for it has long been understood that a person with a two-ply title need not be especially embarrassed about it. In the course of a wealthy man's life it means the writing of about 10,000,000 useless words if he uses his middle name on checks and indorsements, and these things have got to be considered.

The Porcelain club at Harvard, the most exclusive organization of its kind in the country, proves this year the falling value of middle names. There are fifteen members this year, and but five of them are burdened with excessive nomenclature.

Of course, George Washington and Abraham Lincoln had no middle names, but this evidence is considered as nothing at Harvard compared with the fact that Theodore Roosevelt hasn't. That one fact is almost enough to wreck the complicated title system at the university.

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