

North of Fifty-Three

by **Bertrand W. Sinclair**

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HAZEL GETS HER FREEDOM AND THEN FINDS THAT SHE DOES NOT WANT IT.

Synopsis.—Miss Hazel Weir, a stenographer, living at Granville, Ontario, is placed under a cloud by circumstances for which she is entirely blameless. To escape from the groundless gossip that pursues her, she secures a position as schoolteacher at Cariboo Meadows, in a wild part of British Columbia. There, at a boarding house, she first sees "Roaring Bill" Wagstaff, a well-known character of that country. Soon after her arrival Hazel loses her way while walking in the woods. She wanders until night when she reaches "Roaring Bill's" camp fire in the woods. He promises to take her home in the morning, but she is compelled to spend the night in the woods. After wandering in the woods all the next day, "Roaring Bill" finally admits that he is taking Hazel to his cabin in the mountains. Hazel finds upon their arrival at the cabin that she cannot hope to escape from the wilderness before spring. During the long winter "Roaring Bill" treats Hazel with the greatest respect. He tells her he loved her and tries to induce her to marry him, but she refuses. In the spring he takes her to Bella Coola, where she can get a boat to Vancouver.

CHAPTER VIII.—Continued.

Hazel went out to the rail. Bill Wagstaff had disappeared, but presently she caught sight of him standing on the shore end of the wharf, his hands thrust deep in his coat pockets, staring after the steamer. Hazel waved the envelope that she still held in her hand. Now that she was independent of him, she felt magnanimous, forgiving—and suddenly very much alone, as if she had dropped back into the old, depressing Granville atmosphere. But he gave no answering sign save that he turned on the instant and went up the hill to where his horses stood tied among the huddled buildings. And within twenty minutes the Stanley D. turned a jutting point, and Bella Coola was lost to view.

Hazel went back into her stateroom and sat down on the berth. Presently she opened the envelope. There was a thick fold of bills, her ticket, and both were wrapped in a sheet of paper penciled with dots and crooked lines. She laid it aside and counted the money.

"Heavens!" she whispered. "I wish he hadn't given me so much. I didn't need all that."

For Roaring Bill had tucked a dozen one-hundred-dollar notes in the envelope. And, curiously enough, she was not offended, only wishing that he had been less generous. Then she took up the map, recognizing it as the sheet of paper Bill had worked over so long their last night at the cabin.

It made the North more clear—a great deal more clear—to her, for he had marked Cariboo Meadows, the location of his cabin, and Bella Coola, and drawn dotted lines to indicate the way he had taken her in and brought her out.

She put away the money and the map, and bestowed a brief scrutiny upon herself in the cabin mirror. Six months in the wild had given her a ruddy color, the glow of perfect physical condition. But her garments were tattered and sadly out of date. The wardrobe of the steamer-trunk lady had suffered in the winter's wear. She was barely presentable in the outing suit of corduroy.

The Stanley D., upon the evening of the third day, turned into Barnard Inlet and swept across a harbor speckled with shipping from all the Seven Seas to her berth at the dock.

So Hazel came again to a city—a city that roared and belched all its manifold noises in her ears, long grown accustomed to a vast and brooding silence. Mindful of Bill's parting word, she took a hack to the Lady-Smith. And even though the hotel was removed from the business heart of the city, the rattle of the city's herculean labors reached her far into the night. At last she fell asleep, and dawn of a clear spring day awakened her.

She ate her breakfast, and set forth on a shopping tour. To such advantage did she put two of the hundred-dollar bills that by noon she was arrayed in a semi-tailored suit of gray, spring hat, shoes and gloves to match. She felt once more at ease, less conscious that people stared at her frayed and curious habiliments. With a complete outfit of lingerie purchased, and a trunk in which to store it forwarded to her hotel, her immediate activity was at an end, and she had time to think of her next move.

And, brought face to face with that, she found herself at something of a loss. She had no desire to go back to Cariboo Meadows, even to get what few personal treasures she had left behind. Cariboo Meadows was wiped off the slate as far as she was concerned. Nevertheless, she must make her way. Somehow she must find a means to return the unused portion of the—her—enormous sum. Roaring Bill had placed in her hands. She must make her own living. The question that troubled her was: How, and where? She had her trade at her finger ends, and the storied office buildings of Vancouver assured her that any efficient stenographer could find work. But she looked up, as she walked the streets at the high, ugly walls of brick and steel and stone, and her heart misgave her.

At nightfall she went up to her room and threw herself wearily on the bed. She was tired, body and spirit, and, lonely. Her brief experience in Cariboo Meadows had not led her to look kindly on teaching as a means of livelihood. And stenographers seemed to be in demand. Wherefore, she reasoned that wages would be high. With the list in her purse, she went down on Hastings—which runs like a huge artery through the heart of the city, with lesser streets crossing and diverging.

But she made no application for employment. For on the corner of Hastings and Seymour, as she crossed the street, someone caught her by the arm and cried:

"Well, forevermore, if it isn't Hazel Weir!"

And she turned to find herself facing Lorraine Marsh—a Granville school chum—and Lorraine's mother. Back of them, with wide and startled eyes, loomed Jack Barrow.

He pressed forward while the two women overwhelmed Hazel with a flood of exclamations and questions, and extended his hand. Hazel accepted the overture. She had long since gotten over her resentment against him. She was furthermore amazed to find that she could meet his eye and take his hand without a single flutter of her pulse. It seemed strange, but she was glad of it.

They stood a few minutes on the corner; then Mrs. Marsh proposed that they go to the hotel, where they could talk at their leisure and in comfort. Lorraine and her mother took the lead. Barrow naturally fell into step with Hazel.

"I've been wearing sackcloth and ashes, Hazel," he said humbly. "Shortly after you left, somebody on one of the papers ferreted out the truth of that Bush affair, and the vindictive old hound's reasons for that compromising legacy were set forth. Bush appears to have kept a diary—and kept it posted up to the day of his death—poured out all his feelings on paper, and repeatedly asserted that he would win you or ruin you. And it seems that that night, after you refused to come to his lawyer and made that codicil—and spent the rest of the time till he died gloating over the chances of it being smothering your character."

"I've grown rather indifferent about it," Hazel replied impersonally. "But he succeeded rather easily. Even you, who should have known me better, were ready to believe the very worst."

"I've paid for it," Barrow pended. "You don't know how I've hated myself for being such a cad. But it taught me a lesson—if you'll not hold a grudge against me. I've wondered and worried about you, disappearing the way you did. Where have you been, and how have you been getting on? You surely look well." He bent an admiring glance on her.

"Oh, I've been every place, and I can't complain about not getting on," she answered carelessly.

For the life of her, she could not help making comparisons between the man beside her and another who she guessed would by now be hearing up the crest of the divide that overlooked the green and peaceful vista of forest and lake, with the Babine range lying purple beyond. She wondered if Roaring Bill Wagstaff would ever, under any circumstances, have looked on her with the scornful, angry distrust that Barrow had once betrayed. Barrow's attitude was that of a little boy who had broken some plaything in a fit of anger and was now woefully trying to put the pieces together again. It amused her. Indeed, it afforded her a distinctly un-Christian satisfaction, since she was not by nature of a meek or forgiving spirit.

Hazel visited with the three of them in the hotel parlor for a matter of two hours, went to luncheon with them, and at luncheon Lorraine Marsh brought up the subject of her coming home to Granville with them. The Bush incident was discussed and dismissed. On the question of returning, Hazel was noncommittal.

"Of course you'll come! We won't hear of leaving you behind. So you can consider that settled," Lorraine Marsh declared at last. "We're going back after tomorrow. So is Mr. Barrow."

Jack walked with her out to the Lady-Smith, and, among other things, told her how he happened to be in the coast city.

"I've been doing pretty well lately," he said. "I came out here on a deal that involved about fifty thousand dollars. I closed it up just this morning—and the commission would just about buy us that little house we had planned once. Won't you let bygones be bygones, Hazel?"

"It might be possible, Jack," she answered slowly. "If it were not for the fact that you took the most effective means a man could have taken to kill every atom of affection I had for you. I don't feel bitter any more—I simply don't feel at all."

"But you will," he said eagerly. "Just give me a chance. I was a hot-headed, jealous fool, but I never will be again. Give me a chance, Hazel."

"You'll have to make your own chances," she said deliberately. "I refuse to bind myself in any way. Why should I put myself out to make you happy when you destroyed all the faith I had in you? And I don't think I'm going to cure—except, perhaps, in a friendly way."

And with that Barrow had to be content.

At dusk of the following day she and Lorraine Marsh sat in a Pullman, flitting their noses against the car window, taking a last look at the environs of Vancouver as the train rolled

through the outskirts of the city. Hazel told herself that she was going home. Barrow smiled friendly assurance over her seat.

Even so, she was restless, far from content. There was something lacking. At half after eight she called the porter and had him arrange her section for the night. And she got into bed, thankful to be by herself, depressed without reason.

She slept for a time, her sleep broken into by morbid dreams, and eventually she awakened to find her eyes full of tears. She did not know why she should cry, but cry she did till her pillow grew moist—and the heavy feeling in her breast grew, if anything, more intense.

She switched on the tiny electric bulb over her head, and fumbled in her purse for another handkerchief. Her fingers drew forth, with the bit of linen, a folded sheet of paper, which seemed to hypnotize her, so fixedly did she remain looking at it. A sheet of plain white paper, marked with dots and names and crooked lines that stood for rivers, with shaded patches that meant mountain ranges she had seen—Bill Wagstaff's map.

She stared at it a long time. Then she found her time table, and ran along the interminable string of station names till she found Ashcroft, from whence northward ran the Applan way of British Columbia, the Cariboo road, over which she had journeyed by stage. She noted the distance, and the limited-hour of arrival, and looked at her watch. Then a feverish activity took hold of her. She dressed, got her suitcase from under the berth, and stuffed articles into it, regardless of order.

That done, she set her suitcase in the aisle, and curled herself in the berth, with her face pressed close against the window. A whimsical smile played about her mouth, and her fingers tap-tapped steadily on the paper, wherein was folded Bill Wagstaff's map.

And then out of the dark ahead a cluster of lights whistled briefly, the shriek of the limited's whistle echoed up and down the wide reaches of the North Thompson, and the coaches came to a stop. Hazel took one look to make sure. Then she got softly into the aisle, took up her suitcase, and left the car. At the steps she turned to give the car porter a message.

"Tell Mrs. Marsh—the lady in lower five," she said, with a dollar to quicken his faculties, "that Miss Weir had to go back. Say I will write soon and explain."

She stood back in the shadow of the station for a few seconds. The limited's stop was brief. When the red lights went drumming down the track, she took up her suitcase and walked uptown to the hotel where she had tarried overnight once before.

The clerk showed her to a room. She threw her suitcase on the bed and turned the key in the lock. Then she went over, and, throwing up the window to its greatest height, sat down and looked steadily toward the north, smiling to herself.

"I can find him," she suddenly said aloud. "Of course I can find him!"

And with that she blew a kiss from her finger tips out toward the dark and silent North, pulled down the shade, and went quietly to bed.

CHAPTER IX.

An Ending and a Beginning.

Unconsciously, by natural assimilation, so to speak, Hazel Weir had absorbed more woodcraft than she realized in her over-winter stay in the high latitudes. Bill Wagstaff had once told her that few people know just what they can do until they are compelled to try, and upon this, her second journey northward, the truth of that statement grew more patent with each passing day.

So trailing north with old Limping George, his fat klootch, and two half-grown Stuwash youths, Hazel rode steadily across country, driving as straight as the rolling land allowed, for the cabin that snuggled in a woody basin close up to the peaks that guard Pine River pass.

There came a day when brief uncertainty became sure knowledge at sight of a L-shaped body of water glistening through the fire-thinned spruce. Her heart fluttered for a minute. Like a homing bird, by grace of the rude map and Limping George, she had come to the lake where the Indians had camped in the winter, and she could have gone blindfold from the lake to Roaring Bill's cabin.

She urged her pony through the light timber growth and across the little meadows where the rank grass and strange varicolored flowers were springing up under the urge of the warm spring sun. Twenty minutes brought her to the clearing. Silk and Satin and Nigger, loafing at the sunny end of the stable, pricked up their ears at her approach, and she knew that Roaring Bill was home again. She tied her horse to a sapling and drew nearer. The cabin door stood wide.

A brief panic seized her. She felt a sudden shrinking, a wild desire for headlong flight. But it passed. She knew that for good or ill she would never turn back.

On the soft turf her footsteps gave forth no sound. She gained the doorway so silently as a shadow. Roaring Bill faced the end of the long room, but he did not see her, for he was slumped in the big chair before the fireplace, his chin sunk on his breast, staring straight ahead with absent eyes.

In all the days she had been with him she had never seen him look like that. That weary, hopeless expression, the wry twist of his lips, wrung her heart and drew from her a yearning little whisper.

"Bill!"

He came out of his chair like a panther. And when his eyes beheld her in the doorway he stiffened in his tracks, staring, seeing, yet reluctant to believe the evidence of his vision. His brows wrinkled. He put up one hand and absently ran it over his cheek.

"I wonder if I've got to the point of seeing things," he said slowly. "Say, little person, is it your astral body, or is it really you?"

"Of course it's me," she cried tremulously, and with fine disregard for her habitual preciseness of speech.

He came up close to her and pinched her arm with a gentle pressure, as if he had to feel the material substance of her before he could believe. And then he put his hands on her shoulders, as he had done on the steamer that day at Bella Coola, and looked long and earnestly at her—looked till a crimson wave rose from her neck to the roots of her dark, glossy hair. And with that Roaring Bill took her in his arms, cuddled her up close to him, and kissed her, not once but many times.

"You really and truly came back, little person," he murmured. "Lord, Lord—and yet they say the day of miracles is past!"

"You didn't think I would, did you?" she asked, with her blushing face smugged against his sturdy breast. "Still, you gave me a map so that I could find the place."

"That was just taking a desperate chance. No, I never expected to see you again, unless by accident," he said honestly. "And I've been crying the hurt of it to the stars all the way back from the coast. I only got here yesterday. I pretty near passed up coming back at all. I didn't see how I could stay, with everything to remind me of you. Say, but it looked like a lonesome hole. I used to love this place—but I didn't love it last night. It seemed about the most cheerless and depressing spot I could have picked. I think I should have ended up by touching a match to the whole business and hitting the trail to some new country. I don't know. I'm not sure. But I don't think I could have stayed here long."

They stood silent in the doorway for a long interval, Bill holding her close to him, and she blissfully contented, careless and unthinking of the future, so filled was she with joy of the present.

"Do you love me much, little person?" Bill asked, after a little.

She nodded vigorously assent.

"Why?" he desired to know.

"Oh, just because—because you're a man, I suppose," she returned mischievously.

"The world's chuck-full of men," Bill observed.

"Surely," she looked up at him. "But they're not like you. Maybe it's bad policy to start in flattering you, but there aren't many men of your type, Billy-boy; big and strong and capable, and at the same time kind and patient and able to understand things, things a woman can't always put into words. Last fall you hurt my pride and nearly scared me to death by carrying me off in that lawless, headlong fashion of yours. But you seemed to know just how I felt about it, and you played fairer than any man I ever knew would have done under the same circumstances. I didn't realize it until I got back into the civilized world. And then all at once I found myself longing for you—and for these old forests and the mountains and all. So I came back."

"Wise girl," he kissed her. "You'll never be sorry, I hope. It took some nerve, too. It's a long trail from here to the outside. But this north country—it gets in your blood—if your blood's red—and I don't think there's any water in your veins, little person. Lord! I'm afraid to let go of you for fear you'll vanish into nothing, like a Hindu fakir stunt."

"No fear," Hazel laughed. "I've got a pony tied to a tree out there, and four Siwashes and a camp outfit over by Crooked Lake. If I should vanish I'd leave a plain trail for you to follow."

"Well," Bill said, after a short silence, "it's a hundred and forty miles to a Hudson's Bay post where there's a mission and a preacher. Let's be on our way and get married. Then we'll come back here and spend our honeymoon, eh?"

She nodded assent.

"Are you game to start in half an hour?" he asked, holding her off at arm's length admiringly.

"I'm game for anything, or I wouldn't be here," she retorted.

"All right. You just watch an exhibition of speedy packing." Bill declared—and straightway fell to work.

Hazel followed him about, helping to get the knapsacks packed with food. They caught the three horses, and Bill stripped the pony of Hazel's riding gear and placed a pack on him. Then he put her saddle on Silk.

"He's your private mount henceforth," Bill told her laughingly. "You'll ride him with more pleasure than you did the first time, won't you?"

Presently they were ready to start, planning to ride past Limping George's camp and tell him whither they were bound. Hazel was already mounted. Roaring Bill paused, with his toe in the stirrup, and smiled whimsically at her over his horse's back.

"I forgot something," said he, and went back into the cabin—whence he shortly emerged, bearing in his hand a sheet of paper upon which something was written in bold, angular characters. This he pinned on the door. Hazel rode Silk close to see what it might be, and laughed amusedly, for Bill had written:

"Mr. and Mrs. William Wagstaff will be at home to their friends on and after June the twentieth."

He swung up into his saddle, and they jogged across the open. In the edge of the first timber they pulled up and looked backward at the cabin drawing silently under its sentinel tree. Roaring Bill reached out one arm and laid it across Hazel's shoulders.

"Little person," he said soberly, "here's the end of one trail, and the beginning of another—the longest trail

either of us has ever faced. How does it look to you?"

She caught his fingers with a quick, hard pressure.

"All trails look alike to me," she said, with shining eyes, "just so we hit them together."

"What day of the month is this, Bill?" Hazel asked.

"Haven't the least idea," he answered lazily. "Time is of no consequence to me at the present moment."

They were sitting on the warm earth before their cabin, their backs propped comfortably against a log, watching the sun sink behind a distant skyline all notched with purple mountains upon which snow still lingered. Beside them a snudge dribbled a wisp of smoke sufficient to ward off a pestilential swarm of mosquitoes and black flies. In the clear, thin air of that altitude the occasional voices of what bird and animal life was abroad in the wild broke into the evening hush with astonishing distinctness—a lone goose winging above in wide circles, uttering his harsh and solitary cry. He had lost his mate, Bill told her. Far off in the bush a fox barked. The evening flight of the wild ducks from Crooked Lake to a chain of swamps passed intermittently over the clearing with a stilted whir of wings. To all the wild things, no less than to the two who watched and listened to the forest traffic, it was a land of peace and plenty.

"We ought to go up to the swamps tomorrow and rustle some duck eggs," Bill observed irrelevantly—his eyes following the arrow flight of a mallard flock. But his wife was counting audibly, checking the days off on her fingers.

"Roaring Bill" and Hazel start on a long trip into the mountains in search of gold. On the way they make an interesting discovery. Read about it in the next instalment.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

TEMPERED BY TRADE WINDS

Climate of the Dominican Republic Pleasant and Salubrious, Says Consul Arthur McLean.

There seems to be an impression abroad that the climate of the Dominican Republic is hot, humid, and unhealthy, writes Consul Arthur McLean, Puerto Plata. While the climate of this republic is tropical, it is pleasant and salubrious. Although it is very warm during the middle of the day, the temperature even in summer seldom reaches 90 degrees F., and the nights at all seasons are cool and pleasant. The climate is tempered by the trade winds which blow almost continuously during the day, and at night the land breeze from the mountains is equally refreshing. Owing to the great diversity of its relief the island of Santo Domingo presents a wider range of climate than any other part of the Antilles. The mean annual temperature of the coast towns is about 79 degrees F. It is cooler inland, the temperature varying with the altitudes. In the valley of Constanza, which is about the center of the island, at an elevation of 3,500 feet ice forms in winter occasionally.

The rainfall varies in different sections of the island from 15 to 200 inches per annum. In the southern part of the island there is a marked distinction between the dry and rainy seasons. The dry season is during the months of September to March, while the rainy season extends from April to August. In the northern half of the island it rains more or less all the year, although the heaviest rainfall occurs from November to April.

There have never been any epidemics of cholera and bubonic plague, and it is many years since there has been any yellow fever in the Dominican Republic.

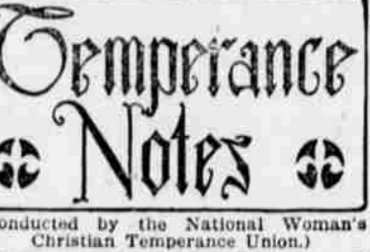
Cactus Candy.
Louisiana sugar cane planters have evolved a plan for manufacturing candy from the spineless cactus. In the process the peel of the plant is removed, dipped into hot molasses and coated with granulated or powdered sugar. The result is a confection of rich and delicious flavor.

So successful have been the experiments with the new sweet that cane planters are now growing cactus, which formerly was utilized, when used at all, for cattle fodder. Planters can in this way furnish plenty of raw material for the new product.

Espionage Law.
The correct and official title of the so-called espionage act is "an act to punish acts of interference with the foreign relations, the neutrality and the foreign commerce of the United States, and for other purposes." It says: "Every letter, writing, circular, postal card, picture, print, engraving, photograph, newspaper, pamphlet, book or other publication, matter or thing, of any kind, containing any matter advocating or urging insurrection or forcible resistance to any law of the United States, is hereby declared to be nonmailable, and any person attempting to use the mails for the transmission of any of the prohibited matter shall be fined not more than \$5,000 or imprisoned not more than five years, or both."

Late Food Discoveries.
Lichens have been proposed as the latest addition to staple articles of diet. One scientist has suggested Iceland moss as suitable for making flour for bread and reindeer moss as good fodder for animals.

Definition of True Friend.
"A friend," said Uncle Eben, "is a man that laughs at you; funny stories even if they ain't so good; an sympathizes wif yoh misfortunes, ev'ry day ain't so bad."



Conducted by the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union.

THE WOMEN'S PETITION.

In no better way can this great and significant petition be described than by quoting from the speech of Senator Jones of Seattle in presenting a copy of that notable document to the United States senate. "A few days ago," he said, "one of the most remarkable petitions ever prepared was presented to the president of the United States, asking in very respectful terms that he exercise the power that congress has given him and, as a war measure, prohibit the further use of grain and other food products in the manufacture of malt and vinous liquors. That petition was signed by many prominent women of this country of every class and occupation. It was signed by the representatives of all the big women's organizations in the country. It represented 6,000,000 of the patriotic women of this country, of the most representative character, not only in their own persons but for those whom they represented as the officials of organizations of various kinds. This is distinctly a 'win the war' appeal by the patriotic women of this country, who are doing everything in their power to bring this war to a successful termination. The women of America are doing their part now, as they have always done it in the history of the nation, and they presented the petition to the president as a war proposition. They believe the course suggested by them would have much to do with the winning of the war, and as patriots, and not as partisans of any particular idea, they presented it to him.

"I think this is the first time in the history of the temperance movement that all of the leading organizations of women have united in behalf of a particular proposition. They have all united in behalf of this one proposition and they are all represented in the petition that was presented to the president.

"This petition was prompted by that great organization, the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, and in my judgment, will take rank among the historic petitions of the world."

Miss Gordon's statement to the president, the text of the petition, and every signature affixed thereto, was, at Senator Jones' request, printed in the Congressional Record, occupying more than eight pages of that periodical.

THEIR ONE ADVANTAGE.

"Had I wanted to vote for liquor," said one of the members of the Maryland legislature after that body had voted for ratification of the federal amendment, "I could have got enough for my vote to have made me a rich man; many times a rich man." The only advantage the liquor interests have over the advocates of prohibition in the ratification campaign is that they are not hampered by scruples in their choice of tactics pursued, comments the Union Signal. It is with them a life and death struggle, and apparently they will not hesitate to resort to any measures known to corrupt politics to gain their ends. The members of the state law-making bodies will be submitted to severe tests when it comes to a vote on ratification, and no candidate for the position of legislator should be considered at the primaries by the friends of prohibition who has not demonstrated that he is absolutely incorruptible; who cannot show that he is rooted and grounded in the principle of prohibition and who in his ante-election pledge will not make a public promise regarding his attitude on the wet or dry question.

AGAIN POOR OLD KANSAS.

"Army officers, who are slow usually about handing out compliments, all remark on the physical, mental and moral make-up of the Kansas troops," says Governor Capper. "They say no state ever sent a better type of young men into the service. It is noteworthy that not a single Kansas boy was rejected on account of alcoholism and that the percentage of rejections for physical disabilities was smaller among Kansas troops than those of any other state.

"Many Kansas towns did not have to send a single man to the first draft army. Their quotas had been more than filled by volunteers.

"General Leonard Wood, commander of Camp Funston, frequently has taken occasion to say in public addresses, that the standards of living in Kansas have not only increased the efficiency of Kansas soldiers 25 per cent, but that the prohibitory and other welfare laws of the state have made it comparatively easy to conduct a model army camp at Funston."

There is but one way of repressing prohibition. Give it the earth.

HOW THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC PAYS.

Mark Twain said: "A man bought a hog for \$150, and fed it \$20 worth of corn, and then sold the hog for \$12. He lost money on the corn, but made \$10.50 on the hog." This illustrates the financial results of the license system. The saloons breed vice, poverty, disease, and crime. It costs the taxpayers thousands of dollars annually to look out for the criminals and the poor; but they are making money from the license fees. Well might Shakespeare exclaim, "What fools these mortals be!"

LABOR UNIONS THRIVE UNDER PROHIBITION.

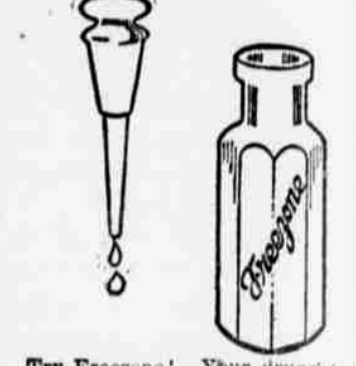
"Since the influence of the liquor traffic has been removed from union politics we have made tremendous gains in Shreveport," says Tom J. Greer, president of the Louisiana Federation of Labor. "Membership in labor unions has increased from 1,800 to 3,700. Home owners among union men have increased 40 per cent since Shreveport went dry."

"Toxicants suggest a lottery by which men are deprived of liberty."

SO EASY! CORNS LIFT RIGHT OUT

Doesn't hurt at all. Costs only few cents.

Try Freezone! Your druggist has a tiny bottle for a few cents, sufficient to rid your feet of every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes and callouses, without one particle of pain, soreness or irritation. Freezone is the discovery of a noted Cincinnati genius.—Adv.



One Thing All Patriots Can Do. "Made in Germany?" The answer is, "MADE IN HELL." "Glorious Victory?" Bombarding churches on Good Friday and then doing thank God for his aid. You may not be able to run a race for a nation—but you can create a hell for yourself. You may swear an oath to your soul never to buy anything made in Germany, and keep that oath—who is to prevent you?—Henry H. Sell Wray of the Vigilantes.

Heals Running Sores and Conquers Piles

Also Stops Itching of Eczema as Soon as Applied.

"I feel it my duty to write you a letter of thanks for your wonderful Petroleum Ointment. I had a running sore on my left leg for one year. I began to use Peterson's Ointment three weeks ago and now it is healed."—A. C. Gilbrath, 703 East St., Erie, Pa.

"I'd rather get a letter like that, my Peterson, than have John D. Rockefeller give me a thousand dollars. It does me a lot of good to be able to be of use to my fellow men.

For years I have been selling three druggists a large box of PETROLEUM OINTMENT for a trifle. The healing power of this ointment is marvelous. It goes in a few days. Old sores, head ulcers, magic piles that other remedies do not seem to even relieve are speedily cured. Eczema, pimples and nasty blackheads disappear—week, 50 cents a box.

Mail orders filled, charges prepaid by Peterson Bros., Buffalo, N. Y. Adv.

Curved Ladder Prevents Drowning

A curved ladder has been invented on which drowning persons are placed and drawn into boat without danger of capsizing it.

Some Roller.

Patience—She knows how to roll her eyes, doesn't she?
Patrice—Yes, and her R's, too.

Seconds—Blemished TIRES

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