

Feen-a-mint
 THE ORIGINAL
Feen-a-mint
 "The Chewing Gum
 LAXATIVE
 No Taste But the Mint
 Chew It
 Like Gum"

FOR CONSTIPATION
effective in smaller doses
SAFE SCIENTIFIC

End of a Perfect Day
 Buddy left for the farm with his grandfather at the early hour of seven, to make a full day of it. At about six in the evening his mother heard a dragging step on the porch, and the young agriculturist returned, dirty and odoriferous, but completely happy. In response to inquiries as to what kind of time he had, he exclaimed, "Gee, it was great! I cut my finger, fell out of the haymow and a spreader ran over my foot!"

**If Kidneys Act
 Bad Take Salts**

**Says Backache Often Means You
 Have Not Been Drinking
 Enough Water**

When you wake up with backache and dull misery in the kidney region it may mean you have been eating foods which create acids, says a well-known authority. An excess of such acids overworks the kidneys in their effort to filter it from the blood and they become sort of paralyzed and loggy. When your kidneys get sluggish and clog you must relieve them, like you relieve your bowels, removing all the body's urinous waste, else you have backache, sick headache, dizzy spells; your stomach sour, tongue is coated and when the weather is bad you have rheumatic twinges. The urine is cloudy, full of sediment, channels often get sore, water scalds and you are obliged to seek relief two or three times during the night.

Either consult a good, reliable, physician at once or get from your pharmacist about four ounces of Jad Salts; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast for a few days and your kidneys may then act fine. This famous salt is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for years to help clean and stimulate sluggish kidneys, also to neutralize acids in the system, so they no longer irritate, thus often relieving bladder weakness.

Jad Salts is inexpensive, cannot injure and makes a delightful, effervescent lithia-water drink. Drink lots of good water.

Fashion Threat

Let us hope that the ladies in changing style do not adopt those skirts that had a hook up in the back that started at the neck and ended goodness knows where.—Florida Times-Union.

Sweet, but Short

Gog.—Bees live on honey.
 Magog.—And they scarcely live two years.

A man with a brilliant mind may be as conceited as he will; we'll listen to him.

**BEST MEDICINE
 SHE KNOWS OF**

Says "Take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound"

Ft. Meyers, Fla.—"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the best medicine I ever heard of. Before my baby was born I was always weak and rundown. I had nervous spells until I couldn't do my housework. A lady told me about the Vegetable Compound and it strengthened me. Beside my own housework I am now working in a restaurant and I feel better than I have in three years. I hope my letter will be the means of leading some other woman to better health."
 MRS. BERTHA RIVERS, 2914 Polk St., Ft. Meyers, Florida.



...and I feel better than I have in three years. I hope my letter will be the means of leading some other woman to better health."

PISO'S
 for
COUGHS

PISO'S gives quick, effective relief. Pleasant, soothing and healing. Excellent for children—contains no opiates. Successfully used for 65 years. 35c and 60c sizes.

QUICK RELIEF

PARKER'S HAIR BALM
 Removes Dandruff, Stops Hair Falling, Restores Color and Beauty to Gray and Faded Hair. 60c and \$1.00 at Druggists. Hanco Chem. Wks., Paterson, N. Y.

FLORESTON SHAMPOO—Ideal for use in connection with Parker's Hair Balm. Makes the hair soft and lustrous. 50 cents by mail or at druggists. Hanco Chemical Works, Paterson, N. Y.

SIoux CITY P.T.G. CO., NO. 6-1930

**THE
 MASTER MAN**

BY
RUBY M. AYRES
 Author of "The Phantom Lover," "The Girl Next Door," etc.

"Well, I really hardly know," she answered. "Patricia is so different to most people. She's so frightfully spoilt and selfish. Mother was only saying today that she will have to change now she has lost all her money, unless she wants to lose all her friends as well—"

"You mean that the loss of the one necessarily means the loss of the other," Michael said dryly. He was beginning to feel irritated by the girl.

"Well, you see, people don't really like Patricia," she explained with exaggerated frankness.

"She's so haughty! She thinks so much of herself, and before Mr. Rolf adopted her they say she was just nobody—that her people were quite common."

Michael interrupted abruptly.

"To the left or right here?"

"To the left—that is our house through the trees."

"Oh! it was not so very far, then."

She flushed a little. "I hate walking," she murmured.

They drove in through newly-painted gates up a very new looking carriage drive, to a square, red-bricked house which Michael thought the ugliest he had ever seen.

Its front door stood open and a light in the hall silhouetted the figure of a man standing on the steps, a short, stout silhouette it was, that waved an eager hand as the car approached.

Effie Shackle jumped out and ran up the steps. "Here I am, Daddy! did you think I had had an accident? I only ran out of petrol, and this gentleman came along and very kindly drove me home"—she turned eagerly to Michael who had left the car and was standing a little behind her. "This is my father," she said.

Mr. Shackle came down a step, hand extended.

"Glad to meet you, sir," he said heartily. He prided himself that he knew a gentleman when he saw one. "Come right in! I must thank you for bringing my little girl home safely. She's our only one you know, and precious! Come in, sir! I should like you to meet my wife."

Michael submitted reluctantly; he did not want to stay, but neither did he want to be ungracious. In the light of the hall lamp he knew Mr. Shackle was looking at him critically.

"You're a stranger round here, I think, sir," he said, after a moment. "I know most faces about Clayton, but yours—"

"I used to live here years ago," Michael explained—and I hope to live here again. I dare say you knew my father"—he paused—"I am Michael Rolf," he added.

CHAPTER V

Michael laughed afterwards when he thought of the dismay in Effie Shackle's face; for a moment she stared at him open-mouthed, then she turned and ran up the stairs without another word.

Michael followed Mr. Shackle into the drawing-room; he found himself rather liking the old man.

He was honest and unaffected, and unfeignedly glad to meet the new owner of Clayton Wood.

"I knew your father, Mr. Rolf," he said. "I can't say that I knew him well, but we used to pass the time of day when we met. A very reserved gentleman, if I may say so without offense—a man it was

**Jobless Englishmen
 Envy Working Girls**

LONDON—(AP)—The "girl I left behind me" of the old wartime song has become the "girl who got there ahead of me" in these days of peacetime unemployment.

Such is the complaint voiced by many British former service men who, out of work and discouraged, see and hear and read about the growing army of women workers in Britain—most of them young women of marriageable age. Right or wrong, the jobless

men of 30 years old with the war years behind them feel there is a very real connection between the number of women workers in industry and the size of the male army of unemployed.

One field of wage earning still is uncrowded with women—the field of domestic service. Maids and cooks are so far from being a drug on the market that they actually are hard to find.

And so some of the younger men are beginning to take what the girls will not have. They are working as houseboys and cooks, solving at the same time the bread and

difficult to make a friend of, so I'm told."

"You knew Miss Rolf, too, so your daughter tells me," Michael said. "I mean—Patricia."

The old man nodded. "Yes, we did—she used to come here when she felt inclined. I always keep open house for people who care to take advantage of it. I like people, especially young people, about the place. Miss Rolf was a friend of my daughter's—very kind she was to her, too, introducing her to people who hadn't taken any notice of us, you know, and women think a lot of a thing like that. Effie was very fond of Miss Rolf, I know, and I liked her myself; a very handsome woman she is. I'm sorry we shan't be seeing so much of her in future, though we are glad to have made your acquaintance instead, sir."

Michael thanked him formally.

"Miss Rolf is leaving this neighbourhood entirely to please herself," he said. "I have asked her to stay, but she does not wish it. I should be grateful if you and Miss Shackle would try and get her to change her mind."

Mr. Shackle looked faintly surprised.

"I am not likely to be seeing her," he said awkwardly, "but if I do . . ." He broke off, as his wife and daughter entered the room.

Mrs. Shackle was overdressed and over-coiffured; she gushed over Michael, and thanked him for his great kindness to her "treasure," as she called Effie.

She urged him to stay to dinner, but Michael refused; some other time if he might, he said—her thought it would be rather a good idea to call at the house while Patricia was there. After a few moments desultory conversation, he said goodbye.

"Always pleased to see you any time," Mr. Shackle said as they shook hands. He would have followed Michael to the door, but his wife restrained him, and Effie moved forward instead.

"I do think it was horrid of you, Mr. Rolf, not to tell me who you were," she said pouting, as they stood together by the ear. "Whatever must you think of me for having chattered away so much nonsense?"

Michael laughed shortly. "The fact of my being who I am does not influence my opinion one way or the other," he said with a sarcasm which she entirely missed. "I think it was kind of you to have so much confidence in me."

"And you won't tell Patricia anything I said, will you?" she urged. "Do promise me that."

"I certainly will, if you will promise me something in return."

She flushed with pleasure. "I will—oh, of course, I will."

"Well, then, will you try and persuade Patricia to stay, if not in, at least somewhere near Clayton Wood? You will have plenty of opportunities I dare say while she is here, and I shall be everlastingly obliged to you."

There was a little silence, then Effie said blankly: "But Patricia is not coming here."

It was Michael's turn to look amazed.

"Not coming! Why she told me only this evening that she was coming to you tomorrow to stay indefinitely! She said how and you had been to her, and that she was very sure of a welcome."

Effie's face changed subtly; a sort of shame filled her eyes. "Oh, then she can't have got

my letter," she said aghast. "She was to have come, but some cousins of ours wired asking if we could have them, as one of their brothers was ill with scarlet fever and the doctor said they must go away; so I had to put Patricia off, of course! She will get my letter early in the morning, if she has not had it tonight."

Michael was very shrewd in some ways, and he knew instinctively that this girl was not speaking the truth. In a flash he remembered Patricia's tears and the letter she had picked up from the grass so hurriedly when he joined her, and his face hardened.

He did not believe in the story of the cousins and the scarlet fever; he believed it was all a fabricated excuse to put Patricia off; his blood boiled with anger for her sake.

But he was not going to let this girl see that he knew; he answered smoothly that of course Patricia would understand and sympathise, but he deliberately avoided shaking hands with Effie as he got into the car and drove away.

How hateful women could be to one another, he thought; no wonder Patricia had cried, because, of course, she had seen through the paltry excuse as well as he had been able to do.

He admired her pride for not having told him; he felt more kindly towards her than ever before, as he sped on towards London.

He was glad that chance had introduced him to the Shackles; he was glad that he had found out this thing, and yet in a way it made him ashamed of his own part in the affair with Chesney.

He had wished to save his friend, not to humiliate Patricia.

He made up his mind that tomorrow he would go down and see her again and try once more to patch up some sort of truce between them. He was sorry for her—in a way he even liked her and admired her pride but it filled him with impatience because he found her so difficult.

Why could she not be reasonable. Not one woman in ten thousand would have refused the offer he had to her, he was sure.

As for the Shackles, he shrugged his shoulders and dismissed them from his mind. Patricia had been wrong ever to make friends with them; the old man was the only one of the family worth anything; Effie was an empty-headed doll, and the mother—well, one could not seriously consider her.

It was past midnight when he reached his rooms in town, and, though the long drive had made him tired, he hardly slept at all.

The thought of Patricia worried him, and he was glad when morning came and he could start activities again.

He went round to see Mr. Philips and said that he was going to alter his offer to Patricia.

"Five hundred a year isn't enough," he said. "Make it a thousand, and tell her she can choose her own house if she objects to the Dower house."

Mr. Philips shrugged his shoulders.

"I'm afraid it will be quite useless," he said dryly. "Miss Rolf is very deterred."

Michael thrust out his chin obstinately.

"So am I," he said, "and Miss Rolf will have to give in to me. I am going down to Clayton today to tell her so."

Mr. Philips smiled.

"Miss Rolf will not be at Clayton," he said. "She leaves early this morning to stay with some friends of hers—the Shackles."

"I know—she told me; but she won't have gone. I met the Shackles last night, and—by the way, have you ever met them, Philips?"

"I know Mr. Shackle—a very decent old chap I always found him."

"He is; but the wife and

daughter—" Michael told him a few words of his experience of the previous night.

Mr. Philips listened sympathetically. He liked Michael and knew perfectly well that he was not happy in his mind with regard to Patricia.

"I can't understand how she ever made friends with such people," Michael said exasperatedly.

"I believe that she merely did it because your father objected to them so strongly," Mr. Philips admitted reluctantly. "Terribly self-willed, she always has been. Why, I remember when she was quite a child that she was warned not to play near the mill stream at Clayton—you know the mill stream, of course, and what a strong current there is there? Well, she went merely because she was told not to, and fell in. One of the men working near got her out; half drowned she was, but not in the least repentant. Your father sent for her and said that he hoped she had been taught a lesson by the fright. 'I wasn't frightened,' she said. 'I liked it.' Now, what can you do with a girl like that?"

They both laughed.

"Well, I'm going to see her again today, anyway," Michael said obstinately. "Hang it all, it's not very pleasant for me to feel that I've turned her out of Clayton and spoiled her life."

"That's rather an exaggeration, isn't it?" Mr. Philips asked, smiling. "Miss Rolf will be all right. She is one of those people who were born to be lucky."

"I hope so, I'm sure," Michael said lugubriously. "I wish some decent chap would come along and marry her," he added boyishly.

Mr. Philips looked surprised. "I understood that your friend, Mr. Chesney—" he began.

Michael coloured.

"Oh, Chesney! But she never cared for him, and they wouldn't have been happy together," she said offhandedly.

"Well," said Mr. Philips, "there are plenty of men in the world, and Miss Rolf is young."

"She's the greatest worry I've ever had in my life," Michael said ruefully.

Mr. Philips smiled leniently as he followed Michael to the door.

"And you will let me know how you get on?" he asked. "I shall be very interested."

"Oh, I'll let you now all right," Michael answered dryly. He had not got much faith in himself.

Until Patricia was comfortably settled he knew he should be able to make no plans for his own future, and he very much wanted to settle down. He had needed about the world so much that there was something very pleasing in the thought of a home of his own, and perhaps a wife. But Patricia stood like the angel of the flaming sword at the gate of his Garden of Eden, and would not let him pass. "Confound her!" Michael thought as he raced back through the sunny roads once more to Clayton Wood.

"She'll have to have lunch with me today, whether she likes it or not." He drew up at the old house with a fine flourish just as it was striking 1 o'clock.

The door was shut, and he rang the bell and waited impatiently. The maid who yesterday had told him of Patricia's distress opened the door after some little delay.

"Is Miss Rolf in?" Michael asked.

"Miss Rolf!" She stared at him. "No, sir; she went away this morning."

Michael had passed her and gone into the hall, but now he stopped dead and turned.

"Gone away!" he echoed incredulously.

"Yes, sir."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

less opinionated and just as efficient as girls."

The youth who enters domestic service usually aims to become a butler or a footman later on. Sometimes he accepts it as a temporary occupation which will help him to save money for a voyage to Canada, South Africa or Australia.

Born and Died.

From Tidens Tegn, Copenhagen. "In my native town a man was born in 1800."

"Impossible."

"Not at all. I read it on his tombstone myself."



**Makes Life
 Sweeter**

Children's stomachs sour, and need an anti-acid. Keep their systems sweet with Phillips Milk of Magnesia!

When tongue or breath tells of acid condition—correct it with a spoonful of Phillips. Most men and women have been comforted by this universal sweetener—more mothers should invoke its aid for their children. It is a pleasant thing to take, yet neutralizes more acid than the harsher things too often employed for the purpose. No household should be without it.

Phillips is the genuine, prescriptive product physicians endorse for general use; the name is important. "Milk of Magnesia" has been the U. S. registered trade mark of the Charles H. Phillips Chemical Co. and its predecessor Charles H. Phillips since 1875.

**PHILLIPS
 Milk
 of Magnesia**

Bloody War

Communist Candidate Foster in one of his New York addresses attacked war. He said:

"They talk of the glory of war. The armchair heroes, I mean, talk of it. In the trenches it's different."

"The glory of war! The trenches, the real fighting, knock 'em out of glory."

After Marriage

Stenographer—Bob, dear, when we are married, will you still continue to give me flowers every day?

Clerk—No; I'll give you a box of seeds and you can grow your own.—Detroit Free Press.

Dignity is admirable. Those who haven't it make fun of it.

"Oh Promise Me"



At some time in her life Cupid pleads to every attractive woman. No matter what her features are, a woman who is sickly cannot be attractive. Sallow skin, pimples, sunken eyes, lifeless lips—these are repellent. DR. PIERCE'S GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY is just the tonic a run-down person needs. It enriches the blood, soothes the nerves and imparts tone and vivacity to the entire system. In liquid or tablets, at drug store. Send 10c for trial package of tablets to Dr. Pierce's Clinic, in Buffalo, N. Y., and write for free advice.

Generous Lady

"I can never marry you," said the film star, sadly; "but—"

"But what?" demanded the suitor, grimly.

"If you'll come to the studio tomorrow I'll introduce you to my double."—London Tit-Bits.

**FAMILY DOCTOR
 MADE MILLIONS OF
 FRIENDS**



Fifteen years after his graduation, Dr. Caldwell became famous for a single prescription, which now, after forty years, is still making friends.

Today Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin is the world's most popular laxative. Millions of people never think of using anything else when they're constipated, head aches, bilious, feverish or weak; when breath is bad, tongue coated, or they're suffering from nausea, gas, or lack of appetite or energy.

Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin is made today according to the original formula, from herbs and other pure ingredients. It is pleasant-tasting; thorough in the most obstinate cases; gently effective for women and children. Above all, it represents a doctor's choice of what is safe for the bowels.