



Makes Life Sweeter

Next time a coated tongue, fetid breath, or acrid skin gives evidence of sour stomach—try Phillips Milk of Magnesia!

Get acquainted with this perfect anti-acid that helps the system keep sound and sweet. That every stomach needs at times. Take it whenever a hearty meal brings any discomfort.

Phillips Milk of Magnesia has won medical endorsement. And convinced millions of men and women they didn't have "indigestion." Don't diet, and don't suffer; just remember Phillips. Pleasant to take, and always effective.

The name Phillips is important; it identifies the genuine product. "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 1877.

PHILLIPS Milk of Magnesia

Discovery

It had been an exciting game, a tie in the twelfth inning, but the home team finally had won. A group of home-bound commuters on the 6:25 were discussing the game heatedly, when suddenly one sprang to his feet with the exclamation, "Great Scott!" "What's up?" somebody asked, "Lost your watch?"

"Watch be banged!" cried the passenger. "I've left my wife asleep in the grandstand, and she's got my return ticket!"

Alfalfa \$8, Red Clover \$8, Sweet Clover and Timothy \$3.50 per bushel. Mulhall, Sioux City, Iowa—Adv.

Impression Corrected

"Did the audience weep while I was singing?" asked the temperamental soprano.

"No," replied the music director, "you were making that noise all by yourself!"

Meteor Causes Alarm

A meteor burst with tremendous noise in the city of Rbivinsk, Russia, splitting fire in all directions. Luckily no damage was caused and no person injured. The ashes have been sent to Leningrad for analysis.

After "Flu" Could Not Eat—and Had a Cough



Webster City, Iowa—"After having the 'flu' I could not eat, and had a very bad cough. I started taking Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and I began to improve when I had taken one bottle. I have taken six bottles of the 'Discovery' and two vials of the Pleasant Pellets and some of Dr. Pierce's Cough Syrup, and now I can eat, sleep and feel fine. I never felt better.

"My husband was all rundown—he took one bottle of the 'Discovery' and is feeling better."—Mrs. Chas. Lacy, Sr., 136 Apple Ave. All dealers. Write to Dr. Pierce's Clinic in Buffalo, N. Y., for free advice.

UGLY DIMPLES?

Nature's warning—help nature clear your complexion and get rid of redness in your pale, yellow cheeks. Truly wonderful results follow thorough skin cleansing. Take NATURE'S REMEDY—to regulate and strengthen your eliminative organs. Watch the transformation. Try NR instead of more laxatives. Mild, safe, purely vegetable—at all drug stores, only 25c. FEEL LIKE A MILLION. TAKE

NR TO-NIGHT

TOMORROW ALRIGHT

Sunshine

—All Winter Long

AT the Foremost Desert Resort of the West—marvelous climate—warm sunny days—clear starlit nights—dry invigorating air—splendid roads—gorgeous mountain scenes—finest hotels—the ideal winter home.

PALM SPRINGS

California

WHISKEY OR DRUG HABIT cured or no pay! Give liberally! \$2.00 if cured. Sent on trial! Laboratories, Station C, B-29, Los Angeles, Calif.

Deafness

HEAD NOISES
EAR OIL
A. O. LEONARD, Inc.
70 Fifth Ave., New York City

SIoux CITY P.T.G. CO., NO. 10-1930.

THE MASTER MAN

BY RUBY M. AYRES

Author of "The Phantom Lover," "The Girl Next Door," etc.

Then he saw something else that took him over to the mantelshelf in a couple of strides—a portrait of Patricia.

Patricia in evening dress, with the arrogance in her face which had so irritated him when they first met—the Patricia of the old days, not the girl who had cried and clung to him last night.

How great a change a short time had made! Then he turned swiftly as the door opened and Mrs. Smith came into the room.

She was a faded likeness of the girl who had admitted him, with a rather sad face and anxious eyes. She looked a little nervous and flushed as she came forward.

"Mr. Rolf?" she asked; and then: "I hope—I hope there's nothing the matter with—Patricia?"

She was so obviously anxious and interested that Michael liked her at once. Here at last was someone genuinely fond of the girl—not a fair weather friend, as Effie Shackle had been.

"No, there is nothing the matter; she is quite well," he answered. "She did not know I intended coming here, and I don't wish her to know."

He smiled in faint embarrassment. "You probably know nothing about me," he went on boyishly. "But I am Peter Rolf's son."

I have been abroad for years, and only came home just before my father died."

"Yes, yes, I know," Mrs. Smith interrupted. She groped for a chair and sat down, her hands clasped in her lap.

"We knew—we heard," she went on. "I was so glad Mr. Rolf left Clayton Wold to you, after all. It was the right and just thing to do."

Michael smiled. "I am afraid Patricia did not think so," he said. "However, that is not the point. I got your address from Mr. Phillips, my father's lawyer. Possibly you may have heard of him?"

"Yes,"

Well, he told me about you; told me he understood that you always thought a great deal of Miss Rolf and been a kind friend to her. Mrs. Smith, she needs a friend now badly."

Michael spoke very earnestly, but the woman opposite him did not answer or raise her eyes, and he was conscious of disappointment.

"You know, of course, that my father left her nothing," he went on. "But you probably do not know that—Miss Rolf—will accept no help from me. I was unfortunate enough to offend her at the beginning, and I am afraid she never will forgive me. She left Clayton Wold without letting me know where she was going, and I found her by pure chance last night."

Mrs. Smith raised her eyes. "And—where is she now? she asked anxiously. Michael told her at once.

"She is quite safe and well, but she can't possibly stay on in that house. She refuses to leave at my suggestion, and so I hit upon this plan of coming to you." He paused hopefully.

"I'm afraid I don't understand," said Mrs. Smith. There was a little nervous quiver in her voice.

"I mean," Michael explained haltingly, "that I thought if you would write to her—with-out letting her know that I came to you, of course—if you would offer her a home with you—ask her to live with you—let her feel that you really want her—and—care for her—" he stumbled a little.

"She has had some bitter awakenings over her so-called friends, I am afraid. But I thought if you could do this—"

matador means killer. He is the one who kills the bull after it has been maddened by the efforts of his assistants, the banderilleros, picadors, and chulos.

All these bullfighting participants are dressed in brightly colored costumes typical of the bullfighting arena. First the picadors, on horseback, infuriate the bull by attacking him with lances without attempting to kill him. The banderilleros then enter the ring with small barbed darts bearing banners; these banderillas, as they are called, are thrust into the bull's shoulder.

making him mad with pain. Whenever the bull charges a banderillero, an assistant, or chulo, waves a red cloak to distract the bull's attention.

Now that the bull has been thoroughly infuriated, and is also somewhat fatigued by these preliminaries, the matador enters, carrying his sword and muleta, which is a red flag on a short staff. The muleta is waved to attract the attention of the bull and to maneuver him into the proper position for the death blow. The matadors often dispatch the bull with a single thrust.

Another common Spanish name is torador, also meaning a mounted bullfighter, while the torero fights on foot.

PRIMING STARTS EARLY
Port Clinton, Ohio—Bobby Pieplow, 2 years old, recently survived his first beauty treatment with the loss of most of his hair and a complete set of clothing. The lad, seeing his sister curl her hair and heat the iron at the hearth, decided to emulate her. He used a comb instead, and on putting it in his hair it blazed up, setting fire to his hair and clothing. The family saved him.

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These tablets are just as effective as the liquid.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

12 somehow I feel sure she would be very happy with you. I should be only too delighted—too proud—to—to—pay. . . . If you will allow me, I should feel it an honor—"

He flushed up to his eyes in embarrassment. He had not thought the suggestion would be so difficult to make, but there was something about this little grey haired woman, a pathos and quiet dignity, that left him at an unhappy disadvantage.

After a moment he went on, with a rush: "I hope you won't be offended, or—misunderstand me. It's only that I am so anxious to do all I can for Miss Rolf's happiness. I hate to feel that it is I who have turned her out of Clayton. I hate it because she will accept nothing from me, and if this—if you will only help me in this way—"

Mrs. Smith rose to her feet. She looked up at Michael as he towered above her, and there was a midst of tears in her eyes.

"I am not at all offended, Mr. Rolf," she said gently. "I think I understand you very well. I think it is most kind of you, most generous, but—" She looked away from him for a moment, as if weighing some decision in her mind; then she went on slowly:

"But there are a great many difficulties—that I am afraid may prevent me from helping you. Oh, it isn't that I don't wish to do so," she broke out, as Michael flushed. "I should be only too glad and pleased, but—Mr. Rolf, pardon me—how well do you know Patricia?"

Michael shrugged his shoulders.

"I have not known her very long, if you mean that," he admitted. "But I think I understand her sufficiently to know—to hope—" He floundered hopelessly, before he asked in desperate bluntness: "Is it that you don't care for her enough to want to help her? I know she is difficult—I know she is obstinate and as proud as the devil—oh, I beg your pardon!" Mrs. Smith smiled faintly—a little smile that encouraged him to go on.

"People don't understand her, you know? I don't think they trouble to! In spite of all her—nonsense—there's a great deal that is good in her. I—well, I admit that I have changed my mind considerably since we first met, and I am not a man who is easily influenced."

"No," said Mrs. Smith. "I can quite believe that." She scanned his anxious face with sympathetic eyes.

"Patricia may refuse to come and live with me," she said quietly.

Michael shook his head. "Somehow, I don't think so, and—pardon me but have you ever suggested it to her? I mean since this affair of my father's will?"

Mrs. Smith's delicate face quivered. She clasped her hands agitatedly.

"Oh, it has been in my thoughts so often," she said. "It was my first impulse, when I heard what had happened, but—Mr. Rolf, though I have known Patricia all her life, I have never dared imagine that I have ever understood her. I have always been afraid to open my heart to her as I have wished. She is so proud, so uncertain, and, dearly as I love her—"

"Then you do love her?" Michael's face cleared as if by magic.

"Then you won't refuse me? You can't! It's just splendid! She'll be safe here with you—safe and happy—"

He looked round the little room with eyes of satisfied appreciation.

"And now it only remains for you to tell me what I may be allowed to pay." He smiled depreciatingly. "I know it sounds horribly like driving a bargain, but I hope you won't look at it that way. I am a rich man, Mrs. Smith, and whatever you say—five pounds—ten pounds a week—any sum!"

He broke off hopefully.

Mrs. Smith was standing with downbent head; it almost seemed as if she was not listening.

"Please!" Michael urged anxiously.

She looked up then, and there was a curious little look of pain in her gentle eyes as she said clearly:

"I don't know how much Mr. Phillips may have told you about me, Mr. Rolf, but there is one thing which I am sure he has not told you—"

She drew a breath like a sigh before she added almost in a whisper: "And that is—that I am Patricia's mother."

Michael stared at the pathetic face of the little woman with utter incredulity.

"Her—mother!" he echoed. "But I thought—I always understood—good Heavens, do you mean that she does not know?"

Mrs. Smith shook her head. "I know it all sounds very impossible and perhaps absurd," she said, in a voice broken with emotion. "I know that her life and mine are as far apart as they well can be, but she is my daughter all the same."

"And my father—did he know—but, of course he must have done!"

"Oh, yes, Mr. Rolf knew." A note of bitterness crept into her voice. "I have blamed myself so often for ever consenting, but at the time it seemed such an opportunity for Patricia—"

She looked at Michael apologetically. "I should like to tell you all about it if it will not be worrying you too much."

"I am immensely interested. I never had any idea—I always thought Patricia was an orphan when my father adopted her."

Mrs. Smith sat down in the armchair and clasped her hands in her lap to hide their trembling.

"It's all so long ago," she began agitatedly. "Patricia was only seven—and though she is my daughter she was the prettiest child you can imagine, Mr. Rolf."

I need not tell you how it happened, but in the end your father got his way, and I gave Patricia to him.

"Directly it was all agreed. I knew I must have been mad. Mr. Rolf gave me \$1,000 and made me sign a paper to the effect that I would never try to see her again. He wanted her to forget me he said! Oh, he was very frank! He promised that she should have everything she wanted—always, and I suppose he kept his word but he never told me that he was going to turn her into a selfish arrogant girl."

Michael made a little swift movement of objection, but he said nothing and Mrs. Smith went on bitterly:

"At any rate she very easily forgot me. I kept my share of the bargain faithfully for 12 years and then one day I had the feeling that I must see her and speak to her. I found an excuse and an opportunity. I wrote and asked if I might be allowed to do some work for her—I am clever with my needle. She sent for me to go to Clayton and after that I often saw her—"

"And my father knew?"

"He found out after a time, and was furious, but he could not do much otherwise I should simply have told Patricia the whole truth."

"And Patricia? you say that she did not know you? And still does not?"

"She has no idea. She has always been kind to me in her own way—helping me and giving me presents, but—oh, Mr. Rolf, if you knew how I have suffered all these years—and all through my own fault—and she broke down into bitter sobbing."

Michael laid his hand on her shoulder.

"But everything will be all right now," he said cheerily "because, of course, Patricia must be told the truth."

Mrs. Smith started up agitatedly.

"She must not—I refuse to allow it. It would spoil her life, she would get to hate and despise me. She is so proud. Oh, Mr. Rolf, you must promise that you will not tell her."

Michael looked perplexed.

"But if she comes to live here—"

"She would never come if she knew the truth," Mrs. Smith answered.

"Very well, then, she shall not know, for the present at all events," Michael agreed.

"I have set my heart on Patricia coming here, so all you have to do is to write and offer her a home—and leave the rest to me."

Mrs. Smith flushed beneath his kindly gaze. "I suppose you are despising me very much," she submitted, humbly.

"You know quite well I am doing nothing of the sort," he answered vehemently. "I am very glad to have met Patricia's mother—"

He held out his hand, and she laid hers in it.

"Then it's all settled," Michael went on in a relieved tone. "You write to Patricia at once—I'll give you her address."

He moved over to the desk in the window and scribbled it on one of his own cards, then he filled in a check for ten pounds, and left them both lying there together.

Mrs. Smith followed him to the door.

It was only just as he was leaving the house that she said: "There is one thing I would like to ask you, Mr. Rolf—perhaps you may not think it is my business—but there used to be a Mr. Chesney, who was very fond of Patricia. Perhaps you know him? I have so often wondered why she never married him."

Michael frowned.

"Because she didn't care for him, in all probability," he answered rather shortly. "Yes, I do know Chesney well, but I hardly think he was the man for Patricia."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

making him mad with pain. Whenever the bull charges a banderillero, an assistant, or chulo, waves a red cloak to distract the bull's attention.

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HAS THE LAXATIVE IN YOUR HOME A DOCTOR'S APPROVAL?



Some things people do to help the bowels whenever any bad breath, feverishness, biliousness, or a lack of appetite warn of constipation, really weaken these organs. Only a doctor knows what will cleanse the system without harm. That is why the laxative in your home should have the approval of a family doctor.

The wonderful product, known to millions as Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin is a family doctor's prescription for sluggish bowels. It never varies from the original prescription which Dr. Caldwell wrote thousands of times in many years of practice, and proved safe and reliable for men, women and children. It is made from herbs and other pure ingredients, so it is pleasant-tasting, and can form no habit. You can buy this popular laxative from all drugstores.

Canadian Insect Pests

The Dominion entomologist, Arthur Gibson, estimates that in the aggregate insects cost Canada in excess of \$100,000,000 annually. This is the loss to field crops, and to it must be added the loss to forests and shade trees, stored products, etc. While these latter losses are difficult to estimate they easily average more than \$50,000,000 a year.—Canadian Natural Research Bureau.

Nickname for Stone

The word holystone denotes a piece of soft stone used in scrubbing decks. The term is supposed to be derived from the fact that decks were usually scrubbed on Saturday as a preparation for Sunday inspection, church, etc.; hence, the phrase, holystone and holystoning.

Drink Water to Help Wash Out Kidney Poison

If Your Back Hurts or Bladder Bothers You, Begin Taking Salts

When your kidneys hurt and your back feels sore don't get scared and proceed to load your stomach with a lot of drugs that excite the kidneys and irritate the entire urinary tract. Keep your kidneys clean like you keep your bowels clean, by flushing them with a mild, harmless salts which helps to remove the body's urinous waste and stimulates them to their normal activity. The function of the kidneys is to filter the blood. In 24 hours they strain from it 500 grains of acid and waste, so we can readily understand the vital importance of keeping the kidneys active.

Drink lots of good water—you can't drink too much; also get from any pharmacist about four ounces of Jad Salts; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast each morning for a few days and your kidneys may then act fine. This famous salts is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for years to help clean and stimulate clogged kidneys; also to neutralize the acids in the system so they are no longer a source of irritation, thus often relieving bladder weakness.

Jad Salts is inexpensive, cannot injure; makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water drink, which everyone should take now and then to help keep their kidneys clean and active. Try this; also keep up the water drinking, and no doubt you will wonder what became of your kidney trouble and backache.

An Old Friend in a New Dress



LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND is now prepared in convenient, palatable, chocolate coated tablets packed in small bottles. Each bottle contains 70 tablets, or 35 doses. Slip a bottle into your handbag. Carry your medicine with you.

During the three trying periods of maturity, maternity and middle age, this remedy proves its worth. 98 out of 100 report benefit after taking it.

These tablets are just as effective as the liquid.

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