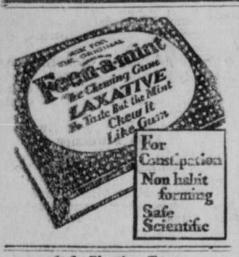
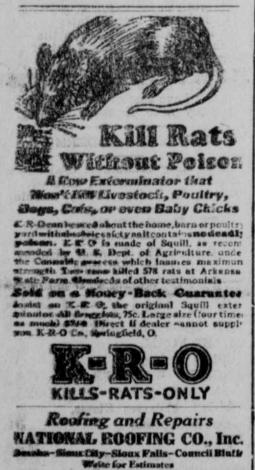
O'NEILL FRONTIER



Bady Planting Trees Italian select children planted 1. "MARO trees in 1929, says Arnald-E-ssolini, brother of the duce, who is chairman of the national forestry committee. "Freeds of the forests" were held in 4,255 communities, childle shows desuded of trees in the World star.



The Proper Place for It Mr. Knagg-1 wish you wouldn't start a gameral right here in the hote) holdy.

His Wile-Then why don't you pro





"I never sneered at your friends, anyway—unless you mean the Shackles," he said. "And you are much better without people like them. They were never fit for you to know. I'm glad you've found them out in time and dropped them. They'll be sorry for the way they've treated you some day, you mark my word," he added darkly.

He gathered the violets up anyhow and put them on the table. "Well, are we friends again?" he asked, smTingly. "I suppose so"

"And you'll let me take you out to dinner to-night, to make up for the lunch we missed this morning?"

"If you're quite sure you haven't got another engagement."

"As a matter of fact," said Michael coolly, "I have, but it can go. I told Chesney to come round to my rooms this evening, but he can wait."

"You're not very kind to Mr. Chesney," said Patricia slowly. "I thought he was such a great friend of yours."

"So he is—in a way—but you are not going to quarrel with me for putting you before him?"

A little smile lit her tear-wet eyes.

"I think you are a very difficult person to quarrel with," she said.

"I'm glad you realize it.) take a lot of rousing, but once I'm really up—" He glared at her with pretended fierceness She laughed.

"I should like to see you 'really up,' she told him.

"Would you? I don't think you would. Now, are you going to put your hat on? I've had enough of Mrs. Flannagan's front parlor for the present."

Patricia picked up her hat

CHAPTER VIII

The dinner was a success; the room was bright and cheery, and there was a not too-obtrusive band.

"Do you remember this thing they are playing?" Michael asked suddenly.

Dinner was over, and he and Patricia were taking coffee in the lounge of the big restaurant.

He looked at her with smiling eyes as he asked his question.

Patricia listened for a moment, then she shook her head. "They were playing it on the river that day the news came of my father's death," Michael said. "Don't you remember it? Some silly nonsense about a coon and a moon and

being off with the old love—" "Oh, yes, of course. It seems a long time ago," she said, smiling faintly.

"Not quite three months," he reminded her.

"Three months is an eternity," she declared. "When I look back and think of you as you were then—how rude you were to me—"She caught her lip between her teeth.

"You deserved it," said Michael calmly. The color rushed to her face.

"You thought I was a detestable person," she accused him.

"I thought you had been abominably spoiled," he answered.

She raised her eyes quickly. "I suppose you knew who I was-even then?"

"I had a pretty good idea." "Why didn't you tell ma?" "Why should I? It warn't my business. I never expected things to happen as they did happen..."

with wide eyes. Then suddenly she said blankly: "Why?" He slightly shrugged his shoulders. "Why not? You were willing to marry Chesney for a home, and I can give you a far better home than he

could have done. You like Clayten Wold, and I suppose you dont quite hate me or you weuldn't be here tonight." "And you think that's-

reason enough—for marrying you?" "It would have been reason enough for marrying Chesney,

wouldn't it?" Patricia did not answer;

could not understand herself. She was trembling, and she kept her hands clasped in her lap to hide the fact.

"Of course—you're not serious," she said.

"1 am-I was never more serious in my life," said Michael. "It seems to be an admirable idea. We both like Clayton Wold-and there'll be enough money for us to go our seperate ways-if we want to. Personally I can't see one reason against it."

"Except," said Patricia, not very steadily, "that you don't care for me."

Michael laughed rather ruefully.

"Do people always care for the people they marry? he asked. "Somehow I should have thought you were too progressive to have raised a point like that, Patricia.

"Would you? Perhaps I should have been at one time. Lately I seem to have altered. Three months ago I should have thought anyone quite mad who suggested my living with Mrs. Smith—even for a day and yet lately, since I've been so unhappy—it has been she I have thought of more than anyone else. Perhaps it's only when trouble comes that we begin to find ourselves and our real friends."

"Which isn't an answer to my question," said Michael.

"I think it is," sne answered seriously. "Or at least I think I mean it to be. Anyway, whether you are serious or if you are only in fun, I can't do

y The taxi stopped at Mrs. Flannagan's, and Michael got out. He gave his hand to Patricia and followed her up the y steps.

The bare, ugly sitting-room was filled with the scent of violets as they entered, and something in their eloquent sweetness brought a choking feeling to Patricia's throat.

During the evening she had felt as if a hand had lifted her back into the past and wiped out these ugly weeks of her life, and now, with the opening of this door, she was thrust back into it once more—a Cinderella bereft of her glas: slippers.

And yet—the violets had given her a sweet welcome.

Michael stooped to poke the fire into a blaze. He looked rather pale, and his lips were set.

Patricia tried to thank him for the evening.

"Its been such a real treat,' she said, trying to smile. "It seems—oh, such ages since 1 really enjoyed myself."

"It's not my fault that you are here," he answered with a rueful smile. "I've just offered you Clayton Wold and my unworthy self and all my worldly goods."

"And if I'd taken you at your word and said 'Yes, please,' " she told him, trying to speak lightly, "you'd be busy thinking what a worldly heartless creature I am, and wishing to goodness you had never asked me."

"Should I?" He looked at, her wonderingly. "Do you mean me to understand then that yau are not worldly and heartless??"

The sensitive color flushed her face.

"You told me—ever so long ago—that I was," she answered.

Michael turned away without answering.

Why had he asked her to marry him he wondered. It had been far enough away from his intentions when they started out. He did not care for her, he was positive that he did not care for her, and yet he



Reno's Odd Income

Matrimonial entanglements enriched Reno by more that \$1,500,000 in 1929. according to an estimate by the county clerk, E. H. Beemer. He said the fig ure was conservative. Fifty dollars each was paid by 2,106 applicants for divorce as court fees and their attorneys charged \$250 as a minimum retainer, while several paid between \$10,000 and \$25,000 for their decrees. The county clerk estimates living costs at \$25 a week and each person had to reside within the county at least 90 days. With the 3,210 permits to wed issued during the same period. Beemer said newlyweds spent about \$30,000 for the permits and fees to the ministers of the city.

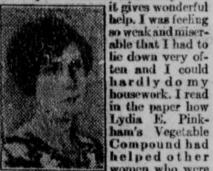
Perfect dyeing so easily done!

DIAMOND DYES contain the highest quality anilines money can buy! That's why they give such true, bright, new colors to dresses, drapes, lingerie.

The anilines in Diamond Dyes make them so easy to use. No spotting or streaking. Just clear, even colors, that hold through wear and washing. Diamond Dyes never give things that re-dyed look. They are just 15c at all dealers. When perfect dyeing costs no more—is so easy—why experiment with makeshifts?

Strengthened by Lydia E. Pinkhem's Vegetable Compound

Mission, Ter.-"I have used a good deal of your medicine and always find



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in the anner esodition so I said I will try it for report. I am very much better now and I recommend this medicine, and will encourse letters from women asking about it."-Mes. J. W. ALBERTSON, 1015 Miller Avenue, Mission, Texas.

Every Guilty Person

His nürthet shall return upon his own head and his violent dealings shall cour down upon his own pate.— Parim T:M

Every guilty person is his own hang-

Have Kidneys Examined By Your Doctor

Take Galts to Wash Kidneys if Bast Pains You or Bladder Bothers

Thank your kidneys by drinking a quart of water each day, also take suits excessionally, says a noted authority, may tells us that too much rich food forms acids which almost paralyze the kidneys in their efforts to expel it from the blood. They become singgish and weaken; then you nuty suffer with a dull misery in the kidney rezion, sharp pains in the back or sict herdach flizziness, your stomach sours, tongue is coated, and when the weather is bad you have risemants twinges. The urine gets cloudy, full of sediment, the channels often get sore and irritated, obliging you to eeck reliefatwo or three times during the might.

To bely actualize these irritating acids, to help cleanse the kidneys acids, to help cleanse the kidneys acid firsh off the body's urinous waste, are four ounces of Jad Salts from any phormary here; take a tablespoonful In a glass of water before breakfast for a few days, and your kidneys may then act fine. This famous salts is made from the acid of graves and lemon from the acid of graves and has here used for years to help flush and stimulate sluggish kidneys; also to neutralize the acids in the system so they no longer irritate, thus often relieving bladder weakness.

Jud Saits is inexpensive, cannot in jure and makes a delightful effervescent lithiz-water drink

and coat hesitatingly. "Well, what is it now?" Michael asked, reading the reluctance in her face.

She raised her eyes with a sort of abashed pride.

"Are you taking me out just because you think it's kind because you think it's your duty?"

"I am not." "Why, then?"

Why, then :

He took a step towards her, opened his lips as if to speak, then closed them and laughed. "I'm not sure that it will

be good for you to have that question answered to-day."

Patricia raised her head a little. "Then I am not at all sure

that it will be good for me to have dinner with you," she said, with a touch of her old arrogance.

Very well," said Michael cooly. "Just as you like."

But as she was turning from the room he followed and caught her by the shoulders.

"Oh, woman of little faith," he said in mock anger. "How am I to make you believe that, in spite of your abominable temper, I don't quite hate the sight of you."

For a second Patricia kept her head rigidly averted, then suddenly she turned and smiled at him with disarming friendliness.

"I'm afraid the dinner is going to cost you an awful lot. Michael." she said rucfully "I'm dreadfully hungry."

"I'm delighted to hear it." said Michael. "Delighted also that for once in your life you are going to let me spend some money on you."

But afterwards, as he waited while she got ready, he realized that the thing which had most pleased him was the little inadvertent use she had made of his Christian name.

Michael! Somehow, spoken by Patricia, it had had quite 2 different sound.

NEW ROAD TOTALS Berlin-(UP)-Roughly 10,500,000 kilometers of roads on the globe are fit for automobile traffic, according to the latest statistics. Among European countries, France has the best network of such roads with a total length of 628,000 kilometers, while Great Britain with a total of 287,600 kilometers ranks third.

Manitoba Liquor Revenues.

From Winnipeg Free Press. Profits of the (Manitoba, popula-

tion 618,118) government liquor control commission for the fiscal year ending April 30, 1929, totaled \$1,-992 106.57 according to a report taa faint sadness in Patricia's voice. Michael watched her curious-

ly. "You would like to go back

to those days?" he asked. "I don't know—" she leaned back in the big chair, and beat time with her foot to the haunting ragtime of the band. Suddenly she sat up again, frowning.

"Mr. Rolf!"

Michael took the cigaret from between his lips. "You called me Michael this

afternoon," he said calmly. "I didn't!"

Their eyes met.

"I assure you that you did," he answered. However, it may have been a mistake. Wellwhat is it?"

Patricia spread her hands vaguely.

"All this—doesn't settle the question of my future. I can't go on living without money and letting you take me out."

"Why not? It seems quite an admirable arrangement."

She frowned. "I am quite serious."

"So am I." He sat up and threw his eigaret away. "Well, what do you want to do?" "I must work."

"You're no more fit to work than I am to-ride in a perambulator."

She laughed.

"I can make myself fit. Other women have done." "Other women are not vou." he insisted. "However, if you really want something to do I'll make you an offer here and now—come back to Clayton Wold as my wife!"

He did not look at Patricia as he spoke. His eyes were fixed across the lounge on a group of people standing there laughing and chatting. He spoke quite coolly and without visible emotion, but a third person might have noticed the tension about his lips and the strained expression of his eves Patricia set staring at him

bled by the attorney general in the legislature recently.

The trading account shows a gross profit on the actual purchase and sale of liquor of \$1,963,890. Additional income of \$694,886 is shown by the profit and loss account. bringing the total profit to \$2,658.777. With the deduction of operation expenses, depreciation and other charges, the net profit of \$1,993.106 is reached.

By districts the profits are: Winnipeg, \$1.699,130; Brandon, \$104,633; Portage la Prairie, \$35,114; Dauphin, \$20,971, and The Pas, \$133,257.

For the enforcement of the provisions of the act and for the transporting and maintenance of all pris-

"Why not?"

"Why not?" She shook her head, a painful streak of color in her face.

"For one thing, it isn't so very long since I told you, not knowing who you were, that I meant to try and marry you for your money. I am sure you have not forgotten it."

"No, I remember it quite well." "Then — then . . . Well, you know that I don't love you."

Michael turned his head away.

"In that we should start on equal terms." he said. "Because you say that I don't love you either."

Patricia rose-"We won't talk about it anyway," she said rather constrainedly. "I wish you hadn't said anything about it; and I think I should like to go

home." "'I'll send for a taxi."

They drove away silently. Patricia was tired, and her head ached; there was a curious little sense of loss in her heart, too.

Why hadn't she accepted this man when he asked her to marry him? As she sat back in the corner with closed eyes she could think of nothing but Clayton Wold, and the lofty, beautiful rooms and wide gardens.

He had asked her to go back to it as his wife, and she had refused. What madness had possessed her? She looked across at him angrily. Three months ago—a month ago she would have been only too glad of the offer, what was the reason that restrained her?

"He doesn't iove me." The reason seemed to grow in her mind without bidding of any kind.

As he had seid, why need that make any difference? She had been prepared to marry Chesney, not loving him. In what way was this case so Ussimilar?

cners convicted of an offense against the act, \$126,603 was exrended out of an appropriation of \$150,000.

Licenses and taxes played a large part in the swelling of revenue. The breweries paid \$357,292 in taxes and \$15,000 for licenses. The supplementing license fees totaled \$56.811 and beer parlor licenses. \$59.075. Permit holders added another \$92,-595 to the aggregate.

The total sales were: Liquor, \$3,-873,029, and beer, \$2,588.964.

DANCE HALL BUSES

London-It doesn't take a marathon dancer to dance all the way was conscious of a very definite sense of disappointment because she had refused him.

It would have been such a satisfactory ending from both their points of view—such an eminently sensible arrangement; and yet—did he want his marriage to be just a "sensible arrangement"?—he knew that he did not.

Patricia had taken a letter from the shelf and had opened it.

She read it through quickly, then laughed, a little excited laugh.

"It's telepathy! That's what it is! Oh, how wonderful! This is a letter from Mrs. Smith!" Michael's heart gave a thud

of excitement. "Mrs Smith!" he echoed

blankly.

"Yes--I was telling you about her only this afternoon. you remember? And saving that I should like to go and live with her. And now she has written to ask me! Oh, I think it's too wonderful! She says she has got my address from Mr. Philips-Mr. Rolf's lawyer-and she is writing to ask if I won't go and live with her till I'm more settled. Oh, isn't it kind of her! If you knew how comforting it is to know that someone really wants you after all, when you've been sc lonely and miserable that you could just have died !"

She gave the letter to Micheal to read; there were tears of happiness and excitement in her eyes.

"And shall you ga?" Michael asked,

"Shall I go? Why, of course I shall! It will be like going home after this place. And she'll help me. She was always thing that could have made me so kind. Oh, I don't know any happier."

Michael looked at her with a curious expression in his eyes,

(TO B. CONTINUED)

from London to Liverpool now. Anyone can do it in one of the new "ballroom" buses. In these motor coaches the seats fold back, offering a highly polished dance floor. A piano furnishes the music and refreshments can be bought from the conductor.

Please the Pig. From Tit-Bits.

"That customer over there says his soup is not fit for a pig," said the waiter. "Then take it away, you idiot," retorted the manager, "and fetch him some that is."

Highest Quality for 50 Years

Diamond Dyes

Silly Old Superstition

One of the most persistent ideas during ancient and medieval times, was that jewels had sex. Dark-colored stones were supposed to be male and the lighter ones female. Under proper conditions they were said to reproduce, and in the Middle ages everybody had a cousin who had a friend who had actually encountered the phenomenon.

An Even Exchange

"I have a system for beating the races." said the confidential stranger. "All right, I'll trade you my method of positively forecasting elections for it."



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 sweatener—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.

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