No sick headache, sour stomach, bilicusness or constipation by morning.

SLUGGISH BOWELS

"CASCARETS" FOR

Get a 10-cent box now. Turn the rascals out-the headache, billousness, indigestion, the sick, sour stomach and foul gases-turn them out to-night and keep them out with Cascarets.

Millions of men and women take a Cascaret now and then and never know the misery caused by a lazy liver, clegged bowels or an upset stomach

Don't put in another day of distress. Let Cascarets cleanse your stomach; remove the sour fermenting food; take the excess bile from your liver and carry out all the constipated waste matter and poison in the bowels. Then you will feel great.

A Cascaret to-night straightens you out by morning. They work while you sleep. A 10-cent box from any drug store means a clear head, sweet stomnch and clean, healthy liver and bowel action for months. Children love Cascarets because they never gripe or sicken. Adv.

He Ran Out of Ink.

A seven-year-old boy grew rather peeved at his cleven-year-old sister, He believed that diplomacy rests largely in note writing, so, instead of delivfering his minion by word of mouth, he rotified to a safe and private place, where he took his pen in hand and wrote the following:

- "Susie is a hobo.
- "Suste is a bone head.
- "Suste is a skunk.
- "State is a wart hog.

"Sosie is a polecat. "Susle is a hog.

"I could say more, but I will not be

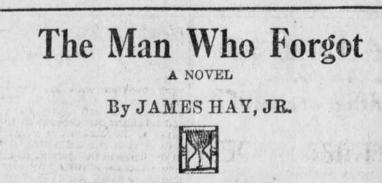
too hard on her."

BOSCHEE'S GERMAN SYRUP

Why take ordinary cough remedies when Boschee's German Syrup has been used for fifty-one years in all towns in the United States, Canada, Australia, and other countries, for coughs, bronchitis, colds settled in the throat, especially lung trouble. It gives the patient a good night's rest, free from coughing, with easy expectoration in the morning, giving nature a chance to soothe the inflamed parts. throw off the disease, helping the patient to regain his health, assisted by pure air and sunshine when possible. Trial size 25c, and 75c family size. Sold in all towns in the United States. Canada, Australia, and other countries.-Adv.

Victor Hugo's Grandson.

George Victor Huge, the grandson of the great Victor Hugo, is now showing in Paris about 100 sketches which are attracting great attention. At the beginning of the war he was a censor. an occupation in which he appreciated too keenly the humor of exercising such a function by the grandson of natather. So, in spite of his white hair, he gave up the censorship and set out for the army. He did not become a general, but he is a lieutenant. After a year and a half at the front he has returned from Champagne with a hundred choice acquarelles. which all Paris is running to see. He has added somewhat to the splendor of the name of Hugo, as he has been twice in the course of the war cited In the orders of the day for meritorious"conduct.



NEW YORK GARDEN CITY DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & COMPANY 1915

CHAPTER FIFTEEN.-(Continued).

"It doesn't at all." "But I hear it everywhere

Mrs. Grover told me-and Colonel Grimshaw-and Mrs. Ellis-and a bow slantwise. that Miss-oh, what's her name? She's single, but at the same time the statement include both women. doubleminded-Miss Tevers-Carrie Tevers. And Elizabeth Beaure- which she took carelessly, not ex-Washington!" This time Edith smiled.

"Really," she said, "it doesn't high. annoy me in the least."

Edith Mallon, do you mean to tell me you'd think of marrying a reformer - this agitator?" Mrs. hand-"fact is, I came to give He said he had something impor-Kane's astonishment was stupendous.

"He hasn't asked me, Nellie." Edith gave her the information with a little laugh.

"But if he does ask you?" "If I tell you, you won't tell?"

"No." "If he asked me, I'd marry him

tomorrow - this minute - any time.'

"But you don't know who he the main point.

is!"

"I don't care." "And you love him?"

"Don't you think so?"

Mrs. Kane began to laugh, and

changed her mind. She leaned far back in the ridiculously large chair and looked at Edith with a glance that, for once, was preter-

sense about it than anybody else in the world. My God! I get so tired of these imitation men with liminary to a request for help of Simpson knows?" their money and these other men some kind. with their imitation money that I could scream! What I'd like to leant forward in her chair and be- made the statement positively. have is what I once had—some came confiding—"I've a lot of "Why do you say that?" man to make me feel that he was heart. You know what I mean, me! Why do you say that?" the whole world, some man with real thoughts and real arms, somebody to laugh at me when I tried me. I suppose it appeals to any they went into the next room, to tyrannize over him, somebody girl who's got real heart-don't Elise explaining how she had to make me know that I was noth- you?"

ing but a woman-for him!" Edith, looking up at her, was couragement.

"I am Miss Mallon," she said, and this is Mrs. Kane."

Elise shook hands with Edith and, in the midst of it, gave Nellie | sat down beside her.

"Glad to meet you!" She made Edith motioned her to a chair, man-and and the whole of pecting the resilience of the her by the arm. springs, which let her down too far and bounced her back too little fiercely. "What is it?"

> "I didn't come to ask for any help"-she began the conversation as she had intended beforesome."

She looked at Mrs. Kane and turned again to Edith.

"Could I have a confidential blandly.

Her skirt was too narrow, and the unexpected action of the chair Mr. Mitchell looked around in a The insinuation hurt Elise's springs had resulted in lifting it minute and saw I was listening. pride.

Nellie rose at once.

"Why, of course," she said. "I'm going into the music room. Shall I play, Edith?"

"Yes, please."

Miss Mallon turned to Miss Downey with a look of inquiry. Nellie, in the music room, opened the piano and began on "Nights naturally solemn. Something like of Gladness." Elise tucked one of saying. after rain—came like a curtain little round hat and passed her little ahead of Mr. Smith, but he intuition.' over the soft blue of her eyes. hand over her right cheek. She Then, impulsively, she sprang up and went over to Edith and kissed up was sure the purchased com-plexion was faultless. She saw the funny look Simpson gave Mr. Smith when he met him on his her mind as to what she should do. plexion was faultless.

"Anyway," she said, a little "Suppose I make a little ex-wildly, "I think you've more "Why" in think "Why" in the suggested. arm. "Why, certainly," Edith agreed, really expecting some pre- "What is it you think this man You might find him in some sa-

> "Then, I'll tell you"-Elise don't you? I'm romantic. I mean "I caught the word 'woman' I like real romance. It appeals to and something about 'left' before

"Of course." Edith was all en- and the rest was intuition -

almost always right. Now, I'll tell mote way to Edith to deny or disyou - there's somebody in this cass her love for John Smith. All town trying to ruin that Mr. she sensed was that the girl before Smith-you know the man they her had told her a story which say you're in love with." How do you mean - ruin the destruction of their hope of him?" Edith asked the question happiness. And blindly, vaguely, very slowly. "There's somebody that knows It was as if she had heard the

something about his past." "Who knows it?" This time it the back, to strike him from the was the older woman who leaned dark-a great, strong man who, forward

Simpson.' "What does he know? Tell me

hild, what does he know?" Elise gave her opinion. "It's something awful," she

said, her doll like eyes looking like moons. Edith got up and went over and I think."

"Something awful?" she questioned.

"So awful that it's going to ruin Mr. Smith." Edith unconsciously grasped

"Tell me! Tell me!" she said, a While Edith clung to her arm,

Elise elaborated her story. "Mr. Simpson was up in the of-

the corner and they talked low. else-anybody else at all?

-and Mr. Waller was there, and "You say Mr. Waller was there really." -when?" Edith's brows were Elise

drawn together. She was trying

way out.' Edith still had hold of the girl's

"Tell me!" she said tensely.

"It's something about a woman might get hold of him." Elsie "Why do you say that? Tell

worked out her theory. "Andwoman's intuition, you see."

might mean his ruin and hersthe pity of it came home to her.

at that moment, was doing a thing

"A horrid man-a man named which commanded the attention of the whole country, a thing that must result beneficently for the nation.

"You think," she said, "it is about a woman?"

"Yes. And I think they're going to show him up. That's what

"It may be. It may be."

"I'll tell you why. When I wouldn't tell Mr. Mitchell I had heard anything, he was awful impolite about it, real rude. He said I thought I was awful slick about it, not to tell him everything I'd heard, but there wasn't any use in me thinking I could help anybody else with it. He said if I tried to interfere, it wouldn't matter, because they had the goods on fice looking for Mr. Mannersley. Smith. That was what he said." Edith took her hand from

tant to tell Mr. Mannersley. Then he ran into Mr. Mitchell, the "I think I know what to do," whisky man, and I heard him tell she said, with no great show of Mr. Mitchell he knew who Mr. confidence. "I think I do. You talk with you?" she inquired Smith was. I couldn't hear much won't-of course you won't say because I was over at my desk in anything about this to anybody

too high. The lack of ease that she So they went into the committee "Don't ask me that!" she anfelt on his account hurried her to meeting room and had a talk, and swered indignantly. "Have I then Mr. Mitchell left the Simp- said anything about it? Didn't son man in there while he went in I come up here with it because I to talk to Mr. Mannersley. It was knew the man loved you, and you the day Mr. Smith came up there loved him?'

"Forgive me," Edith begged anxiously. "I didn't mean that-

Elise was mollified. "It's all right," she smiled. to visualize everything Elise was "I'm glad I could do you the favor. I thought you'd know tears—something like the mist her blond locks back up under her the conversation. He came in a fool a girl that's got heart—and

"You don't know where I could where this Simpson could be found?" she asked.

"No. I haven't seen him since. loon, I reckon. Maybe Mr. Waller

"That," Edith said, "was what I was thinking.'

CHAPTER SIXTEEN.

Bishop Rexall, the head of the biggest diocese of a great church, had been glad to receive Mr. John Smith.

"Tell me," he said, "what is it ou wish?

GREAT DEMAND FOR CANADIAN LAND

Americans Are Buyers and Becoming Settlers-Anxious to Get Cheap and Productive Land.

Reports are to hand that there will be a large influx of settlers from the United States into the Canadian West during the coming Spring. For a time there has been a falling off, on account of the fear of conscription, which of course was not possible, and which the Canadian Government gave every assurance would not be put into operation. In any case it would not affect the American settler, and more than that the man who was working on the farm, helping to produce the grain that goes to feed those who are at war, would not be affected.

The excellent yields of the Western Canada crops, and the high prices secured is having its influence on those looking for homes. The authenticated reports that have been sent out from time to time that this farmer and that farmer had paid for their entire farm holdings out of one crop has reached the ears of the man looking for a farm. When he hears that G. H. Beatty of Nanton, Alberta, had 679 bushels of wheat from 12 acres or an average of 561% bushels to the acre, he becomes interested. When he learns that Sidney E. Phillips of Beddeford, Alberta, threshed ten hundred and fifty-three bushels of wheat, the average being 521/2 bushels per acre, his interest is further aroused. Thos. Long of Lethbridge had 120 bushels of oats to the acre from a field of 25 acres, W. Quinn of Milk River had 6,094 bushels of wheat from 100 acres, an average of 60 bushels per acre, and Robert Tackaberry of Nobleford makes affidavit that he had an average of seventysix bushels of wheat per acre from a field of 10.63 acres. Thos, Boulton of the same place makes affidavit that from fifty acres he had a yield of fifty-three bushels of wheat per acre. Newell J. Noble's affidavit of getting 54 bushels per acre from 1,000 acres stands out most strongly as evidence of what the wheat grower can do. This affidavit is strengthened by a paragraph stating that he had 122 bushels and 30 lbs. per acre from 394.69 acres. Mrs. Nancy Coe makes affidavit that on her farm at Nobleford she threshed six thousand one hundred and ten bushels of wheat from one hundred and fifteen acres, or fifty-three bushels and eight lbs, per acre, and from a flax field (stubble field) she got 20 bushels and

38 pounds per acre. It cannot be said that these were freak yields because so many had such great success. When these reports are read, the man looking for a farm becomes convinced.

These are only a few of the reasons that will cause a large influx of American farmers into the Canadian West during the coming Spring.

The farmers now resident in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta are purchasing additional lands. Prices are low and Free homestead land can be had in many districts and the homesteader is welcome,-Advertisement.

TAKES OFF DANDRUFF HAIR STOPS FALLING

Girls! Try This! Makes Hair Thick, Glossy, Fluffy, Beautiful-No More Itching Scalp.

Within ten minutes after an application of Danderine you cannot find a single trace of dandruff or falling hair and your scalp will not itch, but what will please you most will be after a few weeks' use, when you see new hair, fine and downy at first-yes-but really new hair-growing all over the scalp.

A little Danderine immediately doubles the beauty of your hair. No difference how dull, faded, brittle and scraggy, just moisten a cloth with Danderine and carefully draw it through your hair, taking one small strand at a time. The effect is amazing-your hair will be light, fluffy and wavy, and have an appearance of abundance; an incomparable luster, softness and luxurlance.

Get a 25 cent bottle of Knowlton's Danderine from any store, and prove that your hair is as pretty and soft as any-that it has been neglected or injured by careless treatment-that's all-you surely can have beautiful hair and lots of it if you will just try a little Danderine. Adv.

Force of Habit.

Cop-You're drunk. I'll have to loch you up.

Auto Fan-No, I'm not, officer. It' just my steering gear out of order.

Pure blood is essential to Good Health Garfield Tea dispells impurities, cleanses the system and eradicates disease. Adv.

The soul will not travel the better, or straighter, for blind bridles.

tremendously surprised.

way about-things."

Mrs. Kane laughed, to cover up terest me. You take a girl with having shown so much real feel-

"Oh, you're like all the rest." she jeered lightly. "You think thinking that Miss Downey was because a woman's a widow she paraphrasing in her own language flight into the high notes-"you has solved the problem of how to some of the things Mrs. Kane had and Mr. Smith love one another, turn her heart to stone! But you said. take my advice: The man's the thing. There isn't anything else more freely. Miss Millon, she de- tion. in the world that matters that cided, was like all other girls-

much." She snapped her fingers with heart. by way of illustration.

"Of course," she said, "you're her ideas and her intuitions. I've mance? Ain't I got a heart, deep

I don't like to think of his being And I know I'm right. Intuitions knows you're crazy about him. annoyed by this crazy talk about make up some of this story I've And I don't blame you. His eyesan engagement."

chair and sat down. She wore an things, don't you?" air of contrition, as if she had broken her code or infringed on her rules by exposing her own heart.

lightness into the query; "you think he's going to ask you to My name's Elise Downey, and I'm marry him?" a stenographer in Congressman

town.'

"I feel very sure." "Well," Nellie gave it as her critical judgment, "I don't know what the man's past has been, but future ahead of him.'

Wales lifted the hangings at the door.

"Miss Downey," he announced. cerned herself nearly. Elise made her entrance exactly that she regarded with awe the glad, it appeared, to get past him. its impertinence.

"I wanted to see Miss Mallon," she said, her concluding high note in perfect working order.

her

"Well, that's me. I'm really For a moment Edith was sus-"Why Nellie," she said, taking romantic. I don't mean any of picious. It flashed into her mind

one of her hands, "I never - I this much the men try to hand that, for some reason, the agitanever dreamed you thought this you, but great, big heart events- tor's enemies wanted to discredit the real things in life. They in- him with her. "Why have you come to me

the fact that she was ashamed of the right sort of feelings, and she with this story ?" she demanded, likes love stories and things like shaking Elise's arm. that, don't she?"

Elise looked at her in unfeigned "Naturally." Miss Mallon was amazement. "Why" - she took a great

don't you?" Elise's words flowed more and Edith still was avid of informa-

> "And that's why you came to me?"

"And you can't fool a girl "Why, of course! Didn't I tell Edith patted the hand she held. who's like that, can you? I mean you I liked romance, real roright. And now you know why got heart and I've got intuitions. feelings, and all that? Everybody thing.

got to tell you. You believe a girl are just dears! And I said to my-Mrs. Kane went back to her who has real deep feeling knows self you ought to hear this storyand I couldn't go to him. But with you, being a woman, it was

Elise was completely satisfied. different.'

night. He bought me three cock-

"He wanted to find out what I

as it was important, I ought to tell

It did not occur even in a re-

"Yes, oh, yes; I see."

"What did he want?"

"I knew you would! From all "Yes, of course," Edith agreed I'd heard about you, I knew you dully. She was groping for ideas, "Tell me," she asked, putting were all right. That's why I came some thought of what to do or that, and I do love real romance! say

"I know it's important," Elise stenographer in Congressman insisted, "because Mr. Mitchell Edith laughed whole-heartedly. Mannersley's offices when he's in came to see me day before yesterday and took me out to dinner last

"Mr. Mannersley's?"

For some reason which she tails and wanted to buy me some could not explain then or after- more, but I wouldn't take 'em. I will say this: he has a glorious ward, Edith's attention was ain't been under the influence of caught by the girl in a remarkable alcohol-that is, strictly speaking manner. She felt at once that -in all my life.

"Yes.

what she was about to hear con-

"Yes, Mr. Mannersley's. That's had heard, how much I had heard, tol at noon on December 10." as she had built it up in her own why I'm here/ You know, I know of that talk in the office that day mind and rehearsed it before her now, just as soon as I've looked at between him and Mr. Simpson. own bedroom mirrow. There was you, there ain't anything to that But I was too wise for him. Inin it only one flaw: something in story about your being in love deed, I was. You see, as soon as her manner indicated vaguely with him. There ain't-is there?" he began talking about it, I knew over which he looked at the agi Elise's evident and deep con- it must be important. So that tator. He smiled gently. wooden-faced Wales. She was cern took out of her question all made me shut up. I let on that I

Edith smiled.

"No, nothing," she answered. it to you because you love the "I'm so glad!" Elise sighed man. See?" Edith went forward to meet audibly. "It shows I was right.

I tell you, a girl who has heart is

His thin, sensitive lips moved slowly, as if he had learned long ago the power of all spoken words. He drammed lightly on the arm of his chair with his long, slender fingers, and his clear, gray eyes, as he looked at the agitator, were eloquent of wisdom and understanding. In spite of his white hair and his great age, he was

strong. His strength was evident even as he sat far down in his chair, so that he seemed to rest on the small of his back, his legs crossed, his right foot moving slowly up and down with the regularity of a pendulum. His benevolence was upon him like a mantle. Any one, upon seeing him, sensed it and knew it, almost as if it had been a tangible, visible

It was within three weeks of the date set for the "prohibition parade"-this being the name the public had given the demonstration. Smith, his wonderful vivacity undiminished by the work he had done and was doing, had come into the room with his accustomed flamelike ardor - and this had suggested to the bishop the atmosphere of youth that always was about John Smith. The older man marvelled that one who seemed so young could have accomplished so much, or could have persuaded others to go with him into the undertaking.

"It is very simple, what I have some to ask," Smith explained. 'I am very anxious to have you lead the multitude in prayer, up there on the east steps of the capi-

The bishop put the tips of his slender fingers together so that. with his elbows resting on the chair arms, they made a gable

"There will be prayer?" he hadn't heard a word. I thought, asked.

"Why, certainly !"

The bishop moved his hands slowly so that the gable divided and then shut again.

(Continued Next Week.)

The "Grand Passion."

Ten definitions of love, culled from the literature and history of the ages, are presented in the Pelican, University of California comic periodical, just issued.

The Pelican says this, is what the ten chosen each to represent an era. thought of the tender passion: Shakespeare-Sweet folly.

De Maupassant-Hunting fleas together.

Milton-Paradise regained. Balzac-Passion.

Harry Thaw-Madness

Mrs. Grundy-Marriage.

Calpurnia-The curse of the gods. Dumas-Merely an incident of the evening.

Buddha-One of the ten gates which seep man out of heaven. Bverybody Else-Love.

YES! MAGICALLY! CORNS LIFT OUT WITH FINGERS

You say to the drug store man, 'Give me a small bottle of freezone," This will cost very little but will positively remove every hard or soft corn or callus from one's feet.

A few drops of this new ether compound applied directly upon a tender, aching corn relieves the soreness instantly, and soon the entire corn or callus, root and all, dries up and can be lifted off with the fingers.

This new way to rid one's feet of corns was introduced by a Cincinnati man, who says that freezone dries in a moment, and simply shrivels up the corn or callus without irritating the surrounding skin.

If your druggist hasn't any freezone tell him to order a small bottle from his wholesale drug house for you .- adv.

Her Experience.

Temperance Worker-Does Mr. Milligan live here?

Mrs. Milligan-Sure. Carry him in.

Garfield Tea, taken regularly, will correct both liver and kidney disorders. Adv.

It doesn't really matter what we "might have done"-and didn't.