

## HOW MRS. BOYD AVOIDED AN OPERATION

Canton, Ohio.—"I suffered from a female trouble which caused me much suffering, and two doctors decided that I would have to go through an operation before I could get well.



"My mother, who had been helped by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, advised me to try it before submitting to an operation. It relieved me from my troubles so I can do my house work without any difficulty. I advise any woman who is afflicted with female troubles to give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial and it will do as much for them."—Mrs. MARIE BOYD, 1421 5th St., N. E., Canton, Ohio.

Sometimes there are serious conditions where a hospital operation is the only alternative, but on the other hand so many women have been cured by this famous root and herb remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, after doctors have said that an operation was necessary—every woman who wants to avoid an operation should give it a fair trial before submitting to such a trying ordeal.

If complications exist, write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass., for advice. The result of many years experience is at your service.

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**KEROSENE LAMPS IN INDIA**

Illuminating Agencies Used in Smaller Cities Were Originally Imported From the United States.

India is making slow but steady progress in introducing more modern lighting methods. Popular Science Monthly states. All public lighting in the large cities of India is by electricity; but in the smaller cities the methods of lighting, public as well as private, are still very primitive.

For native festivals—and there are a great many of these—large kerosene lamps of an elaborate pattern are much used. They are known in many localities as "Washington lights" and were originally brought to India from the United States. At various religious processions and especially at wedding processions as many as 20 or 30 of these lamps are carried on the heads of bearers, who are engaged for the occasion and paid a fixed fee.

These lamps are high-pressure kerosene lamps constructed upon the principle of the kerosene torches used in the United States. The light is protected by a mica chimney and is very brilliant. Colored globes are sometimes used. These lamps are no longer imported from the United States, but are manufactured in Bombay. The "Bombay lights" cost about \$5 or \$6, while the imported kind cannot be bought for less than \$65 apiece.

### Nothing to Do but Wait.

Jones was a raw recruit just arrived. The second day of his army life he was put on the picket line grooming horses. The stable sergeant, having given the command to groom, sauntered around to see how the work was progressing. He found Jones with an anxious and expectant look on his face.

"Well, Jones, have you groomed your horse?"

"Yes, sir," he replied obediently.

"Have you cleaned out his hoofs?" Jones hesitated.

"No, sir—he's been standing on them sir, and I've waited over ten minutes for him to lie down."—Judge.

### Logical.

"There is something funny about that bill."

"Naturally. It has a joker in it."

Autocracy begins where anarchy ends.

When you think of Wheat-Saving foods, think of **POST TOASTIES**—SUPERIOR CORN FLAKES

—says Bobby

## THE TEETH OF THE TIGER

BY MAURICE LEBLANC

TRANSLATED BY ALEXANDER TEIXEIRA DE MATTOS

### CHAPTER NINE. (Continued.)

The hum of the engine and the sighing of the trees, which bent down at the approach, he murmured incoherent words. The recollection of the two lovers clasped in each other's arms made him cry aloud with jealousy. He wanted to be revenged. For the first time in his life, the longing, the feverish craving to kill set his brain boiling.

"Hang it all!" he growled suddenly. "The engine's misfiring! Mazeroux! Mazeroux!"

"What, chief! Did you know I was here?" exclaimed Mazeroux, emerging from the shadow in which he sat hidden.

"You jackass! Do you think that the first idiot who comes along can hang on to the foot-board of my car without my knowing it? You must be feeling comfortable down there!"

"I'm suffering agonies, and I'm shivering with cold."

"That's right, it'll teach you. Tell me, where did you buy your petrol?"

"At the grocer's."

"At a thief's, you mean. It's muck. The plugs are getting sooted up."

"Are you sure?"

"Can't you hear the misfiring, you fool?"

The motor, indeed, at moments seemed to hesitate. Then everything became normal again. Don Luis forced the pace. Going downhill they appeared to be hurling themselves into space. One of the lamps went out. The other was not bright as usual. But nothing diminished Don Luis's ardor.

There was more misfiring, fresh hesitations, followed by efforts, as though the engine was pluckily striving to do its duty. And then suddenly came the final failure, a dead stop at the side of the road, a stupid breakdown.

"Confound it!" roared Don Luis. "We're stuck! Oh, this is the last straw!"

"Come, chief, we'll put it right. And we'll pick up Sauverand at Paris instead of Chartres, that's all."

"You infernal ass! The repairs will take an hour! And then she'll break down again. It's not petrol, it's filth they've foisted on you."

The country stretched around them to endless distances, with no other lights than the stars that riddled the darkness of the sky.

Don Luis was stamping with fury. He would have liked to kick the motor to pieces. He would have liked—

It was Mazeroux who "caught it," in the hapless sergeant's own words. Don Luis took him by the shoulders, shook him, loaded him with insults and abuse, and, finally, pushing him against the roadside bank and holding him there, said, in a broken voice of mingled hatred and sorrow.

"It's she, do you hear, Mazeroux! it's Sauverand's companion who has done everything. I'm telling you now, because I'm afraid of relenting. Yes, I am a weak coward. She has such a grave face, with the eyes of a child. But it's she, Mazeroux. She lives in my house. Remember her name: Florence Levasseur. You'll arrest her, won't you? I might not be able to. My courage fails me when I look at her. The fact is that I have never loved before."

"There have been other women—but no, those were fleeting faucies—not even that: I don't even remember the past! Whereas Florence—! You must arrest her, Mazeroux. You must deliver me from her eyes. They burn into me like poison. If you don't deliver me I shall kill her as I killed Dolores—or else they will kill me—or—Oh, I don't know all the ideas that are driving me wild—!"

"You see, there's another man," he exclaimed. "That's Sauverand, whom she loves. Oh, the infamous pair! They have killed Fauville and the boy and old Langernault and those two in the barn and others besides: Cosmo Mornington, Verot, and more still. They are monsters, the most of all—And if you saw her eyes—"

He spoke so low that Mazeroux

could hardly hear him. He had let go his hold of Mazeroux and seemed utterly cast down with despair, a surprising symptom in a man of his amazing vigor and authority.

"Come, chief," said the sergeant, helping him up. "This is all stuff and nonsense. Trouble with women: I've had it like everybody else. Mme. Mazeroux—yes, I got married while you were away—Mme. Mazeroux turned out badly herself, gave me the devil of a time, Mme. Mazeroux did. I'll tell you all about it, chief, how Mme. Mazeroux rewarded my kindness."

He led Don Luis gently to the car and settled him on the front seat.

"Take a rest, chief. It's not very cold and there are plenty of furs. The first peasant that comes along at daybreak, I'll send him to the next town for what we want—and for food, too, for I'm starving. And everything will come right; it always does with women. All you have to do is to kick them out of your life—except when the anticipate you and kick themselves out. \* \* \* I was going to tell you: Mme. Mazeroux—"

Don Luis was never to learn what had happened with Mme. Mazeroux. The most violent catastrophes had no effect upon the peacefulness of his slumbers. He was asleep almost at once.

It was late in the morning when he woke up. Mazeroux had had to wait till 7 o'clock before he could hail a cyclist on his way to Chartres.

They made a start at 9 o'clock. Don Luis had recovered all his coolness. He turned to his sergeant.

"I said a lot last night that I did not mean to say. However, I don't regret it. Yes, it is my duty to do everything to save Mme. Fauville and to catch the real culprit. Only the task falls upon myself; and I swear that I shall fail in it. This evening Florence Levasseur shall sleep in the lock-up!"

"I'll help you, chief," replied Mazeroux, in a queer tone of voice.

"I need nobody's help. If you touch a single hair of her head, I'll do for you. Do you understand?"

"Yes, chief."

"Then hold your tongue."

His anger was slowly returning and expressed itself in an increase of speed, which seemed to Mazeroux a revenge executed upon himself. They raced over the cobble stones of Chartres. Rambouillet, Chevreuse and Versailles received the terrifying vision of a thunderbolt tearing across them from end to end.

Saint Cloud. The Bois de Boulogne \* \* \*

On the Place de la Concorde, as the motor was turning toward the Tuileries, Mazeroux objected:

"Aren't you going home, chief?"

"No. There's something more urgent first: we must relieve Marie Fauville of her suicidal obsession by letting her know that we have discovered the criminals."

"And then?"

"Then I want to see the prefect of police."

"M. Desmaliens is away and won't be back till this afternoon."

"In that case the examining magistrate."

"He doesn't get to the law courts till 12; and it's only 11 now."

"We'll see."

Mazeroux was right: there was no one at the law courts.

Don Luis lunched somewhere close by; and Mazeroux, after calling at the detective office, came to fetch him and took him to the magistrate's corridor. Don Luis's excitement, his extraordinary restlessness, did not fail to strike Mazeroux, who asked:

"Are you still of the same mind, chief?"

"More than ever. I looked through the newspapers at lunch. Marie Fauville, who was sent to the infirmary after her second at-

tempt, has again tried to kill herself by banging her head against the wall of the room. They have put a straightjacket on her. But she is refusing all food. It is my duty to save her."

"How?"

"By handing over the real criminal. I shall inform the magistrate in charge of the case; and this evening I shall bring you Florence Levasseur dead or alive."

"And Sauverand?"

"Sauverand? That won't take long. Unless—"

"Unless what?"

"Unless I settle his business myself, the miscreant!"

"Chief!"

"Oh, dry up!"

There were some reporters near them waiting for particulars. He recognized them and went up to them.

"You can say, gentlemen, that from today I am taking up the defense of Marie Fauville and devoting myself entirely to her cause."

They all protested: was it not he who had had Mme. Fauville arrested? Was it not he who had collected a heap of convicting proofs against her?

"I shall demolish those proofs one by one," he said. "Marie Fauville is the victim of wretches who have hatched the most diabolical plot against her, and whom I am about to deliver up to justice."

"But the teeth! The marks of the teeth!"

"A coincidence! One unparalleled coincidence, but one which now strikes me as a most powerful proof of innocence. I tell you that, if Marie Fauville had been clever enough to commit all those murders, she would also have been clever enough not to leave behind her a fruit bearing the marks of her two rows of teeth."

"But still—"

"She is innocent! And that is what I am going to tell the examining magistrate. She must be informed of the efforts that are being made in her favor. She must be given hope at once. If not, the poor thing will kill herself and her death will be on the conscience of all who accused an innocent woman. She must—"

At that moment he interrupted himself. His eyes were fixed on one of the journalists who was standing a little way off listening to him and taking notes.

He whispered to Mazeroux:

"Could you manage to find out that beggar's name? I can't remember where on earth I've seen him before."

But an usher now opened the door of the examining magistrate, who, on receiving Don Perenna's card, had asked to see him at once. He stepped forward and was about to enter the room with Mazeroux, when he suddenly turned to his companion with a cry of rage:

"It's he! It was Sauverand in disguise. Stop him! He's made off. Run, can't you?"

He himself darted away followed by Mazeroux and a number of warders and journalists. He soon outdistanced them, so that, three minutes later, he heard no one more behind him. He had rushed down the staircase of the "Mousetrap," and through the subway leading from one courtyard to the other. Here two people told him that they had met a man walking at a smart pace.

The track was a false one. He became aware of this, hunted about, lost a good deal of time, and managed to discover that Sauverand had left by the Boulevard du Palais and joined a very pretty, fair haired woman—Florence Levasseur, obviously—on the Quai de l'Horloge. They had both got into the motor bus that runs from the Place Caint-Michel to the Gare Saint-Lazare.

Don Luis went back to a lonely little street where he had left his car in the charge of a boy. He set the engine going and drove at full speed to the Gare Saint-Lazare. From the omnibus shelter he went off on a fresh track which also proved to be wrong, lost quite another hour, returned to the terminus, and ended by learning for certain that Florence had stepped by herself into a motor bus which would take her toward the Place du Palais-Bourbon. Contrary to all expectations, therefore, the girl must have gone home.

The thought of seeing her again roused his anger to its highest pitch. All the way down the Rue Royale and across the Place de la Concorde he kept blurting out words of revenge and threats which he was itching to carry out. He would abuse Florence. He would sting her with his insults. He felt a bitter and painful need to hurt the odious creature.

But on reaching the Place du Palais-Bourbon he pulled up short. His practiced eye had counted at a glance, on the right and left, a

half dozen men whose professional look there was no mistaking. And Mazeroux, who had caught sight of him, had spun round on his heel and was hiding under a gateway.

He called him: "Mazeroux!"

The sergeant appeared greatly surprised to hear his name and came up to the car.

"Hullo, the chief!"

His face expressed such embarrassment that Don Luis felt his fears taking definite shape.

"Look here, is it for me that you and your men are hanging about outside of my house?"

"There's a notion, chief," replied Mazeroux, looking very uncomfortable. "You know that you're in favor all right!"

Don Luis gave a start. He understood. Mazeroux had betrayed his confidence. To obey his scruples of conscience as well as to rescue the chief from the dangers of a fatal passion, Mazeroux had denounced Florence Levasseur.

Perenna clenched his fists in an effort of his whole being to stifle his boiling rage. It was a terrible blow. He received a sudden intuition of all the blunders which his mad jealousy had made him commit since the day before, and a presentiment of the irreparable disasters that might result from them. The conduct of events was slipping from him.

"Have you the warrant?" he asked.

Mazeroux spluttered: "It was quite by accident. I met the prefect, who was back. We spoke of the young lady's business. And, as it happened, they had discovered that the photograph—you know, the photograph of Florence Levasseur which the prefect lent you—well, they have discovered that you faked it. And then when I mentioned the name of Florence, the prefect remembered that that was the name."

"Have you the warrant?" Don Luis repeated, in a harsher tone.

"Well, you see, I couldn't help it. \* \* \* M. Desmaliens, the magistrate—"

If the Place du Palais-Bourbon had been deserted at that moment, Don Luis would certainly have relieved himself by a swinging blow administered to Mazeroux's chin according to the most scientific rules of the noble art. And Mazeroux foresaw this contingency, for he prudently kept as far away as possible and, to appease the chief's anger, intoned a whole litany of excuses:

"It was for your good, chief. \* \* \* I had to do it. \* \* \* Only think! You yourself told me: 'Rid me of the creature!' said you. 'I'm too weak. You'll arrest her, won't you? Her eyes burn into me—like poison! Well, chief, could I help it? No, I couldn't could I? Especially as the deputy chief—'"

"Ah! So Weber knows?"

"Why, yes! The prefect is a little suspicious of you since he understood about the faking of the portrait. So M. Weber is coming back in an hour, perhaps, with reinforcements. Well, I was saying, the deputy chief had learnt that the woman who used to go to Gaston Sauverand's at Neuilly—you know, the house on the Boulevard Richard-Wallace—was fair and very good looking, and that her name was Florence. She even used to stay the night sometimes."

"You lie! You lie!" hissed Perenna.

All his spite was reviving. He had been pursuing Florence with intentions which it would have been difficult for him to put into words. And now suddenly he again wanted to destroy her; and this time consciously. In reality he no longer knew what he was doing. He was acting at haphazard, tossed about in turns by the most diverse passions, a prey to that inordinate love which impels us as readily to kill the object of our affections as to die in an attempt to save her.

A newsboy passed with a special edition of the Paris-Midi, showing in great block letters:

**SENSATIONAL DECLARATION BY DON LUIS PERENNA.**

**MME. FAUVILLE IS INNOCENT. IMMINENT ARREST OF THE TWO CRIMINALS.**

"Yes, yes," he said aloud. "The drama is drawing to an end. Florence is about to pay her debt to society. So much the worse for her."

He started his car again and drove through the gate. In the courtyard he said to his chauffeur, who came up:

"Turn her round and don't put her up. I may be starting again at any moment."

He sprang out and asked the butler:

"Is Mlle. Levasseur in?"

"Yes, sir, she's in her room."

(Continued Next Week.)

## EXPERT'S TRIBUTE TO WESTERN CANADA SOIL

That there is good reason for the wonderful crops of grain grown in Western Canada, which have made thousands of former residents of the United States wealthy, is not always given the thought that it deserves is quite apparent. But that there must be a reason is quite evident. Probably more than one—but the one that requires emphasis—is that the soil is of the nature that will produce good crops. It was not long since that the farmer selected his land in the most haphazard way. He need not do so today. He will select it on the soil analysis plan. Soil from Western Canada was submitted to Prof. Stevens, soil physicist of the State College of Washington, at Pullman, Wash. His report should no doubt further encourage settlement in Western Canada. It reads as follows:

"We have analyzed this sample and find that it runs high in lime, very high in potash, phosphorus and in nitrogen; that it has a splendid supply of organic matter and is in the best of physical condition. There is nothing wrong with this soil from the standpoint of crop production, and I am satisfied that it will give splendid results wherever put under cultivation."

It is soil like this properly worked, and on scientific lines, as is the rule today, that gives the opportunity to quote the experiences of farmers who have increased their incomes from \$500 to \$30,000 in two seasons, and whose story would read as follows:

"I have threshed altogether 7,000 bushels of No. 1 Northern wheat from 200 acres, which went from 24 to 56 per acre—sod breaking 24, spring plowing 36, back setting 56 bushels—the average being 35 bushels per acre."

The newspaper giving an account of this man's experience says: "When he disposed of his 1,600 acres from north of Brooks, Alta, to four Oak Harbor men, he was worth \$30,000. Two years ago he came here with \$500 and a few horses."

It is the soil of Western Canada, and the knowledge of what it will do that brings to Canada the hundreds of settlers that are daily arriving at the border. A growing enthusiasm for the fertile prairie lands of Western Canada is spreading all over the continent. This enthusiasm is the recognition of the fact that sufficient food could be produced on these prairie lands to feed the world. From the south, east and west, hundreds of men, too old for military service, are pouring into Western Canada to take up land or to work on the farms. A great many of the incoming settlers have arrived at such central points as Calgary, Edmonton, and Lethbridge, Alberta, and at Regina, Moose Jaw, and Saskatoon, Saskatchewan. Judging from the bulk of their household effects, the number of their horses and cattle, and the quantity of implements they are bringing with them, most of the new arrivals also seem well blessed with the world's goods.

Reports from North Portal, Saskatchewan; Coutts, Alberta, and Kingsgate, British Columbia—the principal gateways into Western Canada from the United States—indicate that the present influx of farmers is in such volume as has not been witnessed for many years. From Vancouver, British Columbia, people are going to the prairies for summer farm work, many with the intention of taking up land themselves at the end of the summer.

The influence of this tide of farmer settlers on greater food production will be more readily appreciated when it is considered that the average settler takes up at least twice as much land as he has hitherto been farming—and land which, acre for acre, produces better and larger crops.—Advertisement.

**Zone of Quiet.**

The black-whiskered, unkempt stranger had been wandering about for some time watching the swarm of workmen engaged on the Tower of Babel.

"How quiet and orderly everything is here," he remarked to one of the foremen.

"How's that?" asked the foreman, eyeing him sharply.

"I say," repeated the stranger, "how quiet and orderly everything is here. Everything running along smoothly, no disturbances, everybody doing just what should be done, at just the right time. Such an easy-running place, this."

"Say, where are you from?"

"Oh, me? Why, I just dropped over from Petrograd."

**Soothe Itching Skins**

With Cuticura. Bathe with Cuticura Soap and hot water, dry and apply the Ointment. This usually affords relief and points to speedy healing. For free samples address, "Cuticura, Dept. X, Boston." At druggists and by mail. Soap 25c, Ointment 25 and 50c.—Adv.

**Protection.**

"I see they are repairing the roof of your bank."

"And a good idea, forsooth. There's where I keep my stuff for a rainy day."

It sometimes happens that a foolish woman mistakes her disagreeable disposition for a proud spirit.

**When Your Eyes Need Care**

Try Murine Eye Remedy

No Smarting. Just Eye Comfort. 50 cents at Druggists or mail. Write for Free Brochure. MURINE EYE REMEDY CO., CHICAGO