

IS CHILD CROSS, FEVERISH, SICK

Look, Mother! If tongue is coated, give "California Syrup of Figs."

Children love this "fruit laxative," and nothing else cleanses the tender stomach, liver and bowels so nicely.

A child simply will not stop playing to empty the bowels, and the result is they become tightly clogged with waste, liver gets sluggish, stomach sour, then your little one becomes cross, half-sick, feverish, don't eat, sleep or act naturally, breath is bad, system full of cold, has sore throat, stomach-ache or diarrhoea.

Ask the store for a 50-cent bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," which has full directions for babies, children of all ages and for grown-ups plainly printed on the bottle. Adv.

JUST TO COMPLETE BANQUET

Pathos in Youngster's Longing That Made Strong Appeal to Rich and Charitable Man.

The late Edward Morris, the Chicago meat packer, was worth over \$50,000,000, and contributed every year to charity as much money as he spent upon his home.

Mr. Morris, like most charitable souls, had a host of anecdotes that threw a quaintly pathetic light on poverty. Thus at a Christmas dinner in Chicago Mr. Morris once said:

"Every eater of a Christmas dinner should think of the little urchin who stood in front of a rich man's basement kitchen, inhaling rapturously the rich odor of roast turkey that gushed forth from the open window, and muttering over and over to himself: 'Gee, I wish I had a slice o' bread to go with that there smell!'"

A GRATEFUL OLD MAN.

Mr. W. D. Smith, Ethel, Ky., writes: "I have been using Dodd's Kidney Pills for ten or twelve years and they have done me a great deal of good. I do not think I would be alive today if it were not for Dodd's Kidney Pills. I strained my back about forty years ago, which left it very weak. I was troubled with inflammation of the bladder. Dodd's Kidney Pills cured me of that and the Kidney Trouble. I take Dodd's Kidney Pills now to keep from having Backache. I am 77 years old and a farmer. You are at liberty to publish this testimonial, and you may use my picture in connection with it." Correspond with Mr. Smith about this wonderful remedy.

Dodd's Kidney Pills, 50c. per box at your dealer or Dodd's Medicine Co., Buffalo, N. Y. Write for Household Hints, also music of National Anthem (English and German words) and recipes for dainty dishes. All 3 sent free. Adv.

Natural Kind. "I caught a frebug yesterday." "A confirmed criminal?" "No; a glowworm."

Occasionally a man gets up with the lark so that he can take a swallow before breakfast.

If a man gets the last word in an argument with a woman it is because she gives it to him.

WHY GRIP IS DANGEROUS.

It is an Epidemic Catarrhal Fever Caused by a Bacillus that Generally Leaves the Patient Weak After the Acute Stage Has Passed.



Grip Patients Grateful to Peruna, the Expectantant Tonic.

Do not make the error of regarding grip as an exaggerated cold. There is a big difference between the two. Grip is an epidemic disease that poisons the vital organs. When a person has grip, the air passages are alive with millions of bacilli poisoning the blood. The infected person feels tired and exhausted.

Peruna is a Tonic Laxative.

It requires a good tonic laxative to keep the body of the patient as strong as possible to counteract the effect of the poisons created by the grip bacillus. An expectantant tonic with some laxative qualities is the safest remedy. Such is Peruna. Beware especially of coal tar powders or tablets because they lessen the vitality of the patient.

There is no specific for the grip. Peruna has been used with good success in former grip epidemics. Indications point to the return of grip this winter.

Do not fail to read the experience of former grip patients with Peruna. Mr. Genry Gates, 2219 First Ave., East Lake, Ala., writes: 'I had a bad case of grip. I tried Peruna and it cured me. I can safely say it is a fine medicine.'

Mrs. Charles E. Wells, Sr., 230 South St., Delaware, Ohio, writes: 'After a severe attack of the grippe I took Peruna and found it a good tonic.'

Ask Your Druggist for Free Peruna Lucky Day Almanac for 1914.



A Man in the Open by Roger Pocock

Illustrations by Ellsworth Young

SYNOPSIS. The story opens with Jesse Smith relating the story of his birth, early life in Labrador and of the death of his father. Jesse becomes a sailor. His mother marries the master of the ship and both are lost in the wreck of the vessel. Jesse becomes a cowboy in Texas. He marries Polly, a singer of questionable morals, who later is reported to have committed suicide. Jesse becomes a rancher and moves to British Columbia. Kate Trevor takes up the narrative. Unhappily married she contemplates suicide, but changes her mind after meeting Jesse. Jesse rescues her from her drink-maddened husband who attempts to kill her. Trevor loses his life in the rapids. Kate rejects offers of grand opera managers to return to the stage and marries Jesse. Their married life starts out happily. Kate succumbs to the pleadings of a composer to return to the stage and runs away with him. She rescues Widow O'Flynn from her burning house, is badly burned herself and returns home, where Jesse rescues her with open arms. Jesse calls on neighbors and plans to capture cattle thieves. Kate is rescued from the hands of the bandits. Jesse is captured by the robbers, but by a clever ruse makes prisoners of the robbers. They are turned over to a United States marshal, who has arrived with extradition papers. Jesse takes charge of the outlaw chief's son, Billy O'Flynn, having promised the chief to keep him out of his father's profession. He takes Billy to Vancouver and the lad is abandoned. A son is born to Kate and Jesse and is named David. Jesse receives a letter from his first wife, Polly, in which she tells him she deceived him into thinking she had killed herself. She threatens to come to him.

CHAPTER XIV—Continued. The father released me, turning to my dear man. "Jesse," he said, "won't you shake hands with me?" "You see," he said, "I made a mistake myself, thinking a priest should be celibate, to win love from on high. But in his fullest strength God's love comes through a woman to shine upon our life—and so I've missed the greatest of his gifts. Your wife has told me everything, and I'm so envious. Won't you shake hands? I've been so lonely. Won't you?" But my man stood in the mouth of the cave, as though he were being judged. "This filth," he said, "out of the past. Filth!" His voice sounded as though he were dead. "The law," he said. "I've come to find out what's the law?" "Man's law?" "I suppose so." "But I don't know. I'm only a very ignorant old man; your friend, if you'll have me."

"What do you think?" "So far as I see, Jesse, the woman can arraign you on a charge of bigamy. Moreover, if you seek divorce she can plead that there's equal guilt, from which there's no release." "And that's the law?" "Man's law. But, Jesse, when you and Kate were joined in holy matrimony, was it man's law which said, 'Whom God hath joined, let no man put asunder.' What has man's law to do with the awful justice of Almighty God?" "And here, my son, I am something more than a foolish old man." He rose to his feet, making the sign of the cross. "I am ordained," he said, "a barrister to plead at the bar of Heaven. Will you not have me as your adviser, Jesse?" "Whom God hath joined," Jesse laughed horribly, "that harlot and I!" "She swore to love, honor and obey?" "Till death us part!" "And that was perjury?" "A joke! A joke!" "That was not marriage, my son, but blasphemy, the sin beyond forgiveness. The piteous lord creature has never been your wife."

"I told her what she is, straight from the shoulder!" Jesse lowered his head. "Who made her the living accusation of men's sins? She is the terrible state's evidence, God's evidence, which waits to be released in the Day of Judgment. You told her straight from the shoulder. Judge not that you be not judged. Remember that of all the men she knew on earth, you only can plead not guilty."

"Because I married her?" asked Jesse humbly. "Because you tried. You gave her your clean name, your pure life, your manhood, an act of knightly chivalry. Only a coward would accuse the lost. But in your manhood remember her courage, Jesse. Forgive as you hope for pardon. Keep your life clean, from every touch of evil, but to the world stand up for the honor of the name you gave her."

"I will." "You forgive?" "Yes."

LEAVE CONDIMENTS TO CHEF

Visiting Frenchman Bitterly Criticizes American Habit of Salting Food Placed Before Them.

"It is easy to see that most of these multimillionaires don't know what decent cooking is." And the French connoisseur, shrugging her white and pretty shoulders, let her eyes rove disdainfully over the Newport dinner table, with its orchids and its gold plate.

"Why do you say that, madame?" a multimillionaire inquired. "Because," rejoined the connoisseur, "the minute a dish is set before you you all rain salt on it. You all, without exception, rain salt on every dish."

"Well," said the multimillionaire as he raised salt calmly and generously upon his chafroid de giblet. "Well, what of it?" "There, look at you," cried the connoisseur, "salting a chafroid de giblet, to which a chef has devoted six or seven hours of his best talent! And you salt it without even tasting it first! That is to say, you are used to bad cooking, to unseasoned cooking, that as a matter of course you take this cooking to be bad."

"Mon ami," said the connoisseur impressively, "when a chef sees a diner salt or pepper a dish he is in despair—he is in despair as a painter would be if the purchaser of his painting took up a brush and added a little more green to the grass or a little more blue to the sky."

"Good French cooking needs no additional seasoning at table. They who season it, like you multimillionaires, without so much as tasting it first, don't know what good French cooking is. Were I a chef I'd rather work in a Marseilles eight-oz table d'hote than in your kitchens of marble and glass."

Touched Her Sympathy. A kind-hearted lady was collecting for the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. She paid a series of house-to-house visits, and at one door her knock was answered by a rather stupid-looking servant, says Pearson's Weekly.

The lady explained her errand; that

not until last winter by the fireside that we really had serious tales all about Wonderland. Although David has decided to be a tram conductor, he still takes some little interest in other walks of life. Once on the top-path he asked an old gentleman who was fishing what he was fishing for, and got the nice reply: "I often wonder." And it was on this path beside the Thames, that one day last November he made a big friendship. His nurse was passing a few remarks with a young man who asked the way to my house, and baby went ahead pursuing his lawful occupations. Curious to know what it felt like to be a real fish, he was stepping into the river to see about it, when the young man interfered. "Leggo my tail," said David wrathfully, then with sudden defiance, "I got my feet wet anyway, so there!" "That's so," the young man agreed. "I say," David grew confident. "Mummy says it's in the paper, so it's all right."

"What's that, sonny?" "A little boy what went in to see about some fishes, and that man what swum and swum, and I saw'd his picture in the paper. So now 'tend you look de udder way."

"Why, I can't see nothen." "You can see. The game is for me to jump in, and you swim." "But I can't swim. I'm a sailor." "Oh, weally? Then what's your name?" "It's Billy O'Flynn."

"No, but that's weally my guinea pig, the pink one—Billy O'Flynn. You're not a fairy, Billy?" "Why, what does you know about fairies?" "Most truthfully, you know, I don't believe in fairies, but then it pleases mummy."

So Billy sat on his heel making friends with the heaven-born, and Patsy, the nurse, came behind him, craving with cotton-gloved hands to touch the sailor's crisp, short, golden hair, and David gravely tried on the man's peaked cap. "Yes," Billy agreed, "fairies is rot when there's real gals about, with rosy cheeks a-blushin' an' cotton gloves."

"Lawks! 'Ow you sailors does fancy yourselves," said Patsy, her shy fingers drawn by that magnetic gold of the man's hair. "Climb on my back and ride," said young O'Flynn to David. "I'll be a fairy horse."

"The cheek of 'im!" jeered Patsy. "fairy 'orse indeed!" Oh, surely the fairies were very busy about them, tugging at heart-strings, while Billy and Patsy felt head over ears in love, and my pet cupid had them both for slaves. David rode Billy home, by his august command straight into my brown study, where I sat in my lazy chair.

Was it my voice telling baby to go and get dry feet? Was it my hand grasping Billy's horny paw? For I heard my roaring canyon, saw my cliffs, my embattled sculptured cliffs, and once more seemed to walk with Jesse in Cathedral Grove.

I laughed, I cried. Oh, yes, of course I made a fool of myself. For this dear lad came out of Wonderland, this heedless ruffian who knew of my second marriage, who had such a tale to tell of "Madame Scotson." Oh, haven't you heard? Her precious Baby David is illegitimate! Couldn't I hear my neighbor, Mrs. Pollock telling that story at the Scandal club?

Feeling ill-bred and common, I begged Billy's pardon, made him sit down, tried ever so hard to put him in at his ease. Poor lad! His father condemned as a felon, his mother such a wicked old harridan, his life, to say the very least, uncouth. Yet somehow out of that rough savage face shone the eyes of a gentleman, and there was manliness in all he said, in everything he did. After that great journey for my sake, how could I let him doubt that he was welcome?

"I know I'm rough," he said humbly, "but you seem to understand. You know I'm straight. You won't mind straight talk unless you're changed, and you're not changed—at least not that way, mum."

Changed! Ah, how changed! The looking glass had bitter things to tell me, and crying makes me such a trump, I never felt so plain. And the eyes of a young man are often brutally frank to women.

"Don't mind about me, Billy. Say what you've come to tell me." "Been gettin' it ready to say ever since I started for England. Look here, mum, I want to go back to the beginning, to when I was a kid, an' mother kep' that hash house in Ablelene. Dye mind if I speak—I mean about this here Polly?"

I set my teeth and hoped he would be quick. "Well, ye see, mum, she only done it for a joke, and the way Jesse treated her—" "I can't hear this." "You don't mind if I say that mother and me haven't no use for Jesse?" "I know that."

"Well, mother put her up to the idea. To get shut of him, she shamed me dead. I helped. I say, she done right, mum. If she'd let it go at that I'd take her side right now."

"Billy, was that a real marriage?" "It was that. She's Jesse's wife all right."

There was something which braced me in his callous frankness. "I hoped," I said. "Go on."

"Well, mother hated Jesse something chronic. Afterward when—well, she had to run for the British possessions, and we met up with Jesse again by accident. He give us a shack and some land, but mother an' me had our pride. How would you like to take charity? Mother hated him still worse, and don't you imagine I'd go back on her. She's my mother."

"Then you married Jesse. Of course mother and me both knew that Polly was alive. Father knew, too—and Jesse. I told you straight to your face why I hated him. And now, mum, I'm only sorry for poor Jesse."

It was then, I think, that I began really to be terrified. Never in the old days at the ranch had Billy been off his guard even with me. Now he let me know his very heart. I could not help but trust him, and it was no small uneasiness which had brought the lad to England.

"Them devil-skinks," he was saying, "has a habit of throwing out ink to fog the water, so you won't see what they're up to until they lash out to grapple. That's where they're so like this Polly. She's a fat, hearty, good-natured body, and it's the surest fact she's kind to men in trouble. Anybody can have a drink, a meal and a bed, no matter how broke he is; and Spite House is free hospital for the sick man, and, till I wern' an' lived there, I'd have sworn she was good as they make 'em. That's the ink."

"Then you begins to find out, and what I didn't see, mother would tell me. She'd been three years there. Besides, I seen most of what we call sailor towns, and I'd thought I'd know the toughest there was in the way of boardin' houses; but rough house in Frisco itself is holiness compared with what goes on there under the sign of Mrs. Jesse Smith. That name ain't exactly clean."

"That's enough, I think, if you don't mind. I'd rather have news about our old friends—Captain Taylor, for instance, and Iron Dale, and how is dear Doctor McGee?"

"Dear Doctor McGee, is it? Well, you see he lived within a mile of Polly. She got him drinkin', skinned him at cards, then told him he'd best shoot himself. The snow drifts through his house."

"And Iron Dale? Oh, of course, he was Jesse's friend, too. I'd forgot. She got him drunk and went through him. That money was for paying his hands at the Sky-line—wasn't his to lose, so he skipped the country. The mines closed down and there wasn't no more packing contracts for Jesse."

I began to understand what Billy meant, and it was with sick fear I asked concerning my dear man's stanchest friend, his banker, Captain Boulton Taylor.

"You'd better know, mum." There was pain in the lad's face, reluctance in his voice. "Being the nearest magistrate, he tried to down Polly for keeping a disorderly house. But then, as old man Taylor owned, he didn't know enough law to plug a rat hole. There ain't no municipality, so Spite House is outside the law. But Polly's friends proved all the good she done to men who was hurt, or sick, or broke. Then she showed up how her store and hotel was cutting into the trade of Hundred Mile House. She brung complaints before the government, so Taylor ain't magistrate now. The stage stables got moved from Hundred Mile to Spite House. The post-office had to follow. Now he's alone with only a Chinaman. He's blind as a bat, too, and there's no two ways about it—Bolt Taylor's dyin'."

"Is there no justice left?" "Dunno about that. She uses a lot of law."

I dared not ask about Jesse. To sit still was impossible, to play caged tiger up and down the room would only be ridiculous. Still, Billy's poisonous tobacco excused the opening of a window, so I stood with my back turned, while a November night closed on the river and the misty fogs.

"TO BE CONTINUED."

Handsome is as Handsome Does. Sanford—So you don't believe in judging a man by his clothes? Crabshaw—No, indeed! That's the portion of a good man's life. The way we judge a woman, and look how we get fooled!—Judge.

GROUP OF ACTIVE MUSCLES

Wonderful Piece of Anatomy is the Tongue—Proof of Man's Descent From Vegetarians.

The tongue is really a group of muscles, some running from root to tip, others crossways. Any one of these muscles can be used separately or in combination with the others, so that we can move the whole tongue in any direction—lengthen or shorten it, hollow or arch it.

The tongue is moistened by the mucus made by the mucous membrane that lines the mouth and by saliva from the salivary glands. The mucus of the mouth is controlled by the nervous system and can be greatly disturbed by worry or fear. That is why when we are very much worried or suddenly frightened our mouths become so dry we can hardly swallow.

The surface of the tongue is closely covered with little points. In each one of these points is the end of a nerve of taste that runs from the brain to the tongue. These little

here, mum, I want to go back to the beginning, to when I was a kid, an' mother kep' that hash house in Ablelene. Dye mind if I speak—I mean about this here Polly?"

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St Baking Powder. First in Quality, First in Results, First in Purity, First in Economy. RECEIVED HIGHEST AWARDS. World's Pure Food Exposition, Chicago, Illinois, 1912.

CALUMET BAKING POWDER CO. CHICAGO. NOT MADE BY THE TRUST. CALUMET BAKING POWDER CO. CHICAGO.

Church—Did the lecturer fire his audience? Gotham—No; the audience "fired" him.

STOMACH MISERY GAS, INDIGESTION. "Pape's Diapiesin" fixes sick, sour, gassy stomachs in five minutes.

Pape's Diapiesin belongs in your home anyway. Should one of the family eat something which don't agree with them, or in case of an attack of indigestion, dyspepsia, gastritis or stomach derangement at daytime or during the night, it is handy to give the quickest relief known. Adv.

1913 RECORD Magnificent CROPS in all Western Canada. All parts of the Provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, have produced wonderful yields of wheat, oats, barley and flax.

The Army of Constipation. CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are responsible for the relief they not only give relief. Millions use them for Bilemors, Sick Headache, Sallow Skin, SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE. Genuine must bear Signature.