In the New York home of James Brood, In the New York home of James Brood, Dawes and Riggs, his two old pensioners and comrades, await the coming of Brood's son, Frederic, to learn the contents of a wireless from Brood, but Frederic, after reading, throws it into the fire and leaves the room without a word. Frederic tells Lydia Desmond, his fancee, that the light of the fire and leaves the room without a word. Frederic tells Lydia Desmond, his fiancee, that the message announces his father's marriage, and orders the house prepared for an immediate home-coming. Mrs. Desmond, the housekeeper and Lydia's mother, tries to cool Frederic's temper at the impending changes. Brood and his bride arrives. She wins Frederic's liking at first meeting. Brood shows dislike and veiled hostility to his son. Lydia and Mrs. Brood meet in the jade room, where Lydia Brood meet in the jade room, where Lydia works as Brood's secretary. The room dominated by a great gold Buddha, is furdominated by a great gold Buddha, is fur-nished in oriental magnificence. Mrs. Brood, after a talk with Lydia, which leaves the latter puzzled, is startled by the appearance of Ranjab, Brood's Hin-du servant. Mrs. Brood makes changes in the household and gains her husband's in the household and gains her husband's sonsent to send Mrs. Desmond and Lydia away. She tries to fathom the mystery of Brood's separation from his first wife, and his dislike of his son, but falls. Mrs. Brood fascinates Frederic. She begins to fear Ranjab in his uncanny appearances and disappearances, and Frederic, remembering his father's East Indian stories and firm belief in magic, fears unknown evil. Ranjab performs feats of magic for Arm belief in magic, fears unknown evil.
Ranjab performs feats of magic for Dawes and Riggs. Frederic's father, jealous, unjustly orders his son from the dinner table as drunk. Yvonne follows Frederic to the jade-room and influences him to apologize to his father and the guests for his alleged lapse. Brood tells the story of Ranjab's life to his guests. "He killed a woman" who was unfaithful to him. Yvonne plays with Frederic's Infatuation for her. Her husband warns her that the thing must not go on. her that the thing must not go on.

CHAPTER IX-Continued.

"It sounds rather ominous."

"If he waits long enough you may discover that you love him and his gois the time for him to go."

"Good heavens!" he cried, in astonishment. "What a remarkable notion of the fitness-"

"That will be his chance to repay James," said she, as calm as a May

"By jove, you are a puzzle to me!" he exclaimed, and a fine moisture came out on his forehead.

went on earnestly. "He is-"

"Let the boy alone, James," she

Yair to him, even though I may not ap- dreams are-" pear to be. You are-" "That is also a matter we cannot discuss," said she calmly.

have to say. Sit down!"

For a moment she faced him defiantly. He was no longer angry, and therein lay the strength that opposed her. She could have held her own with titude that marked the beginning of him if he had maintained the angry attheir interview. As it was, her eyes ! fell after a brief struggle against the dominant power in his, and she obeyed, but not without a significant tribute to his superiority in the shape

of an indignant shrug. He took one of her hands in his, and stroked it gently, even patiently. "I will come straight to the point. Frederic is falling in love with you. Wait! I do not blame him. He cannot help himself. No more could I, for that matter, and he has youth, which is a spur that I have lost. I have watched him, Yvonne. He is-to put it coldbloodedly-lesing his head. Leaving me out of the question altogether if you choose, do you think you are quite fair to him? I am not disturbed on your account or my own, but-well. gan't you see what a cruel position we are likely to find ourselves-"

"Just a moment, James," she interrupted, sitting up very straight in the chair and meeting his gaze steadfastly. "Will you spare me the conjectures and come straight to the point, as you have said."

He turned a shade paler. "Well," he goes on." She shot a glance of incredulity at

his set face. Her body became rigid. of all that you have lost." "You would serve me as you served

his real mother, more than twenty and it was not only wonder that filled secret chapters which she was not to peared in the doorway. "Have Mrs. years ago?" "The cases are not parallel," said he, them too.

wincing. "You drove her out of your house,

"I have said that we cannot discuss-"But I choose to discuss it," she and do deny!"

said firmly. "The truth, please. You drove her out?" "She made her bed, Yvonne," said he huskily.

"Did she leave you cheerfully, gladty, as I would go if I loved another, or ceress? A-but no, it is not true!" did she plead with you-oh, I know it burts! Did she plead with you to give her a chance to explain? Did she?"

"She was on her knees to me," he temples.

Yvonne arose. She stood over him fike an accusing angel. "And to this day, James Brood-to

this very hour, you are not certain that you did right in casting her off!"

Just One More Visitor and Mrs. Mink-

ler Would Have Served Her

"Pie-Pudding."

relatives, "that I've heard reference

and it usually brings out a laugh. If

"Well, I'll tell you the story," said

made to 'Mrs. Minkler's pie-pudding,' it is:

"That's the third time," observed sibly, since you are not acquainted

there's any joke about it. I'd like to her family of four, and as she isn't in

"Then why do you still love her?" "Are you mad?" he gasped. "Good God, woman, how can you ask that question of me, knowing that I love you with all my heart and soul? were compressed.

have peace. Will you ring for tea?"

with heavy eyes. She waited for a mo-

ment, and then crossed over to pull

"Yes," she said, without a smile

CHAPTER X.

Of a Music-Master.

destiny of three persons in her hand

not try to hide the truth from herself.

of hitherto unpresented questions re-

She judged Yvonne too in a spirit of

fairness that was amazing when one

considers the lack of perspective that

must have been hers to contend with.

unmoral, base. This beautiful, warm-

hearted, clear-eyed woman suggested

nothing of the kind to her. It pleased

her to play with the good-looking

young fellow, and she made no pre-

only for an utter lack of conscience in

allowing the perfectly obvious to hap-

pen so far as he was concerned. For

her own gratification she was calmly

inviting a tragedy which was likely to

disturbing her peace of mind for an in-

stant after all was said and done

There was poison in the cup she hand-

ed out to him, and knowing this be-

yond dispute she allowed him to drink

hated her for the pain she was storing

up for Frederic, far more than she

Her mother saw the suffering in the

pathy from one even so close as she

Down in the heart of that quiet re-

power to inflict punishment for the

He watched her as she wrote, and

growing haggardness in her gentle,

girlish face; the wistful, ruzzled ex-

pression in her dark eyes. A note of

they spent together. The old-time

brusqueness disappeared from his

was gone. He watched her with pity

was made to endure.

figure of James Brood.

A month passed. Yvonne held the

the old-fashioned bell-cord.

"Five?" he muttered.

-chess.

happen!

'Are you forgetting Matilde?"

wait.

torture!'

"With all your heart, yes! But with your soul? No! That other woman has your soul. I have heard your soul speak and it speaks of her-yes, to her! Night after night, in your sleep, James Brood, you have cried out to family party, the five of us." 'Matilde.' You have sobbed out your love for her, as you have been doing for twenty years or more. In your sleep, your soul has been with her. With me at your side, you have cried to 'Matilde!' You have passed your hand over my face and murmured 'Matilde!' Not once have you uttered the word 'Yvonne!' And now, you come to me and say: 'We will come straight to the point!' Well, now you may come straight to the point. But do not forget, in blaming me, that you love an-

blood remained in his face.

sion. It cannot be true. Her name has not passed my lips in twenty years. It the time, whether tragedy, comedy or have not uttered that woman's name

ly believe. No one appears to know it

ing would give you infinite pain. Then fully. "Shall I be held responsible for to endure pain that otherwise would the unthinkable things that happen in have been unsupportable. She knew dreams?"

you for all that you have done for him, out her body, James, but not her feet back in the old path from which tremble, and with cause."

"See here, Yvonne," he broke in implore you to think nothing of my for this woman. He would come back sternly, "that is a matter we can't dis- maunderings in my sleep. They—they to her in time she knew, chastened; guss. You do not understand, and I may come from a disordered brain. the same instinct that revealed his cannot explain certain things to you. I God knows, there was a time when I frailties to her also defended his sense game here just now to ask you to be felt that I was mad, raving mad. These of honor. The unthinkable could never To his surprise, she laid her hand

gently on his arm.

"But it is a thing we are going to heart aches for you. You are a man discuss, just the same," said he. "Sit |-a strong, brave man, and yet you Lydia could not think of her as evil,



Situation With Courage.

my dear: One or the other of you will with your doubts awake. I am Mahave to leave my house if this thing tilde, not Yvonne, to you. I am the flesh on which that starved love of in the study, opposite the stern-faced yours feeds; I represent the memory man who labored with her over the

arms; can you-"

"Yes!" he almost shouted. "I can

"Good God, what manner of woman

mother's-for the expression you loved surprised him only a short time be-

in Frederic's face."

strike you just as it did us. But here

The perspiration stood out on his an instant's rest when it came to the row. He made no response. His lips work in hand, and therein lay the gentle shrewdness of the man. She was better off busy. There were times "You have uttered her name at last," she said wonderingly, after a long when he studied the face of Lydia's mother for signs that might show how Brood started. "I-I-Oh, this is her thoughts ran in relation to the conditions that were confronting all of "We must mend our ways, James. It them. But more often he searched the may please you to know that I shall features of the boy who called him overlook your mental faithlessness to father.

me. You may go on loving Matilde. Always, always there was music in She is dead. I am alive. I have the the house. Behind the closed doors better of her, there, ai-e? The day of the distant study, James Brood liswill come when she is dead in every tened in spite of himself to the persistent thrumming of the piano downsense of the word. In the meantime, I am content to enjoy life. Frederic stairs. Always were the airs light and seductive; the dreamy, plaintive comis quite safe with me. James: safer than he is with you. And now let us positions of Strauss, Ziehrer and others of their kind and place. Frederic, He sat down abruptly, staring at her with uncanny fidelity to the preferences of the mother he had never seen but whose influence directed him, af-"We will ask Lydia and Frederic to that had appealed to her moods and join us, too," she said. "It shall be a temperament. Times there were, and The girl's eyes were upon Brood's often, when he played the very airs that she had loved, and then, despite his profound antipathy, James Brood's denly he turned upon the girl. thoughts leaped back a quarter of a century and fixed themselves on lovescenes and love-times that would not whisper. be denied.

And again there were the wild, rioterelli, her soft-eyed music master! Accursed airs-accursed and accusing! times before. It was written by a man

They were like figures on a chess board and she moved them with the sureness, the unerring instinct of any not to be played, but failed to make skilled disciple of the philosopher's his command convincing for the reagame. They were puppets; she son that he could not bring himself to ranged them about her stage in swift- the point of explaining why they were changing pictures and applauded her distasteful to him. When Frederic own effectiveness. There were no re- thoughtlessly whistled or hummed hearsals. The play was going on all fragments of those proscribed airs, he considered himself justified in commanding him to stop on the pretext Of the three, Lydia alone faced the that they were disturbing, but he could situation with courage. She was young, not use the same excuse for checking she was good, she was inexperienced, the song on the lips of his gay and im-Her own son does not know it, I firm- but she saw what was going on be- pulsive wife. Sometimes he wondered neath the surface with a clarity of why she persisted when she knew that except the man who says he despises vision that would have surprised an he was annoyed. Her airy little apoloolder and more practiced person; and, gies for her forgetfulness were of no seeing, was favored with the strength consequence, for within the hour her memory was almost sure to be at fault that Frederic was infatuated. She did

"Is there anything wrong with my hair, Mr. Brood?" asked Lydia, with a

nervous little laugh. They were in the study and it was ten o'clock of a wet night in April. Of late, he had required her to spend the evenings with him in a strenuous effort to complete the final chapters of the journal. He had declared his intention to go abroad with his wife as soon as the manuscript was completed. Lydia's willingness to devote the extra hours to his enterprise would have pleased him vastly if he had not been afflicted by the same sense of unrest and uneasiness that made incessant labor a boon to her as well as to him. Her query followed a long period of

silence on his part. He had been suggesting alterations in her notes as she read them to him, and there were frequent lulls when she made the changes as directed. Without looking at him. she felt rather than knew that he was regarding her fixedly from his position opposite. The scrutiny was disturbing to her. tense of secrecy about it. Lydia was charitable to the extent of blaming her

Brood started guiltily. "Your hair?" he exclaimed. "Oh, I see. You women Yes, he wrote the devilish thing. He always feel that something is wrong played it a thousand times in that with it. I was thinking of something room down-and now Frederic plays else, however. Forgive my stupidity, it, after all these years. It is his We can't afford to waste time in think- heritage. God, how I hate the thing! ing, you know, and I am a pretty bad Ranjah! Where is the fellow? He crush him without even so much as offender. It's nearly half-past ten. must stop the accursed thing. He-" We've been hard at it since eight o'clock. Time to knock off. I will walk around to your apartment with you, my dear. It looks like an allnight rain."

while she looked on and smiled. Lydia He went up to the window and chair, motioning for her to remain. pulled the curtains aside. Her eyes The music had ceased abruptly. followed him.

hated her for the anguish she, herself, He was staring down into the court, his fingers grasping the curtains in a girl's eyes, but saw also the proud rigid grip. He did not reply. There was a light in the windows opening a full minute he stood there with his spirit that would have resented symout upon Yvonne's balcony.

"I fancy Frederic has come in from

served mother smoldered a hatred for the concert," he said slowly. "He will Yvonne Brood that would have take you home, Lydia. You'd like that stopped at nothing had it been in her better, eh?" He turned toward her and she wrong that was being done. She too paused in the nervous collecting of her side. He had pronounced her name.

saw tragedy ahead, but her vision was papers. His eyes were as hard as steel broader than Lydia's. It included the his lips were set. "Please don't ask Frederic to-" she

began hurriedly.

Lydia worked steadily, almost doggedly at the task she had undertaken "They must have left early." he to complete for the elder Brood. Every muttered, glancing at his watch. Reafternoon found her seated at the table turning to the table he struck the big, melodious gong a couple of sharp blows. For the first time in her recolseemingly endless story of his life. lection, it sounded a jangling, discord-Something told her that there were ant note, as of impatience. Ranjab aphis eyes. There was a strange fear in write. She wrote those that were to Brood and Mr. Frederic returned, Ranendure; the others were to die with jab?"

'Yes, sahib. At ten o'clock." "If Mr. Frederic is in his room send him to me."

"He is not in his room, sahib." The two, master and man, looked at each other steadily for a moment. "Tell him that Miss Desmond is

ready to go home." 'Yes, sahib." The curtain fell. "I prefer to go home alone, Mr. Brood," said Lydia, her eyes flashing.

"Why did you send-" "And why not?" he demanded harshly. She winced and he was at once sorry. "Forgive me. I am tired and -a bit nervous. And you too are tired. You've been working too steadily at Thank heaven, it will soon be over. fore. He sent theater and opera tickets Pray sit down. Frederic will soon be

"I tell you, I was certain—I was sure ceress! I am not looking for Matilde the table, obviously for her alone. He bornly. "I love the work. You don't sent her home-just around the corner know how proud I shall be when it yourself, Lydia," said he levelly. "You

> now it won't stand any more cutting part of the passage being only a mile than that. If a single other person

Companion.

The Dardanelles takes its name from

comes here to dinner today, I'll squash Abydos in Asia, where "Leander swam it, and call it a pudding."-Youth's at the time of the largely mythical Dardanus, who was supposed to have rhyming voluminously of all this refounded the lost city of that name near gion of song, in 1810, swam the Helleperated Mrs. Minkler to her sister-in- that other and far more famous lost spont, club-footed as he was, from

"For his father, then?" she inquired | -in the automobile on rainy or bliz- comes out and-and I realize that I are young, you are trusting. Your zardy days. But he never allowed her helped in its making. No one has ever son will cost you a great deal, my been in a position to tell the story of dear." "You are mistakeu. I do understand

Thibet as you have told it, Mr. Brood. Those chapters will make history. I-" myself," she said gravely. "May "Your poor father's share in those speak plainly, Mr. Brood?"

Lydia turned very cold. She dread-

Someone began to play upon the

to his father's command, and then-

waltz that she had never heard before

"God!" fell from his stiff lips. Sud-

"No," she said, scarcely above a

"It was played in this house by its

birth, as it had been played many

"Never," she murmured, and shrank.

frightened by the deathlike pallor in

the man's face, by the strange calm in

"Do

face. It was like a graven image.

you know what he is playing?"

him?"

Confronted

the Serene

Buddha.

his voice. The gates were being

"Mr. Brood! Mr. Brood!" cried

Lydia, appalled. She began to edge

By a mighty effort, Brood regained

"He will be here in a moment," said

Suddenly he arose and confronted

the serene image of the Buddha. For

in prayer. No sound came from them.

ward her and spoke was the spell

"You are about to tell me some

agitation. "I do not care to listen. I

feel that it is something I should not

He laid his hands upon her shoul-

"I am very fond of you, Lydia. I do

not want to hurt you. Sooner would I

I must speak. You love Frederic. Is

"It is better that we should talk it

over. We have ten minutes. No doubt

to love nobly. He loves lightly as-"

"as his father before him loved."

ly. Her face was very white.

"Yes, Mr. Brood."

not that true?"

ders, holding her off at arm's length.

know. Please let me go now. I-"

The girl remained transfixed, power-

toward the door.

Brood. "Don't go."

worried if I am not at home-"

Image

explorations is what really makes the

"Certainly. I intend to speak plain work valuable, my dear. Without his ly to you." notes and letters I should have been

"Frederic loves me. He does no feeble indeed." He looked at his love Yvonne. He is fascinated, as watch. "They were at the concert, you also am fascinated by her, and you know-the Hungarian orchestra. A re- too, Mr. Brood. The spell has faller cent importation. Tziganes music. over all of us. Let me go on, please Gypsies." His sentences as well as You say that Frederic loves like his his thoughts were staccato, discon- father before him. That is true. He loves but one woman. You love but

one woman, and she is dead. You wil ed the scene that now seemed unavoid- always love her. Frederic is like you able. Frederic would come in response He loves Yvonne as you do-oh, know it hurts! She cast her spell over you, why not over him? Is he stronger plano downstairs. She knew and he than you? Is it strange that she knew that it was Frederic who played. should attract him as she attracted For a long time they listened. The you? You glory in her beauty, her air, no doubt, was one he had heard charm, her perfect loveliness, and ye fected the same general class of music during the evening, a soft sensuous you love-yes love, Mr. Brood-the woman who was Fredeic's mother. Do I make my meaning plain? Well, so it is that Frederic loves me. I am con tent to wait. I know he loves me."

Through all this, Brood stared at her in sheer astonishment. He had no feeling of anger, no resentment, no thought of protest.

"You-you astound me, Lydia. Is composer before Frederic was born. It this your own impression or has it ous airs that she had played with Fev- was played here on the night of his been suggested to you by-by an

other?" "I am only agreeing with you wher He gave orders that these airs were named Feverelli. Have you heard of you say that he loves as his father loved before him-but not lightly. Ah

not lightly, Mr. Brood." "You don't know what you are say ing," he muttered.

"Oh, yes, I do," she cried earnestly You invite my opinion; I trust you will accept it for what it is worth. Be fore you utter another word against Frederic, let me remind you that have known both of you for a long long time. In all the years I have been in this house, I have never known you to grant him a tender, loving word. My heart has ached for him There have been times when I almost hated you. He feels your neglect your harshness, your-your cruelty

"It is nothing less. You do not like him. I cannot understand why you should treat him as you do. He shrinks from you. Is it right, Mr. Brood, that a son should shrink from his father as a dog cringes at the voice of an un kind master? I might be able to understand your attitude toward him it your unkindness was of recent origin but-"Recent origin?" he demanded

quickly.

"If it had begun with the advent of Mrs. Brood," she explained frankly undismayed by his scowl. "I do not you deserve-"

Brood stopped her with a gesture of his hand.

"The time has come for frankness opened at last! She saw the thing on my part. You set me an example that was to stalk forth. She would Lydia. You have the courage of your have closed her ears against the revefather. For months I have had it in lations it carried. "Mother will be my mind to tell you the truth about Frederic, but my courage has always "Guido Feverelli. An Italian born in failed me. Perhaps I use the wrong Hungary. Budapest, that was his hor but he professed to be a gypsy. Word. It may be back like cowardice that has held me back you first of all, and I ask you to answer truthfully. Would you say that Frederic is like-that is, resembles his father?" He was leaning forward, his manner intense.

Lydia was surprised. "What an odo thing to say! Of course he resembles his father. I have never seen a por

trait of his mother, but-" "You mean that he looks like me? control of himself. He sank into a demanded Brood. "When he is angry he is very much

like you. Mr. Brood. I have often won dered why he is unlike you at other times. Now I know. He is like his mother. She must have been lovely gentle, patient-"

"Wait! Suppose I were to tell you

hands clasped, his lips moving as if that Frederic is not my son." "I should not believe you, Mr Brood," she replied flatly. "What is it less to move. Not until he turned to- that you are trying to say to me?" "Will you understand if I say to you

broken. Then she came quickly to his that-Frederic is not my son?" Her eyes filled with horror. "How can you say such a thing, Mr. Brood? thing, Mr. Brood," she cried in great

He is your son. How can you say-" "His father was the man who wrote the accursed waltz he has just been playing! Could there be anything more devilish than the conviction it carries? After all these years, he-"

"Stop, Mr. Brood!" "I am sorry if I hurt you, Lydia. You have my tongue cut out than it should have asked me why I hate him. Need

wound you by a single word. And yet I say anything more?" "I do not believe all that you have told me. He is your son. He is, Mr

She returned his gaze unwavering- Brood." "I would to God I could believe that," he cried, in a voice of agony. "I

would to God it were true." "You could believe it if you chose to he has told you that he loves you. He believe your own eyes, your own is a lovable boy, he is the kind one heart." She lowered her voice to a must love. But it is not in his power half-whisper. "Does-does Frederic

know? Does he know that his mother he hesitated, and then went on harshly -Oh, I can't believe it!" "He does not know." "And you did drive her out of this

sent her away and-and kept her boy, the boy who was nothing to you! Nothing!

"I kept him," he said, with a queer smile on his lips. "All these years? He never knew

"He has never heard her name "And she?" "I only know that she is dead. She

never saw him after-after that day." (TO BE CONTINUED.)

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SYNOPSIS.

How-"

other woman!" He was petrified. Not a drop of "It is some horrible, ghastly delu-

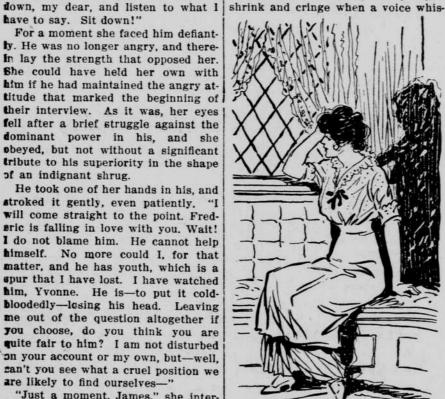
is not mentioned in my presence. I "Then how should I know her name?

"Dreams! Dreams!" he cried scorn-

"No," she replied significantly; "you should not be held accountable. She The boy she loved was slipping away must be held accountable. You drove from her and only chance could set his spirit. It stands beside you every in- he blindly strayed. Her woman's stant of the day and night. By day heart told her that it was not love he you do not see her, by night-ah, you felt for Yvonne. The strange mentor tremble! Well, she is dead, they say. that guides her sex out of the igno-If she were still alive, I myself might rance of youth into an understanding

"Before God, I love you, Yvonne. I vealed to her the nature of his feeling

"I pity you sometimes, James. My



Of the Three, Lydia Alone Faced the

began deliberately, "it comes to this, pers to you in the night. You sleep

"This is-madness!" he exclaimed,

"I am quite myself, James," she said coolly. "Can you deny that you think of her when you hold me in your his eyes were often hard. He saw the

"Then you are lying to yourself, my tenderness crept into his voice and re- Something passed between them. husband," she said quietly. He fairly mained there through all the hours

are you?" he cried hoarsely. "A sor- speech; the sharp authoritative tone She smiled. "All women are sor- in his heart, for he knew it was orceresses. They feel. Men only think, dained that one day he too was to hurt Poor Frederic! You try to hate him, this loyal pure-hearted creature even James, but I have watched you when as the others were wounding her now. grated, the veins standing out on his you were not aware. You search his He frequently went out of his way face intently, almost in agony-for to perform quaint little acts of cour-

> He burst out violently. "No! By to Lydia and her mother. He placed here." heaven, you are wrong there, my sor- bouquets of flowers at the girl's end of "I am not tired," she protested stub-

> it herself, so it won't do any harm to considers 'apple sass and molasses' Minkler asked them to stay for dinpass it on. Perhaps you've observed a good enough dessert for anyone. that we speak of the pie-pudding when

"Well, one day, for a special treat, we have to divide up something into she baked a pie for dinner, allowing a unusually small portions; and pos- quarter apiece for each member of the into eight pieces." family. But while she was preparing Mrs. Millsap, who was visiting country with Mrs. Minkler, the joke may not dinner her sister-in-law looked into the kitchen and announced that two friend of the family from the other cousins had come over from Rushville "Mrs. Minkler does the cooking for to spend the day.

"'Shucks!' said Mrs. Minkler. 'Now love with the science of cookery, it's I'll have to cut the pie into six pieces." very little in the way of extras the "A half hour later, two neighbors, law, Til make out to cut that pesky city, ancient Troy. It is from one to Sestos to Abydos.

ner, to which they agreed.

Minkler. 'Now I'll have to cut the pie "Just as dinner was being dished up, who should drop in but an old bachelor side of town, and he also accepted an

'Mercy sakes!' grumbled Mrs.

invitation to take dinner. "'Amanda Jane.' declared the exas

the pie up, dish it round with sass on

The Dardanelles.

Anger dulled her understanding: she did not grasp the full meaning of house?" Brood did not answer. "You his declaration. Her honest heart rose to the defense of Frederic. "Mr. Brood, I do care for Frederic." she flamed, standing very erect before him "He loves me. I know he does.

You have no right to say that he loves what? For the look that was his tesy and kindness that would have this miserable job, my dear child. lightly, ignobly. You do not know him his mother?" as I know him. You have never tried to know him, never wanted to know spoken. him. You-Oh, I beg your pardon. Mr. Brood. I-I am forgetting myself." "I am afraid you do not understand

DRIVEN TO THE LAST DITCH one of the cousins. "Mrs. Minkler told | family gets. Mrs. Minkler says she | Judge and Mrs. Peters called, and Mr. | pie into nine pieces, but I tell you five miles wide, the most romantic

wide between Sestos in Europe and the Hellespont his Hero for to see," war of the Greeks and Trojans so celebrated by Homer. The feat of Leander had for long years been proneunced impossible, but Lord Byron,

Untruthful Reports Circulated by Interested Parties.

Defaming a neighbor at the expense of the truth does not help those who are guilty of the practice, and it may be said that those spreading false reports about Canadian lands, in the hope that they may secure customers for their own, will certainly fail of their purpose. False statements so maliciously circulated will sooner or later be disproved. And, as in the case of the lands of Western Canada, the fertility of which is now so well known to people of every state in the United States, the folly of this work shows an exceeding short sightedness on the part of those guilty of the

practice. The present war has given some of these people the opportunity to exercise their art, but in doing it they are only arousing the curiosity of those who read the statements and a trifling investigation will only reveal their untruthfulness.

A very foolish statement has recently appeared in a number of papers, reading in part as follows:-

"It is believed that as a result of the war tax on land imposed by the Canadian Government a number of former Dakota farmers who went to the British Northwest will be compelled to return to the United States. Information has been received that the tax will amount to about \$500 for each farm of 160 acres, which in the case of many of the former residents of the two Dakotas would practically amount to confiscation."

To show that the public has doubted, hundreds of inquiries have been made the Government at Ottawa. Canada, only to bring out the most emphatic denial. A full-fledged lie of this kind has, of course, only a short life, and will tell in the end against those who forge it and spread it, but, as a Winnipeg paper points out, it is most complimentary to the agricultural possibilities of Western Canada to find that rival farming propositions need audacious mendacity of this description to help them. What is the truth? The Saskatche-

wan Government has authorized a levy of \$10 per quarter section on uncultivated lands owned by non-residents. The Alberta Government has imposed a Provincial tax of 10 mills on the assessed value of all uncultivated lands. There are some special applications of understand all that has gone before. Is these taxes, but the main provisions it surprising, Mr. Brood, that your are as above. Those vacant lands son finds it difficult to love you? Do held by non-residents in Western Canada form a grave problem. They are making for poor communities, poor schools and poor social and economic conditions generally. By having them cultivated the owners as well as the districts in which they are located will benefit alike. It is for this reason that the Government has recently asked the co-operation of the non-residents. The high price of grain for word. It may be something very un some years to come, and the general splendid character of Western Canada I am going to put a direct question to land will make the question well worth consideration.—Advertisement

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