

The Entanglement of Nathan

(Continued from page 8.)

Lepat began to sneer.

"Five hundred dollars aint so much for a old girl what aint no scream for looks, to be bringing to her husband."

"It's more than I'm bringing you," said Miss Savin, all the laughter gone. "What!"

"You aint a kike, are you? You're not marrying me for my money, and to get a free clerk, are you? Because, if you are, I don't want you to be stung. You might get the free clerk, but not the money, because I am going to give that to Mommer the day before I'm married."

Nathan exploded with wrath and the picture he presented was one not apt to enchant a prospective bride. He mistook her silence for fear, and she read him with the mask off, through and through.

He left in a rage, confident that if she did not come running after him then, she would the next day.

That night Rachael threw up her window and took a deep breath of air before she went to bed. "Gott sei dank," she whispered to the stars.

Lepat waited in vain for a word from Rachael and on the third day he dispatched the schatchen with a message to the effect that unless she would agree to turn over her little fortune to him, and work in the store as he decreed, that the engagement was at an end.

Mrs. Savin heard the story of the trouble from Schlotz and, his sympathies being all with the lady, nothing he said tended to appease the mother's wrath.

"Rachael, mein darling, why didn't you tell me about it yourself, before?"

"I didn't want to worry you about the loafer, Mommer. It is too late to help it now. The money I've already put in your name, and I'm as good as married now anyway, because I'm betrothed."

She turned to Schlotz. "Tell Nathan that, not the money part, that's only to you in confidence, but tell him we are betrothed and that means that we must get married."

The old man smiled behind his beard, repeated the message, and left.

The moment Rachael had turned her back, Mrs. Savin put on her faded old bonnet, folded her shawl around her obese person and trudged the twenty blocks to Lepat's place of business. She felt that no street car would hold her and her anger and she hoped to walk some of the anger off, but she did not succeed very well.

She found her prospective son-in-law behind the counter and the store empty. Walking up to him she shook her fist in his face and began, "Well, Mistair Lepat! Le-pat! Fooey! Your name was in Russland something like Louie Lepinsky, or something else like that, but you got stucked on the Frenchers and the Irishers, and you right away named yourself again, Lepat! Yow, what a goulash to make it out of a honest old-country name what never did nobody harm!"

Nathan protested angrily, but Mrs. Savin raised her voice in jeering triumph. "Jah, a galled horse winces at the comb! Well, my Rachael—" And she launched into a torrent of reproach in which English, Yiddish and German were intermingled effectively.

Every time that Lepat tried to speak, she raised her voice a pitch and, fearful that she would attract the attention of the people on the sidewalk he was forced to content himself, for the most part, with insolent smiles.

"Only that you two was solemnly betrothed, I'd right away stop it the wedding," she panted, and paused for breath.

"It's going to be stopped without you, unless she does as I say, and sets a kosher table," said Nathan, who had thought of this accusation and felt that he could safely rely on it if the worst came to worst. "So many stylish ideas she got herself maybe kosher aint good enough for her." He thought he saw a hint of fear in Mrs. Savin's face, and he grinned maliciously. "What kind of a table does she set anyhow?"

Mrs. Savin, not the strictest woman in the world herself when it came to matters of diet, was momentarily non-plussed, but only momentarily.

She snapped her fingers in Lepat's

"PINNACE"

NAVY CUT TOBACCO



As Told by Old Ben—

"AN' Nelson? Many's the time 'e says to me, 'Give us a pipe o' PINNACE, Bill,—will yer?' An' I says back, 'Oratio, 'ow can yer be expectin' for me ter give yer wot I needs to smoke in my own pipe, more especial as yer can get PINNACE now-a-days at any good tobacconist's, w'en the Quartermaster gives yer shore leave.' An' Nelson 'e says, 'I'll order the fleet 'ome for shore leave this very day.' An' 'e made me show 'im w'ere I'd been a-buyin' my baccy, an' bought some PINNACE for 'isself, 'e did, an' bloomin' good smokin' 'e found it too, as they all says."

3 Strengths—Mild, Medium and Full. 3 Sizes—2, 4 and 8 oz.

"Pinnace"—the coolest out-door smoke. Sold the world over. Get a tin and enjoy it to-day.

Made by the B.D.V. People, London, England. F. W. Dimock, Toronto, Direct Representative.

405



"It's the mechanical wonder of the age!" You can't buy the Ford mechanical features in any other car—at any price. That's one reason why you must get yours now if you want to drive "the mechanical wonder of the age" this season.

"Everybody is driving a Ford"—more than 200,000 in service. New prices—runabout \$675—touring car \$750—town car \$1000—with all equipment, f.o.b. Walkerville, Ont. Get particulars from Ford Motor Company of Canada, Limited, Walkerville, Ont., Canada.

Dangerous Illnesses Are Due to Constipation

Keep Your Health by Natural Means.

It is a well-known fact among physicians that a large percentage of dangerous illnesses (appendicitis among them) can be traced almost directly to Constipation.

The majority of people do not attempt to rid themselves of Constipation until it really makes them sick. Then they attempt to do so with drugs. Drugs cannot cure Constipation. They may bring relief, but they force nature instead of assisting her, and when we continue the use of drugs we find we must continue the use of them, and thus we become slaves to the drug habit.

The most natural way of removing this poisonous waste from the system is by the Internal Bath. This method is now used by over 300,000 people and recommended by physicians everywhere. This does away entirely with all drugs—just plain, ordinary water is necessary, but it is wonderfully efficient.

Mr. A. MacLean, of the Conger Lumber Co., Parry Sound, states: "I have used the J. B. L. Cascade since I received it 21 days ago with wonderful results. Before I started this treatment I could not pass one day without taking medicines, and since then I have not taken one dose and feel much better. I have been troubled with Constipation for the past 35 or 40 years. I cannot speak too highly of the Cascade Treatment."

Don't neglect Constipation. Don't attempt to cure Constipation and its ills by unnatural methods. Investigate Dr. Charles A. Tyrrell's Cascade to-day. Surely it is simple self-justice to find out more about a system that has done so much good for thousands of others. Dr. Tyrrell will be glad to send you full information and his free booklet entitled, "Why Man of To-day Is Only 50% Efficient," if you will address him, Charles A. Tyrrell, M.D., Room 521-7, 280 College St., Toronto.