## A Magazine Page For Everyone

Movie of a Man Drinking From a Folding Paper Cup

DREADS IT

#### Rivers Which Flow Over Ice

R IVERS in Siberia are quite different from rivers in other parts of the world, many of them running over beds of ice. Part of the Lena River has a bed of ice 20 feet thick over which the water has been flowing probably for hundreds of years.

# THE STRANGER" A Gripping Story of Love Triumphant Over the Plots of a Master Criminal

THE APPROACH

### BY JOHN **GOODWIN**

#### Goodenough's Offer Is Rejected-He Escapes Just In Time To Avoid Meeting Senora Tallbois.

said, leaning forward. "Assume, you could take the money and reject the contract. Be under no delusion whatever. Accept, and I can make case and gain that title and those you fulfill the bargain. I have the estates. Can you hold them? Is it means a " what strange secret, do you think, may still be hidden, like a sleeping devil, in that dark story which lies hehind the Tallbeig succession? Her behind the Tallbois succession? Have you thought of that?" A real terror dawned for a mo-

ment in the girl's eyes. Her mind "Say" she gasped, "what do you he said in a lower voice; "is it not mean?" What is it you know? Cut the better way? It is now or never." t out! You're just tryin' to scare

'what you will have to face."

your life be, as Lady Tallbois? Money and a title go far in this country, but they will not carry you through. I am frank, you see. You are the I am frank, you see. You are the last woman on earth to fill that role. In less than a week the people who matter will give you the go-by. You will preside over a society of riff-

much to her, Agnes would have broken out into a wildcat fury. But the presence of this man subdued her. She thought of the luncheon at the

What will you be?" he continued, "the catspaw of the blackest scoun-firels who at present encumber England. Men to whom murder and blackmail are little more than trifles. You can no more rid yourself of them than the fly in the web can rid it-self of the spider's fangs. Take warning by the fate of Joan Tallbois. Calaghan and his crew placed her the position that you covet. Setting aside the unhappiness that was otherwise caused her, they robbed her in those few weeks of sixty

"Sixty thousand!" gasped Agnes, half rising from her seat. "Calla-ghan got that?"

"That precise sum. It is less than he will extract from you." "Likely enough," muttered Agnes. "he takes all he can. But he's got to get it."

You think you will have the whip quickly. hand when you take possession" said Goodenough with a touch of scorn, "that you can turn the tables on those men-that you can prove yourself as dangerous as they I tell you you will have no more chance with them than a kitten thrown into

He stood up.
"They will also," he said, "attempt to blackmail you by threatening to publish the record of-your father. Agnes' calm vanished. She sprang

up and faced him, glaring. "Let them!" she cried, "I am not a fool! Is there anyone who thinks I'd pay out a cent to save his name? It will come out, anyway, soon or late! What is it to me, what a dead crook did before I was born-or

"You are wiser than I thought," he replied

"My father!" she said between he teeth. "There ain't a name on earth I hate like the name of William Tallbois! He left my mother an' me in the lurch. He's a worse devil than twenty Callaghans! He never stuck anything. But for him I'd have ook gang! Every black job that a man could do, he did again and

She came a step nearer, her eves as wicked as a snake's. "If he were alive now, that man," self to the cops and the hangman He listened with a face of stone Then a faint gleam of cynical amuse ment came into his eves

"by which you could said quietly. become Lady Tallbois. For he. of Knavth. Be thankful the grave annot give up its dead. It is ou realize now, what it will be?"

she muttered, more shaken than she "There's two sides to it. Did you come just to tell me this?" he said, "but to make you his last offer. Remember that yo future, perhaps your life itself, gloom. angs on it. Stop the lawsuit, with-There is yet time-even now, o the States-you and your mother. limbs trembling. will see to the rest. I will place

"What!" she cried. thousand down. Freedom from Callaghan and his knaves. "He was a tall guy, and elderly—you'd Safety from the shadow that threat-never think he could climb a window ens Lady Tallbols, but which Agnes like that!" De Castra will never have to fear. A

ustling bank notes. His nair was 510, Here are twenty £500 notes. The see of it under his hat. other half awaits you when your de-An eager gleam came into the Goodenough smiled. child could see what is passing

#### The Life of a Home

is the life and joy of the home. "Ah!" exclaimed her mother with parent impatiently into the bedroom discovered Johnny Chuck up in a tree and the greatest inspiration a man a look of relief. "It was somebody and refused to listen to protest or before Farmer Brown's Boy again Canada are blighted by the ill-healtn that all?" and sufferings of the wife and mother. other ailment peculiar to her sex, girk myself. That's all about it."
which makes her irritable, despondent, and her whole life a burden. "Bueno!" she muttered. "I'm woman in this

"Listen to me." John Goodenough in your mind," he said. "You think

derstand what the means could be His manner carried conviction with Agnes turned the notes over and fingered them. He did not attempt to prevent her.

"I am telling you," he replied, a chance of losing the case. Agnes what you will have to face." The girl twisted her fingers to-tether, and her breath came quickly. This man had an extraordinary ef-done forever. The girl had no sense fect on her. She tried vainly to read of values, beyond a few hundred the secret of the inexorable eyes that

than to say more.

der her breath. "If I go," she said, suddenly, look

Agnes thrust back the pile of bank. notes with a sweep of her hand and

stay in the gutter where she belongs
—she's robbed me once, but never
twice! I'll stand for the worst that cent of mine. That's my answer Goodenough's eyes became hard as

senora, staring round the room. heard a voice—a man's voice!" she shivered. "Who was it. Agnes? There is no one here," she added with a sob of relief.

fate we are considering, not his. Do She half-expected to see a body lying without breaking its neck.

draw and surrender the evidence that's sure the way he came, too. that you think will bring you vic- Gee! Some climber!" She turned around and found he efore the case comes into court, mother had sunk into the armchair

aundred thousand dollars."

He laid on the table a packet of Agnes? With brown hair?"

"Here are twenty and away from these "Here are twenty and away from these "His heir was an aundred thousand dollars."

"Tall!" exclaimed the senora, with black country and away from these diablos of men?" she cried eagerly.

"Here are twenty and away from these "His heir was an aundred thousand dollars."

"Can you not describe him?"
"Me? No. What do you No. What do you take me The hotes drew her at 10r—a him synopsis with desperation. "Twe never hois fortune. I'll stay an' have what's enough smiled.

Agnes with desperation. "Twe never hois fortune. I'll stay an' have what's enough smiled.

mother was near collapse.
"A business proposition," sneered yours! Agnes, "about the law case-what

made are origined by the in-health that and sufferings of the wife and mother.

"He'd got enough to say about Calthe attempt. The girl returned to the Long Lane he remembered how the sitting-room, and for a few Johnny Chuck and Polly Chuck had

Twenty thousand pounds! And perhaps-who could tell-there was

turned away from them.

ing up the notes, "it only remains for me to take my leave."

A step was heard outside, and a

black with fear; one hand was much that he insists on interfering in such things as the length of his wife's

know more than I do."

gasped her "Agnes!" clutching her by the arm. "Let go!" said the girl, tearing herself free. "It looks like the guy's got cold feet of a sudden, but I'll show him to you.'

played upon her flushed face.

two wide sashes, a parapet, and thing but a cat could climb down

"Go on, girl!" gasped the senora. girl's eyes. The notes drew her like for a film synopsis writer?" said "Not if they offered the whole Tall-

never may again.".
"What did he say to you?" Agnes's

"I believe I'll do it," she said, uning up at him with shrewd eyes, "if

"In that case," he said gently, tak-

feminine voice cried, tremulously;

"My mother," retorted Agnes, as the door began to open.

Goodenough stepped swiftly behind e drawn window curtains, just as e Senora Tallbois come.

"My mother," retorted Agnes, as thought, shaping her very destiny!...

It doesn't irk a wife at all for her husband to select the color of her frock and received the color of her fock and received the color of her foc "My mother," retorted Agnes, as the door began to open.

Goodenough stepped swiftly behind the drawn window curtains, just as the Senora Tallbois came into the room, in a faded dressing gown. Her face was yellowish-white, her eyes black with fear: one hand wis black with fear: one hand wis much that he insists on interface was pellowish-white, her eyes black with fear: one hand wis an into how the set of the every destiny!... It is pleas ant to know that a husband cares so love.

It doesn't irk a wife at all for her husband to select the color of her lustrate—let's see. We'll start with a sketch where you're a vamping to left to do—that's quit'.

Allen—I've got a new story to illustrate—let's see. We'll start with a sketch where you're a vamping to left to do—that's quit'.

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Allen—I've got a new story to illustrate—let's see. We'll start with a sketch where you're a vamping to left to do—that's quit'.

the woman's face, such a terror in her eyes, that even Agnes was taken

"Can you not speak?" said the

lips. There was no one behind them The breeze from the open window

Abandon your claim forever, return and was lying there limply, her flaccid

will see to the rest. I will place "He had gone, you say—this man?" she muttered. "He—who was speak-He'd got the stuff with him. To leave the Tallbois claim alone an' go back ing to you? What was he like, Agnes

hausted to resist further; she gave up Green Meadows. As he started down

She looked at him, and believed him, even though she did not un-

"A fortune, and freedom-for you."

She was on the point of accepting. A whirl of thoughts passed through her brain. Goodenough through her brain. Goodenough waited in silence; he knew better

I give it all up—who will come in for Knayth an' the Tallbois fortune?" "Who knows?" said Goodenough. "And what does it matter? It will not concern you."

"Doesn't it?" she cried, flaring into uncontrollable fury at last, like a match set to gunpowder. "Take your money! I'll play this hand out —I'll have all or nothing! Gee! you nearly fooled me! Joan Talbois 'd take my place. Let that puling brat comes rather than know she has a

"Agnes!" she whispered, hoarsely, "whose voice was that I heard?"

There was something so tragic in the was something so tragic in the ways something so tragi

"What's the matter with you?" cried Agnes, who resented her mother's intrusion. "Why don't you stay in bed? Yes, there's some one here," she said bitterly, "an' I guess I'll have the pleasure of introducin' you. If you can tell who he is you

She laughed and flung back the The laugh died on her

"Gone!" she ejaculated, staring in-edulously. "What on earth—" credulously. "What on earth—"
She thrust her head beneath the wide raised sash and peered down into the darkness. It was a thirtyfoot drop to the pavement of the little side alley below. There were railings surrounded the lower floor. on the pavement. There was nothing "Gee!" said Agnes in amazement, "but this wins it! There ain't any-

She stared up and down the alley "He must have done it, though, An'

to America. Did you ever hear such "Like?" said Agnes impatiently. The Senora Tallbois staggered out of the chair.
"To go back to Salinas, out of this

get back to sunshine and hanniness carita. Take the money and let us "Not on your life?" blazed Agnes.

A healthy, happy contented wife else?"

But Agnes hustled her appealing it was several days after he had the life and joy of the home.

"Ah!" exclaimed her mother with parent impatiently into the bedroom discovered Johnny Chuck up in a tree yet how many homes in from Signor Callaghan, then? Was argument. The senora was too ex- had a chance to go down on the

torture of a displacement, or some I'll have something to say to that moments gave herself up to rapid turned up the Long Lane and how other ailment peculiar to her sex, girk myself. That's all about it." o her sex, desponda burden.

Condition fool. Yes, I think of things that are condition fool. Yes, I think of things that are condition fool. Yes, I think of things that are condition fool. Yes, I think of things that are condition fool. Yes, I think of things that are condition fool. Yes, I think of things that are live got to do, too."

Treflection. A light dawned in her cycle in the lad guesse.

I'm wise to it!" she said aloud. "I hope they have made their home somewhere along the Long Lane," though the "I would be to watch thought he. "I would be to watch though the "I would be to watch th should rely upon Lydia E. Pink-impossible." She passed a shaking hand's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, to restore her to health and happiness, for statistics prove that it benefits 98 out of every 100 women who try it.—Advt. dream. And then, as I awoke—that Agnes seized her hat and hurried them this summer, especially when

WATER COMES OUT OF SIDE

THE MARRIAGE GAME

As Played to a Decision

Every Day By

Mr. and Mrs. Arnold Hatton

course, there is the comforting

thought that maybe by what they are

calling auto-suggestion, we poor lit-

tle things may influence you hus-

aware that we are kidding nobody

domestic discipline we are well aware

that it isn't going to come out as we

have figured; it is going to come out

never start in to put over a reform in

this house but what you divert my

attention to something you pretend is

a durned sight more important-only

it is something you don't care about.

And then when I yell with triumph,

The Referee He wins by mascu-

veice! It recalled something to me

I wish to forget. Yet why should this man come here in such a way,

and who is he? I do not understand

"There ain't any need that you

should," retorted Agnes, who found her mother tedious, and never had

patience for explaining things to her.

added, her face darkening, "though he nearly had me fooled. Nobody ever

scared me before the way that man

did-quiet as he was. But I don't

dollars if I'd stop the lawsuit an' quit.

affairs. The money's mine, not

"Agnes, I implore you-

"Money?" echoed the senora.

I see through the guy all right," she

you smile! ... No wonder you smile ...

line cunning.

as it is being figured for us...

His Counter-Play-That will do, berg

laying down the law to the wifely why-

When we make a stab at

madame!... It is not necessary to Effic You said rub it in. We husbands are entirely ings in my face!

aware that we are kidding nobody but ourselves when we think we are of hatred! If you call that hatred,

ever

back to bed an' don't meddle with my could get in at that doorway, be-

PRYS OPEN

CUP



Effie-I don't like being a tigress!

Allen-"And with her eyes gleam-

Effie-Yes-"her eyes gleaming

Effie-I hate that character! Must

Allen—Certainly! How in the name

in a sketch if you don't show it in

stand there looking at me with

Effie-You said to show my feel-

Effie-It's your f-fault for t-telling

Allen-I guess this settles it!

You'll never make a model for any-

BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

BOWSER FINDS THE NEW HOME.

By THORNTON W. BURGESS.

visest always to obey,

If trouble you would keep away.

For several days Johnny and

new home. It was made just as their

had three. Of course, two of them

were hidden. That is, there was no tell-tale sand around them. All the

sand had been pushed out at the en-

mound of sand, where Johnny and Polly could sit and take sun baths

on pleasant days.
Of course, they knew that sooner or later some one would discover that

sand pile, and then the secret of their new home would be out. But so long

as their other doorways remained

have that pile of sand in front of one

doorway. There was no way out of it. If you dig a hole the sand you

take out of it has got to be put some-

where. Johnny and Polly couldn't carry the sand away, so there was

nothing to do but to pile it up in

front of their doorway. But they knew that none of their enemies

foot of which they had dug it. So

So as he went down the Long Lane

secret they didn't care.

they felt quite safe.

In front of this was a nice

Effie-Wh-what are you going to

sheep's eyes that would melt an ice-

Allen-For heaven's sake!

me to 1-look the way I f-felt!

goodness can I get the expression

Allen-"She hurled the dagger at eat me up!

ing intense hatred-

the man she really loved"-

hatred-'

VERY LITTLE

WATER GOES

FILLS CUP



Allen-Hold on a minute! I've got

Effic-I don't care about her!

Allen-Well, then, stand there

Effic-I won't! I'm through posing

Allen-Stand where you are until

Effier—I won't do it! I'm going!
Allen—Wonderful! You say you

hate me, and all the time your eyes

Allen-Gosh all hemlock! The can-

"The Light That Lies in Woman's

Eyes—and lies and lies and lies."

Effie—Well, as you've told me that

make a model— Allen—That's true—then why not

try the role of being my wife? (Copyright, 1923, by Public Ledger

Company.)

again! Effie-No, I'm through!

for you-and I hate you!

manuscript calls for!

are telling me another story! Effie—I do hate you! I do!

'm not a model I'll be going!

ny art without a model.

THE ETERNAL QUESTION





Camille would like a corespondent about 18 or 19 years of age. Can't we find someone for her? I am send-ing you the seeds, Camille, although

Allen-This is luck-the heroine is just your type! Get up on that stand is at least one more person who can that Sarah was engaged Bob now look at me as though you could

I am glad you were pleased with

Lucy Eleanor. Thanks very much for the recipes, Lucy Eleanor. I am sure Calamity Ann will like to use them. I am sendto me at any time for the pine, and dow with the goldfish, but always it once. She had been engaged, she adon under the illustration ought to

cook book is ready. Puss in Boots. I am very sorry that I can't give you the information you ask, Puss In Boots. Why not insert an advertise-Allen-Darn it, I can't get along in Boots. ment in the newspapers? Effie-And as you say I'll never

Dear Cynthia Grey.-I return once spring I received castor bean seed, and this spring I am sending under

Bowser had. Johnny Chuck had run across the Long Lane. He hadn't seen Bowser and Farmer Brown's Boy coming when he started for home. Had he seen them he prob-Polly Chuck were undisturbed and ably would have squatted down flat during that time they finished their right where he was.

Of course, there was nothing for Johnny to do but to dive headfirst other homes had been made, with down into his new home, and more than one doorway. This one course Bowser the Hound discovered that new home right away. By the time Farmer Brown's Boy got there Bowser was digging frantically. But his digging wasn't getting him any-where. All he could do was to make the sand of Johnny's doorstep fly. He couldn't make that hole any bigger. The roots of a young tree were in the way. This proved how wisely the way. This proved how wisely Polly Chuck had chosen the place for

that doorway. When Farmer Brown's Boy came up and saw what Bowser was doing he called him away. Bowser didn't want to come. No, sir, Bowser didn't want to come. But long ago Bowse command of his master he stopped digging. Farmer Brown's Boy smiled "So this is where those Chucks live!" said he. "Now, Bowser, you are to leave them alone. Understand, you are to leave them alone." Farmer Brown's Boy spoke sternly. He stooped over and with his hands swept back some of the sand that Bowser to follow at his heels, and went on his way to the Green Mea-

(Copyright, 1923, by T. W. Burgess.) The next story: "The Shrewdness of Polly Chuck





Allen-Nope, it's called "Hearts stitutes. Entwined" — Let's see about the

the seeds, Lover of Cosmos. Many thanks for the shinplaster.

Calamity Ann will tell us when the

Sweet Briar No. 1.

I see you have another Sweet Briar since I first wrote, so I guess I will that miserable Tom Yates, whoever that he didn't think I'd ever find have to be Sweet Briar No. 1. I have very pleasant memories of London, as I belonged to the Normal ing-room and Sarah appeared with-class of 1906 and 1907. I wonder if out keeping him waiting many minclass of 1996 and 1907. I wonder in our source any of that class ever write to the utes.

"I'd like to receive you in more cosy "I'd like You touch with some of them again and quarters," apologized Sarah. "But review our experiences of hunting have no sitting-room." Bob suggest nature study specimens for Professor ed that they take a ride in the road John Dearness, and so on. I would have enjoyed being present at the she had been hinting to do. unveiling of the war memorial in the "I was dying to ask you to take Normal School, but a wee laddie of me on a little ride last four years and a big farm of 200 Sarah confessed, "but I didn't dare cake: Divide the batter in three do you? I so seldom have a ride now-parts, color one pink, and add choco-adays," she sighed. "I used to go quite late to the third. Now put a ring of a bitwhite around the pan, then a pink "My car isn't much to boast of, ring, and chocolate in the center; though it's steady and sure and in the second pan, a ring of pink makes good time for a medium-priced

when iced nicely.

As my laddie's birthday is this "How scrumptious." was month. I am passing on some of the Sarah said the dimples deepening in plans I am using for his party. Cover each cheek and the eyes looking very a hoop with bright-colored crepe soft.

two Sweet Briars join the Mail-Box since you last wrote, but you are re-christened Sweet Briar No. 1. I was delighted with the big box of seeds and it is so nice, too, to think that they were grown from Cynthia Grey maid exorbitantly to "take care of seed. I haven't all the varieties you them," so that when he came home asked for, but am sending others in place of them. Will look forward to see Sarah, he might sit and gaze at your next letter.

"Dr. Wood's" is 35c and 60c a bot tle. Put up only by The T. Milburg the fish and imagine that he was co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.—Advt.

#### THE DAILY SHORT STORY

THE GOLD FISH TEST.

By JANE OSBORN.

him then, was a small white envelope to Cherry Valley, two counties away, holding a note of introduction from and Bob would be left forlorn for the his cousin Jane to an old school friend of hers named Sarah Smith.

The name hadn't fired Bob with any engagement he didn't want to know the street of the s enthusiasm and all cousin Jane had said was that she was a "nice girl"—nothing about soft brown eyes, the dimple that came with every smile, the figure of an elf queen. "You might have thought from the way you spoke," wrote Bob to his cousin Jane, "that Miss Smith was just like Sarah went home for the summer. any other girl. I wasn't especially keen about calling, but Sunday afternoon there was nothing else to do and noon there was nothing eise to do and I guess I was homesick. Anyway, I went around to call on her at her Valley and Benton. They could easily boarding house. I was so surprised do it in a day. Bob would take all when I saw what a peach she was that I guess I acted like a boob for a have Sunday for a bit of a rest in few minutes, but maybe I didn't make sunday for a bit of a result in few minutes, but maybe I didn't make such a bad impression after all. She asked me to come 'any Sunday afteruson.' I shall certainly turn up next sparkled with pleasure. They made, plans for that trip for two weeks, sunday."

Sunday."

Bob did go the next Sunday, and the next day he got a letter from his Cousin Jane. "I'm glad you like Sarah," she wrote. "She is a nice girl and I'm sure I told you so. Sometimes I think she's just as attractive." "I can fasten a trunk on the back casiling and we can stay some back. times I think she's just as attractive as if she was really pretty—" Bob snorted at this. "But don't get excited, Bob, though of course I know like heavy were as many profition girls." (Certainly you don't take up very much room." I might have mentioned it, though it hadn't been announced. Perhaps she mentioned it herself. Tom Yates is his name, an old friend of the family. She'd known him so long and they'd always gone around like brother and sister, so we really were a little surprised when they became engaged. But don't say anything about it. Just thought you might like to know." Bob was looking very gloomy when

he finished the letter and his big heart seemed to be pounding harder and quicker than was its wont. He sat in a blue funk for full ten minutes and quicker than was its wont. The state in a blue funk for full ten minutes them in a trunk, and you wouldn't and then came to the conclusion that want to leave them. I'm awfully fond and then came to the conclusion that it wasn't fair for a girl to go around being engaged without wearing an engagement ring, and he'd looked the first thing and found her left ring when we arrive in Cherry Valley."

So they exerted.

stitutes.

Lilac.

I thought nearly everyone in the province must have the famous stocking-foot pattern by this time.

Lilac, but I am glad to find that there is at least one more person who can use our good old not realized the stage with sary. With Bob's best efforts there were times when the globe in Sarah's arms swayed and rocked. Once a fish was actually dashed out. Bob stopped the car and gathered up the flopping creature, then went to a roadside to go off with Molly and then you needn't bother to call."

Even in the face of the realization of the water that hed are the place of the water that he water that

is at least one more person who can use our good old pattern. I am sending you the seeds as well, and thank you very much for the generous mite.

Thanks.

Even in the late of the Falsactan with the last of the

his car straight from his office to the pied-but you know before I told you street where Sarah Smith boarded.
He had wanted to look for the winSarah dismissed Re was too dark.

approached the stately old house where Sarah boarded he almost hesitated. Suppose the goldfish should be in eclipse. That would mean that he in eclipse. That would mean that he had not postponed her other sared to Tom Veste was half way engaged to Tom Veste was half way engaged to Tom Veste was half way engaged. Sarah had not postponed her other engagement. If she cared at all for when he asked to motor me home is him she surely could have arranged.
Bob drove directly before the house him to have a chance to be foolish. watch for signs of a new Chuck home. Bowser the Hound was trotting ahead of him. Suddenly Bowser darted into the bushes at one side, and his master knew by the way he did it that he had caught sight of some one.

he was. Bob waited in the formal old draw-

But now we're such old, old friends cres seem to claim all my time.

Here is a nice idea for a children's that I'm not so shy. You don't mind.

"My car isn't much to boast first, chocolate next, and white in car," said Bob. "But if you care for the center; in the third pan, choco- the motor rides I can give you—why.

"But perhaps you'll have something

see that he was looking intently on and phlegm that has collected, and Place a tiny mirror in the center the ring finger of her left hand. But in this way brings on the "whoop" Bowser had dug away. Then he told of a cake, arrange bits of green fern in answer Sarah only blushed.

Bowser to follow at his heels, and around it, and place some tiny downy

At any rate, thought Bob, that around it, and place some tiny down, chickens or rabbits among the fern. This makes a nice finish to a cake Whoever Tom Yates was, wherever he lived, he was certainly not very arbits love making nor did the SWEET BRIAR. dent in his love making nor did the Suggestions for children's parties entirely lovely Sarah seem to be reare most appropriate just now, Sweet pining his loss. So Bob Granger felt cine I could think of until an old Briar, when everyone is looking for that he had a perfect right to go on gentleman told me to try Dr. Wood's ward to May days. There have been falling more deeply in love every day. Norway Pine Syrup. Before they had

tion for the three little fish forever When Bob Granger went to work swimming about on his reading table in Benton about the least important article in his trunk, so it seemed to ton. After that she would go home

therefore in closer sympathy with her He even came to have quite an affec-

much room. you know ever so many prettier girls and haven't thought of Sarah in superlatives. You know she's engaged. I might have mentioned it, though it hadn't been announced. Perhaps she hand the same hand luggage, little things I don't want to pack. You won't mind?" And Sarah grew pensive.
"Anything in the world," said Bob.

"I will be so happy just to be with you that I shan't mind how crowded we "You wouldn't be willing to take the gold fish—that is, if I held them?" suggested Sarah, with a voice that was almost inaudible.

"Why, certainly. You couldn't send

minger unadorned.

Bob Granger had made up his mind not to call again the following Sunday, but there had been a half promise. "I may have to go keep an engagement with one of the girls are engagement with one of the girls. I know in the office." Sarah had said:

L'now in the office." Sarah had said:

Cheon and early supper but with gold. So they started out on a mild, late "I know in the office." Sarah had said; cheon and early supper, but with gold "I half promised. But if you're walk-fish, speed is impossible. Moreover, ing around this way you might stop.
My room is around on the side with the bay window—a globe of goldfish were times when the globe in Sarah's

vacantly at the finny creatures as Sarah of his love, and pleaded with they swam around and around in their watery prison. Goldfish suddenly assumed enormous proportival. "I wanted to talk things over on the trip down," he said, "but on the trip down," he said, "but
Twice that week Bob had run in somehow we were both so preoccu-

Sarah dismissed Bob's fears at

as too dark.

The next Sunday he started out an ancient history, and she was and had The next Sunday he started out an hour before the time suggested for his call and drove aimlessly out in the country and back again so as not to make his call too early. As he approached the stately old house where Sarah boarded he almost hesi.

#### me, Bob, to carry them. I could have given them away, but I knew if you went through it nicely that you really cared for me—and you did." (Copyright by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.) THREE CHILDREN HAD WHOOPING

man that would win out on that gold

fish test. It was dreadfully mean of

Many mothers make the mistake of thinking that whooping cough is not of serious importance, but it is one of the most dangerous diseases of infancy, and yearly causes more deaths late first, white next, pink in the you may go just as eften as you like. than scarlet fever, typhoid or dipherenter. It is really more simple than the summer comes it will be light theria, and is more common in female it sounds and makes a pretty cake after dinner. If you've nothing bet-

DR. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP.

is highly recommended by mothers everywhere for the relief of this paper, hang a bell in the center, give each child two small bean bags, and better to do, most of the time," Bob have them try to make the bell ring, ventured, and he tried to make Sarah ged-up ale passages of the mucous he was looking intently on and phlegm that has collected, and which brings the so-much-sought-fee relief and heals and soothes the

> Mrs. H. W. Mahar. Kentville, N S. writes: "My three children had whooping cough. I tried every meditressing and strangling feeling that

> "Dr. Wood's" is 35c and 60c a bottle. Put up only by The T. Milbura