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THE CARLETON PLACE HERALD.

7



Each Episode Suggested by a Prominent Author
 Serialization by HUGH WEIR and JOE BRANDT
 Produced by the Universal Film Manufacturing Company
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Bruce got home long before his father's return. In spite of his feeling concerning his father's fears, Bruce was worried. As for his mother, she had always opposed her husband's entry into public life, and she was worried every time he was a few minutes late in getting home. Bruce tried to calm her increasing nervousness, but he himself was worried, and as it grew dark he stood in the hall, looking for the rays from the headlights of the car that would herald his father's coming. At last he saw them, far down the drive that led to the house. His heart leaped happily, and he went back to call his mother.

"Here he comes, mother. It's all right, of course!" he cried. "You were silly to be worried."

She was in the conservatory at the back of the house, cutting flowers for the dinner table, and he had to go well away from the front door to find her. Then he slipped an arm around her waist, and they walked through the great hall together. They heard the car stop outside, and heard Dudley Larnigan's voice giving some order. The car started again, and then outside there was a muffled cry. Mrs. Larnigan screamed. Bruce leaped forward. The door burst open, and his father staggered in, clutching convulsively at his side, and fell. Bruce took one look. He saw the blood that stained the floor, and then, as his mother, transformed by the need of action and gaining control of herself, went to work to stanch the flow of blood, Bruce raced for the telephone. He gave a number and waited impatiently for the answer.

"Hello, hello!" he cried at last. "Dr. Morgan? Hurry, over here, doctor. Bruce Larnigan talking. My father's been badly hurt. It's very serious, I'm afraid. Yes, bring your instruments."

Then he helped his mother to do what little there was to be done before the doctor's arrival. Together they got the wounded man on a couch and made him as comfortable as they could. He had fainted and was no longer conscious. His breathing was heavy, and a growing, spreading grayness in his cheeks told Bruce, little as he was used to such scenes, that there was little hope, if any.

Then Bruce telephoned to the police. But he could give no clue—he had not taken the time to try to find the assassin. But then, as he heard the doctor's car chugging up outside, Bruce

tremendous effort, he spoke again, one word. "Mary!" he said feebly.

With tears streaming down his cheeks Bruce turned to his mother. She leaned over, and it was in her arms that Dudley Larnigan died. And, standing over his body, Bruce swore that he would be true to the trust his father



Dorothy Tried to Follow Him in Vain.

had imposed upon him—that he would avenge his death and bring his murderers to justice.

Against the advice of his friends, against the pleadings of Dorothy Maxwell, against his mother's urgings even, Bruce stuck to his determination. The murder of Dudley Larnigan had thrown the reform elements of the city into a panic. This terrible and sinister proof of the powers of the forces of graft had caused a revulsion of sentiment. Men who had assailed the dead district attorney as a fanatic and a hysterical demagogue for his great speech attacking graft had to admit that there had been some basis for his sensational accusations. But these same men were afraid to move. So it had been easy for Bruce to secure the reform nomination for district attorney. No one else wanted it. The graft syndicate had made it too plain that peril as well as honor went with the office.

Bruce was making a splendid campaign, too, against the forces of graft. All the lower, vicious elements of the city were arrayed against him. From the dives, the gambling houses, the haunts of the drug sellers and the men and women who lived on vice and depravity, on crime and ignorance, the forces of evil sent out their cohorts against him. But Bruce, dwelling always on his father's martyrdom, on his own determination not only to avenge the dead man, but at whatever risk to himself to continue to fight against all the forces that were exploiting the poor and the ignorant, made a great impression and increased his own popularity tremendously.

He developed into an effective speaker, and his bitter, ringing speeches made many converts to his cause. Dorothy Maxwell had opposed his entrance into the campaign since she feared for his safety. Dorothy was beginning to be haunted by frightful suspicions, suspicions she had not dared as yet to communicate even to Bruce.

But once he was in the fight she stood by him. Ungrudgingly she consented to the postponement of their marriage that was made inevitable since it was impossible for him to take the time for his wedding during the campaign. And Dorothy, herself an ardent advocate of woman suffrage, did all she could to array the women of the city on his side.

"Women can't vote," she said in a speech she made to a suffrage organization, "but they can influence the men who can. Let every woman here go to the polls with some man and see that he votes right—for Larnigan and decency, against graft and corruption." Thousands of women took up that cry, and the graft organization, which had expected a walkover when it had eliminated Dudley Larnigan, began to be worried and to see that it had removed one only to raise up another in his place whose youth made him even more formidable and dangerous. And meanwhile Dorothy grew more and more suspicious. She learned that

her father was bitterly opposed to Bruce's election.

"I won't have you taking part in his campaign," he said. "You make me look ridiculous."

He said this in the presence of Stanford Stone, but Dorothy was not afraid to speak her mind.

"I have a right to live my own life!" she flashed. "Why are you so opposed to Bruce?"

"Because he's a demagogue, a dangerous man," said Maxwell. "He, a rich man, is siding with the poor—the Socialists and the anarchists. He is a traitor to his own class."

"Now, Maxwell, Miss Dorothy is entitled to her own view," said Stone soothingly. But Dorothy had begun to distrust Stone. She refused to accept him as an ally. Bruce had told her of a discovery he had made. Stone, while pretending to be friendly, had secretly contributed heavily to the campaign fund of the opposition.

Election day came. Bruce, in his office, waited, knowing he had done his best. The result was with the voters. Would they trust him? Would they give him the power he required to do his work? He was waiting for Dorothy. She came at last.

"You're going to win, Bruce," she said as he took her in his arms. "I know it. I feel it!"

And then came Stone.

"Well," he said, "how does it look?"

"Bad for you," said Bruce uncompromisingly.

Stone laughed, with an excellent assumption of amusement.

"My dear boy," he said, "why do you mistrust me? I'm your friend."

Bruce looked at him. And just then there was a scuffle at the door.

A rough looking man burst in and made for Bruce, waving a knife. Stone with a quick leap grappled with him, seized his hand and bent the wrist back till the knife dropped. Then quite calmly he pushed him out.

"Just an election rowdy," he said, with a smile. He handed Bruce the knife. "Perhaps you'll believe I'm your friend now. Well, I'll leave you."

"I'm grateful, Mr. Stone," said Bruce. But he was puzzled as he looked at Dorothy. Then his eyes fell on a bit of paper the thug had dropped. He picked it up and cried out in surprise and delight. "Look!" he said.

He gave it to Dorothy, and together they looked at it. It was a typewritten slip and read:

Come alone. For safety we will admit but one man. Will outline plan regarding Larnigan should he be elected. Number 15 Hester street. Rap one, then two, then one.

"It's my chance," cried Bruce, with glowing eyes—"my chance to get on the trail of this secret enemy at last! I'll go!"

"Bruce, there'll be danger!" said Dorothy.

"Then I must face it!" he cried. "My dear, you know I must!"

"Then I'll go with you!" cried Dorothy.

That evening before the count was finished Bruce gave the signal and was admitted to a dive that looked like a fit meeting place for conspirators. Dorothy attempted to accompany him, but was thrust back.

"We thought you'd come," said a man. "Mr. Larnigan, you walked into a trap. Now, you have one chance. Sign this paper agreeing to obey the commands of the fifteen or your political career is at an end; even your life is at stake."

Bruce stared at him, then laughed. "Do you think," he said, "you and your cutthroats can intimidate me?"



"Mr. Larnigan!" he said.

He made for the door.

"Stop him, Bradford!" cried some one near the door. The man who had accosted him struggled with Bruce.

Outside came a pounding on the door. Dorothy in terror called for the police. As the door burst open a shot rang out. The police snatched Bruce from his assailants.

"Mr. Larnigan!" the sergeant said. "Yes, Larnigan!" said he.

"Officer, arrest these men and call the coroner. Bill Bradford is dead."

As Bruce and Dorothy left the room Bruce entered Bradford's name on a page of a memorandum book headed, "The Men Who Have Paid."

He looked toward Dorothy, smiled and then said: "I wonder who will be the next to pay the penalty? Thank God, I have rid the community of one of the fifteen!"

[End of First Episode.]

READ NEXT WEEK
 "How Bruce Larnigan Exposes the Tenement and Vice Trusts"

JOKING RELATIVES.

Peculiar and Embarrassing Custom of the Crow Indians.

The Crow Indians are divided into thirteen clans. In former times the number was probably greater. These groups are called by nickname-like designation, such as Whistling Waters, They Bring Game Without Having Killed It, Killed In Their Stomach, and so forth. Every individual belongs to his mother's clan, and it is considered highly improper to marry a person of one's own clan, since all the marriageable women of that group are reckoned as belonging to the status of either a mother or a sister.

Those individuals whose fathers belong to the same clan stand to each other in a very special relation, which for want of a better name may be called the "joking relationship." They are privileged to play pranks and practical jokes on each other without giving offense, says the Southern Farmer. More particularly is it the function of one of them to administer a stinging rebuke when the other has transgressed some rule of tribal morality or etiquette.

In such a case the "joker" will bide his time until some public occasion arises. Then he will boldly come forward and twit the culprit with his deed in the face of the assembled throng and to his utter discomfiture. Against this punishment there is no redress, for nothing said by a joking relative can be resented. The only thing a man can do is to wait for an offense on the part of his denouncer and then treat him to a dose of his own medicine.

Different.

"They say marriage is a lottery," remarked the morose young man.

"It isn't," replied Miss Cayenne. "In a lottery you can go on buying tickets."

After taking 1000 ZUTOO TABLETS Says they are Harmless

Mrs. (Dr.) Shurtleff, of Coaticook, says "Zutoo Tablets must have cured 500 of my headaches, for I have taken 1000 tablets. After trying every remedy within reach, I discarded them all four years ago for ZUTOO, which I have taken ever since. I find the ZUTOO a harmless and efficient cure for all kinds of headache." 25 cents per box—at all dealers.

The Oil in Tobacco.

Although the Havana or Havana seed tobaccos are low in nicotine, they are high in oil. The settlement in a pipe stem or the brown stain obtained from blowing tobacco smoke through the meshes of a handkerchief is not nicotine, as commonly supposed, but is in reality tobacco oil, nicotine only being obtained in extract by an elaborate process of distillation and double distillation. The oil in cigar tobacco prevents the smoke being inhaled, as it would cause a strangulation and painful irritation.

How to avoid Operations

These Three Women Tell How They Escaped the Dreadful Ordeal of Surgical Operations.

Hospitals are great and necessary institutions, but they should be the last resort for women who suffer with ills peculiar to their sex. Many letters on file in the Pinkham Laboratory at Lynn, Mass., prove that a great number of women after they have been recommended to submit to an operation have been made well by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Here are three such letters. All sick women should read them.



Marinette, Wis.—"I went to the doctor and he told me I must have an operation for a female trouble, and I hated to have it done as I had been married only a short time. I would have terrible pains and my hands and feet were cold all the time. I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and was cured, and I feel better in every way. I give you permission to publish my name because I am so thankful that I feel well again."

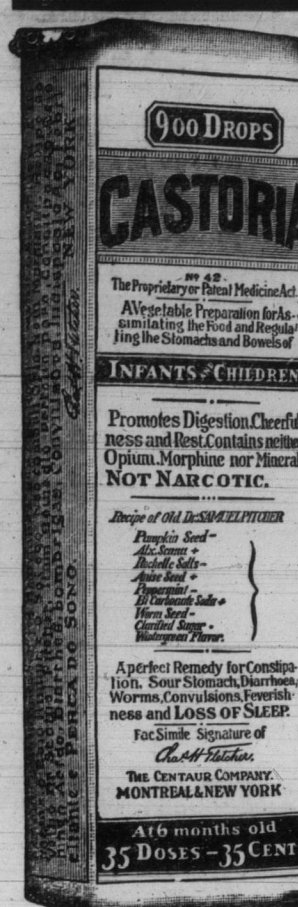
—Mrs. FRED BEINKE, Marinette, Wis.

Detroit, Mich.—"When I first took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I was so run down with female troubles that I could not do anything, and our doctor said I would have to undergo an operation. I could hardly walk without help so when I read about the Vegetable Compound and what it had done for others I thought I would try it. I got a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and a package of Lydia E. Pinkham's Sanative Wash and used them according to directions. They helped me and today I am able to do all my work and I am well."

—Mrs. THOS. DWYER, 989 Milwaukee Ave., East, Detroit, Mich.

Bellevue, Pa.—"I suffered more than tongue can tell with terrible bearing down pains and inflammation. I tried several doctors and they all told me the same story, that I never could get well without an operation and I just dreaded the thought of that. I also tried a good many other medicines that were recommended to me and none of them helped me until a friend advised me to give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial. The first bottle helped, I kept taking it and now I don't know what it is to be sick any more and I am picking up weight. I am 20 years old and weigh 145 pounds. It will be the greatest pleasure to me if I can have the opportunity to recommend it to any other suffering woman."—Miss IRENE FROELICHER, 1923 Manhattan St., North Side, Bellevue, Pa.

If you would like special advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Med. Co. (confidential), Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.



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Visitors from abroad are always surprised at the lateness of the hour at which London shops are opening. In all large towns on the continent shops are open and in working order at 8 o'clock or earlier. But in London one frequently sees a sleepy eyed porter taking down the shutters at 9, while a walk down Oxford street or Regent street at this hour necessitates constant vigilance to avoid the debris and litter of the day before which is being turned out of the half opened establishment.—London Spectator.

The Wretchedness of Constipation

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Bruce Was Making a Splendid Campaign.

went to the door and flung it open. Pinned to the door was a note written on rough paper in an unformed hand.

"Compliments of the fifteen!" That was all. But it was enough. Bruce shuddered with terror and remorse as he realized that his father had been right—that he had been marked for death by an implacable organization, which had struck him down at last on his own doorstep. Then the doctor came. At the sight of Larnigan he looked grave. Gently he examined the wound.

"I'm sorry," he said, his voice showing his emotion. "There is nothing I can do—except perhaps to bring him to before—before he—he goes."

Bruce, speechless, nodded, and the doctor bent down and used a hypodermic needle. In a few moments its effect was manifest. Dudley Larnigan's eyes opened, and he reached out a hand gropingly. Bruce took it and bent down to listen.

"You will believe—now"—he said painfully and with a mighty effort. "It is the work of the fifteen—the graft syndicate. Hunt them down—free this land of this mighty graft trust. Finish my work—run for district attorney!"

His voice died away; then, with a