#### Oil From a New Source

THE "turfa" of Brazil is described as a soft, brownish-yellow substance that floats on water. From it can be distilled crude oil and scrubber naphtha. The oil is a very good shale oil.

# A Magazine Page For Everyone

#### Millions From a Single Grain

T is claimed for the hundreds of millions of bushels of Marquis wheat produced annually in the United States and Canada, that all originated from a single grain planted by a scientist at Ottawa

# "MIDNIGHT"

### A Real Detective Story Told By a Master of Fiction With Mystery and Romance

#### OCTAVUS ROY COHEN

#### The Mysterious Passenger in the Taxicab at Midnight-Spike Walters in Trouble.

on the icy pavement of Atlantic evenue. Spike Walters, its driver, cursed roundly as he applied the brakes and with difficulty obtained control of the little closed car. Depressing the clutch pedal, he nego-tiated the frozen thoroughfare and parked his car in the lee of the his numb fingers in a futile effort to restore warmth, slipped his hands bulked forbiddingly in the December

Atlantic avenue was deserted. The Union Station glowed frigidly. Opposite, a single arc lamp on the corner of Cyprus street cast a white, growled to himself; and he was not cheerless light on the gelid pave-ment. The few stores along the Midnight avenue were dark, with the excep-tion of the warmly-lighted White from some small town up-state. No was parked.

drizzling rain, which made the going a passenger to be picked up theresoggy, and caused people to greet some sleepy, disgruntled, entirel one another with frowns. Late that happy person eager to attain Saturday the mercury had started warmth and coziness of a big hotel.

The saturday the mercury had started warmth and coziness of a big hotel.

The saturday the mercury had started warmth and coziness of a big hotel.

The saturday the mercury had started warmth and coziness of a big hotel. automobile owners poured alcohol into their radiators. The streets eringly under mountains of blankets Station. and down quilts still redolent of moth balls.

blasts, which swept around corners, and chilled to the bone. The rain of two days became a driving sleet,

On the scat of the yellow taxicab Spike Walters drew a heavy laprobe more closely about his husky and shivered miserably. Fortunately, the huge bulk of the station measure from the shricking wintry winds. Mechanically Spike kept his eyes focused upon the station en-

#### **HOW DELICATE GIRLS** ARE MADE STRONG

Rich, Red Blood Needed to Keep Up Their Vitality.

a lack of appetite and tired, aching limbs tend to hinder progress. To save the weak, thin-blooded sufferer, the must have new, rich, red blood, and pothing meets a core of the white Star Cafe beckoned. and nothing meets a case of this kind well as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. bese pills not only enrich and inthe blood supply-they help e appetite and aid digestion, relieve the weary back and limbs, thus bringing new health and strength. and transforming anaemic girls and vomen into cheerful, happy people. Among the thousands of girls who use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is Miss Lyla G. Garneau, Freeman, Ont., who "About two years ago I was n a very nervous and run-down conlition. I could not eat, did not seek well, and was fast becoming an invalid. I was subject to fainting difficulty from his seat. He stagdifficulty from his seat. He stagdifficulty from his seat. dition. I could not eat, did not sleep ng to go in company, as I never knew when a fainting spell might come on. After several fruitless treatments, I was advised to try Dr. two boxes were used I felt an imand am now thankful to say that I owe my present health and happifully recommend to other run-down

yourself at once of the home treat-ment which Dr. Williams' Pink Pills so easily afford, and you will be among those who rejoice in regained These pills are sold by all ealers in medicine, or may be had be mail at 50c a box, by writing The Dr. Williams Medicine Company,

### DOCTORS WANTED TO OPERATE

Mrs. Quillon Tells How Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Saved Her from an Operation

Muskegon, Michigan.-"After doctoring for eight or nine years with difwithout any relief at all, they said at last that medicine would not reach uld have an Pinkham's Vege-

here some women had suffered just as I did and got well and strong again by taking the Vegetable Compound. I decided to see what it would do for me, and before I had finished the fourth bottle I was much better, the weakness stopped and the severe pains in my sides left me. I am now much stronger and do my own work and work in the factory besides. I am still taking the Vegetable Compound and give it all the praise."—Mrs. NELLIE QUILLON, 17 Morris St., Muskegon Mich

Women should heed such warni symptoms as bearing-down pains and weakness, for they indicate some fe-male trouble, and a persistent and faithful use of Lydia E. Pinkham's

trance, half a block ahead.
But no one was there. Nowhere Taxicab No. 92,381 skidded crazily indication of warmth, or cheer, or the icy pavement of Atlantic comfort. With fingers so numb that they were almost powerless to do the bidding of his mind, Spike drew Midnight!

Spike replaced the watch, blew or night, entirely inadequate — driving gloves, and gave himself over to a lights at the main entrance of the mental rebellion against the career of a professional taxi-driver.

Midnight! No train due until

12:25, and that an accommodation Restaurant directly opposite taxi fares on such a train as that. the Stygian spot where Spike's car The north-bound fast train-headed was parked.

The city was in the grip of the first cold wave of the year. For two days the rain had fallen—a nasty.

Itor New 107K—that was latered to be at 11:55—Spike had seen a half-frozen station master mark it up as being 50 minutes late. Perhaps some sleepy, disgruntled, entirely un-Yet Spike knew that he must wait were piled high in the furnaces. The company for which he worked specialized on service. It boasted that every train was met 1,7 a yellow were deserted early, and the citizens for the most part had retired shivfor the most part had retired shiv-

had come with freezing had long since deserted their posts.

The parking space on Cypress street opposite the main entrance of the station—a space usually crowded with commercial cars—was deserted. which formed a mirror of ice over the city.

Will commercial cars were there, either. Spike seemed alone in the drear December night, his car an exotic of the early winter.

Ten minutes passed—fifteen. The cold bit through Spike's overcoat. battled to the skin, and chewed to It was well-nigh unbearable. The young taxi-driver's lips became blue. He tried to light cigarette, but his fingers were unable o hold the match.

He looked around. A street car, bound for a suburb, passed noisily. It paused briefly before the railway station, neither discharging nor taking on a passenger, then clanged protestingly on its way. Impressed in Spike's mind was a mental picture of the chilled motorman, and of the nductor huddled over the electric heater within the car. Spike felt a it should be constantly borne in mind that pale, bloodless girls need plenty of nourishment, plenty of sleep plenty of nourishment, plenty of sleep plenty of door evereise. But

establishments of its class. The White Star was notoriously insanitible; but as Spike's eyes were held hypnotically hypnotically by the light, he thought of two things—within the circle of that light he could find I and scalding liquid which was flav-

obtained new health through the obtained new health through the for Williams' Pink Pills is Miss bring a fare. It was well beyond the bring a fare. It was well beyond the bounds of reason that he would get a passenger from the accommodation due in a few minutes. There were

ored with coffee.

numb limbs protesting against the burden of his healthy young body. A gale howled around the dark Jackson street cerner of the long, rambling station, and Spike defensively covered both ears with his gloved

He made his way eagerly across the street; slipping and sliding on the glassy surface, head bent against irls." the driving sleet, clothes crackling if you are weak or ailing, avail where particles of ice had formed. Spike reached the door of the eatinggered as the warmth of the place smote him like a hot blast.

For a few seconds he stood motion ess, reveling in the sheer comfort of the change. Then he made his way to the counter, seated himself on a revolving stool, and looked up at the waiter who came stolidly ward from the big, round-bellied door, stove at the rear.

The restaurateur nodded.

"My gosh! What a night!"

"Pretty cold, ain't it?" 'Cold?" Spike Walters looked up ntagonistically. "Say, you don't mow what cold means. I'd rather have your job tonight than a million dollars. Only if I had a million dolone, sit in the middle, and tell win-ter to go to thunder—that's what I'd do. Now, George, hustle and lay out a cup of that?—and a couple of them greasy

The coffee and doughnuts were duly produced, and the stolid Athen-ian retired to the torrid zone of his brought to town by the accommodastove. Spike bravely tried one of tion train, step to the curb, glance the doughnuts and gave it up as a about in search of a street car, and bad job; but he quaffed the coffee throat and imparted a pleasing sen-





#### HAMBONE'S MEDITATIONS By J. P. Alley

BOSS WANTER KNOW WHUT I DONE WID DAT DLLAH HE DONE GIMME (ISTIDDY; HUH! LAK A FOOL I LET DE OLE OMAN FIN' OUT I HAD IT!



sation of inward warmth. Then he stretched luxuriously and lighted cigarette

He glanced through the unwashed window of the White Star Cafe-"Ladies and Gents Welcome." it announced-and shuddered at the prospect of again braving the elements. Across the street his unprotesting taxi stood parked parallel to the curb; beyond it glowered the end of the station. To the right of the long, rambling structure he could see the occasional glare switch engines and track-walkers' lanterns in the railroad vards.

As he looked, he saw the headlight of the locomotive at the head of the accommodation split the gloom. Instinctively, Spike rose, paid his check and stood uncomfortably at the buttoning the coat tightly around his neck.

Of course it was impossible that the accommodation carried a fare for him: but then duty was duty, and Spike took exceeding pride in the company for which he worked. The company's slogan of service was she wasn't. She had been punished for disphedience. But she didn't she disphedience. But she didn't part of Spike's creed. He opened the door, recoiled for a second as the think about this. She had been disgale swept angrily against him, then plunged blindly across the street. He dars I'd buy twenty stoves, set 'em clambered into the seat of his cab, in a circle, build a big fire in each depressed the starter, and eventually clambered into the seat of his cab, was answered by a reluctant cough of the motor. He raced it for a while, getting the machinery heated coffee, hot-get up preparatory to the possibility of

Then he saw the big doors at the main entrance of the station open then duck back into the station. with an eagerness which burned his Spike shoved his clutch in and crawled forward along the curb, leaving the inky shadows of the far end of the station, and emerging finally into the effulgence of the arc at the

corner of Cypress street. Once again the door of the Union Station opened. This time Spike took a professional interest in the person who stepped uncertainly out formed him that this was a fare.

She was of medium height, and comfortably guarded against frigidity of the night by a long fur coat buttoned snugly around her neck. She wore a small squirrel tam, and was heavily veiled. In her right hand she carried a large suitcase and in her left a purse.

looked around inquiringly. She sig-nalled the cab. Even as he speeded his car forward, Spike wondered at her indifference to the almost

tell you the news, if you haven't are in their stomachs, not their

Prout-Well, stop your grining. Jake Sawyer, and let it out!

Jake—It's just as you said—old Skinflint Jones strolled off and got Mrs. Prout-Well, didn't I tell you

Prout-If there's anything I don't know about human nature and men in particular I'd like to have omeone tell me! Jake-You are kinder smart, aren't

Mrs. Prout-Why, in my home town m called the champion match-Jake-How be?

Mrs. Prout-I guess I've fixed up the matches of half the folks in town -the future generation's got a lot to Jake-How about the men that got Mrs. Prout-Hum! You needn't get

Jake-Well, I guess you're responight! Mrs. Prout-I certainly am! Didn't

get my unmarried sister-in-law to his housekeeper? Mrs. Prout-And didn't I keep ad-

sing her how to cater to the old

Jake-I notice the women are pretty good eaters themselves!

Mrs. Prout-So I made my sister-in-law send to the city and get one of them Frenchified cooks-Jake-She sure was all right! Mrs. Prout-And my sister-in-law her cooking all

Jake-She sure was some cook! Mrs. Prout—So it was a foregone onclusion that my sister-in-law would get him by working through his

Jake-Your sister-in-law? Mrs. Prout-Yes, my sister-in-law. and she owes me a debt for life-

fixing it up for her to marry that old Skinflint with a hundred thousand dollars and one foot in the grave! Jake-Say! Hold your horses Mrs. Prout-Well, you can't

leny it was my work.

Jake-I calculate you knew something about men's stomachs, but-Prout-But what? Jake-But you didn't know noth g about them Frenchified city cooks. Mrs. Prout-What are you driving

Jake-Why it was the Frenchified city cook who eloped and got mar-ried to old Skinflint-while your sister-in-law was asleep at the switch! Copyright, 1923, by Public Ledger Company.

By THORNTON W. BURGESS. Pretense that you do not care Never gets you anywhere

obedient so often without being punished that now she felt that she

Down below her she could see Brother and Sister, and she just knew that they were chuckling over her punishment. This added to her anger, for Littlest Bear really was very angry. But there was nothing she could do about it. She didn't dare come down out of that tree, so she sulked and sulked and pitted herself that she hated and tried to think that she hated everybody and everything.

Mother Bear had gone back to her

ishing. Presently there was a swift movement of one of her big paws, and out on the shore came a shining, flapping fish. Mother Bear pounced on it before it could flap back into the water. Then she carried it over the water. Then she carried it over to Brother and Sister to be divided between them. Mother Bear went back to her fishing, while the two little Bears smacked their lips as they gobbled up that fish.

In a little while the same thing happened again. The next fish Mother Bear ate herself. Littlest Bear looking down from the tree

Bear, looking down from the tree, saw it all. How she did want to taste of one of those fish! But Mother Bear never even glanced up at her. She acted just as if there was no such person in all the Great World as such person in all the Great World as Littlest Bear. The fishing was good, Hardly would one fish have disap-peared when there would be another for Brother and Sister to pretend to for Brother and Sister to pretend to quarrel over. They were big, plump fish, and Littlest Bear's mouth watered more and more as she watched Brother and Sister enjoying them. It seemed to her as if it was more than the littlest Bear, "and that next time you will be obedient." Then she told the little Bears to follow her, and



endure it. There was nothing else to Finally, Mother Bear caught a little

the fish she had caught. She carried it over to the foot of the tree and dropped it there. "You may come down now," she growled. "This fish is for you." Littlest Bear was still sulky. She wanted to say that she wouldn't come down, but she didn't dare to. slowly she climbed down. "I won't touch that fish! I won't

over to herself as she climbed down But when she reached the ground that little fish was right under her nose. She couldn't help but smell of it. She was still saying to herself that she wouldn't touch it. But in spite of this, she did touch it with her nose. Appetite was too much for her. She made just one bite of that little fish. It didn't satisfy her in the least. It merely made her hun-



Dear Miss Grey,-As I always read the Mail-Box letters, and seeing that so many are asking for seeds and bulbs, and as I have some moon flower seeds to spare I thought I would send over. Betty had discovered the "nice well, if I didn't tell you that George They real bushy and over. Betty had discovered the "nice well, if I didn't tell you that George some. They grow real bushy and have large white flowers, and nicest at full moon. One plant will betty and that Betsy took not the local structure over. Betty had discovered the "nice man"; and as it was perfectly obvious that his preference lay with not intending to marry him. I did produce hundreds of seeds for next slightest interest in him, it was defiyear. This is my first letter to the corner, but will write again in the near future.

MOONFLOWER.

Initially decided that Betsy should go on with her musical career, at least and a half-hearted embrace, the transfer of the night that use far as two thousand dollars would cousins agreed for the night that use far as two thousand dollars would cousins agreed for the night that use far as two thousand dollars would cousins agreed for the night that use far as two thousand dollars would cousins agreed for the night that use far as two thousand dollars would cousins agreed for the night that use far as two thousand dollars would cousins agreed for the night that use far as two thousand dollars would cousins agreed for the night that use far as two thousand dollars would cousins agreed for the night that use far as two thousand dollars would cousins agreed for the night that use far as two thousand dollars would cousins agreed for the night that use far as two thousand dollars would cousins agreed for the night that use far as two thousand dollars would cousins agreed for the night that use far as two thousand dollars would cousins agreed for the night that use far as two thousand dollars would cousins agreed for the night that use far as two thousand dollars would cousins agreed for the night that use far as two thousand dollars would cousins agreed for the night that use far as two thousand dollars would cousins agreed for the night that use far as two thousand dollars would cousins agreed for the night that use far as two thousand dollars would cousins agreed for the night that use far as two thousand dollars would could be a supplied to the night that use far as two thousand dollars would could be a supplied to the night that use far as two thousand dollars would could be a supplied to the night that use far as two thousand the night that use far as two thousand the night that use far as two thousand the night that use far as twe that the night that use far as two the night that use far as two the night that use You must write for these seeds quickly, Boxites, or I am afraid it will be getting too late for them.

Perhaps as the season is backward. next week will do. very kind of you to send them, Moonflower, and you must follow your gift

And After All!

Dear Miss Grey,-Where there's a lot of work to be done, one job more Betty and Betsy seemed to be of proor less doesn't make any difference. cisely the same proportions.

In the meantime Betsy was laying badge the next time you sent them her scheme for the spending of her own two thousand dollars on her out, so I am squeezing this letter in musical education, and she was beout, so I am squeezing this letter in musical education, and she was be-between some baking and getting the ginning to think that it was easier to members of the family. children's clothes ready for the picchildren's clothes ready for the pic-nic tomorrow. What an important event the school picnic is. It means event the school picnic is. It means a lot of work, but my kiddies are so excited about it that I wouldn't have the heart to grumble at the bit of extra work it causes But in ten. the heart to grumble at the bit of bills. So instead she determined to bands. Aunt Elizabeth would extra work it causes. But in ten adopt the commuter's plan. The New mind—" or fifteen minutes I will be ironing England country home lay an hour's pleats into Jean's middy skirt, and ride from Boston-and though it cerwon't I be a disgruntled hen with a tainly was not nearly so picturesque flock of flustered chicks tomorrow to catch trains and live at home and anything that was going to make flock of flustered chicks tomorrow flock of flustered chicks tomorrow if it rains, and they can't wear their new summer clothes. I am so thankful that my two girls and my boy haven't had to see the inside of a hospital yet, Miss Grey. I would like excitement of buying Betty's trousto do all I can toward getting the cyclic men of buying betty states that the seau should be over. A mid-October "But hadn't you better tell Geor Cynthia Grey cot ready for the child-wedding had been planned—the music you will accept him—men often properties." ren of some poor mother so much less lessons could wait until the beginortunate. So I am tacking an extra ning of November. mite on the end of my 55 cents. Like Christmas, tomorrow's event comes scurrying in this trosseau purchasbut once a year, but isn't it going ing. MOTHER WITH THREE.

What a disappointed mother you must have been to waken on the day of all days, and find that you would have to pull out warm wraps for the voungsters, instead of sending them all curled and primped up in their new, summery clothes. But as car after car went down to Springbank yesterday, I thought the ooked just as determined to be happy as though it had dawned a perfect blue and gold day of June. And after a little ashamed of its bad behavior by afternoon. Were you self-sacri-ficing enough to let Jean wear her freshly-pleated white middy skirt?

On the Trail of the Elephant.

Elephant paths are not to be found phants do not go in single file. in the forests, says Carl Akeley, the well-knwn big-game hunter, there are elephant paths everywhere, out them travel would be almost imtime on their trails, which go everywhere except, oddly enough, among the tree ferns. The elephants are constantly changing their paths, the natives are always digging pits in them. Some trails, however, have evidently been used for centuries. One trail, a little wider than an elephant's fott, was worn six inches deep in the solid rock! It must have taken the shuffling elephants hundreds of years to wear the rock away

led the way off through the Green Forest. (Copyright, 1923, by T. W. Burgess.) of us would have been named Anne Patricia or Gwendolin or some-

The fact was that Betty Blair and Betsy Blair were cousins, born within a day or so of each other, one in faraway India and the other in the New England home of her ancestors. Betsy's missionary parents had sent her home when they found they could not hope to raise her in the Indian climate, but both had succumbed to that climate before they could revisit their home. So Betsy had been brought up by uncle and aunt, the brought up by uncle and aunt, the brought up by uncle and aunt, the beautiful aunt beautiful and beautiful an old town who half suspected that they were twins anyhow, so closely did they resemble each other, and so

BETTY AND BETSY.

By JANE OSBORN.

could be," they used to say. "If we

were real twins we wouldn't both

have been christened Elizabeth. One

"We're as much twins as cousins

identical was their size. Sometimes Betty and Betsy nearly forgot which was the orphan and which the real child of the good parents who brought them up, and when great aunt Elizabeth Blair grew old and near-sighted, she gave up trying to remember which was Tom's and which was John's. She called them both Bet. It didn't seem to make much difference to her which was which. Her small bank account of four thousand dollars she left equally divided, with this specifica-

"If you decide to marry, the money is to, be spent for a trousseau and household things—plenty of linen. start in right. I want you to spend it all for your wedding outlay. If one of you girls decide not to marry—and it isn't necessary nowadays—then the two thousand dollars is to go to help with special training in the career she chooses instead of marriage."

old Aunt Elizabeth had died in their fiteenth year. us will have to be mar-

ried," Betty, or Betsy, would say, "just to see what fun it would be spending all that money on clothes and things, but for variety one must have a career. If some very nice man comes along and wants one of us to marry him, why the one of us that likes him best will have him and

the other can have a career."

The nature of the career seemed at the time to be as vague as the iden-

if anything-and Betty had deter- Betsy. "You were keeping somethi

even the frocks that were bought fice, yet Betty law awake for he ready-made or ordered at the dresseven the frocks that were better chance to look at them and suggest alterations or design.

stretch one's resources and when it!

There had been no last-minute said Betty.

By the last of September all selec shops in town had come all the inter esting boxes save those to hold one two frocks, a suit and a coat that needed alterations. And the two save a hundred "for pin money on the honeymoon." It did seem like a lot for one girl to spend on herself, but Aunt Elizabeth had especially desired

Betsy had gone to her own little room one night rather early, to write some letters of inquiry to various music teachers in Boston, and Betty had supposedly gone to hers to write to Tom, her flance. But before a half hour had passed Betsy opened her door to a slight tap and there stood Betty with a curious look of intent-ness mingled with fright.

"I've got to tell you something." she said, sinking down on her cousin' chintz-covered little bed. "Of course. I'd tell you first. But I can't marry Tom-I'm not enough in love him. I'd feel worse about breaking with him if I thought he cared-but he doesn't. But you see it was all on account of Aunt Elizabeth's queer Betsy had turned out the light on

her desk, leaving only the soft glow of her little pink-shaded bedside lamp, and she sat on a little chair b fore her cousin who was rocking her knees on Betsy's bed. "Please don't mind what you say-to me," was all Betsy could say by way of encouragement. "Well, right from the first," said Betty, "I've felt that one of us ought

to have a career and the other ought to get married. Aunt Elizabeth as much as said she wanted us to spend the money differently, and in the back of my mind I've had a sort of terror lest you'd get engaged first, because you're prettier and everything—"

THE DAILY SHORT STORY

very much in earnest, pointing ifinger of shame at Betty.
"You're so," insisted Betty. "Do interrupt. Anyway. I was so afraid have to have a career that I made my mind I'd just make Tom proper I never could have encouraged him if it hadn't been for that. And the when I saw the way George was ru ing you I was afraid he'd persu and then you'd get engaged begin getting the trousseau and Now you know what a mean, dece

ful, designing creature I am-"And now," went on Betty, ested in architecture. gether for our art-rather than just married people-because truly sure he loves me. I almost did

"Why Betty," gasped Betsy. A then the two cousins, looking young and helpless, sat facing ea other, each trying to think of so happy solution of their difficulty.

At last from Betty, "Maybe we cou divide the clothes and things. They now-and divide the other two tho sand dollars, and each have son clothes and some money for a caree There, that's what I've been trying t ask you and I've been so ashamed

said solemnly. "I'm just glad to have this chance to pay back a little that owe you, because Betsy, dear, you'shared everything with me since was sent over from India. I'll giv up my career—and you can have th two thousand dollars. I'll take th trousseau. It fits me as well does you. I hadn't intended to -but one of us ought to-and couldn't do that much to repay

for all you've done! pect you to marry," she said. thought we could both have caree and start out with half of clothes

"But you don't need clothes if y re going to have a career, Betsy. "And you will need the who two thousand dollars. One thousand dollars wouldn't do at all."

Then there was another silence "Have you—any idea—" be Betty timidly, "who you-will ma

day to "come along."

By the time the twin cousins were nineteen their tastes had developed until Betsy was definitely disposed to "We do, most everything." agree the corner of an accompanist—

"I didn't know he had proposed said Betty, a little testily. "I though we told each other everything." "We do, most everything." agree the corner of an accompanist—

"We do, most everything." agree the corner of an accompanist had proposed it was because I thoug cousins agreed for the night that u take her. And the investment of the less they changed their minds Bets two thousand dollars in wedding was to make the sacrifice, give up I things began. It was as much Betsy's spending as was to become a successful architec Betty's. Betty made no selections It was Betty who was having her wa without asking Betsy's advice, and and Betsy who was making the sacr maker's were as often fitted to Betsy as Betty. In that way Betty had a Betsy tore into tiny bits all the must cal prospectuses she had been collecting for months and slept the drear less sleep of perfect content. next morning by Betty's familiar at the door. She perched on the food Betsy's bed and began in whispe

"Let's both get married," she sa

having a career," supplied Betsy.
"And she wouldn't want us to ave changed your mind," suggest

"Oh, I hadn't ever told him tha was thinking of breaking," said Bett "But hadn't you better tell Georg pose to other girls in the rebound. I never really refused hir (Copyright, 1923, by the McClure New

## Had Bad Pains In Her Heart

Nerves Were Very Ba Mrs. John Case, R. R. No. 4,

Catharines, Ont., writes: "I wish say that I have been bothered versuch with my heart and nerves." doctored with two different doctored but did not find much relief. I won have such bad pains in my heart. times, I would be almost afraid move or breathe, and at night I cou not sleep. If the pains in my hea were gone, my nerves would be so I could not lie still and would get a little sleep by being tired of My stomach was also very bad and could eat but very little, and the so much distress which always m

my heart worse.
I had been suffering for nearly tw years until one day I was talking our druggist about the way I felt. H advised me to give Milburn's He and Nerve Pills a fair trial. I have now taken five boxes and am feeling so much better, I am able to do m own work, and can eat anything wish. I cannot praise

#### Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pill

too highly." Price 50c a box at all dealers mailed direct on receipt of price be The T. Milburn Co., Limited, To ronto, Ont .-- Advt.