Burns Memorized His Poems

RURNS committed his poems to memory as he composed them, and when he sat down to write he had before him no labor of composition, but only the task of writing down what he had already completed.

A Magazine Page For Everyone

No Excuse For Careless Motorists

N-O excuse left for the careless motorist now. The red lamp in the hand of the traffic officer gleams as he lifts his arm. It gets its electricity from a battery in his pocket. It is one of the devices shown at a recent police convention.

THE STRANGER" Goodenough Finds In Mysterious

Shipmate the Spaniard With the White Scar

CHAPTER XCIII. The Inquisitive Spaniard. "A windy night," said the man In the same mongrel dialect of the Spanish settlements. "I pray the voyage may end quickly. The senor peaks my tongue?"

"No," replied Goodenough, who eldom paraded his accomplishments pefore strangers. "I speak English and so, I presume, do you."

"Ah," said the man, "I spik it some. I think—the senor come to ship at Azores, no?"

"I did," said Goodenough, "and after a pause.
"Did I? But no," said his comglad to leave it"

"The senor has been lately in Engseemed curiously anxious to talk to get." this latest arrival from the land. "Is there some news from England? One gets ver' little news on a ship. I go to England myself-on business."

"There is not much news," said them in Florida?" Goodenough quietly, "except a newspaper sensation—a poisoning case. It would not interest you."

the man quickly, "it came to this at the service of the senor, who is courteous to a lonely stranger. I am ship by the-how you say?-Marship by the—how you say?—Mar-coni. A ver' queer thing, no? About some nobleman, whom they try to cattle." poison. She was lucky not to die. "Tallbois, I believe," said Good-enough. From the first he had been watching this elderly Dago with a unobtrusive intentness. mured.

"That was the name. She is a "That was the name. She is a Spaniard, spreading his thin brown hands. "I find the senor so courteous senor is English. Has he ever seen —so well-informed—so intelligent." senor is English. Has he ever seen her?" "I believe I have. Lady Tallbois is well known in England," said Good-

enough easily, "and everywhere else apparently. So you have heard about The Spaniard shrugged both there was a faint gleam of eager-

ness in his eye.
"But yes,' he replied off-handedly. "I am Americano; in my country, north or south, we read much news-papers. There are many things printed of these people, and I re-member the name, because this woman, she was a countrywoman of mine—she was of Spanish blood. It

s so curious. Goodenough nodded. "I read of it," added the man, "and say to me, 'How strange! A poor alive. And now her daughter be-sea legs, being used to horses. Shall comes a great dona with land and we not go below? This wind becomes money-ver', ver' rich.' It is a ro- chilly." nance that is it not senor

indeed," agreed Goodnough softly. "You say you have—seen this young comtessa—this noblewoman?" persisted the Spanjard. "What is she like? Is she beautiful, as so many of the southern chiquitas when they

as a humble individual may. She is fate! I have found what I went

Eczema Covered Arms

of This Healthy Child

Mrs. Alex. Marshall, Sprucedale, Ont., writes:-

DR. CHASE'S OINTMENT

60 cents a box, all dealers or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Ltd., Toronto.

Any Pain or Swelling

will feel better after being rubbed with

AbsorbineJ

hours and see how fast you get relief.

When an accident happens—a cut, burn, bruise, dislocation—apply "ABSORBINE

JR." to heal the injury and prevent infection.

\$1.25 a bottle-at most druggists' or sent postpaid by

W. F. YOUNG, Inc.,

absolutely safe to use—pleasang grease and does not stain.

"ABSORBINE JR." is a vegetable germicide-solutely safe to use-pleasant odor-contains no

Varicose Veins are stubborn to reduce.

For Rheumatism and Gouty Swellings

-for Stiff Neck, Tonsilitis and Neuralgia-

for strained or torn ligaments-for Lame-

ness and Soreness from overwork or

accident—a brisk rubbing with a few drops of "ABSORBINE JR." makes the pain a lot easier. Try it every few

Yet "ABSORBINE JR." has been used

with wonderful success in allaying the pain,

taking out the soreness and inflammation,

and reducing the swollen, congested veins.

one would expect the daughter of her

mother to be."
"They are, of course, both rich?"
murmured his companion. murmured his companion.

"One assumes so," said Goodenough. It was curious how the man's mind harped on riches. The rat-like face of the Spaniard seemed to grow sharper still.

"I hope they will—hang the woman who give the poison!" he said, as if speaking to the sea. Goodenough made no reply but looked at him.

made no reply, but looked at him through narrowed eyes. "Did you ever hear of this mother

and daughter in your own country-before they became famous in Eng-land?" asked Goodenough, casually

panion, still staring at the water "What was their name in America? land, perhaps?" said the man who Perhaps I read it-but I have for-

"De Castra was the name."
"Ah, De Castra. It is a ver comnon name anywhere among the Spanish race. No. I know them "Never chanced to come across

The Spaniard shook his head.
"I have never been in Florida ould not interest you."

"Ah, yes! I see that myself,' said except to come through to ship at Key West," he answered. "I am of Texas. My name, Iago Uvas—always

This glib sentence contained four separate statements. John Good-enough bowed his acknowledgements. "A pleasure to make the acquaint-ance of Don Iago Uvas," he mur-"The pleasure is mine," said the

He let go the rail in order to boy more impressively. At that moment the ship rolled violently; Don Iag staggered, and his bow was com-pletely spoilt. He would certainly have been flung across the deck on the grating of the hatch had not Goodenough flung a muscular hand

and caught him.

The grip came upon the Spaniard's shoulder, it steadied him, but the thin alpaca coat and cotton shirt be-neath it tore like paper, exposing nearly a foot of the man's upper arm and breast. A ragged white scar showed plain upon the olive skin. Goodenough's eye flashed slightly as he observed it.

"Accept my apologies," he said, "I fear I have damaged your dress."

"It is nothing." muttered the Spanard, covering his arm hastily, "an accident—the senor is very strong, I should have fallen; I have not the

"I will join you presently," said Goodenough, "The air between decks oppresses me." The Spaniard made his way to the

companion hatch, and Goodenough left alone, walked up to the well deck toward the forecastle. His eyes were shining with suppressed excitemen said under his breath. beautiful, certainly, and very dark," seek. It can be no other. And but said Goodenough thoughtfully, "as for this change of ships I should

"When my little son was three

months old he broke out in sores on

his chest and arms. We did all we

could to heal those terrible sores, but

nothing did him much good. Final-

ly I ventured on a box of Dr. Chase's

Ointment and kept on using it. At

turn of the trouble since."

last we were rewarded by the

steady healing of the sores, and

finally he was completely reliev-

ed of them. He is now three

years old, and has had no re-

Movie of a Dignified Gent and a Drinking Fount.



By J. P. Alley

EF YOU MOUNTS T' MUCH IN DIS WORL' FOLKS AIN' VEY APT T' MIS-CALL YO' NAME!



have gone on a vain quest. He is and he goes upon an errand there can be no mistaking. I had doubts even of his existencebut now the very threads are in my

He laughed gently. "Two souls with but a single thought," he murmured, and went below. Don Iago had retired. good deal of the Spaniard, who seemed to find his company stimulating. And on the seventh daypassengers were landed and went | b-bananas to me again! through the usual formalities at the

Don Iago Uvas, though of course a British subject, appeared to have his papers all in order and was passed through. He then made a courtly farewell to Goodenough, "It seems we must-part here," he "I thank the senor for his so pleasant companionship on the

steamer." Goodenough made him a grave little bow. "It is possible, Don Iago, that we may meet again," he said, and made the railway station through the

(To be continued.)

(Copyright, 1922, by King Features Syndicate.) INSTITUTES AT LAMBTON

Special to The Advertiser. Watford, May 17 .- The Women's Institute of East Lambton have planned a number of special meetings throughout the district, commencing this week, when a series of lectures and demonstrations will be given by Miss Edith Hopkins of Lindsay, Ont., special lecturer for the womens institutes of Ontario. Miss Hopkins is a graduate of Macdonald Hall, Guelph, and has spent two years in hospital dietitian work, so is eminently qualified for her work as spe-cial lecturer and demonstrator. Her cial lecturer and demonstrator. Her subjects are: "Food Problems of To-day;" "Some Things That Make Life Worth While;" "Beautification-Yourself, Your Home, Your Community," and "Co-operation. The meetings are being held as fol-lows: Brooke, May 16; Masonic Hall, Inwood, May 17: Aughrim, May 18: Methodist Church, Shetland, May be a lesson to him. She told him that 21; and Methodist Church, Florence, he had been altogether too conceited,

HUNT WINDSOR YOUTH. Special to The Advertiser.

Windsor, May 17 .- Police are with disc. The points are searching for Edison Campbell, 22 years.old, who has been missing from his home for a month. Campbell is described as six feet tall, weighs 160 pounds, and has blonde hair and blue pounds, and has blonde hair and blue pounds, and has blonde hair and blue pounds. The next story: "Boxer Makes a hadn't the courage to. You see, he searching for Edison Campbell, 22 away from it." But, of course, he couldn't. He carried it right along where where the air will be sweet and pleasant," retorted Woof Woof and shuffled off.

"I don't know but I'm going some-couldn't. He carried it right along with him. (Copyright, 1923, by T. W. Burgess.)

"The next story: "Boxer Makes a banquet for all the members? Wouldn't it be grand if we could have a banquet for all the members? Where are some of the old ones? It is a wonder March Wind hasn't drift-tener.

HAMBONE'S MEDITATIONS THE ETERNAL QUESTI

Steve—Say! Whatcha doin' up about her before we come on this excursion, but I'm cured!

Mamie—Sure I broad!

Mamie—Sure I broad! Mamie—I ain't doin' nothin'—just soda pop this minute? lookin' at the moon on the water. What're you doin' here yourself?

Mamie-Hum! Steve-You ain't sick, are you, Mamie?

funny-like my stummick had flopped Steve-Gee! I know-I feel like Mamie-I sure am sorry for you!

Steve—Say, kid, I guess handin' each other the crepe! guess Mamie-It was them hot dogsoughta stopped with four-Steve—Naw, the ginger ale—
Mamie—Or maybe the corn on the

Mamie-Listen to them idiots dancin' there—stuffin' popcorn and pear nuts and all that stuff—

Steve—Whata they care to be solved by else feels?

Mamie—If dunno as It along time by then.

Steve—It sure is—and, say, that Steve—Sure, you'll be better—

Mamie—Well, there's one part of the weddin' ceremony that ain't got no terrors forme, hon—

Mamie—I dunno as It along time by then.

Steve—Sure, you'll be better—

Mamie—Well, there's one part of the weddin' ceremony that ain't got no terrors forme, hon—

I see if I don't hurry up that I am not going to get a mite in for the not going to get a mite the next six days he saw a sion—she makes me sick, too! she done to you?

Steve-Oh, I dunno. She's in there

stuffin' himself with doughnuts and Steve-Uugh! Mamie-And when I says I don't

a bunch of nuts, I guess! Mamie-Gawd knows. I wish I'd never set foot on the ocean! Steve-Same here-if I ever get Mamie-Oh, no-just feelin' kinda Home I'm off water fer life! Mamie-here, put this wet hand-

kerchief on your forehead-Steve-Thanks, Mamie-you're good sport. Mamie-Sall right-glad to oblige feelin' better? Steve-Well, I dunno. Say, Ma-nie, I never knew until this-this

happened to us what a good pal you have some. She also offers crochet Mamie-I try to be a good pal, I Steve-There's lots of things you and me feels the same way about-

Mamie-Yes, that's right-round to City Hall and seein' a justice there will be a letter one of these more," said the florist. "But now I Steve—Whata they care how any- tomorrow?

Mamie—I dunno as I'd mind—if

about?

Mamie-The fer better or worse which was the first day of Joan Mot- laughin' and dancin' and eatin' ba- part. We sure seen each other fer tisfont's trial at the New Bailey— nanas—never thinkin' how anybody worse today—I guess we can stand al-

the Gaudeloupe came alongside her else feels— appointed quay at Liverpool. Her Mamie—B-bananas! D-don't say (Copyright, 1923, by Public Ledger)

BOXER AND WOOF WOOF

By THORNTON W. BURGESS.

The Great World calls each to his place

All the conceit was gone from Boxer. Jimmy Skunk had taken the yery last from him. He no longer felt bodstful. In fact, Boxer wanted, above all things, to keep out of sight PLAN SPECIAL LECTURES of everybody. You see, Jimmy Skunk with him all the time, but never uses excepting for his own protection. And Boxer couldn't get rid of it. Do what he would, he couldn't get rid of it. Everyone kept out of Boxer's way. enjoy anything. Oh, how, he did wish that he had left Jimmy Skunk alone!

"I'll never bother him again. No, sir, I'll never bother him again. When I meet Jimmy Skunk he can have the path," said Boxer over and over to himself.
Even Woof Woof, Boxer's twin sister, would have nothing to do with him. She wouldn't let him come anywhere near her. She told him very plainly that he had been served just

right, and that she hoped it would and that she hoped that now he would remember some of the things Mother Bear had told them when they were little. Then she said good-bye.
"Where are you going?" whined

tell himself that he didn't care, but he knew this wasn't true. "Anyway, she'll come back after a while," said

But Woof Woof didn't come back that day. She didn't come back the next day. On the third day Boxer tried to find her. He wandered about I am sending the seeds immediately.

I am sending the seeds immediately. this way and that way, all through the Green Forest, but never once did he get so much as a glimpse of Woof woof. He found places where she had been. He found old logs she till now. Better late than never, I had given Boxer a dose of that bad had pulled over, and rotted old hope. Wishing you and the Boxite smelling scent which Jimmy carries stumps she had torn apart. But that happiness and success to the fund was all he did find.

The fact is, Woof Woof had left the Green Forest. She had go e up to the Big Woods on the Great It wasn't because they were afraid of him, but because of that dreadful odor he carried with him. He couldn't enjoy his food. He couldn't enjoy anything Oh he couldn't trouble with Jimmy Skunk. You see

take care of themselves,
Perhaps Boxer wouldn't have
minded so much had it not been that he couldn't get away from Jimmy Skunk's dreadful scent. Day by day Mother's Day. The fily seeds are off, it grew less and less, but it was with but I hadn't any bulbs left. him for a long time. Whenever there was a damp, wet day, it became worse. "If only I could run away from it," Boxer kept saying over and over again. "If only I could run away from it." But, of course, he couldn't. He carried it right along



A Gripping Story of Love Triumphant

Over the Plots of a Master Criminal

I am afraid I can't take sufficient thought you was goin' downstairs to Ain't that Ed Fisher I come with room in the column to print the list of all the seeds there are in the Mail-Box storehouse, but there really are such a great many that it hardly Didn'tcha tell me you had to see a guy about some business?

Steve—Oh—yes—yes—I come to see a feel like eatin' don't he go and bring me some pink lemonade—the big stiff!

Steve—We come on this trip with the names of all those you fancy, I should have at least three. the names of all those you fancy, I am sure I should have at least three-quarters, if not all of them, and I would put in some of Aunt Nannie's lily seeds for good measure. It was lily seeds for good measure. It was a generous mite you sent us, and so I she had perhaps never fully apprehave already sent of the asters, and ciated during his lifetime.

Ragged Edges.

Just Ethel, a newcomer, writes to know if any of the readers can supply her with seeds of the aster "with the long ragged-edged flower"? Perhaps some of the gardeners among us will patterns for lace edging and yokes.

Page Joan W. Did you receive the bulbs safely, Hepsey burke: I am sorto. It was never accepted any back payment to slipper pattern didn't arrive. It was never accepted any back payment to loan W who offered it. We didn't the years of service that he had done. Hepsey Burke? I am sorry that the

cot at all. I am really glad to think that it will soon be paid for. I think think it will just be lots of fun. I you know some one that does. along in a few days, Minnie, and that she had left at his bedside the Minnie also sends this recipe for day before and had been fondling it Add pepper and salt to taste and life he had never been able to buy cover with fresh mashed potatoes.

Brown in oven. Your badge will be "I've brought some roses for Jim." along in a few days Forgiven.

Dear Miss Grey,-Some time ago I BEECHNUT. We'll forgive you for being late, Beechnut, as long as you like our badge.

The Best Cricketer?

Dear Miss Grey.—How are you for Cynthia Grey's seeds, these days? I guess you will think anxiously waiting for fall to soon even if Boxer hadn't had that I am a long time telling you the so as to see the lovely pictures of trouble with Jimmy Skunk. You see, answer of that riddle. Here it is: the choice garden plots. trouble with Jimmy Skunk. You see, it was time for them to separate and go out into the Great World. It was the time which comes to all the little. I would like to correspond with somepeople of the Green Forest and the Great Meadows. That was one reason why Mother Bear had driven I didn't guess the answer, English The S. C. H. fund is swelling from

Will remember your promise to tell us about Jean, Jack and Joie, Eve of If I Played Hookey?

THE DAILY SHORT STORY

FLOWERS FOR JIM. By JANE OSBORN.

Ever since Jim had arrived at the hospital, weather-beaten, tanned and much in need of a shave, and incidentally with a wrenched knee that had to go in plaster cast and d dis-located shoulder, he had been the favorite of the men's ward. If he had been a little boy instead of six foot of rugged, honest manhood, he would

He had been duly scrubbed and brushed and shaved and was quite a different looking individual as he lay with this hand he took Dr. Martha's there in his plaster easts, but much of small hand in his. the tan lingered and a sort of hardy roughness that made him look decidedly out of place in a hospital bed.

Right from the first "Jim" had become a favorite, and the men's ward eemed to be a brighter place because

"It will seem queer, when he's all better and up and dressed," said a nurse to one of her companions sitting at the desk where she had been making up charts. "We've all treated him like a nice big boy—and that's just what he seems to be. Perhaps we've petted him a bit too much. bringing him funny papers and puz-zles just as if he was a child--"

It was true that Dr. Martha Yates' usual attitude when she made her rounds—save in the children's ward—was exaggeratedly professional. Perhaps this formality was received that the doctor brought for him, that she had not asked him where he was going or invited him to revisit the hospital and his many friends. rounds—save in the children's ward—was exaggeratedly professional. Perhaps this formality was necessary to offset a little too much youth and a little too much prettiness. Martha little too much prettiness. Martha offset a fine control of the control his work seemed so far from com-pletion that Martha felt it was her pletion that Martha felt it was her have found out a little more about try club activities, from thought of an early marriage—perhaps any mar-

early marriage-perhaps any marriage at all-to take her medical pital during his brief stay.

And today it was the florist. She had stopped at his shop to buy a holf deep date in that minute in that should be s half-dozen jonquils for her office desk, and the proprietor of the florist shop had stopped his work in his greenhouse to tell of the devotion her father had shown during the illness of his children, many years ago, when he was struggling along hardly making both ends meet in his nursery usiness. And Dr. Yates had refused to send any bill, and even when the It was never accepted any back payment for ley who had contributed more than come in here and pick out just what

but they seem to be coming to flower the badge is just fine, and indeed a little sooner than we expected. Supwant one. How often, when we have want one. How often, when we have pose you let me send you five or six gone to big picnics and other spots, dozen. I could sell them cheap, but a month together every summer. I would wish we had some way of I'd rather you'd take them. If you telling the Boxites who we are. I don't want them yourself perhaps also know I shall be proud of mine.

Dr. Martha Yates thought for a suggested that since I had to come down moment. She said she would take to civilization to get mended I should and look forward to each day's paper with pleasure. One thing we miss on the page is the little Teddy Bear. them with her to the hospital. She'd leave two dozen in the children's and two dozen in the women's ward and The children and I always looked another dozen she would give to Jim. She remembered that Jim had been Wishing everyone good luck with especially delighted with a single rose

> "I've brought some roses for Jim," Minnie and Dr. Martha Yates told the nurse in turned. "Is he awake?" "Yes." said the nurse, "and I'm so

glad vou have. He's been very uncomfortable, though you couldn't get him to admit it. You know Dr. Robinson had to change the cast

ed into the Mail-Box for a while at least. This kind of weather makes one

think of getting the hoes and garden tools out and making a lovely place Great Meadows. That was one reason why Mother Bear had driven Boxer and Woof woof away, and told them never to come back. She had known that it was time for them to take care of themselves.

Bearing Boxer wouldn't have Teach and I don't believe any of the Boxites did, either. Your seeds are on their way. Good luck with your garden.

Jean, Jack, Joie.

The S. C. H. fund is swening from day to day. A lot of the praise, I think, goes to December Bride. She must be full of inspirations. Who would have thought about a pin if she hadn't? Let's all give a cheer for her. What do you think of my penman-

ship? Find enclosed a mite to help the S. C. H. fund along.
PEGGOTY.

What would happen to the Mail-Dear Miss Grey,-At last I have Box corner, Peggoty, if Cynthia Grey picked up courage to write to your "played hookey" for a day? That's valuable corner again. I very seldom just a question. I am not saying fail to read the letters every day, how much I would like to get out into

today and-well, any one but Sunny Jim would have made a fuss about it. And the poor thing—having no friends or anything. I'm so glad you

BY JOHN

GOODWIN

brought the roses today."
So Dr. Martha Yates went to Jim's narrow cot and no one in the ward seemed to feel, the least bit jealous or slighted when she put the whole glorious dozen on his table. For Jim was as popular with the other patients as with the nurses and

of rugged, honest manhood, he would have gone in the children's ward and been known as "nurse's pet."

No one knew much about "Jim." Obviously a man who earned his living with his muscle, he had been brought in one night in forlorn condition by Dr. Robinson, who had said that the man had no friends in town and might not be able to pay his bills and might not be able to pay his hills that betrayed the recent suffering for-several weeks. He showed no than a professional interest in admit. He stretched out one large hand, still strong and showing a peculiar palior overlying the sunburn

"Thank you, doctor," he said. "You don't know how I shall treasure

hem."
Dr. Martha Yates had gone away in confusion that she had with dif-ficulty concealed. Suddenly it seemed as if Jim, who had seemed only a fine overgrown boy, had been transformed into a man, strong and virile in spite of his present prostration. She was half sorry that she had taken him the flowers—perhaps it had been very unprofessional. But the nurses had not seemed to think it in the contract of the contract it inappropriate. To them Jim was still plain Jim. Perhaps they had not seen the look, so strong and clear, beneath those tired eyelids.

"One often does get a jolt when a patient recovers and stands up all dressed," said the second nurse. "It's funny about Jim. It isn't that he funny about to be jolly. It just whicked him off, stopping with him at makes an effort to be jolly. It just whisked him off, stopping with him at the office just long enough to pay in eems to be his personality."

"Everybody likes him," said the ther. "Even Dr. Martha Yates, who there is usually so dreadfully professional in the men's ward, stops and jollies him. She treats him as if he was one the control of the children's who have needed to be in the ward at the properties of the resuprestors in the children's who have needed to be in the ward at him. She treats him as it he was one of the youngsters in the children's who happened to be in the ward at the time had an opportunity to say things, pats him on the shoulder when she passes and calls him 'Jim' just good-by to him, and she had been so surprised at his sudden departure, in the passes are called."

But when she reached her office Every day in her work, however, for her in the maintains. til Martha had stood looking at him for a full minute

in that minute Jim stood holding th hand she had offered to him. "Who in the world are you?" she asked when they had sat down in the dim light of the waiting-room, "You're

not the simple working man we all took "I'm James Bradley, Jun.," said Jin simply. "You know my father. I be-lieve he's president of the board of trustees of the hospital." Of course florist had prospered, the doctor had Martha knew him. It was James Brad half of the funds that had supported

the hospital for many years past.

"I've been away from home a good am going to insist on this one thing: many years. No one remembers me. Whenever you want any flowers you This summer, you know, there was some criticism of the hospital. you want and they will be yours. Get said that a poor man didn't get a show them as often as you like. You just —that the ward patients were neg--that the ward patients were neg lected. You know, of course. My know people who want them. Now, lected. You know, of course. My for instance, we are having an extra big yield of roses-don't know why felt sure it wasn't true. Still he wanted to prove the falseness of it al mountains. Father and I always spend one day I lost my footing in the mountains up there—and took a jolly header. I wasn't so very badly hurt. Father to civilization to get mended I should come to this hospital, and that I should got in touch with Dr. Robinson, wh inyone. And you know what I learned -learned that the men in that ward are as decently and as well treated as shepherd's pie, a nice supper dish. Put cold mutton through a meat chopper and nearly fill a baking dish. It was. Surely he must be very all coming out in a report my father the nurses and learned to admire the nurses and learned t earned to admire the nurses and-it's vill have ready for the next meeting of

the board of trustees. "In the meantime," James Bradley drew his stiff office chair close to that of Dr. Martha. "In the meantime learned to love you. I know your hear is in your work—but it's such a big heart! Can't you let me share a little

Dr. Martha Yates looked into Jim's eyes, and she knew she was not desert-ing the ideals of her father when she told Jim she would put her whole hear (Copyright, 1923, by McClure News-

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price!