

hy, Jim nat is it? what's than their agent. A life after all is the matter?" merely the sum of one's collective im-"There's no more money. Nothing!" pressions, and when custom conspires he whispered hoarsely: "Jim! I-I don't understand. What to bring into the few short years of addescence the excitations of a whole adolescence the excitations of a whole do you mean?" lifetime-the wonder is not that the "There's no more money - for Bob-

"There's no more money — for Hob-for any of us." His color was ghastly as his pale glance flickered into hers a moment and then turned away. He bent his head as though for her re-proaches and fell, rather than sank, into a chair, burying his face in his hands. She ran to him, her white hands like moths fluttering. "I — I don't understand. Tell me - I don't understand. Tell me. whether she thought at all about the Tell me ____ " "I've failed. Mohun and Company took life as she found it, like a hum-ming bird in a garden, sipping as she

have falled," he groaned. She straightened above him, staring pleased from flower to flower, radiant at the bank notes upon the rug which had dropped from Bob's nerveless hand, her slender fingers, as though from the unmoral any more than one could say force of habit, passing over her white brow into the burnished hair.

"Why, what is this you are saying, Jim?" she asked faintly. He raised his head until his look met deal of seriousness about anything and

"I've spoken the truth," he said with painful effort. "The truth. We're which David Sangree had noted with and — all of us. Everything's gone — a house — everything. Do you under – pings of a rich vein of valuable meta pings of a rich vein of valuable metal stand?" that lay far beneath the surface and Until she looked again into the hag- which remained to be discovered even

loyal in the few beliefs in externals,

friendships which made her the cen-ter of the group in which she moved,

and she was quick to resent a slight

intensely. He had been a "peach" to

her in Paris and so, when, after the war, he came to New York to live, she

horns, hoofs and tsil. It was not an easy task, because the older crowd

Until she looked again into the hag-gard eyes which seemed to be staring unseeing, beyond her, she could not believe. Then she swayed slightly, catching at the mantel - shelf. All her world, the very floor under her feet, seemed to falling away. ""she heard" which remained to be discovered even to Cherry herself. Allicia Mohun had never made a practice of seeking the consolations of religion, for she guessed, and rightly, that to a person of her definite amblitions, religion could have nothing to offer her. But, dressed in the heard with Cherry by her side, she "Tell me - tell me - " she heard her best, with Cherry by her side, she

nerself saying. "Where's Cherry?" muttered Mohun

always went to church once a year, on Easter Sunday—a fashionable Epis-

"Where's Cherry?" muttered Mohun thickly. "Cherry — Cher — " He started up, one hand groping: "Why — " he gasped. "I can't — " In horror Allcia started. "Wh — what is it, Jim? — your face — !" With a last effort Mohun strove to keep erect. Then he toppled sideways upon his chair, rolling heavily to the floor, where, after a futile effort of one arm, he lay motionless. bishop was, of course, not to be him. one arm, he lay motionless.



was trying to begin to be snobbish at all The Story of a Household again. What did it matter where Poor dear!

The Story of a Household Evening always found Mrs. A, nervous and irritable, although there wasn't actually much housework to be done in her small apartment. But she complained that every time she bent over her kitchen table the same old pain in her back seized her, so that it was real agony for her to attend to the simplest household duties. It didn't seem right to be so completely worp when her work was done, and she knew something was wrong. A consultation it a physician solved the problem, a physician solved the problem.

ent was simple and one a Chichester or a Galbraith. a Chichester or a Galbraith.
a's An-uric tablets proved to medy that put Mrs. A. on her in and brought her old energy.
borry she was that she hadn't it of it long ago! She recommends ric! (kidney-backache) Tablets
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Good-Bye, Sam!

\$ALESMAN \$AM

GUESS I'LL GO IN ONCE MORE AND SEE IF THERE IGN'T BOME Now to the it on This limb and till be down in a BOY! UHAT TH' HECK! I'M AT THE END OF THE ROPE POSSIBLE WAY OF ESCAPE HELP TOO WEAK TO CLIME JIFFY ROPE! HELP! CATCH SOMETHING UNDER ME - BUT I'LL GET DIZZY LOOKING MA. GET DIZZY LOOMIN DOWN AND FALL HELP!

copal church, where there were candles and vestments pleasant to the eye. Cherry had never been confirmed, and Alicia Mohun had never ceased to re-herself during the loveliest hours of a gret her lukewarmnesss in the matter, for the temporary effect would have been beneficial and the blessing of a Chicester. Well, she wouldn't marry chicester would have been beneficial and the blessing of a Chicester. Well, she wouldn't marry chicester and the blessing of a chicester well, she wouldn't marry chicester and the blessing of a chicester and the chicester and apt as ground which was to be covered

despised. Now, it seemed, Cherry was quite indifferent to the attractions of the Episcopal church or of any other. brought around from the garage. She in a given time, and, the exactions of the traffic policemen having been grudgingly met, in a short while they were She was a fine young pagan, in fact, felt like one who has just been liberbowling along in the general direction with the mere glimmerings of a con-science, tolerably respectful of the of the keen air that was full of frosty of Albany, with no particular object in view, except to find as many fine, sopenicus of others, so long as they did not optrude upon her own, and intensely us she thought of the effect of the straight stretches of road as possible and to pass over them with the greatest speed consistent with the bare prephrase on poor Muzzy as she emerged which she had imbibed from the world. from that atmosphere of social sanctiserving of life and limb.

thich she had imbibed from the work. It was this kind of devotion to her fication. It was this kind of devotion to her Muzzy had come down the steps of Muzzy had come down the steps of Muzzy have with much the air of Among other reasons, Cherry liked Bruce Cowan because he knew more about the diseases of motors than any the great house with much the air of one that she had ever met. She liked and she was quick to resent a slight or an insult to any one that she liked. She liked Bruce Cowan-admired him intensely. He had been a finite who has paid a visit to a shrine aid to possess miraculous healing pow-irs. She had worn on her face an exto talk about motors and their troubles, and the relative merits of different makes of cars. These were the chief pression of complete beatification, and Cherry had told her that she was "gotopics of discussion among the young people that she knew, unless they were ing on the loose." Tears of merriment tried to make her friends swallow him, came to Cherry's eyes in the brisk wind. talking about one another, and Bruce Cowan more than others spoke with the The trouble with Muzzy was that she

voice of authority. Her roadster was a "Magnificent," which her companion had sold her, and it had lived up beautifully to its exhad no sense of humor . . . none at all . . never had had . . . pensive reputation. She was sure that A Raw, Sore Throat

were lovely and his chin was quice system.

Musterole is a clean, white ointment made with oil of mustard. Brings quick masque of Antinous which she had once drawn from at boarding school. And relief from sore throat, bronchitis, tonthen-well, masculine strength had alsilitis, croup, stiff neck, asthma, neuheadache, congestion, pleurisy

rheumatism, lumbago, pains and aches of a lonely road in something less than of the back or joints, sprains, sore muscles, bruises, chilblains, frosted feet, colds on the chest. Keep it handy for four minutes and Cherry shut off the power and sank back into the low seat



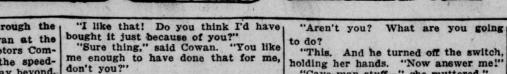
he congestion and draws out the sore-

ness and pain.

ralgia,

instant use.

Better Than a Mustard Plaster.



"Now-! You needn't get so pleased with yourself all of a sudden, Bruce Cowan." "Love me—love my dog. You love the car, you've got to love me, too." "That doesn't follow," she said with a

the ditch.

"It ought to. It will." The road

lently forward. He bore himself in pa-tience until she reduced her speed and "Let me go." then with a laugh:

"You little devil! What did you do that for?" he said. "Embarrassment," she said coolly. "H-m. I'm not going to let you off so easily."



Constipated?

A Raw, Sore Throat. Eases Quickly When You Apply a Little Musterole. Musterole won't blister like the old-fashioned mustard plaster. Spread it on with your fingers. It penetrates to the sore spot with a gentle tingle, loosens be compared to be a made no mistake in it or in him, for in a way Bruce was quite as magnificent as the car he sold — big, masterful, with an air of general pro-ficiency which left very little to be desired. It was true that he was not quite so splendid in mutti as he had been in uniform—but then his eyes and disorders are liable to attack the stree lovely and his chin was guite so and disorders are liable to attack the

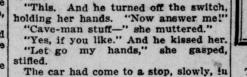
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with a sigh of gratification. "That was great—great—..." "She's a lady, isn't she?" he mut-tered triumphantly. "Handsome, every inch. Not even warm. If you could buy good gasoline she'd jump the river— The time is not much chance of you ever

being sick.



"No," he said, and then more quietly, "Damn it, Cherry. You've got to lis-ten. I love you. You ought to know it into a mighty city. Our records indicate was quite deserted. He bent over her and laid his hand over hers on the wheel. "Say, Cherry. Tell me, you'll marry me, won't you?" the ten. I love you. You ought to know it by now. I'm keen for you. Honest I am. And you wouldn't want to come out with me if you didn't like me a lot. Tell me you'll marry me." spot, in Northern Africa, near the site "Look out!" Cherry's toe pressed the accelerator and the car lurched vio-lently forward. He bore himself in pa-

"Please! An wzer me."

Phoenicia and travel to a strange land She struggled and he released her, 1,500 miles away? Pernaps we shall content to await his time. For a mo-ment she preened herself, taking off one for certain. An interesting legend has gauntlet—and rubbing her wrist. The gauntlet she negligently dropped over the side of the car to the ground. "Princess Elissa, a maiden of great beauty, was wooed and won by a rich

"I'd never marry a cave-man." She noble named Acerbas. Soon after her "I didn't mean to be rough," he said order of her brother, the king.

"But you were. You've bruised my to obtain the riches which had been left wrist." "I'm sorry." He tried to catch it to

his lips, but she jerked away. "I don't like to be kissed. When I letter, asking him to send ships to take decide to be I'll tell you so." (To be continued.) palace. Demands

"PHILLIPS" MIL

OF MAGNESIA

Uncle Ray's Corner

THE STARTING OF CARTHAGE. stroyed by Roman armies The most famous colony ever started UNCLE RAY. by Phoenicians was Carthage. It came

To-morrow-"Bold Sailors of Long

Why did Elissa leave her home in

A stone found at Carthage. It was used to mark a part of the boundary between two pieces of land. The writing is in honor of a god and a goddess.

By Swan

(Boys and girls are invited to ask questions relating to history or school work. Address Uncle Ray, in care of this newspaper. Tell age, name and

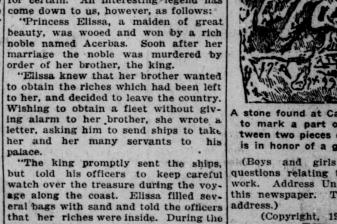
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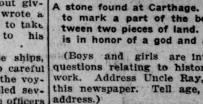
"'I am going to offer my treasure to the spirit of my dead husband.' "Because of their religion the officers dared not oppose the "crvants, who picked up the bags of sand and hurled them into the sea "Now, Elissa saw her chance. "You

voyage the princess said:

The best wrinkle of all, no plashave allowed my treasure to be thrown ter or pads or burning salves they away,' she told the officers. 'The king are all relics of the dark ages. The will punish you if you go to him. Will you join me and sail west, where we can start a colony?' "The officers were fearful, and agreed

Accept only genuine "Phillips," the original Milk of Magnesia, prescribed by physicians for 50 years as an antacid, laxative, corrective. Each bottle contains full directions. Any drug store.—Advt. less Corn Extractor. Apply it at night and it dissolves away the







the finest that she had seen-a strong, blue chin shaped like the one on the ways appealed to her. They had spun off the last five miles

with a sigh of gratification.

"I love it. Glad I didn't get the, 'K. K.,' she said.

"I love it. Glad I didn't get the "K. K.,' she said. "Oh, say, Cherry, you couldn't have bought the 'K. K.' with me selling tha 'Magnificent,' even if it wasn't all I claimed for it." claimed for it." claimed for it." claimed for it." being sick. This valuable remedy has been on This valuable remedy has been on the market for the past. 52 years; put up only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited Toronto, Onts K12tf-th,eow