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New York Express, 18..... 2 47 p.m.

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C. Vail, Agent, Watford

## The Blue Goddess

By LOUISE OLIVER

(Copyright, 1918, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Peggy lay awake at night listening to the rain. Oh, if it would only stop! She had planned so many things for the next day, the day Captain Pearson was to be in town and had asked her if he could come to see her.

Come to see her! Peggy's heart had fluttered almost to suffocation when she read the few lines on the heavy white paper. Come to see her! She had closed her eyes and pressed the words to her heart in ecstasy. The tall, serious officer she had met at the Marstons, about whom all the girls had been completely mad, including herself!

Then Peggy had done some officering herself, as Peggy could. Her little hands, which took only a five-and-a-half glove, could make Phil and little Chuckie step around more lively in one minute than father and mother combined could do in a week, and a word from her pretty red lips meant more to Susan in the kitchen than a whole regiment of orders from higher up. Lola, her twelve-year-old sister, adored her openly, as did Lola's girl friends, who met after school every day for Peggy to instruct in knitting.

The officering Peggy did, on receipt of Captain Pearson's letter, consisted of disposing of the family for the day, beginning with Philip and Charles, and had gone on down the line until no one was left but her mother and father and herself. Captain Pearson was to stop to dinner, and Susan was to achieve the most delectable meal Peggy's busy brain could plan.

In short, the program was to be as follows: Morning, house cleaned up, flowers arranged in bowls everywhere, best linen and silver hunted up, porches cleaned and everything in order.

Afternoon—The boys to go fishing after school and to Aunt Mary's for supper and to stay all night; Lola and the club to go to Mabel Brown's and Lola to stop for dinner and all night, as Mabel had so often coaxed.

Peggy planned to put on her new sport suit of army blue jersey and with her own little car sparkling clean was to take the captain for a ride out to Bowling Rocks to see the view, stop at the club and introduce him to a few friends, then bring him home to a quiet, delicious candle-lit dinner for four, Peggy in her new pink dress; a whole delightful evening alone on the moonlit veranda (there was a moon, Peggy found from the calendar a whole week ahead), and then—Peggy never tried to look past that.

But—"The best laid plans of mice and men gang aft agley."

It rained, and it rained and rained and rained. The flowers would be ruined, the tulips had been almost ready to drop anyway. The road to Bowling Rocks was impassable now, even with a whole day's sun, and the boys couldn't go fishing. Mother wouldn't let them when it was damp.

After a sleepless night Peggy was up at six. To her surprise, her mother was sitting in the hall. Peggy opened her door. "What is it, mother?" she asked.

"It's Susan; she's sick. I've been up all night with her. I think she got overheated yesterday and then cooled off too quickly. I'll send for Doctor Boyce soon, now, but I think she'll be all right in a day or two."

"A day or two! But, mother, Captain Pearson's coming to dinner and there's so much to be done today."

"I'm sorry, dear, but we can't help it. I'm almost too tired to get breakfast."

Peggy's face changed instantly. "Don't you worry, mommy, dear. I'll get breakfast. You telephone for the doctor, then go and lie down. I'll get the kiddies off to school."

After that there was no rest for Peggy. The rain kept up and Susan got worse. The doctor came and stayed, and Peggy had to be everywhere at once—in the kitchen one minute, filling hot water bottles the next, answering the telephone, making beds, washing dishes, getting lunch, and a hundred other things.

Lunch over, the boys had to be warned to come straight home from school, for it was the kind of day when mother worried about them. And, as the Browns lived too far away, Lola was told to come home also.

Lola forgot about the company and at four o'clock the entire knitting club walked in. The boys had brought a few extra spirits along too. Never was there such a houseful.

Peggy by this time had accepted the inevitable, changed to a blue linen dress with white collar and cuffs and apron, and decided to make the best of it.

She was out sweeping some extra large chunks of mud off the front steps when Captain Pearson arrived. Peggy did not run, nor hide the broom. She stood smiling down at him from the top of the steps—a blue goddess with the emblem of woman's sphere in her hand. The humor of the situation lent an added sparkle to her smile.

"I'm so glad to see you, captain," she said, holding out her unoccupied hand to this splendidly caparisoned man. "It's a dreadful day, isn't it? I have some small brothers who won't wipe their feet, and they in turn have

a dozen or two friends who won't wipe theirs. But just come in and see what I have on my hands today—a combination day nursery and a hospital. I'm two kinds of nurse."

"Lucky people!" said the captain, warmly holding her hand.

"Also I'm not sure that you're going to get any dinner. If Susan sleeps, I can cook it. If not, I can't. Mother has developed neuralgia, so the family may have to eat crackers and cheese in the pantry."

"But I can't stay anyway," said the captain. "I just came to tell you I can't come—that is, not till Thursday. I'm on my way to New York on business and stopped over a few minutes between trains."

In fact, he did stay just long enough to meet the admiring friends of Lola and the boys. Then he had to go. "I'll be back on Thursday for all day, Miss Peggy, if it suits you," he said as he left.

Thursday it didn't rain. Susan was better and able to cook the delectable meal. The boys went to Aunt Mary's, Lola to Mabel Brown's. The road to Bowling Rocks was good, the car perfect, and Peggy never prettier. More flowers had come out in the garden, and the house looked wonderfully sweet and attractive.

The moon was full now, and the veranda that night a fairyland of lacework shadows. Delicious scents came from the garden, and Peggy breathed a sigh of ecstasy. It had all worked out so satisfactory—just as she had planned.

"Peggy, dear, I love you," said the captain suddenly.

"Why—why, captain?" said Peggy, breathlessly.

"Yes I do, and I may as well tell you now. Why wait? I've known it all along, but I'll confess if I hadn't seen you Monday I should probably have waited. I can hardly tell you why. It's because, perhaps, I've always had a horror of useless women. I wish you could know how adorable you looked that day in your blue dress. Most girls would have been worried to death. Peggy, dear little Peggy, tell me you care a little, won't you?"

"Yes, I do," said Peggy, happily. "I love you very much." But, woman like, she knew it wasn't the blue dress and the broom at all that did it. It was the pink dress, and the shadows, and the garden scents, and the moon!

### Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

#### Hen Cannot Rival the Fish.

Information concerning the number of eggs produced by various species of fish has been limited mainly to rather rough estimates. According to the Allgemeine Fischer-Zeitung, some careful counts were made last year at the Bavarian trout hatchery. The first investigations were in connection with common trout and rainbow trout; 53 specimens of the former and 54 of the latter were stripped and the spawn counted. The older and heavier fish were found to have the most eggs (ranging up to about 3,000), but the younger fish yielded a decidedly larger number of eggs in proportion to the weight of the fish. The experiments were repeated with perch (*Perca fluviatilis*), in this case the females just about to spawn being killed and the ovaries being removed and dissected. The number of eggs in perch ranged from 8,710 for a fish four inches long up to 30,490 for one 10.2 inches long; but in this species, also, the number of eggs per unit weight of fish is much larger in small than in large fish.—Scientific American.

#### Only One Aviator Has Reached Forty.

All this amazing science of war flying is in the hands of boys and youths. Rarely do we find a successful airman 40 years old. Lieutenant Colonel Piccio of Italy, with a score of seventeen airplanes brought down to date, is the only ace in the world who has reached this age. On the other hand, fully a score of celebrated fighting aces are under the age of 20. It is a young man's game, and solely by the experience and inventions of these young men will this important arm of warfare evolve and become perfected.—Lawrence La Tourette Driggs in the Century Magazine.

Read the Guide-Advocate "Want Column" on page 4.

### REALLY BEARER OF MESSAGE

Pain Has Its Purposes and Should by No Means Be Looked Upon as an Enemy.

Pain is a message sent to the brain to report that some part of the body is in trouble, and to ask for relief. It is, therefore, not an unmixed evil, but a bane or a blessing, according to the view that we take of it. Many persons, especially those whose nervous organizations are acutely sensitive, dread pain, both for themselves and for others, to such a degree that their first instinct is to do something—anything—if only the distress can be checked. They refuse to listen to the message, and think only of hushing it. If we adopt the view that pain is a faithful servant bringing us a message, we alter our whole attitude toward it. We learn to listen patiently and to organize relief wisely. But we must remember that there is pain that can and must be borne, and pain that cannot and should not be borne.

In certain kinds of accident, such as extensive burns or lacerations, the physician always gives the speediest temporary relief that is in his power and then removes the sufferer to a place where he can give him proper care. In such cases the call for the morphine needle, or for some other anodyne, is a perfectly legitimate one. But there are certain kinds of intense pain that ought not to be immediately masked with an anodyne, because it is very necessary that the physician should be able to incorporate their messages in his diagnosis. Sometimes, as, for example, when there is urgent need of an operation, quieting the patient with morphine might mean that when the effect of the drug had worn off and the pain began to call attention again to the diseased condition it would be too late to save the patient.

Many of the pains we suffer are coward pains. We know very well that a little courage would give us relief, but we are so much afraid of the dentist's chair or of the surgeon's lance or probe that we temporize from day to day and so endure a great deal of unnecessary suffering.

Pain is a good servant and a bad master. We should learn to heed its message and then dismiss it as quickly as possible. When it is of the chronic type and cannot be dismissed, we should always consult a trained physician. He will do his best to render it bearable and he will save us from adding the blunders and penalties of self-doing to our troubles.—Youth's Companion.

#### Changes in Hudson Bay.

The trappers and others employed by the Hudson Bay company have noticed that where deep water was to be found in the bay heretofore it is becoming so shallow that navigation is accomplished with difficulty. Investigation has led to the discovery that the shores of the great body of water are gradually being tipped as if an effort was being made to empty its waters into the adjoining sea. The bay where Henry Hudson spent the winter of 1610 has entirely disappeared or has so changed that it cannot be now located, although there is sufficient data left by him to locate the bay under conditions as he found them.

Mrs. Fred Hogarth, Toronto, and four children under five years old, are dead as a result of gas poisoning, caused through an open jet in a gas stove.

It will cure a cold.—Colds are the commonest ailments of mankind and if neglected may lead to serious conditions. Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil will relieve the bronchial passages of inflammation speedily and thoroughly and will strengthen them against subsequent attack. And as it eases the inflammation it will stop the cough because it allays all irritation in the throat. Try it and prove it.

#### A Substitute for Milk.

In Japan there is said to be a very satisfactory substitute for milk, just as the nut margarines are a substitute for butter. Cows are very scarce in Japan and the people are using an artificial milk derived from the soy bean. The bean is first soaked and then boiled until the liquid turns white, when sugar and phosphate of potash are added. The boiling is resumed until the liquid has the appearance of ordinary condensed milk. When water is added soy milk is hardly to be distinguished from fresh cow's milk.

#### The Reason.

Wife—I used to like the smell of cigar smoke before we were married, but I don't now.

Hub—Well, you see, my dear, I could afford to buy quite a different brand before we were married.

Miller's Worm Powders were devised to relieve children who suffer from the ravages of worms. It is a simple preparation warranted to destroy stomachic and intestinal worms without shock or injury to the most sensitive system. They act thoroughly and painlessly, and though in some cases they may cause vomiting, that is an indication of their powerful action and not of any nauseating property.

### SPRING FEVER

#### Following Colds, Grippe, Thin Watery or Poisoned Blood

(By DR. VALENTINE MOTT.)

At this time of year most people suffer from what we term "spring fever," because of a stagnant condition of the blood, because of the toxic poisons stored up within the body during the long winter. We eat too much meat with little or no green vegetables.

Bloodless people, thin, anemic people, those with pale cheeks and lips, who have a poor appetite and feel that tired, worn or feverish condition in the spring time of the year, should try the refreshing tonic powers of a good alternative and blood purifier. Such a tonic as Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, is a standard remedy that can be obtained in tablet or liquid form. Made without alcohol from wild roots and barks.

Occasionally one should "clean house" with castor oil or tiny pills made up of the May-apple, leaves of aloe and jalap, and sold by almost all druggists in this country as Doctor Pierce's Pileosan Pellets.

SARNIA, ONT.—"I was in a very bad condition. I could not eat without feeling distressed. Had indigestion so badly I was always in misery. I had lived in trouble as well, and the two just put me 'down and out' for about five years. I had many good doctors but got no relief. I took Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and before I had taken two bottles I was much improved, and in less than six months I was well. I could eat anything and do my work with pleasure."—MRS. ANNIE BARCOM, 236 Burand St.

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