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straight toward her. He was scarcely fifty yards away. Across his shoulder he bore a reddish bag burden, and in his right hand was a gun. She did not move. Bowed slightly under the weight, the man passed within twenty feet of her, so close that she could see the sweat beads glistening on that side of his face, and saw also that the load he carried was the carcass of a deer.

Gaining the beach and laying the animal across a boulder he straightened himself up and drew a long breath. Then he wiped the sweat off his face. A sturdy built man about thirty, of Saxon fairness, with a tinge of red in his hair and a liberal display of freckles across nose and cheek bones. He was no beauty, she decided, albeit he displayed a frank and pleasing countenance. That he was a remarkably strong and active man she had seen for herself, and if the firm round of his jaw counted for anything an individual of considerable determination besides. Miss Benton conceived herself to be possessed of considerable skill at character analysis.

He put away his handkerchief, took up his rifle, settled his hat and strode off toward the camp. Her attention now diverted from the Siwash, she watched him, saw him go to her brother's quarters, stand in the door a minute, then go back to the beach accompanied by Charlie.

In a minute or so he came rowing across in a skiff, threw his deer aboard and pulled away north along the shore. She watched him lift and fall among the waves until he turned a point, rowing with strong, even strokes. Then she walked home. Benton was poring over some figures, but he pushed aside his pencil and paper when she entered.

"You had a visitor, I see," she remarked.

"Yes, Jack Fyfe. He picked up a deer on the ridge behind here and rowed a boat to get home."

"I saw him come out of the woods," she said. "His camp can't be far from here, is it? He only left the springs as you came in. Does he hunt deer for sport?"

"Hardly. Oh, well, I suppose it's sport for Jack, in a way. He's always picking around in the woods with a gun or a fishing rod," Benton returned. "But we kill 'em to eat mostly. It's good meat and cheap. I get one myself now and then. However, you want to keep that under your hat—about us fellows hunting—we'll have game warden nosing around here."

"Are you not allowed to hunt them?" she asked.

"Not in close season. Hunting season is from September to December."

"If it's unlawful, why break the law?" she ventured hesitatingly. "Isn't that rather—"

"Oh, hush!" Charlie declared. "A man in the woods is entitled to venison, if he's hungry enough to get it. The woods are full of deer, and a few more or less don't matter. We can't run forty miles to town and back and pay famine prices for beef every two or three days when we can get it at home in the woods."

Stella digested this in silence, but it occurred to her that this mild sample of lawlessness was quite in keeping with the men and the environment. There was no policeman on the corner, no mechanism of law and order visible anywhere. The characteristic attitude of these woodsmen was of indifference for restraint, of complete self-sufficiency. It had colored her brother's point of view. She perceived that whereas all her instinct was to know the rules of the game and abide by them, he, taking his cue from his environment, inclined to break rules that proved inconvenient, even to formulate new ones to apply.

"And suppose," said she, "that a game warden should catch you or Mr. Jack Fyfe killing deer out of season?"

"We'd be hauled up and fined a hundred dollars or so," he told her. "But they don't catch us."

He shrugged his shoulders and, smiling tolerantly upon her, proceeded to smoke.

Dusk was falling now, the long twilight of the northern seasons gradually deepening, as they sat in silence. Along the creek bank arose the evening chorus of the frogs. The air, now hushed and still, was riven every few minutes by the whirr of wings as ducks in evening flight swept by above. All the boisterous laughter and talk in the bunkhouse had died. The woods rang with gloomy and impenetrable, save only in the northwest, where a patch of sky glowed with diffused pink and gray revealed one mountain higher than the fellows standing bald against the horizon.

"Well, I guess it's time to turn in," Benton mumbled a yawn. "Pleasant dreams, sis. Oh, here's your purse. I left part of the bankroll. You won't

have much use for money up here, anyway."

He slipped the purse across to her and sauntered into his bedroom. Stella sat gazing thoughtfully at the vast bulk of Mount Douglas a few minutes longer. Then she, too, went into the boxlike room, the bare discomfort of which chilled her merely to behold.

With a curious uncertainty, a feeling of reluctance for the proceeding almost, she examined the contents of her purse. For a little time she stood gazing into it, a queer curl to her full red lips. Then she flung it contemptuously on the bed and began to take down her hair.

A rich, rough, tough country, where it doesn't do to be finicky about anything," she murmured, quoting a line from one of Charlie Benton's letters. "It would appear to be rather unpleasantly true. Particularly the last clause."

In her purse, which had contained \$110, there now reposed in solitary state a twenty dollar bill.

CHAPTER IV.
The Dignity (?) of Toil.
Benton's imperceptible degrees that she was scarce aware of it, Stella took her place as a cog in her brother's logging machine, a unit in the human mechanism which he operated skillfully and relentlessly at top speed to achieve his desired end—1,000,000 feet of timber in boomsticks by Sept. 1.

From the evening that she stepped into the breach created by a drunken cook the kitchen burden settled steadily upon her shoulders. For a week Benton daily expected and spoke of the arrival of a new cook. Fyfe had wired a Vancouver employment agency to send one the day he took Jim Kenneworth down. But either cooks were scarce or the order went astray, for no rough and ready kitchen mechanic arrived. Benton in the meantime ceased to look for one. He worked like a horse, unsparing of himself, unsparing of others. He rose at half past 4, lighted the kitchen fire, roused Stella and helped her prepare breakfast, preliminary to his day in the woods. Later he impressed Katy John, a half breed Siwash girl, into service to wait on the table and wash dishes. He labored patiently to teach Stella certain simple tricks of cooking that she did not know.

Quick of perception, as thorough as her brother in whatever she set her hand to do, Stella was soon equal to the job. And as the days passed and no camp cook came to their relief Benton left the job to her as a matter of course.

"You can handle that kitchen with Katy as well as a man," he said to her at last. "And it will give you something to occupy your time. I'd have to pay a cook \$70 a month. Katy draws \$25. You can credit yourself with the balance and I'll pay off when the contract money comes in. We might as well keep the coin in the family. I'll feel easier, because you won't get drunk and jump the job in a pinch. What do you say?"

She said the only possible thing to say under the circumstances. But she did not say it with pleasure nor with any feeling of gratitude. It was hard work, and she and hard work were utter strangers. Her feet ached from continual standing on them. The heat and the smell of stewing meat and vegetables sickened her. Her hands were growing rough and red from dabbled in water, punching bread dough, handling the varied articles of food that go to make up a meal. Upon hands and forearms there stung continually certain small cuts and burns that lack of experience over a hot range inevitably inflicted upon her. Whereas time had promised to hang heavy on her hands, now an hour of idleness in the day became a precious boon.

Yet in her own way she was as full of determination as her brother. She saw plainly enough that she must leave the drone stage behind. She perceived that to be fed and clothed and housed and to have her wishes readily gratified was not an inherent right; that some one must foot the bill; that now for all she received she must return equitable value. At home she had never thought of it in that light; in fact, she had never thought of it at all. Now that she was beginning to get a glimpse of her true economic relation to the world at large she had no wish to emulate the clinging vine, even if thereby she could have secured a continuance of that silk lined existence which had revolted against parasitism. At last therefore a certain personal satisfaction to have achieved self support at a stroke, in so far as that in the sweat of her brow—all too literally—she earned her bread and a compensation besides. But there were times when that solace seemed scarcely to weigh against her growing desire for the endless row-

time of her task, the exasperating physical weariness and irritations that it brought upon her.

For to prepare three times daily food for a dozen hungry men is no mean undertaking. One cannot have in a logging camp the conveniences of a hotel kitchen. The water must be carried in buckets from the creek near by and wood brought in armfuls from the pile of sawn blocks outside. The low roofed kitchen shanty was always like an oven. The flies swarmed in their tens of thousands. As the men sweated with ax and saw in the woods, so she sweated in the kitchen. And her work began two hours before their day's labor and continued two hours after they were done. She slept like an exhausted and rose full of sleep heaviness, full of bodily soreness and spiritual protest when the alarm clock roused its din in the cool morning.

For a week thereafter Benton developed moods of sourness, periods of scowling thought. He tried to speed up his gang, and, having all spring driven them at top speed, the added strain broke the backs of their patients, and Stella heard some sharp interchanges of words. He quelled one impatient mutiny through sheer dominance, but it left him more short of temper, more crabbedly moody than ever. Eventually his ill nature broke out against Stella over some trifles, and she, being herself an aggrieved party to his transactions, surprised her own sense of the fitness of things by retaliating in kind.

"I'm a-laying away in your old camp from daylight till dark at work I despise, and you can't even speak decently to me," she flared up. "You act like a perfect lunatic. What's the matter with you?"

Benton gnawed at a finger nail in silence.

"Hang it, I guess you're right," he admitted at last. "But I can't help having a grouse. I'm going to fall behind on this contract, the best I can do."

"Well," she replied tartly, "I'm not to blame for that. I'm not responsible for your failure. Why take it out on me?"

"I don't particularly," he answered. "Only—can't you see? A man gets on edge when he works and sweats for months and sees it all about to come to nothing."

"So does a woman," she made pointed retort.

Benton chose to ignore the inference. He sat a minute or two longer, again preoccupied with his problems.

"Well," he said at last, "I've got to get action somehow. If I could get about thirty men and another donkey for three weeks I'd make it."

He went outside. Up in the near woods the whine of the saws and the sounds of chopping kept measured beat. It was late in the forenoon, and Stella was hard about her dinner preparations. Contract or no contract, money or no money, dinner had to be set. That fact loomed biggest on her day's schedule, left her no room to think over other things. Her huff over, she felt rather sorry for Charlie, a feeling accentuated by sight of him humped on his log in the sun, too engrossed in his perplexities to be where he normally was at that hour, in the thick of the logging, working harder than any of his men.

A little later she saw him put off from the boat in the Chickamin's dinghy. When the crew came to dinner he had not returned. Nor was he back when they went out again at 1.

Near mid-afternoon, however, he strode into the kitchen, wearing the look of a conqueror.

"I've got it fixed," he announced. Stella looked up from a frothy mass of yellow stuff that she was stirring in a pan.

"Got what fixed?" she asked.

"Why, this log business," he said. "Jack Fyfe is going to put in a crew and a donkey, and we're going to everlastingly rip the innards out of these woods. I'll make delivery after all."

"That's good," she remarked, but noticeably without enthusiasm. The heat of that low roofed shanty had taken all possible enthusiasm for anything out of her for the time being. Always toward the close of each day she was gripped by that feeling of deadly fatigue, in the face of which nothing much mattered but to get through the last hours somehow and drag herself wearily to bed.

Noon of the next day brought the Panther coughing into the bay, danked on the port side by a scow upon which rested a twin to the iron monster that jerked logs into her brother's chute. To starboard was made fast a like scow. That was housed over, a smoking stovepipe stuck through the roof, and a capped and aproned cook rested his arms on the window sill as they floated in. Men to the number of twenty or more clustered about both scows and the Panther's deck, busy with pipe and cigarette and rude jest. The chatter of their voices uprose through the noon meal. But when the donkey scow thrust its blunt nose against the beach the chatter and laughter died into silent, capable action.

"A Seattle yarder properly handled can do anything but climb a tree," Charlie had once boasted to her in reference to his own machine. It seemed quite possible to Stella, watching Jack Fyfe's crew at work. Steam was up in the donkey. They carried a line from its drum through a snatch block ashore and jerked half a dozen logs crosswise before the scow came to a standstill. Then the same cable was made fast to a sturdy fir, the engineer stood by, and the ponderous machine slid forward on its own skids, like an up ended barrel on a sled, down the scow, up the bank, smashing brush, branches, dead roots, all that stood in its path, drawing

steadily up to the anchor tree as the cable spooled up on the drum.

A dozen men tailed on to the inch and a quarter cable and bore the loose end away up the path. Presently one stood clear, waving a signal. Again the donkey began to puff and quiver. The line began to roll up on the drum, and the big yarder walked up the slope under its own power, a locomotive unaided of rails, making its own right of way. Upon the platform built over the skids were piled the tools of the crew, saws, grubstakes, all that was necessary in their task. At 1 o'clock they made their first move. At 2 the donkey had vanished into that region where the chimneys head lay, and the great fir stood waiting the slaughter.

By mid-afternoon Stella noticed an acceleration of numbers in the logs that came sliding lakeward. Now at shorter intervals a crowd of grating lightning in action, respected generally, feared a lot. All these things her brother and Katy John had sketched for Stella with much verbal embellishment.

There was no ignoring such a man. Brought into close contact with the man himself, Stella felt the radiating force of his personality. There it was, a thing to be reckoned with. She felt that whenever Jack Fyfe's gray eyes rested impersonally on her. His pleasant, freckled face hovered before her until she felt asleep, and in her sleep she dreamed of him.

CHAPTER V.
Durance Vile.

Sept. 1. A growing uneasiness hardened into distasteful certainty upon Stella. It had become her firm resolve to get what money was due her when Charlie marketed his logs and try another field of labor. That camp on Roaring lake was becoming a nightmare to her. She had no inherent dislike for work. She was too vibrant alive to be lazy. But she had had enough of unaccustomed drudgery, and she was growing desperate. If there had been anything to keep her mind from continual dwelling on the manifold disagreeableness she had to cope with, she might have felt differently, but there was not. She ate, slept, worked—ate, slept, and worked again—till every fiber of her being cried out in protest against the degrading round.

Benton left to make his delivery of logs to the mill company, and meantime Stella had leisure to think and plan for the future. She felt that she could not stand her surroundings any longer and determined to tell Charlie so.

Ten days later he and his loggers returned, all more or less exhilarated with liquor. He himself was fairly mellow and rejoicing over a 6,000,000 foot contract he had secured and which was to be delivered as early as possible in the spring.

When supper was over, the work done and the loggers' exhilaration was putting his men about their work slowly subsiding in the bunkhouse what she wanted to do. She wanted to go to Vancouver and earn her living there. With equally blunt directness he declared that he would not permit it. Stella's teeth came together with an angry little click.

"I'm of age, Charlie," she said to him. "It isn't for you to say what you will or will not permit me to do. I want that money of mine that you used and what I've earned. God knows I have earned it. I can't stand this work, and I don't intend to. It isn't worth it's slavery."

"But what can you do in town?" he countered. "You haven't the least idea what you'd be going up against. Stella, you've never been away from home, and you've never had the least training at anything useful. You'd be on your uppers in no time at all. You wouldn't be a ghost of a chance."

"I have such a splendid chance here," she retorted ironically. "If I could get to any position where I'd be more likely to die of sheer stagnation, to say nothing of dirty drudgery, than in this forsaken hole I'd like to know how. I don't think it's possible."

"You could be a whole lot worse off if you only knew it," Benton returned grimly. "If you haven't got any sense about things, I have. I know what a rotten hole Vancouver or any other seaport town is for a girl alone. I won't let you make any foolish break like that. That's flat."

From this position she failed to budge him. Once, angered, partly by her expressed intention and partly by

lying in her bed that night, in the short interval that came between undressing and weary sleep, she found herself wondering with a good deal more interest about Jack Fyfe than she had ever bestowed upon—well, Paul Abbey, for instance.

She was quite positive that she was going to dislike Jack Fyfe if he were a man. But along with that there was something about him that she resented. The difference between him and the rest of the rude crew among which she must, perforce, live was a question of degree, not of kind. There was certainly some compelling magnetism about the man. But along with that went what she considered an almost brutal directness of speech and action. Part of this conclusion came from hearsay, part from observation, limited though her opportunities had been for the latter. Miss Stella Benton, for all her polite, was not above jumping at conclusions. There was something about Jack Fyfe that she resented. She indignantly dismissed it as a foolish impression, but the fact remained that the mere physical nearness of him seemed to put her in reality a hunter and she he a hunted.

She joined Charlie Benton about the time she finished work. The three of them sat on the grass before Benton's quarters, and every time Jack Fyfe's eyes rested on her she stole herself to resist—what, she did not know. Something intangible, something that disturbed her. She had never experienced anything like that before. It tantalized her, roused her curiosity. There was nothing about the man. He was nowise fascinating, either in face

or manner. He made no bid for her attention. Yet during the half hour he sat there Stella's mind revolved constantly about him. She recalled all that she had heard of him, much of it, from her point of view, highly discreditable. Inevitably she fell to comparing him with other men she knew. She had, in a way, unconsciously been prepared for just such a measure of concentration upon Jack Fyfe. For he was a power on Roaring Lake and power—physical, intellectual or financial—exacts its own tribute of consideration. He was a fighter, a dominant, hard bitten, woodman, so the tale ran. He had gathered about him the toughest crew on the lake, himself, upon occasion, the most turbulent of all. He controlled many square miles of big timber, and he had got it all by his own effort in the eight years since he came to Roaring lake as a hand logger. He was slow of speech, chain lightning in action, respected generally, feared a lot. All these things her brother and Katy John had sketched for Stella with much verbal embellishment.

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For either the \$50 he had taken out of her purse or the three months' wages due. Having made her request and having met with this, to her, amazing refusal, Stella sat dumb. There was too fine a streak in her to break out in recrimination. She was too proud to cry.

So that she went to bed in a ferment of helpless rage. Virtually she was a prisoner, as much so as if Charlie had kidnapped her and held her so by brute force. The economic restraint was all potent. Without money she could not even leave the camp. And when she contemplated the daily treadmill before her she shuddered.

At least she could go on strike. Her round cheek flushed with the white anger she had never known. She sat with eyes burning into the dark of her sordid room and vowed that the thirty loggers should die of slow starvation if they did not eat until she cooked another meal for them.

She was still hot with the spirit of mutiny when morning came, but she cooked breakfast. It was not in her to act like a petulant child. Morning also brought a different aspect to things, for Charlie told her while he helped her make breakfast that he was going to take his crew and repay in labor the help Jack Fyfe had given him.

"While we're there Jack's cook will feed all hands," said he. "And by the time we're through there I'll have things fixed so it won't be such hard going for you here. Do you want to go along to Jack's camp?"

"No," she answered shortly. "I don't. I would much prefer to get away from this lake altogether, as I told you last night."

"You might as well forget that notion," he said stubbornly. "I've got a little pride in the matter. I don't want my sister drudging at the only kind of work she'd be able to earn a living at."

"You're perfectly willing to have me drudge here," she flashed back.

"That's different," he defended. "And it's only temporary. I'll be making real money before long. You'll get your share if you'll have a little patience and put your shoulder to the wheel. Lord, I'm doing the best I can."

"Yes, for yourself," she returned. "You don't seem to consider that I'm entitled to as much fair play as you'd have to accord one of your men. I don't want you to hand me an easy living on a silver salver. All I want living on is what is mine and the privilege of using my own judgment. I'm quite capable of taking care of myself."

If there had been opportunity to enlarge on that theme they might have come to another verbal clash, but Benton never lost sight of his primary object. The getting of breakfast and putting his men about their work promptly was of more importance to him than Stella's grievance. So the incipient storm dwindled to a sullen mood on her part. Breakfast over, Benton loaded men and tools aboard a scow lashed beside the boat. He repeated his invitation, and Stella refused, with a sarcastic reflection on the company she would be compelled to keep there.

The Chickamin, with her tow, drew off, and she was alone again.

"Marooned once more," Stella said to herself when the little steamboat slipped behind the first jutting point. "Oh, if I could just be a man for awhile!"

(To Be Continued)

Women Of Germany Out Of Hand

(By Charles Tower)

The Hague, April 25.—Germany is coming out every available man, even munition factories, and drafting them into the combatant ranks. Some works have either been closed or are employing only a few girls while raw material has ceased to arrive in the usual quantities at certain works. I am informed, for instance, that the well known Carlswerks at Cologne-Mulheim were practically closed during the week, all Germans being taken out for various services some of them for the front.

The usual supply of raw material previously about 15 trucks daily, was reduced at the end of the week before last to four trucks, and at the beginning of last week ceased altogether. At certain dye works in another Rhenish district only a few girls were left, all Germans, even the wounded having been transferred to other services. At Cologne, brick works and cable works, which have also been employed on munitions, are equally reduced to a few girls or have been closed altogether.

Further, since the end of last week the passenger train service has been greatly reduced or suspended. Military trains running west succeeded each other at frequent intervals. A large number of wounded are now being brought into Germany, but the worst cases are still reserved for places in Belgium.

The men going west are not in good spirits and take the opportunity of venting their ill-humor on civilians. Hitherto many people out hamstering—i.e., trying to smuggle in food from the country—have travelled by hook or crook in military trains, and the soldiers have even

welcomed them. In the last few days this has altered, and the hamsterers have been thrown off the military trains by soldiers.

News of Casualties

A neutral who reached Holland on Friday night had a conversation with a German who had just returned from the Western front. He put the German losses at roughly a quarter of a million, and added: "Nobody any longer believes we shall now reach Paris. We were simply mown down by machine guns. At one place the French made a rampart of German bodies as high as a man."

My informant asked if the Germans did not consider they had won a fine victory? "Do you call that a victory?" replied the German.

It is also very noticeable (the neutral added) that the women are getting out of hand as the tale of losses increases and as the trailroads of wounded return. The result of all these transports to wounded is the circulation of wild rumor to account for them, i.e., the breaking of the dikes and the flooding out of a large body of German troops, or again, the breaking of the flank of the German position, Amiens, and the collapse of the Crown Prince Rupprecht's army.

PALE, LISTLESS GIRLS

Are In a Condition That May Lead To a Hopeless Decline

"Perhaps you have noticed that your daughter in her 'teens' has developed a fitful temper, is often restless and excitable without apparent cause. In that case remember that the march of years is leading her onto womanhood, and that at this time a great responsibility rests upon you as a mother. If your daughter is pale, complains of weakness and depression, feels tired out after a little exertion; if she tells you of headaches and backaches, or pain in the side—do not disregard these warnings. Your daughter needs the help that only new, rich blood can give for she is anemic—that is bloodless.

Should you notice any of these signs, lose no time, but procure for her Dr. Williams' Pink Pills; or her unhealthy girlhood is bound to lead to unhealthy womanhood. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills endow the impoverished blood of girls and women, and by so doing they repair the waste and prevent disease. They give to sickly, drooping girls health, brightness and charm, with color in the cheeks, sparkling eyes, a light step and high spirits. If your daughter shows signs of anemia, insist that she begins today to cure herself by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Miss Grace E. Haskins, Litchford, Ont., says: "It would be impossible for me to speak too highly of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. A few years ago my health was such that my parents were seriously alarmed. I was pale, listless and constantly tired. I suffered much from headaches, and my trouble was aggravated by a bad cough. I tried several medicines, but to no avail, and my friends thought I was in a decline. Then Dr. Williams' Pink Pills were recommended and my mother got three boxes. They were the first medicine that really helped me, and a further supply was got and I continued taking them for several months until they completely cured me. Today, thanks to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, I am as healthy as any girl in Northern Ontario, and I am giving my experience that other girls may benefit by it.

You can get these pills through any dealer in medicine, or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Thos. Stewart Dies At Lindsay

PROMINENT LAWYER ILL ONLY FIVE DAYS OF PNEUMONIA

Lindsay, May 7.—Thomas Stewart, a well-known Liberal lawyer, aged about fifty-five, died early yesterday morning from pneumonia, after an illness of five days. He was prominent in local affairs in Lindsay for many years. He was a Presbyterian.

A Sure Corrective of Flatulency.—When the undigested food lies in the stomach it throws off gases causing pain and oppression in the stomach's region. The belching or ructation of these gases is offensive and the only way to prevent them is to restore the stomach to proper action. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills will do this. Simple directions go with each packet and a course of them taken systematically is certain to effect a cure.

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