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Mothers who value their own comfort and the welfare of their children, should never go without a box of Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children for use throughout the season. They Break up Colds, Regulate the Bowels, Relieve Feverishness, Constipation, Teething Disorders, Headache and Stomach Troubles. Used by Mothers for over 60 years. THESE POWDERS GIVE SATISFACTION. All Drug Stores, Don't accept any substitute.

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The tormenting, insistent pain of a burn or scald is quickly subdued by Resinol Ointment. Its cooling ingredients remove the inflammation, and hasten the healing. Cover the burn well with Resinol and bandage with soft gauze. In severe burns or scalds covering a large surface always see for a doctor.

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You feel blue—Used when comes the season—the feverish chill, signs of a cold or grip, Dr. Humphreys' famous "66-77-99" is your best friend. It is a safe, reliable, and effective remedy for all these ailments. Write for a copy.

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One morning her mistress saw her gazing abstractedly out of the kitchen window and inquired: "What's the matter, Hannah?"

"Well, mum," she replied, "with my husband-that-is-to-be I'm going with such lightning speed that I'm confused. Day before yesterday we got acquainted, yesterday we got engaged, and today I find he already owes me \$55."

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Joplin, Mo.—"I have used Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and consider it a wonderful tonic for women and superior to any other remedy. It built me up in health and strength and relieved me of all the distressing feelings which usually go with feminine weakness. That is just what other remedies failed to do."

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If you want to be well, start at once with this "Prescription" of Dr. Pierce. Get it at your neighborhood store, in tablets or liquid; or send 10c to Dr. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y., for trial package, and write for free advice.

The Mystery Road

By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM

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CHAPTER XII—Continued

"Please don't," Christopher begged. "Myrtle must come. I can't always be in the way. Tonight I am, to-night, at any rate, you have a reprieve. Myrtle!"

She stooped for her cloak. Christopher arranged it around her shoulders. Her fingers shivered at the touch of the "flimsy" incense, as though he loathed it.

"You are ready, Myrtle?" he asked. "She looked once more at Gerald. He seemed so far away. And was it her fancy, or was there something in his face which she had seen in the faces of those others? He lit a cigarette ostentatiously.

"You had better go, Myrtle," he said. "Christopher has the whip hand of us. We can't have a row here."

"Goodby, Gerald," she faltered. "It isn't my fault."

"Of course not," Gerald answered. "We are all a little overstrung. I think. Goodby, little one!"

He kissed her almost carelessly and nodded to Christopher. The two left the room. The music had ceased.

They walked through the empty streets in silence. When they arrived within a few yards of Myrtle's lodgings, Christopher slackened his pace. Myrtle was crying quietly.

"Myrtle," he begged, "please listen to me."

"I am listening," she told him dully.

"This morning at eight o'clock I shall be here to take you to the station. Please leave behind all clothes you are wearing, and I will return them to Madame Leore. You will go to London, and Lady Mary will take care of you. Lady Mary is Gerald's sister. Do you understand?"

"Please don't think of me as an executioner," Christopher went on, with a note of unusual feeling in his tone. "Myrtle, but it is also a very dangerous paradise. If you care for Gerald, and he cares for you, believe me, some day, you will belong to one another and you will be happy, but the love which brings happiness is not of a moment's growth. It is not a matter of feeling only. Today you love Gerald with your whole soul. Gerald has simply an affection for you. You are a thing to him, a child, whose softness and prettiness attracts him. The kingdom of love is a wonderful place, but no two people who are in the position of you and Gerald can enter it by the way, whatever the happiness it may bring. Remember this: A year or two of life will bring womanhood to you, and you will understand just what was lacking tonight, just what, in a corner of your heart, Myrtle, believes that something would have poisoned even your wonderful happiness. You must wait, dear. Nothing in the world will keep you and Gerald apart if you love for one another—become the love that endures."

Myrtle crept away without a word. For an hour Christopher waited, unheeded, at the darkened corner of the street. He wanted until he saw the light go out in Myrtle's room. Then he went back to the hotel, changed his clothes and rested for a couple of hours. When he returned to her room, she was waiting for him, dressed in her little blue serge suit, modestly but elegantly arrayed by simple dress and they made their way to the station.

"Myrtle," he said, as they stood together, watching the train coming round the bay, "I think that you are doing it for me. You are helping me. You think me very cruel. I try and not judge me for a year."

"I think that you mean well," she sighed, "but you do not understand. I can't really be so honest. I have pursued and took her up to where Lady Mary was standing with her little array of dependents. She spoke a few kindly words to Myrtle, who answered her politely but without any trace of feeling in her tone. Myrtle sat down on one of the trunks and looked steadily across at the sleeping white-fronted hotel. Christopher and Lady Mary walked for a moment, but without any word.

"I don't know why I am doing this thing for you," Mary said. "If you wanted to know the truth, I dislike the young woman intensely."

"If you can't feel that you are doing it for me," Christopher replied, "I think that you are doing it for Gerald."

Lady Mary stared at him for a moment, and Christopher fancied that he could read in her somewhat hungry look some trace of that paritician spirit which claimed for its people the bodies and souls of their satellites. The train thundered in.

"For my own sake, see me in London!" she asked a little softened. "Directly I return," he promised. "I shall forget this, Mary," he added, a little awkwardly. "You've been a very good girl."

She smiled, curiously gratified at his assisting words. Christopher leaned toward Myrtle.

"Goodby, Myrtle," he said. "She removed her eyes from the window for a moment."

"Goodby, Christopher," she answered—and looked back again at the

white building, with its irregular front and close-drawn curtains. Behind one of the windows. With a cloud of black smoke and a succession of hoarse, sobbing pants, the long train steamed slowly out of the station.

BOOK TWO

Chapter I

Gerald had been lurching at the Hyde Park hotel and was on his way to pay a call in Curzon street. Hence his progress through the sun-baked and dusty park at 3 o'clock on a Saturday afternoon in August. Christopher, who had been his fellow guest, caught him up as he had reached the shelter of the trees. The two young men were apparently still on the same friendly terms. So the Christopher who never wholly passed away from between them since the night in Gerald's sitting-room at the Hotel de Paris, eighteen months ago.

Christopher took his friend's arm lightly. He had made several attempts to break through the slight restraint that existed between them, and Gerald's appearance these days rather troubled him. He was thinner, his eyes were restless, his manner a little nervous. He had not the appearance of being the spoiled child of fortune that he certainly was.

"I wonder you don't get fed up with the London crowd," Christopher remarked.

"I very nearly am," Gerald confessed. "They were much more amusing in the old days, before they took up marriage as a hobby. Now the most flimsy little hussy begins to talk about her people in the country and St. George's, Hanover square, if you hold her fingers. It's all the fault of these fellow youths—Christopher—grown heavens!"

They had passed the Achilles statue and were making toward Stanhope gate. The crowd here seemed more spiritless than ever. In chairs a little way back and apart from the others, two women, dressed in plain black, were seated. One was elderly, the other young. Both were weary, both sat there with the air of wishing to avoid observation. To Christopher they were entirely unfamiliar. His whole attention was absorbed by Gerald's strange demeanor. Gerald's long fingers had gripped his arm painfully. For the first time in months, there was a real feeling in his feeting.

"It's Pauline!" he exclaimed. "Wait for me, Chris."

Without hesitation, Gerald turned and threaded his way among the chairs. The two women watched his approach with a cold, stolid indifference. Pauline apparently with some faint resentment. "Gerald, however, in these last few seconds had become a very determined person. He stood before them with his hat in his hand. His bow was lower than is customary among English people. His manner could scarcely have been more respectful if he had been paying his homage at Buckingham Palace.

"May I be permitted to recall myself to the recollection of Madame de Poniere?" he begged.

The woman looked at him with unrecognizing eyes. The last eighteen months had dealt hardly with her. The flesh had sagged a little from her cheek bones, her mouth had become bitter, her throat was thin, her eyes cold and glassy.

"You do not succeed in doing so, madame," she said coldly.

Pauline interposed. There was some faint note of courtesy in her manner, nothing whatever of kindness.

"This young gentleman," she explained to her aunt, "is Lord Dombey. I believe his name is—was kind enough to be of assistance to us at Monte Carlo, on the night when Zubin met with his unfortunate accident."

Madame de Poniere inclined her head.

"I trust that we tendered our thanks on that occasion," she observed icily.

Gerald held his ground. Pauline was paler than ever and thin, but perhaps he fancied that there was a shade of encouragement in those soft, weary eyes.

"Madame," he said, "there was some slight previous acquaintance between your niece and myself, some trifling service I had been able to render which gave me the right to perform this further one. It gives me great pleasure to see you again in my own country."

The older woman laughed hardly.

"It is difficult to believe," she scolded, "that the sight of us, could give pleasure to any one; apart from which fact," she added rapidly, "it is not our wish to make or renew acquaintances while we are here."

"Madame," Gerald replied, "that was your attitude in Monte Carlo, an attitude which I may say occasioned me the deepest regret. I venture to hope that I may be able to induce you to modify it."

"And why should I?" she asked, almost insolently.

"Because," he said with the sincerest and most profound admiration for mademoiselle, "Gerald declared stoutly, "and because, in my own country,

there is the possibility that I may be of service to you.

Madame de Poniere opened a plain pair of forgetties and looked for a moment at Gerald.

"For an Englishman," she remarked coolly, "you seem to have some manners! Who is this Pauline?"

There was the faintest possible indication of a smile on Pauline's lips.

"His name is Lord Dombey," she answered demurely. "He is the son of the earl of Hinterley."

"Dear me!" Madame de Poniere murmured.

"The earl of Hinterley," Pauline continued, "is one of the lesser English noblemen."

Notwithstanding his anxiety, Gerald's sense of humor was touched. If only his father could have been standing at his side to assist in the conversation with these two abominably dressed ladies!

"Our titles are, at any rate, not unduly modern," he pleaded deprecatingly. "Besides, is this of any real consequence?"

"What precisely do you want of us?" the older lady asked, after a slight hesitation.

"The privilege of renewing my acquaintance with you both," Gerald replied.

"You have done so," Madame de Poniere reminded him.

"With permission to pay my respects at your London residence," he urged.

"We do not receive in London," was the curt reply.

"I trust," Gerald persisted, "that you will make an exception in my favor."

Pauline suddenly intervened. There was a shade of hauteur in her manner, but some frankness.

"My dear aunt," she said, "there are certain things which it is impossible to conceal. My aunt and I, she went on addressing Gerald, "are living in some impossible rooms in an impossible hotel in South Kensington. I see no reason, however, why we should not receive you there, if you are in earnest in your desire to call. We are without acquaintances in this city."

Madame de Poniere closed her forgetties with a little snap.

"We are staying at Number 28, Erieston Gardens, South Kensington," she said to Christopher. "Are living in some impossible rooms in an impossible hotel in South Kensington. I see no reason, however, why we should not receive you there, if you are in earnest in your desire to call. We are without acquaintances in this city."

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"The Head Stopper"

Man is like a tack—useful if he has a good head on him pointed in the right direction, but given though he is driven he can go only as far as his head will let him.—Science.

Produces That

"Time, you know, softens all things." "I dunno!" There's the hard-bolled egg.—Boston Transcript.

Ben Franklin Enjoyed Good Things of Life

Benjamin Franklin was one of those rare men who lived so happily and so abundantly that the reader of his life finds himself wishing he might have been a contemporary.

He was regarded as one of the wisest members of the First congress, yet he seldom spoke and he spent a great part of his time fast asleep in his chair.

When he was the master of his circumstances from the age of sixteen, when he ran away from home, to the ripe age of eighty-four, when he passed on, with all his affairs in order. He left an estate of a quarter million dollars for his heirs.—William Feather Magazine.

Euphemism

Mrs. Newrich—So you've traced my family back to great-great-grandfather. How did he die?

Generalissimo—Well—he died of the deepest regret. I venture to hope that I may be able to induce you to modify it.

Mrs. Newrich—Oh, that sounds so aristocratic. Please write it down. I must tell my lady-friends.

Generalissimo—I don't think I would, madam. To tell the truth, it means that he was banged.—Boston Transcript.

For Golds

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Take Childish Minds Off Dental Terrors

One of the times when a feller needs a friend, most surely is when he is led by an apprehensive mother into the dentist's office.

The modern method is to supply this same "feller" with a friend, or better, several friends, who will play about with him in a special room or outdoor area while waiting for his turn to come for the dentist's chair.

"Send the children to the dentists in groups," says Dr. Samuel Adams Cohen in Hygeia, health magazine, "and the visit will be to the child an excursion of pleasure."

Doctor Cohen tells how for several years it has been the custom of a Boston dental infirmary to assemble the children in groups in one large waiting room which is used as a playground. The children play games until summoned to the dental chair and their minds are diverted from the unattractive sight of their parents' teeth. Games, toys, exhibits and miniature museums are used for the purpose.

Nothing to Do But Fish

Herring fishermen off the coast of Scotland have nothing to do but fish since the recent migration of a service that sends a vessel to their boats, buys their catch and takes it to port for resale.

Booth Tarkington is the only author who has twice won the prize of the Pulitzer school of journalism for the best novel of the year.

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will reduce inflamed, swollen Joints, Sprains, Bruises, etc. It is a positive antiseptic and germicide. Pleasant to use; does not blister or remove the hair, and can be used on the face. 25c per bottle delivered.

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W. N. U., DETROIT, No. 48-1924.

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WHEN you are constipated, poisons form in the accumulated food waste and are carried to all parts of the body. Headaches follow. Biliary, insomnia, lack of energy, all result from constipation, which if unchecked, will lead to serious results.

Avoid Laxatives—Say Doctors

A noted authority says that laxatives and cathartics do not overcome constipation, but by their continued use tend only to aggravate the condition.

Medical science has found in **lubrication** a means of overcoming constipation. The gentle lubricant, Nujol, penetrates and softens the hard food waste and thus hastens its passage through and out of the body. Thus, Nujol brings internal cleanliness.

Nujol is used in leading hospitals and is prescribed by physicians throughout the world. Nujol is not a medicine or laxative, and cannot gripe. Like pure water, it is harmless.

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