

SICK 3 YEARS WITHOUT RELIEF

Finally Found Health by Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Columbia, S. C.—"Your medicine has done me so much good that I feel like I owe my life to it. For three years I was sick and was treated by physicians, but they didn't seem to help me any. Then I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and got strong enough to do my housework, which I had not been able to do before I was hardly able to get up. I have also taken the Vegetable Compound during the Change of Life and it has left me in good health. I recommend it as the best medicine for women in the Change of Life and you can use these facts as a testimonial."—Mrs. S. A. HOLLEY, R. F. D. No. 4, Columbia, South Carolina.

Why suffer for years with backache, nervousness, painful times and other ailments common to women from early life to middle age, when Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will bring relief? Take it when annoying symptoms first appear and avoid years of suffering.

In a recent country-wide canvass of purchasers of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound over 200,000 replies were received, and 98 out of every 100 reported they were benefited by its use.

Motor Ships Favored

For the first time in history the tonnage of motor ships being constructed throughout the world recently exceeded that of steamships.

Winter Desserts.

Date Pudding
 1 c. molasses 1/2 tsp. salt
 1 c. milk 1/2 tsp. cloves
 1/2 c. butter 1/2 tsp. allspice
 3 c. flour 1/2 tsp. nutmeg
 4 level tsp. Calumet 1/2 lb. dates, cut
 baking powder in pieces

Melt butter and add to the molasses and milk. Sift together flour, baking powder, salt and spices, and add with dates. Steam two and one-half hours. Serve with hard or creamy sauce.

He who has the truth at his heart need never fear the want of persuasion on his tongue.

If the man behind the gun is a crack shot the rabbit's left hind foot doesn't save it.

Prevents Chapped Hands & Cracked Knuckles

Rub "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly on your hands before working in the cold or wet and you'll avoid chapped hands and cracked knuckles. For cuts, burns, bumps, bruises and sores or skin troubles, apply "Vaseline" Jelly liberally. Always safe, soothing and healing.

Look for the trademark "Vaseline" on every package. It's your protection.

Chesebrough Mfg. Company
 State Street, New York

Vaseline
 PETROLEUM JELLY

FOR OVER 200 YEARS

haarlem oil has been a world-wide remedy for kidney, liver and bladder disorders, rheumatism, lumbago and uric acid conditions.

GOLD MEDAL HAARLEM OIL CAPSULES

correct internal troubles, stimulate vital organs. Three sizes. All druggists. Insist on the original genuine GOLD MEDAL.



Don't wait for time to heat that itching rash

NEGLECT of even the slightest skin rash, roughness, chafing or soreness may have serious consequences. Painful, disfiguring complaints like eczema, ringworm, etc., all start in a small way.

The safest plan is to keep a jar of Resinol Ointment ready to use at the first sign of skin trouble. It promptly stops itching and reduces inflammation and burning. The tiny pores readily receive this soothing ointment, and its healing influence is carried far below the surface of the skin.

Resinol Soap is a favorite with thousands who like its generous lather, so refreshing and cleansing. At all druggists.

RESINOL

INFLAMED EYES
 Use Dr. Thompson's Eye Drops
 Put in four drops 4 or 5 times a day.
 Dr. H. W. Thompson, N. Y. Booklet.

The Truant Soul

By Victor Rousseau
 Copyright by W. G. Chapman

"IT IS TOO LATE"

SYNOPSIS.—Nurses in the Southern hospital at Avonmouth are angered by the insolent treatment accorded them by Dr. John Lancaster, head of the institution, and there is a general feeling of unrest, into which Joan Westworth, probationary nurse, is drawn. Doctor Lancaster is performing a difficult operation, for which he has won fame. Joan, with other nurses, is in attendance. She is upset, through no fault of her own, and makes a trivial blunder at a critical moment. The patient dies and Doctor Lancaster accuses her of clumsiness. She is suspended, the action meaning the end of her hope of a career as a nurse. Without relatives or friends, and desperate, Joan, urged by her landlady, goes to Doctor Lancaster's office to ask him to overlook her blunder and restate her. She overhears a violent altercation between Doctor Lancaster and other men she does not see. Joan is struck by the favorable change in the appearance and demeanor of the doctor, recalling that at times in the hospital he has been gentle and thoughtful and at others supercilious and bullying. He tells her he can do nothing for her at the hospital, but offers her a position in a nursing institution in the country, telling her she can be of "great assistance" to him. A man named Myers demands she tell him what the doctor had said to her. She denies him the information, and he covertly threatens her. At the institution, which is owned by Doctor Lancaster, Joan finds Myers. He tells her he is the secretary. She instinctively dislikes and fears him. The only patient at the institution is a Mrs. Dana, demoted but harmless. Joan is vaguely uneasy, feeling that there is some mystery about the place. Doctor Lancaster arrives. Joan accuses him of deceiving her, declaring her intention of leaving. He tells her he is the patient who needs her, saying he wants help in a "big fight," but makes no further explanation. She decides to stay. Evidently Doctor Lancaster is afraid of Myers.

CHAPTER V—Continued

"There is no reason why you should not see him because he happens to be with Mr. Myers."

"Well, Miss Westworth, you see, Mr. Myers is his secretary, and there's always a lot of business to be done."

"Doctor Jenkins, Doctor Lancaster is in no condition to attend to business," said Joan. "What is the matter with him?"

The doctor looked right and left, as if trying to find some refuge. But the girl was standing in front of him, and he could not enter the buggy without pushing her away.

"Miss Westworth, please don't ask me about the doctor," he said. "I do my best for him. It isn't in my power to do more than I am doing."

"It is in your power to help him to be master of himself. How can the most famous surgeon in the South come here and be at the mercy of a man like Myers?"

"Why, Miss Westworth, you've got that wrong," protested Jenkins. "Mr. Myers is only the secretary. Mr. Myers does all he can for the doctor. We've got to keep the institute together, Miss Westworth, and we're each doing our best. You see, the trust fund wasn't made over to the doctor. He was only in charge of it, and when the money was missing it worried him. And—and—"

He stopped, as if he had caught himself babbling about something that should not have been mentioned. Then, as Joan stood aside, he leaped into the vehicle. "Good morning," he muttered, raising his hat, and drove away furiously.

Joan remained where the buggy had been. She realized that for the present she could get no help from Jenkins.

He had seemed afraid, not for himself, but for Lancaster. What had Lancaster done, then, that he should be in the power of Myers? Had he embezzled the funds of the institute?

The question was an absurd one. It was unbelievable that Lancaster should be a thief; besides, the explanation would not solve the problem at all.

She went back to the veranda. She was resolved to reach the bottom of the mystery, for Lancaster's sake; to prove her loyalty although he had withdrawn his demand on her.

As she reached the front door she was startled to hear her name spoken in the matron's room. The speaker was Myers.

"But she knows nothing at all," Mrs. Fraser was saying.

"She knows a good deal too much," Myers answered. "What do you suppose the doctor brought her here for, if not to try to publish his shame to the world?"

"Aye, his shame," repeated the matron bitterly. "It's hard work for three people to try to hold up one man, without a fourth coming in."

"Well, is that his game?" demanded the secretary. "Is it or isn't it?"

"We want a nurse. You know we've often tried to get one, Mr. Myers, but they won't stay here. It's hard work taking care of the patients sometimes, when there's a rash."

"Rush!" repeated Myers scornfully. "Who'd rush to this old place with the doctor's reputation?"

"They do come, and the people trust him," said Mrs. Fraser, half crying.

"Yes," scoffed the other. "And the doctor still has his grandiose ideas

about building up the institution—him that wrecked it."

"Well, that girl knows nothing, anyway."

"I tell you she means to help the doctor in his crazy plan of notoriety. She means to undo all our work in his own interests," cried Myers vehemently.

Joan walked away. She had overheard unwillingly, and enough to convince her that there was a mystery, with Myers at the bottom of it, and she had rightly sensed an enemy in him, and he in her. Now her mind was resolute to remain and fight for Lancaster. It was as if her decision, suddenly crystallized, had suddenly grown crystal-clear.

But she had not passed the entrance when the matron's door swung open violently and Myers came out. He stood confronting Joan with his insulting leer.

"Miss Westworth," he began, "when you and I had our talk this morning you hadn't seen the doctor. You didn't know how things were situated, and I don't blame you. Now you've seen that the doctor needs a guardian. Well, I'm his guardian."

"I do not think that Doctor Lancaster needs a guardian, Mr. Myers," answered Joan, facing him steadily.

"See here, now, Miss Westworth," said Myers, swallowing hard. "You don't get the drift of things, just as I thought. You think I'm trying to stand in the way of your work, when I'm only trying to reach a sort of working agreement to keep things in running order. That's my aim. Am I right?"

"I don't know whether you are right. I think you are extremely uncivil. Take off your hat!" flashed Joan.

Myers removed the hard hat from his head and stared at her in astonishment. He could not understand her sudden initiation of hostilities.

"Well, I reckon that's my nature, and I'm sorry," he said. "He was trying to be conciliatory now. 'I'm sorry if I get on your nerves, Miss Westworth,'" he persisted, "but I wasn't brought up to be a ladies' man. However, I know my job, and I reckon you know yours. If you think I'm trying to stand between the doctor and you, come and see him right now."

"I have no complaint to make, and I have made none," said Joan.

"Come and see him," persisted Myers. "You're the nurse, and I guess it's up to you."

She looked at him, dismayed by his expression. "Is Doctor Lancaster worse?" she asked.

"Well, nothing that I didn't expect, but he might be better," said Myers, sneering.

He walked toward the door of Lancaster's room and opened it. Through the aperture Joan saw Lancaster stretched out in a large chair, his head bent forward on his breast, his limbs immobile. She hurried into the room.

But Myers preceded her to Lancaster's side. He raised the limp arm and turned up the sleeve. Joan saw that the skin was densely scarred with tiny punctures. Lancaster was breathing heavily, and beside him, upon a little table, was a syringe, and near that a little bottle containing a few drops of a pale fluid. Joan drew in her breath quickly. It was what she had feared.

"Morphine," said Myers. "He always does this when he comes home. Now you understand what I was trying to get at this morning, Miss Westworth. I'm responsible for him. It's my job to keep him straight if I can. When I can't, I try. Now you see, perhaps, why he's lost his will power, and why I have to keep after him like a dog following his master. And I guess you won't think I'm trying to set him against you."

The bully in the man was coming to the surface again. He thrust out his head toward Joan.

"Because, if you do, I may as well say, Miss Westworth, I'm the boss here. Understand that!" he continued, with a blustering air. "The doctor hires all sorts of people when he's like this, and it doesn't mean nothing. He can't pay out no salaries unless my O. K.'s on the vouchers. We want a nurse, and if you like to stay on you can. But if you stay you help me so far as the doctor's concerned, and you do what I tell you. That's straight. Is it clear or isn't it?"

Joan looked at him indifferently. "Help me put Doctor Lancaster on the bed," she said, "and then run and get me a hot-water bottle."

He scowled furiously, but he obeyed her. And all the while Joan sat at Lancaster's side watching him, her mind ran over the questions that were puzzling her.

Why had Myers spoken of Lancaster as coming home, when he lived in Avonmouth?

Who had hired him to be the doctor's keeper?

And with whom had Doctor Lancaster been speaking so bitterly in his consulting room that evening when Joan called at the house?

Chapter VI

She sat for hours beside the sick man, conscious sometimes that Myers had come in and spoken to her. But she never answered him. As the pulse strengthened she let her mind work

upon the problem again. Lancaster had taken an immense overdose, one inconceivable in the ordinary morphine habitue. And he must have taken it during the brief period when Myers was with him; he must have taken it as soon as he got back to his room. Why had Myers permitted it?

At last Lancaster opened his eyes. His gaze fell upon Joan's face, at first without recognition, then with wonder.

"Water!" he gasped, after a few ineffectual attempts to speak.

Joan drew a glassful and gave it to him, and then another. Lancaster gulped down the liquid greedily. Presently he sat up, stood on his feet, and groped his way to the chair.

"I'm sorry," he said, looking at Joan with a whimsical expression. "I should have told you."

"Doctor Lancaster, I am ashamed of you," said Joan.

"God knows I'm ashamed of myself," he burst out fretfully. "Miss Westworth, in the third drawer of that desk, beneath a pile of letters, you'll find a bottle—"

"No," said Joan decisively.

She knew by the wholly unnecessary secrecy in the concealment, characteristic of the drug habitue, that Lancaster had gone a long way down the declivity.

"Miss Westworth, you misunderstand me. It's an antidote for alkaloidal poisoning. I was experimenting with a new drug."

Joan heard herself sobbing, and she was astounded. It was the wreck of the man's moral nature that was unbearable. She saw the latent fitness in him, and it was as if the needless lie was the voice of the morphine devil that spoke through his lips.

Lancaster looked distressed. "Miss Westworth, you had better leave me and go back to Avonmouth on the evening train," he said. "I ought never to have brought you here. It was pure selfishness on my part. Miss Westworth, please don't cry. Go away now, and we'll talk it over before you start for the station."

"If I go away," wept Joan, "you'll take another hypodermic."

"I pledge you my word of honor no," said Lancaster, with almost ingenuous candor. "I am really not accustomed to such a thing; that is why it knocked me out. I have been suffering from insomnia, and I tried a new alkaloid—not morphine, you know, but a derivative—for the benefit of my patients."

The words came from his lips so glibly that Joan was almost convinced—would have been, had not the first lie been different. She hesitated. She had no intention of leaving the room, but she turned away.

Lancaster misunderstood her action. With incredible swiftness his hand shot out toward the little bottle. He had uncorked it and plunged in the syringe before the girl could snatch it away.

"Your word of honor!" said Joan.

He leaned back in his chair and looked at her with amusement.

"Miss Westworth," he said, "you are a nurse. Surely you are aware that I am not to be trusted, that my word of honor is worthless? That I am essentially devoid of honesty and decency? Don't you know that this accursed thing—he pointed toward the bottle—'robs men of their honor and self-respect, and lowers them beneath the beasts?'"

He spoke as if at a clinic, and quite impersonally; there was the shadow of a whimsical smile about his lips, which twitched, nevertheless, with pain.

"That does not refer to you," answered Joan. "You asked me to help you in the biggest fight of your life. Well, I am going to help you in that fight."

"It is too late," said Lancaster. "Never!" replied Joan valiantly.

"You don't understand, Miss Westworth. That's the mistake all people make in trying to cure us. Don't you know that a man or woman never becomes a victim to a drug except from sleeplessness, or physical pain, or under stress of mental anguish? If you could cure me the old trouble would still be there. I should fall a victim again. Life is worthless to me, Miss Westworth," he ended, quite simply.

The truth is out at last. The morphine habit is hard to cure. Will Joan succeed?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Many Legends Treat of Woman's Creation

Woman's first appearance has been a popular subject of legends. The Phoenician myth of creation is founded on the story of Pygmalion and Galatea. There the first woman was carved out of ivory by the first man, and then endowed with life by Aphrodite, says the Kansas City Star.

The Greek theory of the creation of woman, according to Hesiod, was that Zeus, as a cruel jest, ordered Vulcan to make woman out of clay, and then induce the various gods and goddesses to invest the clay doll with all their worst qualities, the result being a lovely thing.

The Scandinavians say that as Odla, Vill and Ve, the three sons of Bor, were walking along the beach they found two sticks of wood, one of ash and one of elm. Sitting down, the gods shaped man and woman out of these sticks, whitening the woman from the elm and called her Erna.

What is a Teaspoonful?

—it depends on the Baking Powder you use. You must use a heaping spoonful of many brands because they don't contain as much leavening strength as

CALUMET
 THE WORLD'S GREATEST BAKING POWDER

Level spoonfuls are all that are necessary when you use CALUMET—it makes more bakings which means a real saving on bake day.

Sales 2 1/2 times those of any other brand

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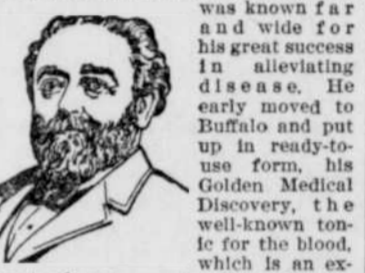
Canada has set aside a tract of 4,000 square miles for the preservation of the only two known herds of wood bison existing in the wild state in the district. The animals are considered superior in size and stamina to the plains bison, to which they are closely related.

Originally "Jaws' Harp"

The name, Jew's harp, is probably a corruption of the original name of this simple musical instrument, Jaws' harp, so called because when in use it is held between the jaws. A musician named Charles Eulenstein produced remarkable effects with Jew's harps at the Royal Institute, London, on February 15, 1828.

Brought up on a Farm

As a young man Dr. Pierce practiced medicine in a rural district and was known far and wide for his great success in alleviating disease. He early moved to Buffalo and put up in ready-to-use form, his Golden Medical Discovery, the well-known tonic for the blood, which is an extract of native roots. This "Discovery" of Dr. Pierce's clears away pimples and annoying eruptions, tends to keep the complexion fresh and clear. It corrects the disordered conditions in a sick stomach, aids digestion, acts as a tonic and enriches the blood. Vim is sure to follow its use. All dealers. Tablets or liquid.



So It Seemed

The Boss—And what have you been doing all this time, Miss Montgomery?
 New Typist—Typing the letter you dictated, sir.
 "Really! I thought you might have been working it up in embroidery or something."—Judge.

DEMAND "BAYER" ASPIRIN

Aspirin Marked With "Bayer Cross" Has Been Proved Safe by Millions.

Warning! Unless you see the name "Bayer" on package or on tablets you are not getting the genuine Bayer Aspirin proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians for 23 years.

Say "Bayer" when you buy Aspirin. Imitations may prove dangerous.—Adv.

Absorbine

Reduces Bursal Enlargements, Thickened, Swollen Tissues, Curbs, Filled Tendons Soreness from Bruises or Strains; stops Spavin Lameness, allays pain. Does not blister, remove the hair or lay up the horse. Only a few drops required at each application. \$2.50 a bottle at druggists or delivered. Book 1 free.

W. F. YOUNG, Inc., 510 Lyman St., Springfield, Mass.

"Gee Whiz," Said He

"Gee whiz," said a busy man as he stepped into a Wichita barber shop and found six girls in advance of him. While he was considering whether to wait or not, a girl in a chair paid her bill and departed and the five others who were only waiting for her went with her.—Wichita Eagle.

Hall's Catarrh Medicine

will do what we claim for it—rid your system of Catarrh or Deafness caused by Catarrh.

Sold by druggists for over 40 years.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Ohio

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 Men and women gladly pay \$1 per month for our monthly income accident and sickness policy, paying big benefits. Big opportunity, big commissions, big company. Act quick.

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You Can Quickly Limber Up Sore, Stiff, Swollen Joints

It's here, right in town and every five druggist has it. It's a low price remedy, to be sure, but that doesn't stop it from taking the kinks, lameness or torture out of your troubled joints. Joint-Ease is the name, so-called because it is compounded solely for the purpose of relieving all joint ailments. Just rub it on the tormented, lame joints and in just a few seconds it will penetrate through skin and flesh right down to the tendons and ligaments of the joints—right where the trouble starts—then blessed comfort comes quickly. It absorbs instantly and is so clean

Boschee's Syrup

Allays irritation, soothes and heals throat and lung inflammation. The constant irritation of a cough keeps the delicate mucus membrane of the throat and lungs in a congested condition, which BOSCHEE'S SYRUP gently and quickly heals. For this reason it has been a favorite household remedy for colds, coughs, bronchitis and especially for lung troubles in millions of homes all over the world for the last fifty-eight years, enabling the patient to obtain a good night's rest, free from coughing with easy expectoration in the morning. You can buy BOSCHEE'S SYRUP wherever medicines are sold.—Adv.

Impossible, Mrs. Sambo

Mrs. Sambo—Sambo! Sambo! Wake up.
 Sambo—I can't.
 Mrs. Sambo—Why can't you?
 Sambo—I ain't asleep.—Center Column.

Cuticura Comforts Baby's Skin

When red, rough and itching, by hot baths of Cuticura Soap and touches of Cuticura Ointment. Also make use now and then of that exquisitely scented dusting powder, Cuticura Talcum, one of the indispensable Cuticura Toilet Trio.—Advertisement.

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The first law school in America was opened in Philadelphia in 1790.

Sure Relief FOR INDIGESTION

BELLANS INDIGESTION 25 CENTS
 6 BELLANS Hot water Sure Relief
 BELLANS
 25¢ AND 75¢ PACKAGES EVERYWHERE

Joint-Ease

and stainless that you can rub it on often and get thereby, results much more quickly, when the joint is inflamed and the agony intense. Being such a powerful counter irritant, it cannot help bringing speedy and helpful results in congestion, sore throat, chest colds, lumbago and neuralgia much quicker than almost any remedy you can buy.

But you must remember that it is for joint afflictions that it is mostly dispensed and its helpfulness will astonish you after all ordinary liniments and other treatments have failed.

Always remember, when Joint-Ease gets in joint agony gets out—quick.