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"He stoppeth one of the three."—Rutgers Chanticleer.

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Take **BEECHAN'S PILLS** for Constipation

The TRUANT SOUL

by Victor Rousseau

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CHAPTER X—Continued

"It's the drink in you. She isn't better-looking than any average woman in Avonmouth. See here, are you going to bust up the game or are you not?"
"I'll show you!" shouted Lancaster, breaking from Myers' grasp and rushing from the room.
He met the women at the foot of the stairs. His face was flushed, his hair disordered, his manner maniacal. "You sneak, what are you butting into this show for?" he demanded of Mrs. Fraser.

The matron, cowed by his violence, trembled. She tried to pull Joan toward her room; then caught her eye and made the slightest gesture indicative of shooting. Lancaster raised his fist threateningly.

The matron did not lift a finger to defend herself. She stood quite calmly, awaiting the expected blow; perhaps it was some stigmatic trait inherited through generations of poor ancestors; and yet, servile although it might have been, the look on the woman's face was almost heroic.

The man let his fist fall; he seized the matron by the shoulders and pushed her back into her room. He turned the key in the lock and put it in his pocket.

"That's settled, I reckon," he said with satisfaction.

Joan's hand went into her pocket. Her fingers closed about the revolver handle. But at that moment the secretary, who had come out of his room, went up to Lancaster.

"See here, now," he began to remonstrate, "have a little sense, doctor. If you're bent on busting everything up, you and I part company."

The other turned on him with so menacing a gesture that Myers flung up his hands in despair and went back into his room. Joan stood facing the doctor alone. At that moment her decision was nearly ripened, and she felt conscious of no fear of him at all.

If he attempted violence she knew what she would do. But he did not lay hands on her. He stood leaning against the newel post at the foot of the stairs, watching her face.

Joan was searching his eyes for the least sign of the man she had known, and he broke off, scowling and wincing under her stare. Above his words was the sound of the beating rain, the lashing wind; and from within the matron's room Joan heard Mrs. Fraser crying in prayer:

"O Lord, save her!" she wailed. "Save that girl this night! O Lord, from the devil! Save her! Save her, O Lord!"

"Maybe I got you wrong," continued the doctor. "But if I did, I ask you, who's to blame? Didn't you come to me at my house in Avonmouth and ask for your job back? Weren't you as sweet as sugar when you wanted something out of me? And didn't you agree to come up here to work for me? Well, what's the inference, then? You can have your job back if you want it. But I can do better by you than that. You're too pretty for a nurse's job, and I told you so that day you turned on me in the theater like a wildcat. Now, then! It's up to you! Your move, partner!"

Joan tried to push past him, but he remained at the foot of the stairs, blocking her way.

"Let me pass, please!" she cried.

"I'm going to leave the Institute at once."

"Without your hat?" he sneered.

"Let me pass at once!"

"Well, I reckon I can't stop you," he rejoined. "Just one word more, though. Do you realize your situation? Do you know what people will say when you go to them with crazy stories about me? Nobody will think you came down here to the notorious John Lancaster after he'd fired you just because you were such a wonderful nurse that he couldn't do without you. What sort of reputation do you expect to have in Avonmouth? You can go, but you won't go there. Not back to Avonmouth, understand that well. I'll hound you out of the town, you little double-crosser!"

For the first time Joan felt her spirit begin to shrink from the ordeal. She was cowed, she was almost as helpless as if he had used physical violence toward her. And through the baneful dream she was aware that Myers had come out of his room and was watching the scene from the end of the hall, wearing a smug, complacent smile. Myers was getting his way and having his revenge in one.

And because the situation was too horrible for belief, Joan could remember only the Lancaster of the yesterday. She ran to the man and caught him by the arms, and looked into his face with pathetic earnestness.

"I'm going to stay, Joan!" she cried. "My faith is stronger than that. I remember what you have said to me, and I remember my promise to you. Some day you will come to yourself and everything will be clear. I shall call to the John Lancaster I know against the man who claims to be he and is not."

"What do you mean?" shouted the other. "Whom do you take me for?"
"You are not the John Lancaster who won my love," cried Joan, with an impassioned gesture. "Let your better self hear and understand me. You asked me to stay and fight your battle with you, and nothing shall drive me from you till you tell me to

go; and not even that; nothing shall make me falter till I have won you again."

The man's eyes blazed. "You're right; you're dead right there, Joan!" he cried, and caught her in his arms. He pressed his lips to hers.

She struggled wildly in his grasp. "Let me go!" she panted. But she could not free herself. She screamed. The matron's voice shrieked through the door. "Shoot him!" she cried. "Shoot him dead! Shoot him!"

Joan trembled her arm free and struck at the man, but he plunged it again.

"I've got you, Joan!" he cried triumphantly, "and nothing under heaven shall make me let you go."

Held as she was, Joan got her fingers into her pocket. She grasped the little revolver and pulled it forth. She thrust it upward into the man's face. He recoiled with an oath, squinting at the weapon, his face convulsed. And in that moment knowledge came to Joan Wentworth.

"You are not John Lancaster!" she cried.

As she spoke they heard the sound of halting footsteps on the porch. The door swung slowly open. Joan's hand dropped to her side, she slid the revolver mechanically into her pocket; she tried to cry but could not.

Upon the threshold of the door, looking out with a wry, distorted grin on his pale lips, was the man who had held her. And on the threshold, looking in, with eyes drug-clouded, swaying and clutching at the door-pillars to support himself upright, was the John Lancaster of yesterday. And even Joan, with all her love and hate, could not have told the one man from the other.

But with a cry she ran to Lancaster, and caught at his arm, and felt his arms about her.

Chapter XI

It seemed to Joan, long afterward, like some dreadful picture, the swaying man upon the threshold, to whom she clung, and his double within; and then the rasping voice of Myers broke the long silence.

"Well, well," said the secretary, rubbing his hands together, "here's a pretty kettle of fish. It will all have to come out now."

The Lancaster within the door turned his eyes from Joan to Myers; his passion and rage had frozen into malevolence.

"Don't put the blame on me," said Myers acidly. "I warned you to get rid of her."

Strangely, at that moment Joan felt that she, in spite of her physical weakness, was the dominating figure in the play, and the controlling mind as well.

John Lancaster advanced into the hall. His double, who had drawn back a pace or two, stood watching his efforts to steady himself with a scornful smile. Joan put her hands on her lover's arm; it seemed unbearable that he should display his weakness for them to mock at.

But then, glancing into his face, she saw that, weak as he was, and morphia-ridden, too, it was John Lancaster himself, virile in personality and mind, who had come back. The devil who had been exorcised had returned into his sweet and garnished chamber, but he could claim only the



He Seized the Matron by the Shoulders and Pushed Her Back into Her Room.

physical domain. The body was afire with the accursed drug, but the soul of John Lancaster looked from the cloudy eyes, a man's and not a weakling's.

And Joan knew that it was through no fault of his that he had come back enchained, and that her love had borne him throughout the day and kept his spirit whole.

Lancaster's double turned fiercely upon the secretary.

"Yes, it is a pretty kettle of fish," he retorted, "and it's going to be fried. We'll have this out tonight. Curse you, why didn't you stay here at your post, instead of running to me? Were you afraid of this girl?"

"Who is this man?" Joan asked Lancaster.

"My half-brother and my evil spirit," he answered.

"Why don't you order him to go? Why don't you order them both to go?"

"Because," replied the other, sneering. "John Lancaster sold me his birthright for a mess of pottage—morphine pottage. That's why. Because it is I whom the world knows as John Lancaster, and not that outcast, who has sunk so low that he sold his very name for drugs."

"That is a lie," said Lancaster. "You stole my name. You devil, you have robbed me of my manhood these four years past."

"Gentlemen," cried the secretary, "we've got to talk this matter over, and this isn't the place. If the agreement has worked any injustice to Doctor Lancaster, no doubt it can be readjusted. It is clear that we've got to come to a sensible understanding. Let's face the facts like men, and talk it over in the doctor's room. And this girl had better go upstairs," he added.

"Miss Wentworth stays with me," said Lancaster.

The double and the secretary exchanged ironical glances. It was evident that they did not feel themselves to be in the position of trapped conspirators.

"Doctor Lancaster, if you cannot order them to leave, is it necessary



Became a Common Tramp and Wandered About the Country With Hoboes.

that you should be drawn into a discussion now?" Joan asked.

"Yes, it is necessary," said Lancaster. "I'll fight this thing with Lawson to a finish tonight."

"Lawson?"

"I believe that I am Lawson," said Lancaster's half-brother, with an ironical bow. "Though I have as good a right to the name as Doctor Lancaster here. Perhaps I should have introduced myself before. But now that we are all introduced I am ready to accept Mr. Myers' sensible suggestion."

They went toward Lancaster's room. Joan perceived now that the doctor's weakness was purely a physical one; he dragged his limbs slightly, the curious result of the morphia poisoning that she had noted before. But he was gaining strength rapidly, and his will had never been stronger.

This was the last battle, of which he had so often spoken to her. This fight must end his captivity.

She went into the room with him, confident in that belief. Myers closed the door behind them and placed his thickset body in front of it. It was astonishing to see how Lancaster braced himself for the ordeal. He drew himself up, standing erect, and faced the others.

"Doctor Lancaster has the floor," said Lawson mockingly. "At least, I understand that the proposal to revise our agreement comes from him."

"Joan, I owe you an explanation," said Lancaster, turning toward the girl. "This morning, after I had operated, I was called to the house which people think is mine—which should be mine," he added with sudden vehemence. "I was told it was an urgent case. I found these men there. They drew me into an argument, and in the heat of it Myers plunged a needleful of morphia into my arm."

"To quiet you, because you were becoming violent and injuring yourself," sneered the secretary. "Yes, I did, and I left you in good hands."

"They left me senseless in the consulting room, but I managed to force my limbs to obey my will. John Lancaster had still a little more will power than they had counted on. And John Lancaster's name was enough to conjure up a special train this afternoon, though they had robbed him of his money."

Joan put her hands on Lancaster's shoulders. "That is all you need to tell me," she said quietly. "I knew you had been trapped by them. I never doubted you."

"Eight years ago," said Lancaster, "I was a man respected in Avonmouth and everywhere throughout the South. Then a domestic trouble overtook me. You know what that was, Joan. It broke me down. I could not cope with life. I lost my grip on reality, gave up my work—"

"Yes, John, now we're getting at the truth," interposed Lawson bitterly. "You, the honored head of the Southern hospital, became a common tramp and wandered about the country with hoboes, and I have been living down your reputation for you. Go on, John. Don't skip the interesting part."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)
A soft answer may turn away wrath, but it doesn't turn away a peddler.

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Responsible for Idea of "Unknown Soldier"

Perhaps no movement has ever appealed more strongly to the imagination of the world than the suggestion of bestowing honor on the dead who died for their country by paying homage to the "Unknown Soldier." Yet it was not till the American advertising clubs visited England this summer that the name of the man who conceived this great idea was made public. Rev. David Ralston, vicar of Margate parish church, a modest parson, originated this now internationally adopted ceremony after he had officiated at the burial of so many unidentified dead on the battlefields of France. It took months of persistent hard work on his part to persuade the British government to adopt his plan, for officialdom never understands human nature or its needs. David Ralston deserves a niche, too, in the temple of fame, though, his work done, he prefers to remain an unknown soldier.

Made Autos Register

Disgust with routine work is a fertile mother of inventions. A part of the job of C. B. McFarland, forest ranger in the Cascade National forest, in Oregon, was to keep track of the number of automobiles that traversed the government roads. It was tiresome work, and mechanical. So Mr. McFarland invented a machine to do it. The traffic counter, as he calls his device, is a small platform resting upon springs, buried flush with the track in a narrow place in the road. It is connected by levers to a counting machine on a post. Each car depresses the platform about one-half inch, enough to work the counting machine but not enough to jolt the car.

Rare Joker

"Some one entered my room last night and stole eleven poems that I had just completed," stated Tennyson J. Daft, the versatile versificationist. "Whom do you suspect of playing such a joke on himself?" asked J. Fuller Gloom, the paltry pessimist.—Kansas City Star.

Get rid of constipation by internal cleanliness

HEADACHES, biliousness, sleepless nights, heaviness, are Nature's warning that intestinal poisons are flooding your system. If this is allowed to continue, you may become a victim of serious organic disease.

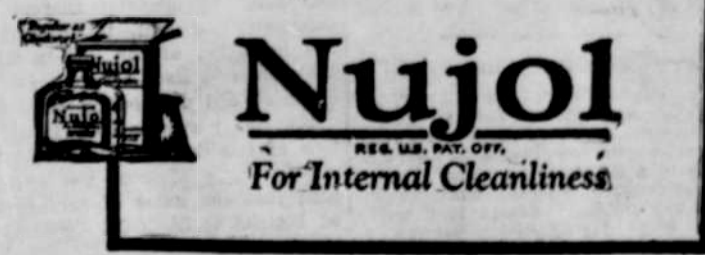
Laxatives and cathartics do not overcome constipation, says a noted authority, but by their continued use tend only to aggravate the condition and often lead to permanent injury.

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The remedy with a record of fifty-eight years of surpassing excellence. All who suffer with nervous dyspepsia, sour stomach, constipation, indigestion, torpid liver, dizziness, headaches, coming up of food, wind on stomach, palpitation and other indications of digestive disorder, will find GREEN'S AUGUST FLOWER an effective and efficient remedy. For fifty-eight years this medicine has been successfully used in millions of households all over the civilized world. Because of its merit and popularity GREEN'S AUGUST FLOWER is found today wherever medicines are sold. 30 and 90 cent bottles.—Adv.

Criminal
"Officer, arrest that man for careless walking—he deliberately walked into my tar and bent both fenders and a mudguard."—Life.