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RESINOL

Famous Americans Born in Month of February

Children born in February have all the odds of obtaining greatness in their favor. Figures compiled by Dr. Robert Underwood Johnson, director of the Hall of Fame, show that more men and women enrolled in the hall were born during February than in any other month. Twelve of the sixty-three persons who have niches in the hall had their birthdays that month.

They were Mark Hopkins, February 4; William Tecumseh Sherman, February 8; Daniel Boone, February 11; Peter Cooper, February 12; Abraham Lincoln, February 12; George Peabody, February 18; Alice Freeman Palmer, February 21; George Washington, February 22; James Russell Lowell, February 22; Emma Willard, February 23; Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, February 27, and Mary Lyon, February 28.

Doctor Johnson's list showed that April was second with eight Hall of Fame members. June was last with only two.

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Secret of Long Life

Seventy years old, looks about fifty and feels even younger, is an apt description of Elmer Gray, assistant county attorney of Hennepin county, Minn. He says it is all because for more than 85 years he has gone without eating noon lunch. By not eating the 13,000 meals he conservatively estimates that he has saved \$3,250, but wishes some one to tell him where it is.

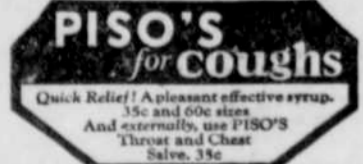


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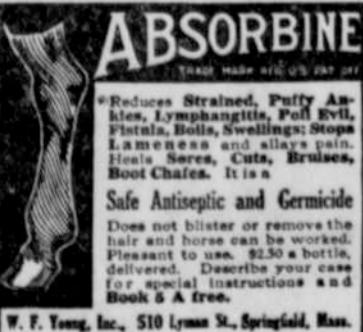
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The Truant Soul

By Victor Rousseau

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CHAPTER XI—Continued

"I shall skip nothing. The woman I was to have married left me the evening before, and disappeared with another man. Had he been free to marry her she would have had no need to escape in secrecy. I gave up my work. I hunted them through the Southern states. My mind was obsessed with the idea of redeeming my honor. If I had found them I should have killed him. They knew it, and they fled before me. I gave them no rest. For five years I pursued them, running down every clue."

"You'll permit me to correct your memory on that point, John," said Lawson suavely. "For five years you wandered among tramps and hoboes to the scandal of your former friends, thinking that you were looking for your fiancée, but actually doing your searching in morphine visions. Such delusions of phenomenal activity are a recognized symptom of your disease. De Quincey imagined that he visited every corner of the earth while lying at home in an opium stupor."

"I never touched morphine until you gave it to me," said Lancaster. "That delusion is part of your disease. No, John, you may have searched the suburban districts of Avonmouth, but you can't have gone far, because every few months you would turn up at the institute, looking shabbier and more disreputable on each occasion, and more and more morphine soaked. And every time I tried to set you up and help you. I was sorry for you, and you knew it and traded upon my pity; I was shamed by you, and you knew that and traded upon my shame."

Lancaster hung his head; Joan laid her hand lightly on his, and after that he continued to return Lawson's gaze steadfastly.

"I went to you, Jim Lawson," he said, "because I had placed you in charge of the institute when I elected to head the other branch of the trust fund, the Avonmouth hospital. I had given you the charge here because you were—"

"Your illegitimate half-brother," said Lawson bluntly. "We are not mincing our words. Because you robbed me of my own birthright as your elder brother, by reason of the fact that my mother was not legally married to our father. Yes, go on."

"At last, Joan, I was broken down completely," continued Lancaster. "It was a monomania, that search of mine, as I came to understand afterward, a perverted pride that had eaten into my heart and left no place for other thoughts. But I did not become addicted to morphine until this man urged it upon me, under the guise of medical care. And even then I could have broken off the habit at any time, but I had no heart to, and it gave me relief from thoughts that tortured me."

"So they all think," said Lawson. "It was he who told me that I could never break it off, who urged me to continue the use of it with sophisticated arguments which I had not the energy to oppose. I had been five years away from Avonmouth. The people at the Southern hospital believed me dead, and I did not undeceive them. I never meant to return. When I came here it was always by night, to this man whom I believed to be my friend, to avoid shaming our name in the eyes of Millville. Thus none ever saw us together and Lawson and I resembled each other as much as we do today."

"More, I hope, John," sneered the other. "The life one leads tells as the years go by."

"Nobody in these parts had seen me since I was a boy. I had left home young, and studied at Johns Hopkins and abroad. Lawson had taken my name. The old neighbors had gone away, and if any of the country folks have long memories, they have close tongues, too. The matron and Jenkins are both newcomers. I had passed out of memory."

"This devil saw his chance and grasped at it," he went on with udden vehemence. "Here was the famous Doctor Lancaster, a broken man, an outcast, and believed in Avonmouth to be long since dead. And here was the Lancaster known to Millville and Lancaster village, at the head of this institute. Why shouldn't he get me to take his place here while he went to Avonmouth and claimed to be? Lawson was ambitious. He wanted to be something bigger than the superintendent of a little mill institute. And he wanted to get his fingers on the trust fund at Avonmouth. Do I wrong you?" he demanded, turning fiercely upon the other.

"Not in the least; you honor me," said Lawson, with a suave bow. "I wanted to take the fund out of your worthless supervision and devote it to proper uses."

"This must be stopped!" shouted Myers, with a sudden interposition. "Doctor Lancaster, you are saying things that you will regret tomorrow. You are turning to bite the hand that fed you. Where would you be today save for Doctor Lawson? A dead man in a pauper's grave!"

"He persuaded me, weakened as I was by morphine with which he had

been dosing me," Lancaster resumed, without paying the least attention to the secretary. "He was to take my place in Avonmouth, while I could assume charge here, pretend to have an illness, which would account for any change in my aspect and character. Nobody would know the difference. Here, he told me, I could be free to brood over my unhappy life, while he, the clever schemer, taking up my past, could adapt it to his own. He convinced me."

Joan gasped as she began to understand the enormity of the crime. And it was true; she could read that truth in Lawson's face, his pride in the exploit. Lawson was actually smirking, as he had smirked in the operating theater.

"I consented, and he went away," said Lancaster. "My recollection of the months that followed is necessarily a dim one. I know, however, that I was in no state to take care of the funds. They disappeared, and I was accused of having embezzled them. If I did that I did it in my dreams."

"That's just the trouble with you, John," said Lawson. "You dream too much. The question is, what did you do with them? Bury them? You can't have spent thirty thousand dollars upon morphine."

"I have accepted and borne the burden of the guilt," cried Lancaster. "This man Myers was placed in charge. Thereafter he was ever at my elbow, urging me upon the downward path. When I would make an effort to break off my habit he would whisper to me that my life was ruined, that the charge of embezzlement would be pressed if ever I returned to Avonmouth. He would advise me to take my drug and forget—"

"You are lying, you dreamer!" yelled the secretary. "You lie, and you know it!"

"When you came, Joan, I was all but hopeless. I had caught at your aid as my last hope, because that day you came to me your face looked good, and strong, too, and you spoke so sincerely, and it was years since I had known anyone like you. And you seemed to have been sent to me."

"Religious hallucination," said Lawson, tapping his forehead significantly. Nevertheless, Joan could see that he was growing uneasy as the plot was unraveled.

"It was a miracle, that meeting, one of those chances that seem reserved to uncover such conspiracies. For, though this man had stolen my name—and here a touch of pride was visible on Lancaster's face—there was one thing he could not do. He could not perform the Lancaster operation, though he had picked my brains during the weeks in which he kept me here, a prisoner in one room, and so, from time to time, he compelled me to go to Avonmouth, under the charge of Myers, in order to operate. He laid down the regulations; I was to dress and mask alone; I was to speak as little as possible and to leave hastily after I had finished my work. And he always sent me there with a full injection of the drug in my body. I was too weak to resist, too much under the thumb of Myers here."

"Doctor, won't you stop this painful recitation of hallucinations?" pleaded the secretary to Lawson. "You know, tomorrow he will retract everything."

"The day came," continued Lancaster, "when a committee of visiting surgeons was to witness the operation. He thought that he had learned it. His vanity led him to go to the hospital in person, after he had brought me to Avonmouth. The patient died, but he alone was responsible for that. And that is where you come into the case, Joan. I managed to get word with you, and Myers followed you to this institute, in order to forestall me if possible."

"Doctor Lancaster, you did not steal the funds," said Joan calmly. "Do you not see the hold these two men have managed to obtain over you? They stole the funds, and their object in drugging you was to get rid of you, the sole evidence of their crime, by your death. And so, not daring to murder you, they planned that you should commit suicide."

"You'll answer for that!" shouted the secretary, white with rage. "Lancaster shrugged his shoulders. "It doesn't matter now, my dear," he said. "But he had struck Lawson through his triple hide of vanity at last."

"But that isn't all," shouted the man. "Admit that there may be a substratum of truth in these morphine dreams of yours, John Lancaster. Admit that I was ambitious, and that I did take the place my half-brother had forfeited in order to be of use to the world, and in order to save you from a felon's cell or a maniac's grave. Acknowledge that I did impersonate you tonight, as before, that I came back with Myers in order to get rid of this girl who threatened to disrupt the institute and put a drug drunkard in the office I hold. Well, what then? That isn't all the story."

"You have played your miserable game craftily, John Lancaster, after having made a fair agreement with me. But I've done my duty toward

you and our father's fund, and if he were alive he would thank me for it. And as for this girl, she can go, and, if her ravings receive credence anywhere, I'll face a jury and tell the truth fearlessly."

"But you haven't explained everything to your poor dupe, John. You haven't told her where your sweetheart is. You haven't said that all the while you have been making love to her your fiancée is under this roof, hopelessly insane, that she came back in her madness, and that you took her into the institute and cared for her when her own people had discarded her, because you still loved her. And I'll tell you something, John. I brought her back; I was in touch with her from first to last; and I brought her here as an additional lure to keep you at the institute after I had gone to Avonmouth. Just tell Miss Wentworth who Mrs. Dana is."

Joan's eyes met Lancaster's, and she saw in his the supreme moment of his anguish. She braced herself to meet the shock; she told herself that Lancaster no longer cared for his poor charge. She faced Lawson and Myers unflinchingly. But the spring of hope that had been bubbling in her heart seemed to have gone dry.

Lawson seemed to be animated by some infernal devilry. He seemed to be throwing off the mask he had assumed; he leaned forward and shook his finger in Lancaster's face.

"And there's another thing, John," he said. "You remember that when we were boys together I resented the difference between your position and mine. Because of a few written words upon a legal document you, the younger, were the honored heir of John Lancaster, Sr., living in the big house on the estate, while I was the unacknowledged child, the shame of my poor mother, ostracized even by the manner whites of the district. Your friends pretended not to know who I was when they rode by."

Lancaster made a gesture of deprecation as Lawson's voice shook with passion. "That's true, Jim," he said, "but can you blame me? Did I not give you the position here?"

"I hated you because of that, John," resumed Lawson. "I hated you, and I vowed some day to turn the tables on you. I wanted to be a surgeon. What a struggle I had, working my way through Johns Hopkins, while you were spending your father's money there! The struggle soured me, John. And once, do you remember, I was operating on a rabbit under curare, which had paralyzed the motor nerves and left the beast to suffer? It was an experiment such as I had often thought I should like to make on you, and you flung a vile word at me and killed the creature. I told you then that I would get even with you some day. The time arrived. I got my own back, and more, but there is one thing that I never told you. Your fiancée was the victim of a misunderstanding. There was no other man."

John Lancaster's deep breathing seemed the only sound in the room; and, as if galvanized into full strength, he stood now like a panther, poised for a leap, every muscle grown taut, and his eyes gleaming. Joan, paralyzed by the sudden unleashing of Lawson's venomous revenge, could not utter a word.

Lancaster spoke. "You said you were in touch with her and brought her here after she became insane," he said. "How did you do it?"

"You have had your full say, John Lancaster," replied Lawson, "and now I am going to have mine. Under the delusion that your intention was to elope with her, on the day before that fixed for the marriage in the parish church—a romantic plan to evade the family and curious neighbors—Miss Reid went to Savannah, to meet you there. I needn't go into details of the trap that your unacknowledged enemy set for you, but when she learned that she had been tricked it was too late to return. Her life was ruined, John; and it was I, impersonating you, who sent her there."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Americans Accorded Honors by Britain

The first native American to be knighted by an English monarch was Sir William Pepperell, who was born in Kittery, Maine, June 27, 1696. His father was a Welshman who came to New England as an apprentice to a fisherman. The son became a merchant and amassed a large fortune. As a military leader he took part in several conflicts with the Indians and attained much distinction. For thirty-two years he was a member of the royal council of Massachusetts, and as chief justice of common pleas he won eminence as a jurist.

Since Pepperell's time many Americans have achieved knighthood and higher British honors. Lord Astor and Lord Shaughnessy, the former a native of New York and the latter of Milwaukee, being among the more prominent latter-day examples.

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If you should happen to be on the Cote d'Azur and should chance to meet a young man who signs himself Henry Pu Yi, know that you have encountered the erstwhile emperor of China who is touring Europe because he has nothing else to do.—Paris Figaro.

Traveling Libraries

More than 500,000 books were circulated last year in Saskatchewan by the traveling libraries that reach the settlers and the smaller municipalities. There are more than 1,000 of these libraries. It is said that each book is read by 17 families in the course of the year.

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MOTHER:—Fletcher's Castoria is especially prepared to relieve Infants in arms and Children all ages of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic and Diarrhea; allaying Feverishness arising therefrom, and, by regulating the Stomach and Bowels, aids the assimilation of Food; giving healthy and natural sleep.

To avoid imitations, always look for the signature of Dr. H. Fletcher. Absolutely Harmless—No Opiates. Physicians everywhere recommend it.

Timber Lasted Well

Believed to be the last old timber bridge to be used for heavy traffic in England, the bridge at North Seaton, Northumberland, over the River Wansbeck, has been in use for well over half a century. It is to be replaced by a new steel viaduct 1,041 feet long.

Missed His Offspring

A farmer sent the following letter to the admiralty: "My youngest son has gone away and enlisted in the navy. I can't get him out. Won't you help me? He is a good boy and I was bringing him up for my own use."

Hides of water buffaloes are being shipped from China to the United States for manufacture into suitcases, requires only one man for operation.

Most headaches due to lack of internal cleanliness

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

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