

OUT O' LUCK

Never mind! Just take Cascarets if Bilious, Constipated

Everyone must occasionally give to the bowels some regular help or else suffer from constipation, bilious attacks, stomach disorders and sick headache. But do not whip the bowels into activity with harsh cathartics.

What the liver and bowels need is a gentle and natural tonic, one that can constantly be used without harm.

The gentlest liver and bowel tonic is "Cascarets." They put the liver to work and cleanse the colon and bowels of all waste, toxins and poisons without gripping—they never sicken or inconvenience you like Calomel, Salts, Oil or Purgatives.

Twenty-five million boxes of Cascarets are sold each year. They work while you sleep. Cascarets cost so little too.—Adv.

Valuable Quarters. How—What was the most expensive room you ever had? Powell—I once slept in a coal bin.

There is no excess for the dyspeptic with Garfield Tea accessible at every drug store.—Adv.

A Hint. She—Did I hear anything fall? He—I think not. She—Excuse me. I thought you dropped a remark.

A Feeling of Security

You naturally feel secure when you know that the medicine you are about to take is absolutely pure and contains no harmful or habit producing drugs.

Such a medicine is Dr. Kilmor's Swamp-Root, kidney, liver and bladder remedy.

The same standard of purity, strength and excellence is maintained in every bottle of Swamp-Root.

It is scientifically compounded from vegetable herbs.

It is not a stimulant and is taken in teaspoonful doses.

It is not recommended for everything.

It is nature's great helper in relieving and overworking kidney, liver and bladder troubles.

A sworn statement of purity is with every bottle of Dr. Kilmor's Swamp-Root.

If you need a medicine, you should have the best. On sale at all drug stores in bottles of two sizes, medium and large.

However, if you wish first to try this great preparation send ten cents to Dr. Kilmor & Co., Pleasant Hill, N. Y., for sample bottle. When writing be sure and mention this paper.—Adv.

Met With Blank Stare. Is there anything more embarrassing than asking four people to spend Sunday evening with you and then promptly forgetting all about it?

On the evening designated, wife, friend, husband and I were reading, he collapsed, collarless and in slippers, and I in a kimono, our guests arrived.

I stared blankly and husband ran to the nearest shelter while our friends asked, "Aren't we expected?"

I managed to welcome them but finally told of my total error, was forgiven and excused while I dressed—but I still dread meeting them.—Exchange.

RUB RHEUMATIC PAIN FROM ACHING JOINTS

Rub Pain Right Out With Small Trial Bottle of Old "St. Jacobs Oil"

Stop "dozing" Rheumatism. It's pain only; not one case in fifty requires internal treatment.

Rub nothing, penetrating "St. Jacobs Oil" right on the "tender spot," and by the time you say Jack Robinson—out comes the rheumatic pain and distress.

"St. Jacobs Oil" is a harmless rheumatism liniment which never disarranges joints, muscles and bones; stops statics, lumbago, backache and neuralgia.

Limber up! Get a small trial bottle of old-time, honest "St. Jacobs Oil" from any drug store, and in a moment, you'll be free from pains, aches and stiffness. Don't suffer! Rub rheumatism away.—Adv.

Unkind. How—I am wedded to my art. Powell—Who had the nerve to give the bride away?

DON'T FEAR ASPIRIN IF IT IS GENUINE

Look for name "Bayer" on tablets, then you need never worry.

To get genuine "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin" you must look for the safety "Bayer Cross" on each package and on each tablet.

The "Bayer Cross" means true, world-famous Aspirin, prescribed by physicians for over eighteen years, and proved safe by millions for Colds, Headache, Earache, Toothache, Neuralgia, Lumbago, Neuritis, and for Pain in general.

Handy tin boxes of 12 tablets cost but a few cents. Drugists also sell larger "Bayer" packages. Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monacian Chemicals of Salicylic acid.—Adv.

Quite So. "Did you see where potato peelers in Chicago want \$6 a day?" "What's a skin game?"

Freshen a Heavy Skin With the antiseptic, fascinating Cuticura Toiletum Powder, an exquisitely scented, economical face, skin, baby and dusting powder and perfume. Renders other perfumes superfluous. One of the Cuticura Toiletum Trio (Soap, Ointment, Toiletum).—Adv.

The Reason. "The man yonder bears a charmed life." "You don't say so." "He falls in love with every girl he meets."

The world needs just one more tug to pull it up the hill, and that is your tug!

MURINE Night and Morning. Have Strong, Healthy Eyes. If they Tingle, Itch, Smart or Burn, If Sore, Irritated, Inflamed, use Murine Granulated, use Murine often. Soothes, Refreshes. Safe for Infant or Adult. At all Drugists. Write for Free Eye Book. Hurts Eye kindly Co., Chicago

WOMEN SPILL

(Copyright, 1919, by George H. Doran Co.)

CHAPTER XVI.

Dupont Remembers.

Brousseau was seated in the library of the gaudy house when a tall old man came to the door. He recognized, recognized Captain Dupont, and admitted him.

Since the exposure Brousseau had hardly left his room. He sat there, haggard, crushed, planning, scheming to get back that which seemed slipping away from his grasp.

With furious hate of Hilary, he seemed inhibited from action by the very vehemence of his will.

"He's sailing for Quebec tomorrow evening," said the captain. "I am with him with a schooner load of lumber."

"Askew?" queried Brousseau sharply. "Yes, monsieur. He came to me late this afternoon. His horse was all in a sweat. He must have driven like the devil. He told me to sail tomorrow night, whether the hold's full or empty."

Brousseau was staggered. If Hilary was going to Quebec immediately, it would be to lay those papers, which he had sought vainly in his desk, before the police. He saw the prison walls closing about him.

He must have the papers. Lave Connell knew besides, but Lave could be laughed at, once the papers were his own. His plan began to take shape.

If Hilary were out of the way and the documents destroyed he could yet win Madeleine, achieve his dream of becoming Seigneur, his life ambition.

"Dupont," he said, "you and I have not always been on good terms. You refused to break your contract with the St. Boniface company. But I guess you see differently now."

Dupont clenched his fists. "I've sworn to kill him," he whispered. "I've held my tongue. I talked with him face to face tonight, and he never knew the devil that was sitting in my throat, telling me to make an end."

"Can you keep that devil of yours out of your head?" asked Brousseau. "Dupont pulled at his tangled beard and nodded. Brousseau, watching him, knew that the madness which held him would carry him to the end."

"Who are your crew?" he asked. "Drouin, Lachance and Georges Martineau." "Two men are enough. I have two good men for you in place of them. Listen carefully, Dupont."

Marie, sleeping overhead, heard her father drive up in a sleigh that night, and there was whispering at the door. That frightened her. Another thing that alarmed her was his way of entering. Usually he would stamp into the house, as if on board; but now he came in furtively, and she could hardly hear his stealthy movements below.

She wondered what was portending. Of late he had watched her more keenly than ever, and had been more silent. She slept by starts, and awakened at dawn to hear a stealthy step outside her door. In the dim light she saw her father bending over her bed. She sat up, stretching out her arms as if to ward off something. In her confusion, she could not have told whether he had fancied for a moment that he held something in his hand—a knife or a revolver.

But she saw that he held nothing. He was staring into her eyes, as if to read her secret thoughts. "Tonight I go to Quebec," said Dupont. "I shall be aboard all day. I may not return."

He had said the same thing before his last voyage, and she had listened, unbelieving, but indifferent. If it were true. Now the words terrified her no less than his demeanor, and for the first time she wondered whether he knew of her journey with Pierre.

It would have aroused all the old madness in him, if he had known. But he could not know. "You will come back," she stammered. "You will be back before the river closes. Then we shall be together here through the winter. We shall be happier than in the past. And we—"

"The name!" he cried, setting her by the shoulders. "Tell me now! I wait no longer!" The old obstinate look came on her face. Her remorse and pity instantly died. She compressed her lips and was silent.

"The name! Thou shalt tell me! I should have beaten thee when thou wast a child. But I shall not beat thee now, for I can compel thee to tell me. The name! The name!" She remained silent and utterly quiescent. So strong and the inhibition grown that she could not have told, had she been willing to do so, save under the impulse of some overpowering mental shock. And, armed by the years, she grew calm as he grew violent, and her mind passed under the domination of the old habit.

He let her go and stood beside her, pulling at his gray beard and smiling. Marie had never seen her father smile at such a time before. And there came into her mind an idea which had never seemed possible, that some day

she might yield up her secret. The mental inhibition of a lifetime was breaking under the stress. Dupont strode toward the door, stopped there, and looked back. "I'll be aboard till we sail this evening. If thou come to me before I sail and tell me the name, I give thee his life, one life for another."

"What life? What other?" cried the girl wildly. He gazed into her eyes, and the look in his own was that of a man devil-haunted.

"Dost thou think I do not know," he cried, "of Monsieur Askew and thee, or that Madeleine has broken her betrothal with him because of thee?" He turned toward her with a menacing gesture. "The name!" he thundered. She covered under his words, and the name now trembled upon her lips. But before she spoke it Dupont was gone.

He was gone, and she was alone in the gray of the morning, watching the gray sea leave under a brightening sky, as she had watched it all her life. And her father's appearance in her room seemed unreal as a dream.

All day she watched him from the cottage, busy about his ship, piling the logs on deck. All day she waited, restless, and incapable of action, repeating over and over in her mind her father's words, whose meaning was unintelligible to her. Yet St. Boniface remained unchanged in that ruin that had come upon her. Men laughed noisily as they strolled from their work at noon, children shouted at play; the hum of the mill was a soft undertone accompanying the horror in her heart. It seemed incredible that St. Boniface could know nothing, when the whole universe was crying out against her.

It was late in the afternoon when she saw two figures slouch toward the vessel. She recognized Pierre and Leblanc. And in a moment she understood the meaning of their appearance. Murder was being planned, against Hilary, who had been the man who had warned them on board, paralyzed with fear.

Then the power of action, returning, shattered the paralysis of will that held her. She ran bareheaded from the cottage, through the streets of St. Boniface, toward the mill. She must get help there; her thoughts turned instinctively thither, as St. Boniface had always turned for aid toward his Seigneur.

Madeline, seated in her room, with her memories of her dead, heard the door bell jangle. She started to see Marie in the hall. At the sight of the girl a feeling of repulsion, wild and unreasonable, stiffened her, but when she looked into her face, she spoke gently.

"What is it?" she asked. "Madeleine," stammered the girl, "they are planning to kill him." "Whom?" "Monsieur Askew, who saved me from Pierre that day. Madeleine, I have only now learned what they say of him and me. It is not true. And they are going to murder him. I came to you to save him."

"Where is he?" "He is going on board tonight. Perhaps he is there now. Pierre and Leblanc are waiting for him there—" "Wait here!" cried Madeleine. She ran back into the Chateau, put on her coat and hat, and took a revolver which had lain for many years unused in a drawer in the Chateau. She hurried to the stable, harnessed the horse, and brought the sleigh to the door. She motioned to Marie to enter, leaped in, and took the reins, and the two girls started along the road through the forest.

It was a difficult journey through the deep snow. Often the horse floundered knee-deep in the drifts, and the village the snow was tramped hard, and the sleigh went like the wind. Neither of the girls spoke, but before the eyes of each was the same dreadful picture.

At last they emerged from the forest and crossed the bridge. The hum of the mill had ceased, and had been succeeded by another sound, well known to dwellers along the St. Lawrence shores when winter drives in. The stirring of the ice floes as the impending storm drives them together to their long winter encampment.

The sleigh went madly along the wharf, which groaned and creaked as the ice battered it on either side. Madeleine sprang from the sleigh and ran on board the schooner, which was already moving.

As Marie descended to follow her she saw that it was too late. There was an increasing space between the wharf and the deck. She hesitated, and when it was impossible to follow. For a moment she thought she saw Madeleine threading the narrow passage between the piles of lumber; then the darkness closed about her.

The pulleys creaked. The mainmast and foremast sprang upward and belled out to the wind. The two gattopulis glowed like white birds against the night. Then only the sails remained. They turned and shifted, disappearing and appearing again slowly, until they blended with the fog and the darkness and vanished finally.

The horse, left uncontrolled, swung round and galloped homeward, trampling the old sleigh behind him. Marie stood shuddering at the end of the wharf. For a while she stared out in terror toward the invisible schooner, lost in the distance. She could see nothing, but she could still hear the roar of the wind in the rigging and the flapping of the great sails.

Presently, with a low cry, she turned and began running homeward. She staggered into the cottage and sank down before the stove, crouching there. He had seen, but had not consciously observed, till the remembrance came to him, that a line of lumber, placed in the ship but not yet secured, lay about the center of the open space in front of the cabin. It could not shift with the rolling of the schooner, so as to destroy her equilibrium, on account of the stacks of lumber on either side. At the second load of logs, which had been dropped there from the end of the flume, Hilary raised two in his arms and carried them in front of the broken door. It was impossible to make his way through the revolving logs. He snatched it up and ran to see

through the clashing ice floes with a noise like that of artillery, but Madeleine saw his purpose, and in an instant was at work helping him. They began with a bulging of a barricade; and as Madeleine pushed her legs by the side of Hilary, Hilary wedged the ends against the chained stacks on either side, so that the whole would form an immovable barrier. He tottered furiously, for their scanty time was precious beyond value. Soon Madeleine was behind the barricade, adjusting the logs that Hilary brought, and it stood the height of his waist.

It was improbable that either Dupont, Pierre or Leblanc carried a revolver; but even if they did, the barricade was bullet-proof. Hilary forgot his aching head, the retching nausea. The barrier was shoulder-high. He clambered behind it and took his station there just as the grinding of the logs ceased, and the schooner caught the clear water.

A ray of moonlight, straggling through the fog, disclosed old Dupont at the wheel above the poop, and the great masted sweeping over it—and two forms that crept along the passage between the lumber piles. They started back in sudden consternation at the sight of the unexpected barricade, and Hilary's club, aimed at Pierre's head, descended upon the outlaw's arm, which dropped limp at his side.

With a yell Pierre started back, but Leblanc leaped forward, knife in hand. So sudden was the attack that it drove within an inch of Hilary's throat. Madeleine screamed, rushed forward, and pulled Hilary back. As Leblanc caught sight of her uttered an exclamation and followed Pierre back into the darkness of the lumber piles.

Sense followed. That wait was tense and nerve-grIPPING. Hilary tried to get Madeleine to return into the cabin, but she kept her place at his side. Then, to Hilary's utter surprise, he heard Brousseau's voice, and discerned him moving out of the darkness of the lumber.

"Monsieur Askew, I want to speak to you," he called. "I am coming to you. I can trust you." Hilary returned no answer, but Brousseau, apparently confident of Hilary's honor, pushed forward and came up to the barricade.

"Ah, mademoiselle, you have done a foolish thing," he said quietly to Madeleine. "No harm was meant to Monsieur Askew. I want those papers, that's all. I heard he was coming aboard and adopted this use to get them. They are lies, written by a discharged employe, and I can't afford to be lied about. I want to clear my honor. I want those papers."

But as neither answered him he dropped his pose of blandness and addressed Hilary. "I've got more at stake than the seignior and the asbestos mine," he cried. "I've got a drop in the bucket. I admit it's been a fair fight between us and you've won. I didn't want the seignior. I wanted the girl. I'm willing to drop it now and give you her. But I want those papers."

He heard the sailor being run up, and the creak of the cordage in the wind. Then the schooner, grinding her course through the drift ice, began to roll and pitch as the force of the gulf current struck her. And through the patches of light, the lights of St. Boniface reel into the enveloping fog and vanish.

With Madeleine's arm about him he thought with desperate concentration. Doubtless the ruffians had gone to assist Dupont in taking the schooner out into mid-sea, confident that the victim was at their mercy. Once the vessel had passed the dangerous ice and deadly sunken rocks Dupont alone could keep her on her course.

And Dupont had planned his death. He had remembered the late on the old man's face; but he could not imagine the cause of it, for he did not connect it with the story about Marie.

They would return, they would discover that the revolver was useless; his life was worth above that of a purchase, and of Madeleine's fate he did not think. He must fight for her and live for her. He got his shaking limbs under control.

"I'm all right," he whispered. "I've got my plan now. Keep behind me and be ready to help. The door's locked, I suppose?" A quick attempt to open it showed him that it was. But he had a chance, if he could break down the door, for the sound of the door opening would draw the attention of the ruffians, and he could slip through the opening to the hold unseen in the darkness.

He hurried himself against the cabin door, fists, shoulders, body, with every nerve set upon the task. He used the hinges, and Hilary fell, sprawling into the passage between the piles of stacked lumber, which rose to a height of twenty feet on either side of him, running to within a few feet of the cabin and the deck ladder.

He crouched there for a few seconds, hearing Madeleine behind him, and looked upward. The wind was roaring through the rigging with a noise far louder than that made by the falling door. No one had heard the crash. Above him, on the top of the mainmast, obscuring the gibbous moon that scoured like a pale ghost among the drifting clouds, hailed in the fog. Hilary could just discern the busy figures of three men, hard at work to gain the mainmast, and the lantern that hung from the mast above, faintly illuminating them.

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He crouched there for a few seconds, hearing Madeleine behind him, and looked upward. The wind was roaring through the rigging with a noise far louder than that made by the falling door. No one had heard the crash. Above him, on the top of the mainmast, obscuring the gibbous moon that scoured like a pale ghost among the drifting clouds, hailed in the fog. Hilary could just discern the busy figures of three men, hard at work to gain the mainmast, and the lantern that hung from the mast above, faintly illuminating them.

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through the clashing ice floes with a noise like that of artillery, but Madeleine saw his purpose, and in an instant was at work helping him. They began with a bulging of a barricade; and as Madeleine pushed her legs by the side of Hilary, Hilary wedged the ends against the chained stacks on either side, so that the whole would form an immovable barrier. He tottered furiously, for their scanty time was precious beyond value. Soon Madeleine was behind the barricade, adjusting the logs that Hilary brought, and it stood the height of his waist.

It was improbable that either Dupont, Pierre or Leblanc carried a revolver; but even if they did, the barricade was bullet-proof. Hilary forgot his aching head, the retching nausea. The barrier was shoulder-high. He clambered behind it and took his station there just as the grinding of the logs ceased, and the schooner caught the clear water.

A ray of moonlight, straggling through the fog, disclosed old Dupont at the wheel above the poop, and the great masted sweeping over it—and two forms that crept along the passage between the lumber piles. They started back in sudden consternation at the sight of the unexpected barricade, and Hilary's club, aimed at Pierre's head, descended upon the outlaw's arm, which dropped limp at his side.

With a yell Pierre started back, but Leblanc leaped forward, knife in hand. So sudden was the attack that it drove within an inch of Hilary's throat. Madeleine screamed, rushed forward, and pulled Hilary back. As Leblanc caught sight of her uttered an exclamation and followed