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Amazing Health and Beauty Discovery. The great secret of making a perfect face is to get the skin in good condition. The great secret of making a perfect face is to get the skin in good condition.

for that COUGH KEMP'S BALSAM
Pleasant to take Children like it

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If you are troubled with pains or aches; feel tired; have headache, indigestion, insomnia; painful passage of urine, you will find relief in

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What can be more disagreeable than a home infested with these pests? Destroy them with Stearns' Electric Paste, the standard exterminator for more than 40 years.

Kill rats, mice, cockroaches, waterbugs or ants in a single night. Does not hurt humans. Kills instantly. Ready for use. Better than traps. Directions in 15 languages in every box. Order from your dealer.

2 oz. size 35c. 15 oz. size \$1.50.

PALMER'S LOTION
A HOUSEHOLD NECESSITY FOR BURNS, BITES, CUTS, ITCHING, AND ALL SKIN TROUBLES. ALL DRUGGISTS. GUARANTEED BY DR. J. C. PALMER.

REMOVED ALL MY BURNES AND CLEARED MY COMPLEXION

CONDENSED CLASSICS

JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN

By Mrs. M. MULOCK

Condensation by Basil King

THOUGH a boy of sixteen, I was too ill and crippled to walk. Owing to the rain my father pushed my hand carriage under an archway. Taking shelter there we found a handsome boy of thirteen, well built, strong and looking more than his age.

Fearing to lose time from work in his tannery, my father engaged this boy to push me home when the rain ceased. Arrived at our house, I asked him for a meal. After his dinner in the kitchen he joined me in the dining room, telling me something of his history. His name was John Halifax, an orphan, without home, relatives or money, and so obliged to roam the country, looking for work. His one thought was to get a good education on the fly-leaf of which was written the name of Guy Halifax. In addition there were written the names of Guy Halifax, gentleman, to Mr. J. J. Joyce, sponsor, in the year 1770; of the birth of John Halifax in 1780; and of the death of John Halifax in 1781. Being unable to write, he had asked me to make the additional entry, "John Halifax, died January 1, 1781."

Never having had a companion, I took this boy as a friend, inducing my father, Abel Fletcher, to give him work in the tannery. It was humble, but at a pitance a week, and the boy took good care of himself as he could, sleeping in or on a pile of tanbark, and eating no more than enough to keep him alive.

Those were the days of hard times incidental to the Napoleonic wars, with scarcity both of work and food. As I was helpless, it meant much to my father to have growing up under his eye a lad to whom his master's interests were his own. In a measure John Halifax took my place in the tannery, and during the laborious time from which my father suffered, as did most employers of the time, my friend was on hand to soothe the workman and protect my father's property.

In proportion as Abel Fletcher grew old and infirm a greater responsibility fell on the younger man's shoulders. The time he was twice engaged in was willing to take him into partnership, promising him thus from the start of a self, which was that he held in the rest of one of our servative fellow-townsmen in Norron Bury, in Gloucestershire, to that of a soldier. Dismissing me from ever being a soldier, my father had a feeling, too, a force of character which could not be progressive, he more than met my father's needs. The old Tory elements that had long held our townsmen in submission and contempt.

"John Halifax," the petty tyrants of the aristocratic class were the earl of Luxmore and his son-in-law, Richard Brithwood, the important landowners of our neighborhood. They were hard-living and prodigal, they made use of the full privileges of birth and position which in those days allowed the nobility to be idle. They were toward this spirit John Halifax bore, but he was not fully and manfully, defeating the harts of his oppressors by defeating their ends. A combination of circumstances brought him in the long run into closer connection with both than either he or they cared to recognize.

When I was twenty-three and John Halifax twenty-two, he took our first holiday together, lodging at a farmhouse in the neighboring hills, where some cousins of Richard Brithwood, Mr. March and his daughter, Ursula, were making a temporary residence. The father being an invalid, and growing rapidly worse while we were there, John Halifax was able to perform valuable services for the daughter. By the time the father died, John and Mrs. March were in love. The duties to their mother, however, of a kind only to be solved by overriding them. John Halifax was poor and a nobody. Ursula March was high-born and an heiress. When he would have retired it was she who, with the instincts of a big and noble heart, took matters into her own hands. She did this the more bravely, owing to the fact that Richard Brithwood, her guardian, had the power to withhold her income, while he had for years.

Their marriage was therefore the neediest conditions, but none the less happy for that. Their first sorrow may be said to have come when their eldest child, Muriel, proved to have been born blind. Almost the last act of my stern old father was to bless the babe and proclaim her the child of peace.

Next to his wife this little blind girl was the object of her father's dearest affections. Three boys, Guy, Edwin, and Walter, were born after her, and lastly another little girl, but none did the heart of John Halifax go out with the tenderest child forth by a little one who never seemed afflicted because of her sweet happiness. When at the age of eleven she was taken from them the father's youth

forsook him and middle age began to draw on.

I now made my home with them, as a brother to the parents and an uncle to the children. The fulness of affection they showed each other was always shared with me.

They were the years, following Waterloo, of England's first great industrial expansion. John Halifax became one of the new nobility which began to so large a degree to supplant the old, the nobility of commerce. His progressive mind was always looking for new outlets to his energy, which were also to include new phases of property to the tannery roundabout, who more and more looked to him as leader. In addition to the business of which my father's death had made him master, he took over the old cloth mills at Enderley. Here Lord Luxmore was the proprietor, and to ruin the mills, and so ruin John, he dedicated the stream on the pretext of needing the water to supply his own fountains. John Halifax was equal to the task. He had already been in touch with the millwright, who first used steam in the mills in Manchester. Steam was therefore introduced at Enderley, the income of the mill owner doubling and tripling with each year. From the small house in town John and Ursula Halifax moved to the noble estate in the country, moving from that in the course of time to one of the great houses of this country, exerting with John Halifax a widening influence for good which in the Regent's days were rare.

But prosperity brought them no immunity from domestic trouble. Little Muriel's death was the first blow. Other blows followed soon. The boys grew up to be young men. With their father's affairs came the first real disorders in the family.

They began with the appearance of a governess for little Maud. She was for a time Miss Silve, beautiful, mysterious, and self-contained, she repelled Ursula's motherly sympathies by a coldness not explained until she proved to be Louise de la Roche, daughter of a notorious French deputy under the Reign of Terror. But by this time the worst mischief was done. Since Guy, the eldest son, was in love with her. To accept her as Guy's future wife cost John and Ursula Halifax a struggle. It was a surprise to them, therefore, that Guy should have refused on the ground that Miss Silve was in love with another man. There was no reason for this, however, since the other man proved to be the second son, Edwin, who was also in love with her. Of this delicate situation the mother was aware. The two brothers were not the least of the trials the parents had to undergo. In a household where love had been the watchword the hatred of brothers was the harder to bear. Before Edith was married Guy had gone abroad, nominally on business for his father, but really to be away from the sight of Edith's happiness.

While this change eased the situation, it was also the source of new trouble. Dismissing me from ever being a soldier, my father had a feeling, too, a force of character which could not be progressive, he more than met my father's needs. The old Tory elements that had long held our townsmen in submission and contempt.

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Nevertheless more years went by with no greater disturbance to the current of our lives than a sudden perplexity with regard to Maud. It was not only with regard to Maud, but with regard to Lord Ravent, who neither John nor Ursula had foreseen what might happen there I never met him, but to me such a possibility had long been evident. Maud was now eighteen; Lord Ravent a romantic enough French figure of thirty-seven. To her parents the difference in age produced love; to me love knew no such limitations. When therefore Ravent came to us asking permission to try to win the child her parents refused. While nothing was said to Maud the disappearance of her lover he was almost left behind her wounded and wondering. It was not only the difference in age which had dictated the course of John and Ursula, but lack of confidence in the stability of the young man's character.

That was soon to be tested. Within short time after he had left us with the understanding that he was to return, the earl, his father, died, leaving a large untold property, but otherwise nothing but debts. To pay these debts, for which the late lord was responsible, the new earl in no way responsible, Ravent, now Lord Luxmore, resumed his rights of inheritance. He himself was left with the smallest income, but with a claim on his rank could live. To John and Ursula this unexpected force of circumstance brought a mingled satisfaction and regret. The more they rejoiced in the nobility of the act the more deep their anxiety lest they should stand for settlement being injured to two whom they loved.

And still more years went by. Edith was now following his father of some of the rarest of craftsmen being preparing to go into the world. Maud was growing stout. Already prominent in public affairs John declined to stand for parliament because, to some degree, the heart had come out of him. There was no outburst of change beyond now gray in the hair and more gravity in the expression, but pain born in secret was beginning to tell on him. The knowledge that Guy was so far away and Maud not happy had its effects on him. Growing old myself I was obliged to stand by and watch the two I loved live on earth growing old even more rapidly.

There came a day when Guy's fear increased with the time. Then we received a letter saying that he and his partner were to sail in a few days' time from Boston. For some reason not explained in the letter we were already two months old. Had they really taken the ship Guy named they should have been in England some weeks ago. Perhaps if Lord's revealed his ship ship as having crossed the Atlantic through a small vessel of that name had foundered in the West Indies. Had Guy and his partner sailed from England by this roundabout route, it was still possible that they had been rescued and might be on the way home.

So for more months we waited in a hope that gradually became as hope. For the first time the heart of the strong, competent Ursula came to have days of not coming down. John with his secret and his with her secret, was wishing each into a still place where they were alone with God. It was a quiet time. If a sad time, but to me it was the end.

Then one day a stranger appeared. I had heard, indeed, that it was Maud who was coming home. Begging him to be seated, she told him she would tell her father. "But Maud, don't you know me, In Guy?"

He looked at me with his partner, who was now known as William Ray, and for John and Ursula it was the joy which has the secret depart and never return. Guy having followed his boyish passion for Louise d'Arpent and Edwin met as friends. Maud and William Ray had found each other in that purpose in which a difference of 20 years did not count.

We went one day to the old beach woods at Enderley, where—23 years earlier John and Ursula had vowed themselves to each other. John came with us; Ursula kept her room. Not even the bliss of Guy's return gave her back her strength. It was a pleasant afternoon with the young people all about us. John lay down upon the grass, his head back and his eyes toward sunset. "If I think we ought to wake father."

John did not wake. While sleeping he had been called. I went home to tell his wife.

We carried him into the old farmhouse, where he had been born. There at ten that night she came to him. How she came I do not know. How she who had not walked for weeks had found her way hither, whose strength helped her to stand there as she did stand, upright and calm. I do not know. All I can say is that she came, that she talked to her children, bade them never forget their father, and asked them to leave her a little while alone with him.

We closed the door, sitting on the stairs outside. It might have been for minutes, it might have been for hours. It was Guy who sat last with him.

She was still in the same place by the bedside, but half lying on the bed. Her arms were round her husband's neck, her face nestled close to his hair. They might have been asleep. One of her children called her, but she neither stirred nor answered. Guy lifted her up very tenderly, his mother or a widow.

But she was not a widow now. Copyright, 1919, by Paul Publishing Co.



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"You know the old saying, Brother Johnson," suddenly began the presiding elder, "about an apple a day keeping the doctor away?" "That's right," returned Guy Johnson of Kansas City. "As high as I can make out, the little cusses are tired of tending the baby, and 'pears like they are afraid the doctor is going to bring another one."

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Important to Mothers. Beware of every bottle of CASTORIA, that famous old remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of J. C. FLETCHER.

In Use for Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria.

Fruits From the Amazon. Four new fruits—the popin, the fumbo, the archetta and the riasche have been sent from the Amazon country by a biological expedition now working there. Some of these, it is hoped, may be cultivated for our markets.

Taste is a matter of tobacco quality. We state it as our honest belief that the tobacco used in Chesterfield is of finer quality and hence of better taste than in any other cigarette at the price.

Lights of Myers Tobacco Co.

"I like 'em."

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"Tough as the Name Implies" and

Rut Proof

Corduroy Cords take their name from an exclusive and distinctive feature—a corrugated sidewall consisting of eight graduated corrugations of live rubber moulded in the side wall of the tire.

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Before you make another investment in tires be sure to examine Corduroy Cords.

Grand Rapids Tire & Rubber Corporation

Grand Rapids Michigan

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Chesterfield CIGARETTES

of Turkish and Domestic tobaccos—blended

"They Satisfy"

Copyright, 1919, by Paul Publishing Co.

SCULPTOR'S USE OF CEMENT

Gigantic Figure of Neptune is Work of Art as Well as Architectural Curiosity.

At Montecarlo, near Spezia, Italy, there stands an architectural curiosity—a gigantic figure of Neptune, constructed of cement and used to support the extreme end of a terrace for a seaside villa. The house is the Villa Panzani, and the statue is the work of Ar-

rice Minelli, a talented sculptor of Rome.

A small promontory on which the villa is built presented many difficulties to the architect, but he finally succeeded in building there a very commodious and comfortable residence. The statue, which is wonderfully life-like, is about 33 feet in height. It is, like the head, is built of reinforced cement, is hollow and contains a spiral staircase. Considering the nature of the material with which it is built, it is a masterpiece of art.

He was congratulated on the result of his labors.

Ancient Money. The first coins used by the civilized nations of the ancient world were small metal ingots stamped with the ruler's seal. It is probable that they were first minted in Lydia, the rich Asian kingdom of which Croesus was the most famous king. The "punch-marked" coins of India are assigned to a period older, even than that of Buddhism.