

Now I do Enjoy My Meals



Since using Dr. Chase's Kidney Liver Pills

COPPER IN NORTHERN CANADA

The deposits of copper ore in the Arctic region of Northern Canada, although at present inaccessible, possibly constitute one of the great copper reserves of the future.

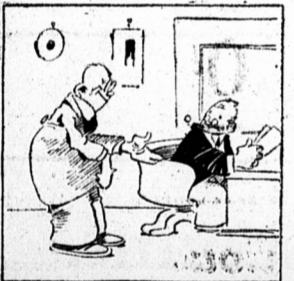
In the past three years telephone calls between 19 of the important cities of Europe have tripled.

SMILES

GABBY GERTIE



"Most girls know that a motor invitation is an opportunity to be embraced."



IF HE'D PRODUCE THE MAN
"Lend me fifty dollars for a year, old man."
"If you'll produce the year, old man, I'll do it."



HOW IT WORKS OUT
"Don't you think it's wise for a husband and wife to live apart now and then?"
"Well, yes! I tried that with my wife for a while and found it made us both so happy that now we do it together."



She: I thought your wife wouldn't let you play Sundays.
He: It's all right now. She's learning the game.



THE STORY

Rand knew this place of his birth and his venturesome youth like a book, knew the shore, knew the cove and understood the movement of the tides and currents. He believed the man had been shot in the club, or boathouse, perhaps—carried out, and thrown into the deep water. Perhaps this was before the break of day and then, with the dawn, the murderers were horrified to see the corpse washing on the sand, to hear Gay's terrified cries at its discovery.

So far, Gay lent willing credence, thrilling to every word.
"The Chink saw you were here, reported to your friend Ingram, who came and tried to frighten, and then buy you out. To get rid of you because things are going on they don't want you to discover—Why, see how plain it is! When Ingram was here the other night, the Chink watched to assure no interruption saw me coming, deliberately showed himself led me into a chase to keep me from discovering Ingram."
Gay's loyalty wavered, but she steadied it by memory of the sympathetic voice, the friendly touch of the strong hands, the shadow in the gentle eyes.

"He looks so honest, Rand," she protested. "He has such soft, sad eyes."
"Oh, so's a cow," said Rand rudely, for he was greatly disturbed.
But upon serious consideration, he was inclined to agree that she was in no particular danger as long as she maintained an air of utter innocence, seeming not only to see nothing but to suspect nothing. Above all, he urged her to betray no curiosity, no interest in regard to things that went on about her, and with Ronald Ingram, if he came again, to continue her warm and friendly but uninquiring interest.

Rand did not believe that the affair was a simple matter of bootlegging as he had at first suspected. The favored method in bootlegging is a constant shifting of base, the effecting of surprise landings, first one place and then another. The acquirement of a permanent base for their illicit operations implied a deeper and more deadly enterprise, and with his usual impulsive venturesomeness, Rand had promptly decided to get to the bottom of it, to ferret out, alone and single-handed, this business of crime that had attached itself to the island.

Gay was eager to assist.
"I feel now more than ever," she said, "that I was called to be the avenger of that poor boy in the cove. He came to my very feet, pleading to be avenged, and I stupidly bungled the whole thing from beginning to

end. But I shall not bungle it again, not with you to help me."

That day Rand put extra patented locks on all Gay's windows and doors, and connected an attachment to her electric wiring which he carried up into the highest branches of the tall pine at her door, where he placed a small rose-colored light bulb, arranging it among the branches where it would throw its light to the upper window of his grandfather's house. This he connected with two switch buttons inside the cottage, one by her bed upstairs, and one in the window-seat in the living room where she usually sat at her easel. This light she was to turn on at the slightest suspicion of any unusual stirring about the house, and he, on the hillside beyond, would keep watch for it. Gay professed herself frankly thrilled with these precautions for her protection. She said she had never loved Leonard so much, she said, she could never bear to go away from the island for a minute now, for fear the commission of a crime would occur in her absence.

"Oh, to think of it," she cried ecstatically, "at my age! To think of living on so sordidly, so safely, so unexciting, for so many years! And then, when I am almost an old woman, and very sensible, to come to a good little lazy island like this, and stumble head-first into mystery, adventure and love. Oh, what luck!"

All day Rand worked about the house perfecting his arrangements to insure her safety as well as he could, and when he left at last, in the early evening, he called back to her gayly in a loud voice:
"Good-bye, Gay. See you in the morning! Eleven o'clock!"

Gay had expected him to come again in the evening, and would have called inquiry, invitation, after him, but he was gone.
When darkness had fallen she wished for him greatly. The very precautions they had taken tended to make her nervous, ill at ease, so that she started painfully at every real or fancied sound, and every low complaint of the rheumatic trees in the woodland set her shivering.

When at last came a quick knock at the door, without Rand's assuming who it was, she opened it, her thoughts leaped naturally to the pistol in her desk, and she ran for it quickly, grasping it in nervous fingers.

"Who—is—there?" she asked nervously, as she crept to the door. It was I. Ronald Ingram. Nothing important. I will come another time if you are busy."

"No."
Mindful of Rand's instructions to be friendly, and her fears instantly assuaged by the pleasant voice, she bravely opened the door. "How nice of you, Mr. Ingram. I was lonely to-night."

His eyes went quickly to the pistol in her hand. "Something frightened you," he said keenly. "Has anything happened?"

CONTINUED

SALT IN NOVA SCOTIA

The successful operation of the Malagash deposit in Nova Scotia has greatly stimulated the search for salt in the Maritime Provinces, and further prospecting is contemplated.

CANADA'S DAIRY HERDS

One million, four hundred and ninety thousand, three hundred and forty cows supplied milk to creameries in Canada during 1928.

Heart Trouble Hands and Feet Numb and Cold

Mrs. Wm. Fowler, Auburn, Ont., writes: "Several years ago I was troubled with my heart and nerves so bad, at times, my hands would become numb and cold. I took doctor's medicine for a while, but it did me little or no good. I happened to see



advertised and started taking them at once, and continued for some time and since then I have had no return of my trouble."

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LIVE HOGS

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Dorothy Dix Letter Box

Dorothy Dix Urges the Importance of Investigating a Young Man's Record Before Marriage—Straight Talk to The Boy Who Won't Go to Work—Does All Knowledge Result from Years Spent in School?

DEAR MISS DIX—My 19-year-old daughter is madly in love with a young man whom she has known only a year. Two days before they were to be married he told her that he couldn't marry her because his aunt didn't think he should marry, but when we asked why his aunt objected to his marrying, he gave such a vague reply that I went to his home town to investigate, and found out that he had been married and divorced. It made him furious. He said he would never forgive me, and that his past life didn't concern me. My daughter sided with him and she has left home, and says that death is the only thing that will keep her parted from him. Did I do right, or wrong in investigating about this young man?

A WORRIED MOTHER.



Answer:
Of course, you did right in trying to find out everything you could about the young man, but you were too late about doing so. As soon as you found out that there was any probability of your daughter marrying him, it was your duty to begin looking up his record.

The most amazing thing on earth is the fact that parents will let their daughters marry men of whom they know absolutely nothing. If a girl was going to buy a dog, her father would look up its pedigree and see what sort of stock it came from, and he would have a veterinarian examine it to see that it was free from disease. If his daughter was going to buy a house, her father would have a lawyer examine its title and see that it was clear, with no mortgages on it. If a girl had some money to invest and was going into partnership with a man, her father would inquire around and find out if he was honest and industrious and sober and not given to gambling, and was likely to make a success.

Yet a man will let his daughter marry a perfect stranger without even taking the trouble to go to the place where the young man was born and reared and find out whether he comes of good honest people or not. He doesn't even try to find out whether or not his past is so black that it will smirch all his future.

All of us know pathetic cases of sweet, lovely, innocent young girls who have married men who turned out to be bigamists, or who were former jailbirds. All of us know girls who have married men who posed as being successful business men and prominent citizens in some distant city who turned out to be ne'er-do-wells who couldn't even make a living. All of us know pathetic cases of girls whose lives were wrecked through marriage with rouses.

Whether a man will make an amiable, considerate and tender husband, and be easy to get along with, nobody can find out beforehand. Every girl has to take her chances on that, but what sort of a man a man is can easily be found out, and any girl's parents can get a good line on their daughter's fiancé in time to stop the wedding if his record is bad, and the girl has any sense. As simple a thing as making an inquiry through a commercial agency will bring the desired information.

It may be said that if the girl is in love she won't listen to any warning. Possibly that is true in a few instances, such as that of your daughter, poor Worried Mother. Most girls have more intelligence, however. They are not anxious to have a No. 1 wife from whom their husbands have neglected to get a divorce before they are married. They will not even send a postcard to the Mayor of the town the boys come from to find out what is the real name of the man their daughter is proposing to marry.

Mighty few girls would be idiotic enough to go on and marry a man whose record showed that he was everything they didn't want for a husband, for there are few sentimental Sussies left now who holds to the all-for-love-and-the-world-well-lost theory. So it puts the responsibility of most of the disastrous marriages straight up to the parents who are so careless of their daughter's futures that they will not even send a postcard to the Mayor of the town the boys come from to find out what is the real name of the man their daughter is proposing to marry.

You may be very sure that any young man who isn't willing to have his past life investigated has one that won't stand looking into.

DOROTHY DIX.

DEAR DOROTHY DIX—I am a boy of 22 living at home. Dad makes \$200 a month, maybe a little more, but he is always swearing at me for not working. I try hard to get a job, but I always get there too late, or I am too young, so I miss getting it. Dad and mother are very old-fashioned and object to my going out to parties and dances, and Dad is always recalling things that I did five years ago, though none of them were very bad, and he is always ready to put the blame on me. I have no money and no other place I could go. What would you advise me to do?

BOB.

Answer:
I would advise you to brace up and be a man instead of a whining cry baby. Above all, I would advise you to go to work. I certainly don't blame your father for swearing at you for being a lazy loafer. It's a pity he hasn't enough grit to chuck you out of the door and tell you either to earn your own living or starve.

I know your type, Bob. You are one of the boys who hunt for work praying Heaven they will not find it. That is the reason you always get to a place too late, just after the hustlers who want to work have been hired. That is why you always lose a job when you get one. When anybody has to be dropped, you are the one who can be spared.

In every business there is a constant weeding-out process going on, and it is the slack, uninterested, inefficient men who are let go, and the energetic hustlers who are up on their tiptoes trying to make good, who are kept. It isn't a question of luck. It's a matter of performance, and the men who deliver the goods invariably succeed.

So, Bob, quit framing up an alibi for yourself and see yourself as you are, a good-for-nothing, lazy loafer. A human sponge. Sleeping late of a morning, idling around all day, going to dances at night, holding up your old mother and making her pinch the market money for a dollar or two to take girls out on, and letting your father support you. Isn't that a shameful record for a boy of 22?

Consider this, Bob. Right now you are at the turning point of your life. You are deciding your whole future. If in the next year you don't go to work and support yourself, you will be a deadbeat the balance of your days. For indolence is a slow, creeping disease that will numb your ambition and paralyze your energies, and once it has fastened itself on a man he can never shake it off. You can cure yourself now of this deadly malady. A year from now it will be too late.

What do you want to be at 40? A prosperous man, respected by all who know you? Or a tramp asking for handouts at back doors? For you will not always have a father to support you, and when he is gone you will be too old to get a start in the world. So I say go to work, Bob, and make a man of yourself. Don't be that most contemptible of all things, a male parasite.

DOROTHY DIX.

DEAR MISS DIX—I am engaged to a girl who is attending college while I am at work at a good job that has future to it. I have only had one year of high school and I am wondering if we can be happy together when she has had more education than I have.

ROBERT.

Answer:
All knowledge does not come put up in textbook packages, Robert, and you may have acquired far more education in business than she has at college. You may be like the man of whom Whittier wrote: "He had his own free bookless lore, the knowledge Nature taught him, and wisdom that the fields and hills and tolling men had brought him."

Some of the most intelligent men I have ever met were self-educated and were graduates only of the University of Hard Knocks. You can make up for what you have lacked in schooling by reading. Get Dr. Eliot's five-foot shelf of books and read them over and over again, and you will not have to fear that your sweetheart will know more than you do.

DOROTHY DIX.

VOLCANIC DUST DEPOSITS NOTABLE ROCKY MOUNTAIN PASS
Extensive and pure deposits of volcanic dust occur on the Deadman Jarvis pass, a densely timbered river—30 miles north of Ashcroft, crossing on the Alberta-British Columbia boundary; also on the east umbra interprovincial boundary, is shore of the Arrow lakes, 26 miles south of Nakusp, B. C. Production of volcanic dust is being made from both sides of the water-deposits near Waldack, Saskatchewan shed. The water from some of the and several other deposits have been discovered in that vicinity, while from the others it runs eastward to the Atlantic.


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