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The modern sculptured bobs do wonders to bring out your personality. But like other present-day modes of arranging the hair, they call attention to it. That's why it's so important nowadays to keep your hair soft, lustrous, abundant. The easiest and quickest way to give new lustre and color to hair, which has begun to look dull and lifeless, is with Danderine. And it makes the hair softer, easier to arrange; holds it in place.

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SMILES

MISS GERTIE

"A man brags about being self-made, but he has to be convinced that he was made to order."

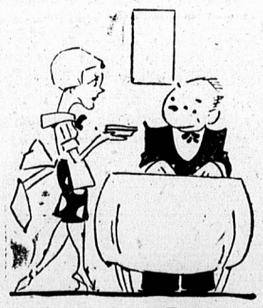
HARDLY WORTH WHILE

Her Lover: And when we're married, sweetheart, you'll take my name, won't you?

Actress (many times wed): Well, I'll think it over, dear—but it may be for such a short time, you know.

"Why did you knock out the dentist's tooth?"

"Because he jerked out a perfectly good tooth of mine."



"That man at the next table has a lot of vices."

"What is he—a bad man or a carpenter?"

Do not wait for stiffness and lameness to set in—rub in Absorbine, Jr., immediately. It will quickly relieve the pain and ache and reduce the inflammation. Being a powerful antiseptic and germicide as well as a cooling, soothing liniment, Absorbine, Jr., heals quickly and shortens the period of recovery. Keep it handy at all times for cuts, wounds, bruises, sprains, burns and aches. It is not greasy and does not stain. At your druggists—$1.25 per bottle. Hospital size, 2.50.

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Relieve the pain
Reduce the swelling
Absorbine Jr.

BROKEN WINGS

by Barbara Webb

CONTINUED

BLOOD BROTHERS

Aruman, weighted down with beads and wearing a crown of feathers, led the procession through the forest. One of the older men carried his feather cloak. Others bore old spears, long past their usefulness but with stories of hunting prowess attached to them. Two young men carried a live pig, its feet tied together so it could be slung on a pole. The pig's squeals enlivened the march, which otherwise might have had a gloomy tinge, for the men walked with set faces and looks of fear.

Not for nothing had this old volcano belched fire and lava on their ancestors. Racial fear, passed down from generation to generation, potent long after the volcano had grown cold and its crater had filled with debris, was strong in their hearts. Not until the spirit of fire had been appeased could they be merry again. They were near to the most important time of the year for the whole tribe, and they were duly impressed with the solemnity of the occasion.

There was much speculation, too, about the making of this white man into a white brother. Would Paloola be pleased? Would the fire spirit hide so that the rain would come, the rain that brought fertility to the earth? Ahiwaya had urged the taking of Bill into the tribe. It pleased Aruman's vanity, too, to have so unusual a thing happen.

The pig finally grew tired of squealing. Only the low murmur of the men's voices filled the forest. After an hour's march they halted and arranged themselves in a kind of hollow square. Trees were sparse here and they could proceed in this fashion without any serious break in their ranks. At a signal from Aruman they broke into a chant, low, wailing, full of appeal to the forces that gave or withheld fruitlessness of crops, according to their primitive philosophy.

It affected Bill unpleasantly and worked on his usually strong nerves until he wished he were back in camp, not here with these half-naked men who were so completely absorbed in the ritual worship. They had gone around the hill to the farther side, a side Bill had not yet seen. He almost cried aloud at the sight that met his eyes when they finally reached the hill itself.

There was only bare rock, extending clear to the summit of the crater. And due to some freak in the formation of the lava, ages back, there was the gigantic but clearly defined figure of a man extending over half of the hill. At sight of this awesome figure the natives prostrated themselves and Aruman slowly and with dignity donned his feathered robe. Then accompanied by the two oldest men and the young men carrying the pig, he approached the colossal natural figure and knelt at one of its great feet.

Still kneeling, the tribesmen watched. At a signal from Ahiwaya Bill also knelt, but he did not hide his eyes as the others did. So it was that he saw that Aruman, having offered prayers, took a shining knife from his belt, raised it high until it flashed in the sun, then plunged it into the throat of the pig. Then, leaving this blood sacrifice to the silent god, rejoined his followers.

The tension that had filled every heart lest fire flash forth from the crater as it had done ages before relaxed. Plainly the god of the mountain was not displeased. They would camp in his shadow now and wait for the supreme sign of his pleasure to appear in the sky, dark clouds bearing rain to them.

The rest of the afternoon was spent in preparations for the night. Fires were built, young trees bent down to form rude shelters, and food heaped near the fires. At sundown Aruman selected two young men of proved courage to ascend the mountain and stand sentinel. They were to watch all night for clouds. At dawn two other watchers would replace them. So until the clouds finally appeared would the tribe keep vigil for this gift of nature which they believed to be the gift of their gods.

Bill could see the two figures standing on the mountain top. They looked lonely and yet he envied them. They were doing what their brothers believed to be a brave thing and it passed through his mind that if he were here another year he himself might be one of the watchers.

It was barely dusk when the supper was over. Aruman called Bill into the light of the largest campfire. "Here before the god of the mountain we will make you our brother in blood,' he said solemnly.

The others gathered round. Aruman sank back on a sort of litter that had been prepared for him and asked in his native tongue, "Who claims brotherhood with the white man?"

Three times he asked the question, translating it the last time for Bill's benefit.

Ahiwaya stepped forward. "I claim brotherhood with the white man," he said proudly.

"Tell us why you claim brotherhood with the white man," Aruman commanded.

"I claim brotherhood with the white man because he is good, because he is wise. I have slept a this side. I have walked the woods with him. I have swum in the sea and run on the land with him. I have eaten from his dish and drunk from his water bowl. I would be with him as the two sons of one mother.' '

Ahiwaya spoke the ancient words of the tribe proudly and with nobility. Bill could not understand them all, but he was moved by the young man's voice and bearing.

Aruman spoke next to Bill, first in the dialect, then in English. "Ahiwaya, son of fire and water, claims brotherhood with you oh white man. He would be to you as two sons of the same mother. He would share his food and water with you, give you his bed to sleep in, feed your sons and get husbands for your daughters. In all things he will be to you as your brother and asks that you make these same promises to him."

Ahiwaya laid his hand over Bill's heart and looked straight into his eyes. For reply Bill placed his hand on Ahiwaya's heart and answered him gaze for gaze.

"It is good," said the oldest man. "It is good," said the others.

"What do you give your brother, oh Ahiwaya?' '

"I give him my heart's blood," Ahiwaya answered.

"What do you give your brother, oh white man?" Aruman asked and supplied the answer which Bill repeated "I give him my heart's blood."

"Say it in our tongue, white man," Aruman commanded, and Bill faltered the native syllables after the chief.

The old man brought a knife then. Two younger men approached and stripped Bill and Ahiwaya of all their clothing so that they stood naked in the firelight. Aruman rose, put on his feathered cloak and then skillfully pricked a vein in Bill's forearm and one in Ahiwaya's. A bowl made of clay was held beneath the two wounds and after a few minutes, when all the tribe had observed the happening, Aruman asked, "Are you satisfied, oh men of the tribe of Aruman?"

The answer came clearly ,"We are satisfied, oh chief."

Aruman spoke again, "Are you satisfied, oh god of the mountain?"

An echo bore his words back to him and was taken for a sign of approval by the listening tribe. Lastly a bowl of sour breadfruit wine was brought and Bill and Ahiwaya drank from it together. When this was finished Aruman intoned the closing chant of the ceremony.

"You have mingled your blood with
mine, oh white man
I have mingled my blood with yours.
From this moment on we live as
brothers in peace and war
In time of trouble and in time of
happiness. Bear witness, oh
stars,
Bear witness, oh moon. Bear witness,
oh dreadful god of the mountain."

There was a shout when Aruman was silent. With one accord the tribesmen joined in a wild dance around Ahiwaya and his newly made brother. The night grew later and still they danced and shouted. Finally Aruman withdrew to his shelter and one by one the others followed.

At long last Bill was alone the camp was quiet, Ahiwaya slept at his side, and silhouetted on the hilltop were the two sentinels who watched for rain.

Stealthily Bill crept from his bed. With the caution learned from Ahiwaya in the forest he passed into the shadow of the trees. Free finally from the last glimmer of the campfire he broke into a run, a run that would bring him within an hour to where Katherine would surely be waiting for him on the narrow beach.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow)

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Black Eye For The Hoover Govt.

(Special to the Guardian)

WASHINGTON, D. C., Oct. 3.—By a vote of 47 to 42 the Senate today struck out of the tariff bill the so called flexible tariff clauses, which empower the President, after an investigation by the tariff commission to increase or decrease any tariff duty by not more than 50 percent. A substitute prepared by Senator Simmons, Democrat, North Carolina and Senator Norris, Republican Nebraska, was adopted. This substitute retains the tariff commission for investigation urposes but the commission reports to Congress instead of the President, and any change in duty recommended must be brought about by act of Congress instead of a presidential proclamation.

The vote was a black eye for the Hoover administration, as President Hoover recently issued a statement to the press urging that the flexible tariff clauses be retained and their administration be confided to the chief executive.

On today's vote four Democrats including Senator Steck of Iowa stood by the President while thirteen Republican Senators voted against the administration.

The floor and gallery of the Senate were crowded in anticipation of the vote which was considered decisive. It demonstrated that the Democrats and western Republican Senators have effected a combination which is in control of the Senate.

Good In Every Way

Baby's Own Tablets Banish Babyhood and Childhood Ailments.

A medicine that all mothers praise—one good in every way—one that will quickly banish the minor ills of babyhood and childhood is the medicine to keep in the medicine chest; to always have on hand in case of emergency. Such a medicine is Baby's Own Tablets—they are helpful at all times. They are a mild but thorough laxative which by regulating the bowels and stomach banish colds and simple fevers; correct constipation and indigestion; relieve colic and diarrhoea and make the cutting of teeth easy.

Thousands of mothers use no other medicine for their little ones. Among them is Mrs. J. H. Bromley, Westmeath, Ont., who writes:—"I have four children and whenever any of them are ill I always use Baby's Own Tablets and have found them good in every way. I would not be without the Tablets and would also like your little booklet 'Care of the Baby in Health and Sickness.' "

Baby's Own Tablets are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Knocking Ladies Down

(Manitoba Free Press)

In a quaintly foolish spirit of mirth, the London Saturday Review offers prizes for a poem in a manner of one by Hilaire Belloc beginning with the two lines,

"The only fault of Reuben Brown
Was knocking aged spinsters down."

The first prize was awarded to the following poem submitted by George Van Raalte:

The only fault of Reuben Brown
Was knocking aged spinsters down.
He loved to hear their timid squeal,
And see their look of soft appeal;
And wept with joy to watch them
flutter,
On muddy mornings in the gutter.
And in this not unhealthy pleasure
He spent his frequent hours of
leisure—
Till came day when Spinster Fate
Decided to retaliate.
A lady sauntered close ahead:
He caught her up with wary tread,
And sent her sprawling on the earth.
His eyes grew dim with tears of
mirth.
They cleared; and there before him
lay,
Among wet leaves and liquid clay,
The richest of the rich relations
On whom he based his expectations.
His Aunt! She turned, she saw,
she knew!
In blind and nervous haste he flew,
And slipped beneath a passing bus:
His death was instantaneous.
Two morals, Reader, here are shown.
"Don't knock a lady down" is one;
The next, if you'd avoid a shock,
Is simple: "Look before you knock."

A different moral is to be drawn from the experience of a youthful accountant furnished in the most recently received Sidney Bulletin from Australia.

"The younthful accountant, walking home about midnight, heard shrieks for help. Dashing towards the screams, he found a young woman in scanty attire hanging on to a gate-post in a suburban street, while a man was trying to wrench her away. The youth promptly fell on the assailant, and the brisk scrap that ensued soon brought the neighbors to the scene. Some were content to stand by and see fair play; others, encouraged by the still-screaming woman, rang for the police. When the Law arrived it found a badly-battered accountant wiping the blood from his face, while an indignant husband explained that his wife had, during an attack of hysterics, rushed into the street, whence he was inducing her to return inside when the stranger dashed up and dealt him a mighty blow. The matter was settled by apologies on the part of the chivalrous one, who not only ruined a good suit but was unable to sit for his accountancy examinations next day, owing to impaired vision and other damages. But what stung him most of all was the assurance of a neighbor that the lady always had hysterics when thwarted by her husband, and that the cause of that particular outburst was an argument over a new hat!"

PEAKES ROAD SCHOOL

Following is the Honor Roll for September:

Grade VII—1, Mary Hughes; 2, Helen Clarkin; 3, Rose Crane; 4, Alvin McInnis.

Grade VI—Caroline Grant; 2, Pearle Hughes; 3, Cyprian Grant.

Grade IV—1, Daniel McInnis; 2, Helen Hughes; 3, Edward Crane; 4, Elizabeth Crane.

Grade II—1, John Wm. Crane; 2, James Crane; 3, James Hughes; 4, James MacDonald; 5, Martina MacDonald.

Grade I (Sr.,)—1, Mabel McInnis; 2, Blanche Fisher; 3, Bruce Crane; 4, Joseph MacDonald; 5, Lucille Grant; 6, Vernon MacKay.

Grade I (Jr.,)—1, Miriam MacKay; 2, Reta McInnis; 3, Harold Hughes; 4, Eileen Fisher; 5, Nelson Crane; 6, Herbert Crane; 7, Earle MacKay.

Elizabeth Condon—Teacher.

Auction Sale Of Furniture

I am instructed by James A. Callaghan, 237 Grafton Street, to sell by Auction on Tuesday, October 8th, at 2 P. M., the following: Parlor Suite, Dining Room Suite, Kitchen Utensils, 3 Bed Room Suites, Hall Rack and a lot of Oil Cloth and Rugs and other articles.

JOHN P. BRADLEY,
Auctioneer.

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Vocal — The Melody Three — 22028

Nat Shilkret

Am I Blue?

from the motion picture "On With the Show"

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