

SPENT \$1500 TRY-
ING TO GET WELL

Then Kellogg's ALL-BRAN
Brought Relief

This startling letter from an ex-
service man will interest everyone
who suffers from constipation:
"I was discharged after the World War
with heart trouble and bad stomach. I had
saved about \$1500. Since then I've spent
that sum and a lot more on doctoring and
operations and medicines. I always was
bothered with constipation.
"I told my wife to get some kind of light
breakfast food and I would try it. She
came home with a small package of Kellogg's
ALL-BRAN. I ate it for breakfast, lunch
and dinner, about a common tea-saucer full
with milk at each meal. I have been doing
this for about a month. I have stopped taking
dope (medicines). I work 9 to 12 hours.
I have a good appetite. And now I am gain-
ing flesh and believe I am getting well."
— GEORGE C. O'CONNOR (address on request).
Cleanse your system of constipa-
tion's poisons. Thousands have re-
gained their old-time vigor and vim,
stopped constipation forever, by
eating Kellogg's ALL-BRAN.
Eat two tablespoonfuls daily.
In chronic cases, with every meal.
Relief is guaranteed. ALL-BRAN
is 100% bran. 100% effective—do-
ctors recommend it. Ready-to-serve
with milk or cream. Use in cooking.
See the recipes on the package.
Made by Kellogg in London, Ontario.
Sold by all grocers. Served in lead-
ing hotels and restaurants—dining
cars.



More than \$1,000,000 worth of
electric refrigerators are being ex-
ported from the United States every
month.

SMILES

GABBY GERTIE



"When a girl just loves to please
her husband she isn't getting much
kick out of it herself."



"Who did that young lady geol-
ogist marry?"
"Some old fossil, I guess."



He: Yes, I was held up and
robbed of my cash, my watch and
rings in Chicago.
She: Didn't you have a revolver?
He: Yeh—but they didn't find
that.

THE NEWSPAPER POET
Sleazy and well and strong of limb,
Vet cross as any bear.
No lack of food, his income good,
But not a soul does care
To speak to him as at his desk
He tolls—yes, all were lost.
In the heat he tries to beat
The march of Autumn's frost.



"Are you going to wear your
backless bathing suit tomorrow?"
"Why should I with a chiroprac-
tor's convention on here then?"

Broken Wings

CONTINUED

KITTY'S CHOICE

In the middle of the afternoon Bill
was roused from the semiconscious state
by a hand on his shoulder. One of
the guards was standing there, offer-
ing him food and water. Bill
drank deeply and thrust the food
aside. He could not eat.

"Come," the guard said then, using
a native word that Bill understood.

Skilfully he unbound Bill's arms
and released him from the tree
"Come," he said again and darted
into the forest. Bill followed. It did
not matter much where they took
him. He saw the forms of three other
men, one on either hand, one behind
him, watchful eyes on every side.
They were walking rapidly in the
direction of the settlement, and, as
the exercise sent the blood flowing
through his numbed limbs, Bill felt
new hope in his heart. Perhaps they
were taking him to Katherine's.

The sun had just begun to throw
long shadows from the trees when
they stepped into the clearing.
Straight past the campfire they went
and across to Aruman's house.

"Enter," said the guard and Bill
obeyed to find himself in the presence
of the chief.

"Welcome, white man," Aruman
said wearily. "I go now, but the
wife's woman comes. My men wait
outside. They carry spears. You have
from now till sundown."

And like an old man, worn with
work, Aruman left the house, left
Bill standing alone in the room where
only the day before he had been talk-
ing with the chief of tribal marriage.
Behind that curtain was the room
that had been offered to him and
Katherine until a house could be built
for them. In a fury of rage at his
recklessness, Bill cursed softly to him-
self. He looked about for a weapon
but there was none in sight.

A shadow darkened the doorway.
Katherine stood there alone, her eyes
full of the great joy of seeing him
again. Then she was in his arms, and
in that long embrace it seemed to the
man that some of his bitter folly was
assuaged.

"We must talk," Katherine said
swiftly, freeing herself. "We have
only," she glanced at the waning
light, "we have only an hour together,
my dear."

"An hour!" he echoed her words.
"A—so much to say."

"One thing that matters—I
love you."

"Can you believe that I love you?"
he asked.

"I know that you love me. Don't
blame yourself, Bill. This isn't the
time for repentance—we may
have eternity for that," and she at-
tempted to smile at him.

"Don't." He took her hands and
looked steadily into her eyes. "You
are not to do the mad thing you
suggested back there at the moun-
tain. I will not have it. This folly
is my own, to pay for with my own
life, not yours as well."

"You forget that unless I take his
place an innocent man will die with
you," she reminded him.

"Your life is worth more than his."
"Is it? What is my life worth here
if you are gone? What can I do?
Work like a slave, suffer long hours
of remorse that I have let Ahways
die, eat out my heart in grief for
you? Just existing, not living." She
held his hands tightly, her eyes never
leaving his face.

"But help will come," he insisted
"You will be saved."

"Saved for what? Think, months
have passed since we disappeared.
By this time my father and mother
have given up hope, surely. Sup-
pose they do succeed in finding me
after long years. What will I be?
A broken, grief-worn woman, not the
daughter they lost. Oh, Bill, I tell
you it is far better for us to die
together than for me to live on here.
I should lose my mind, I should go
crazy. I couldn't stand it. And
think, too, if I live I must stand help-
lessly by while they—while they—"

"Hush!" He put his hand gently
over her mouth. "Don't say it. I

am still alive; so are you, but—"
he paused, overwhelmed by the hope-
lessness of their situation.

"Look at me, Bill. Can't you see
how much better for both of us it is
for us to die together? You could
not endure leaving me behind. I can-
not live without you. Even if it were
not for Ahways I would want to
die with you. But if they were to
kill you both I should feel always as
though I had murdered him myself.
No, there is only one way for us,
being what we are. My life or his—
can you choose, Bill?"

The man was silent. He saw the
truth of what she said. Remorse over
Ahways' death, grief over the loss
of her lover, loneliness, hard work, a
living death. But there was still the
hope of rescue.

"Listen, Katherine. I didn't tell
you this, for I thought it would only
worry you to know, and then there
was little chance. But the day after
we saw the seaplane from the hill I
went with Aruman to Broken Wings
Island."

She nodded. "Yes, I know."

"And Katherine, I was right. We
did see a plane. It had landed on
our old island. I saw the footprints
in the sand."

"Footprints?"

"Yes. The pilot had landed on the
water and waded in to shore. He was
wearing leather shoes with heels,
quite different from anything the
natives wore. I could see where he
had stood a long time looking at the
falcon. Then he had walked over to
our campfire and had knelt by our
brook. I saw those footprints, Kath-
erine. Some one knows that we

landed there."

"But why, if that is true, has he
not come back?"

"I don't know. I have watched
again and again, but he has not re-
turned. He may have been forced
down on the ocean for lack of fuel.
He may have lost his bearings, some-
thing has prevented his return. But
if he did reach his base help will
come, Katherine, come probably with-
in these next few weeks. Let them
find you alive and well. I'm not worth
your sacrifice, fool—"

"Don't. No one could prevent what
happened, Bill. And it seems to me
that the chance of the return of the
seaplane since so much time has
passed is very slight. Suppose he does
come back? Aruman will hide me
in the forest and tell them he has
seen neither of us. He is too wise to
let other white people know that you
were killed here on the island. There
isn't a chance in a thousand that he
would ever let me see any one
from a rescue party."

Bill had not thought of this, but it
was undoubtedly true. Katherine was
quick to press her advantage. "Think
think, either I drag out a life in
death here alone or I meet a quick
sure death with you. Oh, my dear,
dear, there isn't any choice at all.
Tell me, what would you choose for
yourself if our position were re-
versed?"

"Death." He spoke the word with
the finality of despair and both knew
the battle was won. No more words
were necessary. Neither tried to
speak. Like two lost children they
clung together and watched the dark-
ness of their last hour with each other

creep over the earth.

There was the sound of approach-
ing footsteps. Katherine stirred in
Bill's arms.

"They are coming," she whispered.
"Yes, they are coming," he an-
swered thickly.

"We will see each other again," she
said, "but this is hood-by."

He answered her kiss and felt no
surprise at the taste of tears in his
mouth.

"Don't cry," he said gently, sooth-
ing her. "Don't cry." Such futile
words, and yet from that simple com-
mand Katherine drew courage.

"I won't. We'll be brave, won't we
Bill? Do you know," she smiled up at
him, and her smile tore his heart as
kisses could never have done, "do you
know that I believe we cannot be
separated? It's better this way, after
all. No years to grow old and dull in
—just the hour together and then
death. Nothing ever to spoil our
love."

Aruman entered. Candles lit the
gloom and Katherine was led away
to her house. She did not look back
at him, and she walked with the firm
step of one who has nothing to fear. The
man watching her felt suddenly
lifted above himself. After all cour-
age was what mattered, what was it
he had read somewhere, it wasn't life
that mattered, but the courage you
brought to meet it. He straightened
himself, bowed to Aruman, and
walked away with his guards to the
hut he had occupied with Katherine
their first night here. But this night
he occupied the hut alone.

To Be Continued Tomorrow

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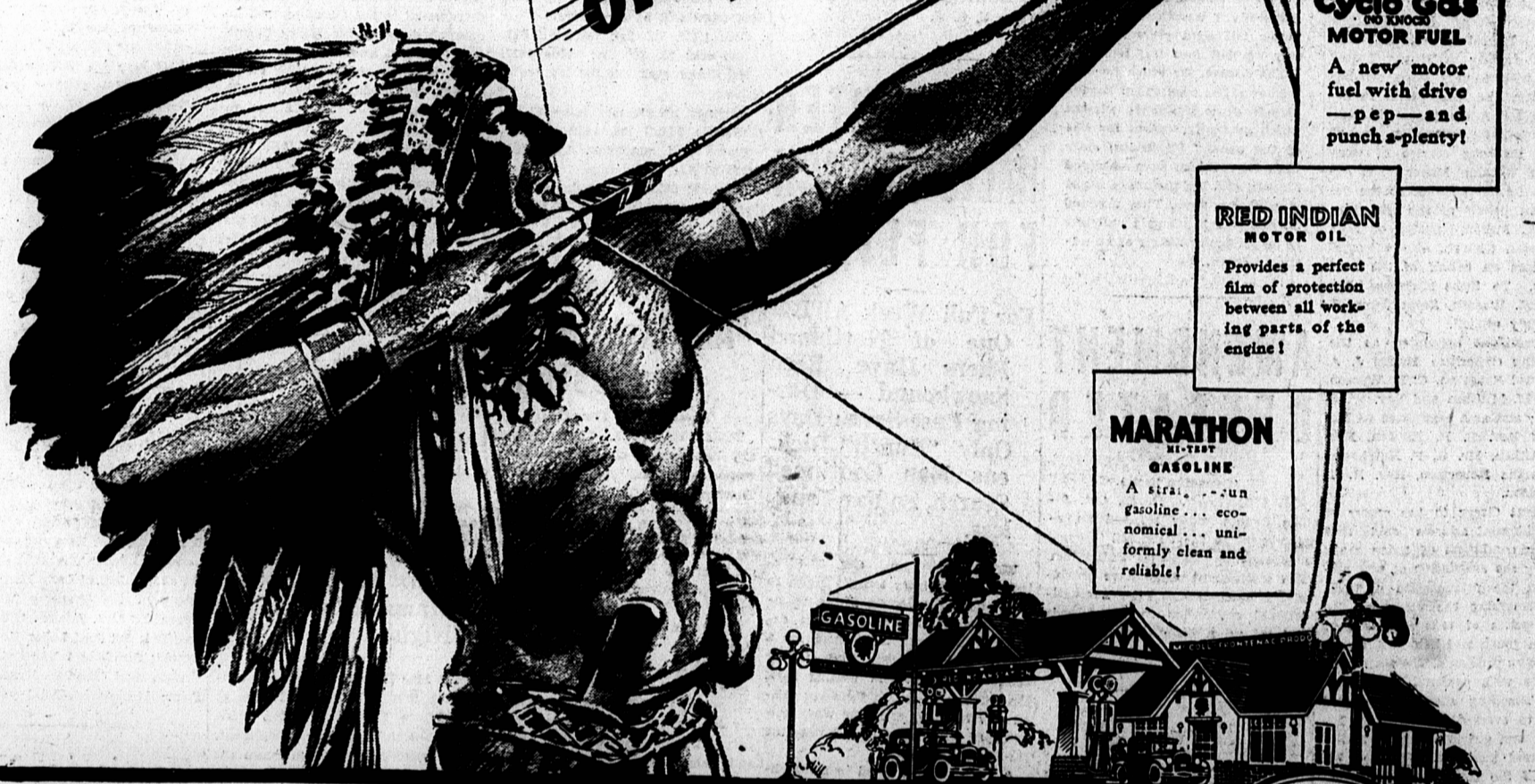
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Tenders will be received by the
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purchase of the lot of land, with house
and workshop, situated in Kinkora,
being the property of the late Felix
F. Mulligan. Also for the purchase
of a complete set of Carpenter's tools
and shoemaker's outfit including
sewing machines and a quantity of
lumber and household effects.
Intending purchasers may submit
one tender for the above, or two
separate tenders.
Tenders will also be received until
the above date for the purchase of
thirty-three acres of land lying and
situate in Maple Plains School dis-
trict, the property of the late Felix F.
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remove the building, including founda-
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