

She Could Hardly Do Her Housework Nerves Were So Bad

By I. M. Parks, Concession, Ont. "I had heart and nerve trouble, and became so short of breath I could hardly do my daily housework, and was so nervous I could not think of staying alone, as every little sound I heard felt like a shock to me.

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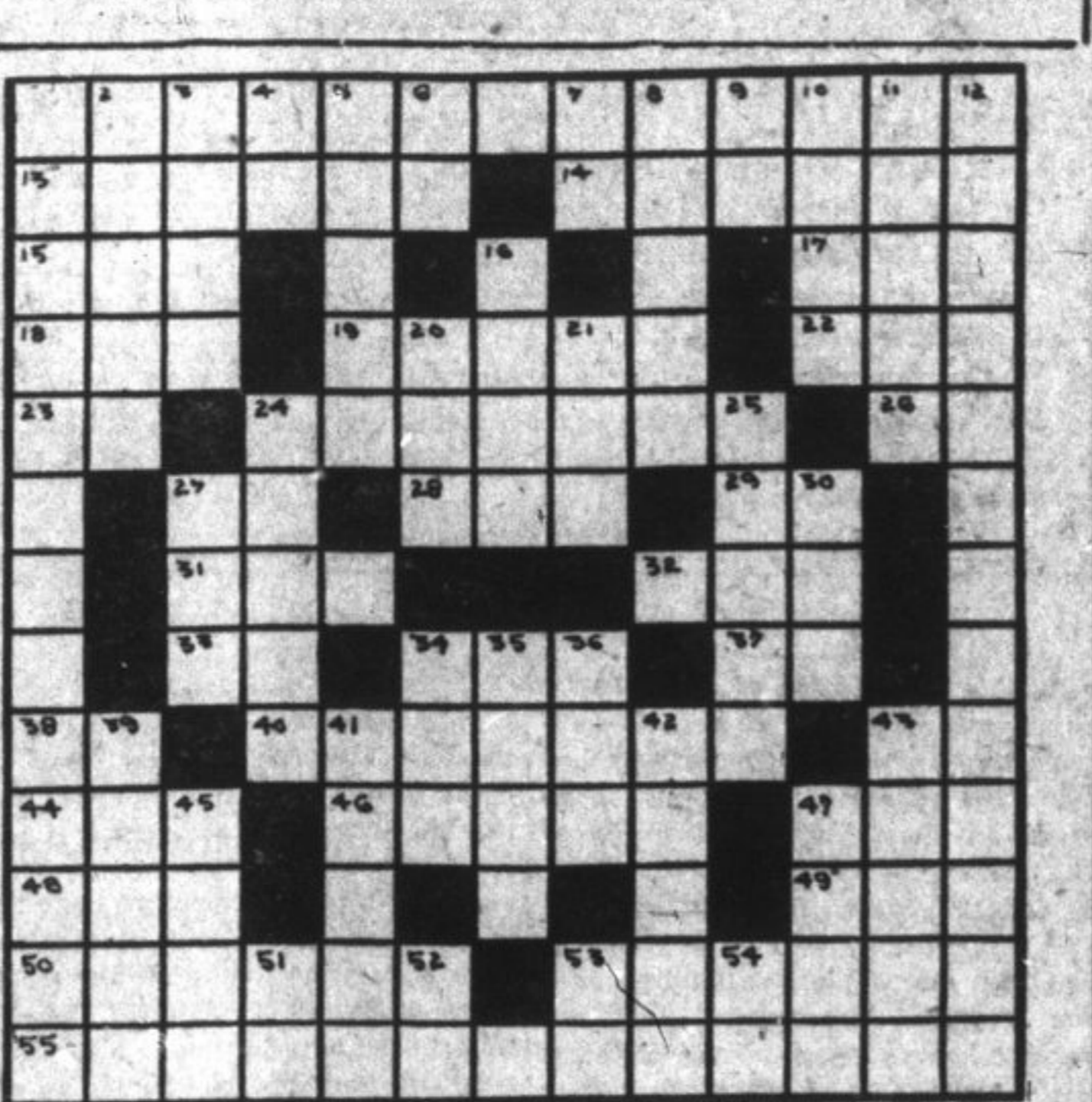
ADVENTURES OF THE TWINS by Olive Roberts Bartor

Mister Tingaling Can't Believe His Ears. "We must go and collect Mister Beaver's rent next," said Mister Tingaling. "I completely forgot about it when I made my last trip to Ripple Creek." "We'll have to put on our swimming clothes then, won't we?" said Nick. "You know better than that, Nick," said the fairman landlord. "Even if we do have to go under water to get there, we can't get wet with so much magic along." "I know, Mister Tingaling," said Nick. "I was only joking." "Well, then, let's be going," said Mister Tingaling. It wasn't more than five minutes and fifteen seconds before the Twins and the little fairman found themselves in the underground hallway of the Beaver Warren. For that's what the Beaver family called their house. It was a big house made of sticks and mud, with a rounded roof. Inside, it was pretty dark, but glowing lamps made it look very cozy and homelike. There were Grandma and Grandpa Beaver, sitting on splint chairs and dozing comfortably. And there were the Beaver children playing tag with their little flat tails, all over the place. And there was Papa Beaver whitening some sticks with his sharp teeth to get the bark off for soap. And there was Mama Beaver cooking dinner, or supper, or whatever it is that beavers have at night. "Come right in and make yourselves at home!" said Mrs. Beaver hospitably, when she saw them. "I was just thinking it was time you were coming around, Mister Landlord. See here, Mister Beaver, here's company! And Ma and Pa Beaver,

WILD GEESE By Martha Ostenso.

The days went by, and Martin was able to use his arm again. Caleb continued his soft chiding whenever he came into the house. "Could 'a' got that wagon from Johnson for half price if I'd 'a' had somebody to send down for it," he said in the presence of the entire family at the dinner table. "Always lookin' on somethin'—I'm no business man, or I'd 'a' had somebody down. I'll have to get you to go for me next time, Charlie. You're dependable." Martin's face grew red, but he said nothing. During the days of inactivity he had been thinking. He had found himself, and with the finding had come a sense of shame. He resolved to assert himself as a man should as soon as he had all his strength back. There would be a new house in the spring. But he would wait—until after the harvest. One day was spent in mowing the hay at the Klavacs' and carrying it to Caleb's land, where it would be stacked after a period of drying. Then they turned to the grain. Judith and Charlie began the cutting and binding. Martin would be strong enough to go to the fields the next week. The work began on a raw, windy day, from which the last vestige of summer seemed to have departed. Judith had been in and out since the day when she had vented herself upon Ellen, and Caleb was confident concerning her, but he remained on the place nevertheless, occupying himself with mysterious tasks that kept him in full view of the field in which Judith was binding barley. She came home to meals every day with apparently no change in her mood. Her eyes were heavy and shadowed, and Amelia was almost unable to wake her in the mornings. Lind tried in vain to speak to her once or twice. She remembered the peculiar expression in the girl's eyes the last night Lind had talked with her in her room, when she had covered her body quickly with her clothing. A thought had come into Lind's mind then that she had later dismissed. Now it returned to her. Ellen elaborately paid no attention to Judith, but the girl was too heavy in spirit even to know that she was being ignored. The only thing she was conscious of was the eternal vigilance of Caleb, and the hostile reminding Amelia gave her every time she came into the house. She became so inured to misery that nothing else seemed to exist in the world. The weather cleared again, and now came the bright, dry heat of late summer. Lind went down one day to stand outside the fence and watch Jude where she drove up and down the field on the binder. The grain stood like stiff brown gold, and over it the heat moved in dazzling waves. Judith went on and on monotonously, not once turning to look at Lind. Not once, even did she lift her hand to wipe the moisture from her face. Her spirit was gone, and all that remained was her great, lusting body, that went on working like a machine. Lind was startled at the change in her. She hoped that when Martin was ready to help with the grain, there would be a lift in her mood. She saw Sven one evening and told him that she feared Caleb was breaking Judith by his ceaseless watchfulness. Sven sprang up at once on it, impulsive, to go to Caleb and handle him as he saw fit, but Lind persuaded him to wait. Something must surely come up soon to take Caleb away from the farm. Martin was finally able to go to the field. His shoulder was still sensitive and stiff, but he could no longer remain idle and see Judith going out each morning and coming

CROSS-WORDPUZZLE



- Horizontal. 1. Residence. 13. Conceal molding. 14. One who wears. 15. To make lace. 17. Collection of facts. 18. Anger. 19. One who is ruined (slang). 22. To err. 23. Myself. 24. Requisites. 26. Like. 27a. To accomplish. 28. Hen fruit. 29. Toward. 31. Suitable. 32. Ye. 33. Myself. 34. Blue Grass. 37. Neuter pronoun. 38. Printer's measure. 39. Pertaining to Norse poetry. 43. You and me. 44. Recent. 45. Bulb vegetable with strong smell. 47. Silk worm. 48. Age. 49. Since. 50. Type of loosely rolled tea. 53. Got up. 55. Steadiness. Vertical. 1. Quality of being worthy of esteem. 2. Fright. 3. To carry. 4. Preposition of place. 5. The middle or protuberant part of a keg. 6. Minor note. 7. Point of compass. 8. Harkened. 9. Mother. 10. Ages. 11. Funeral song. 12. Gear device on an auto (pl.). 19. Stump of a tree. 20. To be in debt. 21. Unit of work. 24. Heavy cords. 25. A person apparently indifferent to pleasure and pain. 27. Obstruction in a stream. 30. Opposite of in. 34. Cooking utensil. 35. Hodgepodge. 36. Stir. 37. Worthiness. 41. Was able. 42. Passive. 43. Insists upon. 45. To decline. 47. To relieve. 51. Linguist. Negro tribe. 52. Preposition. 53. Like. 54. Within.

there, and dampen and roll them up for ironing. On a night of high wind, Anton Klavacs died. Mark went the next day to Yellow Post to arrange with Johanneson about the burial, and Caleb Gare was notified in a message sent by a halfbrother to come to a meeting in the church. The question to be discussed was whether it was ethical to bury a Catholic in a Protestant cemetery. Mark happened to be on hand when Johanneson sent the message with the answer. Caleb had the mortuary to be at the church on the morning, when the weighty question would be gone into. Johanneson assured Mark that he would do his best to bring about a favorable decision, but reminded him that Caleb Gare was a hard man, and a "Christian." Mark returned to a scene of desolation. Mrs. Sandbo and Lind were there with the children, who were sitting about the kitchen in great-eyed terror. The door to the other room was closed. Behind it lay the body of Anton Klavacs. Mrs. Sandbo had washed and dressed him, telling Lind between her sobs that it was the tenth time that she had "fed out" since she had come to Osgood. Anton had died in peace. The inspector had come the day before and had gone over the place, and papers were signed which made him sole owner of the land to which he had given the last glow of his spirit. He had satisfactorily "proved up" his homestead. Lind and Mark went out to talk alone when the latter returned from Yellow Post. "If Caleb Gare holds out, by God, I'll throttle him!" Mark muttered after he had told her of the meeting that was to be held. "Surely he can't," Lind protested. "He hasn't the power, has he?" "Well, the church has, I suppose, and he's the church, here." Lind was thoughtful for a moment. "He'll be gone most of the day to-morrow. I should think!" Mark thought he probably would. "It'll be a chance for Sven to see Judith," Lind observed. "I had better take the children and the girls over to Sandbos' now, hasn't it? And you intend to go to Yellow Post to-morrow afternoon?" "Yes, I'll see to that. If Caleb won't give his consent, I'll have to be the Indian cemetery at the mission. That's far away, but I'll have to be." "They wouldn't let him be buried on the place, I suppose?" (To Be Continued.)

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS. When she could no longer see him her throat tightened and her lids winked rapidly behind her glasses. For a moment she had been near someone who had seen and talked with Malcolm. Now even that moment was gone. She raised her eyes and could see dimly the white clothes fluttering on the line in the yard at home. She would take them in when she got

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RED WISHING HAS EARNED GEOLOGY TREE MAPLE 1 DOLLAR. Answer to Friday's Crossword Puzzle.

RADIO SUNDAY, JUNE 6. KDKA (800.1) Pittsburgh, Pa. 3 p.m.—Organ recital by Dr. Charles Heinrich, Carnegie Institute. 5.30—KDKA Little Symphony Orchestra. 6.15—Baseball scores. 6.20—Calvary Episcopal chimes. 6.45—Service at Calvary Episcopal Church in commemoration of Florence Nightingale. Sermon by Lester Leake Riley, rector. St. Peter's Protestant Episcopal Church. WGR (819) Buffalo, N.Y. 10.45 a.m.—Westminster Presbyterian Church, Buffalo. 9.15 to 9.45 p.m.—Atwater Kent half-hour. The Radio Theater presents "A Carnival at Seville," from 9.45 to 10.45 p.m. 9.45 to 10.45—Radio Theatre.

WHAP (240) New York City. 2.30 p.m.—Selections from the Bible and Science and Health. 3.15—Concert of sacred music, choir and soloists, John Warren Erb, conductor. 3.45—Mary Ray Pinney, organ recital. MONDAY, JUNE 7. WGR (819) Buffalo, N.Y. 6.30 p.m.—Tokio Dance orchestra. 8—Elocutionist. 8.30—Talk, "Astronomy"; "Over the John Muir Trail in the High Sierra Mountains of California," travelogue. 9—Jackson Glee club. 10—Two-piano, concert. 10.30—Tom and Betty Thomas. 11 p.m. to 1 a.m.—Lopes Stratier Orchestra. WWJ (852.7) Detroit, Mich. 12.05 p.m.—Stattler Orchestra. 3 p.m.—News Orchestra. 6—Dinner concert. 8—A. & P. Gypsies. 9—News Orchestra. WJZ (455) WJY (405) New York. 1 p.m.—Park Lane orchestra. 1.35 p.m.—Commodore Tea concert. 5.22, 5.35, 5.40, 5.50 p.m.—Reports. 7 p.m.—Madison dinner concert. 7.55—John B. Kennedy. 9—Reading Revelers. 10.45—Waldorf-Astoria orchestra. WHAP (240) New York City. 8.30 to 8.35 p.m.—Holmes String Ensemble; "American Composers"; news digest; tenor and soprano; "Air Questionnaire." 8.35 to 10.05 p.m.—Soprano and tenor; speaker; Sylvan String Trio; talk, "Prohibition"; Sylvan trio. 10.05 p.m.—Listeners variety programme with WHAP men's quartet. Complete radio programmes sold at Canada Radio Stores. C.S.L. Crew Rescues Two. Brockville, June 4.—Upset from their canoe in the main channel of the St. Lawrence opposite here by a squall, William Lindridge, aged sixteen, and Charles McCord, aged 12 would undoubtedly have perished by drowning had it not been for the action of the crew of the steamer Maple Lines, in lowering a life boat and rescuing them. The younger boy was badly exhausted.

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BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

Yes, I'll Bite! HILLES GO TO A MOVIE - CAN'T I GOTTA STUDY FOR TH EXAMS? WHAT EXAMS? WHY ALL TH EXAMS, SILLY—YOU'RE GONNA HAVE TO TAKE 'EM, TOO? WHERE? OVER AT TH' COLLEGE - WHEN? NEXT WEEK! S-A-Y-- WHY? - I'LL BITE, WHY?

By Martin. A series of cartoon panels showing a conversation between a man and a woman about exams and movies.