## IS CHILD CROSS,

Look, Mother! If tongue is coated, give "California Syrup of Figs."

Children love this "fruit laxative," and nothing else cleanses the tender stomach, liver and bowels so nicely.

A child simply will not stop playing to empty the bowels, and the result is they become tightly clogged with waste, liver gets sluggish, stomach sours, then your little one becomes cross, half-sick, feverish, don't eat, sleep or act naturally, breath is bad, system full of cold, has sore throat, stomach-ache or diarrhoea. Listen, Mother! See if tongue is coated, then give a teaspoonful of "California Syrup of Figs," and in a few hours all the constipated waste, sour bile and undigested food passes out of the system, and you have a well child again.

Millions of mothers give "California Byrug of Figs" because it is perfectly harmless; children love it, and it never fails to act on the stomach, liver

Ask at the store for a 50-cent bottle of "California Syrup of Figs." which has full directions for babies, children of all ages and for grown-ups plainly printed on the bottle. Adv.

## JUST TO COMPLETE BANQUET

Pathos in Youngster's Longing That Made Strong Appeal to Rich and Charitable Man.

The late Edward Morris, the Chicago meat packer, was worth over \$50,-000,000, and contributed every year to charity as much money as he spent upon his home.

Mr. Morris, like most charitable souls, had a host of anecdotes that threw a quaintly pathetic light on poverty. Thus at a Christmas dinner in Chicago Mr. Morris once said:

"Every eater of a Christmas dinner should think of the little urchin who stood in front of a rich man's basement kitchen, inhaling rapturously the rich odor of roast turkey that gushed forth from the open window, and muttering over and over to himself: "'Gee, I wisht I had a slice o' bread

to go with that there smell."

## A GRATEFUL OLD MAN.

Mr. W. D. Smith, Ethel, Ky., writes: "I have been using Dodd's Kidney Pills for ten or twelve years and they have done me a great deal of good. I do

not think I would be alive today if it were not for Dodd's Kidney Pills. I strained my back about forty years ago, which left it very weak. I was troubled with inflam-

mation of the blad-W. D. Smith. der. Dodd's Kidney Pills cured me of that and the Kidney Trouble. I take Dodd's Kidney Pills now to keep from having Backache. I at liberty to publish this testimonial. and you may use my picture in connection with it." Correspond with Mr. Smith about this wonderful remedy.

Dodd's Kidney Pills, 50c. per box at your dealer or Dodd's Medicine Co., Buffalo, N. Y. Write for Household Hints, also music of National Anthem (English and German words) and recipes for dainty dishes. All 3 sent free.

Natural Kind. "I caught a firebug yesterday." "A confirmed criminal?" "No; a glowworm."

Stop that cough, the source of Pneumonia etc. Prompt use of Dean's Mentholated Cough Drops gives relief--5c at Druggists

Occasionally a man gets up with the lark so that he can take a swallow before breakfast

If a man gets the last word in an ar gument with a woman it is because she gives it to him.

## WHY GRIP IS DANGEROUS.

It is an Epidemic Catarrhal Fever Caused by a Bacillus that Generally Leaves the Patient Weak After the Acute Stage Has Passed.



Grip Patients Grateful to Peruna, the

Expectorant Tonie. Do not make the error of regarding grip as an exaggerated cold. There big difference between the two. Grip is an epidemic disease that polsons the vital organs. When a person has grip, the air passages are with millions of bacilli poisoning the blood. The infected person feels tired and exhausted.

Peruna is a Tonic Laxative.

It requires a good tonic laxative to eep the body of the patient as strong possible to counteract the effect of poisons created by the grip bacils. An expectorant tonic with some xative qualities is the safest remedy. Such is Peruna. Beware escially of coal tar powders or tablets cause they lessen the vitality of the

There is no specific for the grip.

Peruna has been used with good success in former grip epidemics. Indications point to the return of grip

Do not fall to read the experien of former grip patients with Per Mrs. Gentry Gates, 8219 First Ave. East Lake, Ala, writes: "I had a bad case of grip. I tried Peruna and red me. I can safely say it is a nedicine."

Mrs. Charles E. Wells, Sr., 230 South St., Delaware, Ohlo, writes: "After a severe attack of la grippe I Peruna and found it a good

Ask Your Druggist for Free Perun Lucky Day Almanac for 1914.



SYNOPSIS.

The story opens with Jesse Smith relating the story of his birth, early life in Labrador and of the death of his father. Jesse becomes a sailor. His mother marries the master of the ship and both are lost in the wreck of the vessel. Jesse becomes a cowboy in Texas. He marries Polly, a singer of questionable morals, who later is reported to have committed suicide. Jesse becomes a rancher and moves to British Columbia. Kate Trevor takes up the narrative. Unhappily married she contemplates suicide, but changes her mind after meeting Jesse. Jesse rescues Kate from her drink-maddened husband who attempts to kill her. Trevor loses his life in the rapids. Kate rejects offers of grand opera managers to return to the stage and marries Jesse. Their married life starts out happily. Kate succumbs to the pleadings of a composer to return to the stage and runs away with him. She rescues Widow O'Flynn from her burning house, is badly burned herself and returns home, where Jesse receives her with open arms. Jesse calls on neighbors and plans to capture cattle thieves. Kate is rescued from the hands of the bandits. Jesse is captured by the robbers, but by a clever ruse makes prisoners of the robbers. They are turned over to a United States marshal, who has arrived with extradition papers. Jesse takes charge of the outlaw chief's son. Billy O'Flynn, having promised the chief to keep him out of his father's profession. He takes Billy to Vancouver and the lad is shanghaied. A son is born to Kate and Jesse and is named David. Jesse receives a letter from his first wife, Polly, in which she tells him she deceived him into thinking she had killed herself. She threatens to come to him.

CHAPTER XIV.-Continued. The father released me, turning to my dear man. "Jesse," he said, "won't

"You see," he said, "I made a mi lonely. Won't you?"

judged. Filth!

were dead. "The law," he said. "I've come to

find out what's the law?" "Man's law?" "I suppose so." "But I don't know. I'm only a very

ignorant old man; your friend, if you'll have me." "What do you think?"

from which there's no release."

"And here, my son, I am something more than a foolish old man." He rose to his feet, making the sign of the cross. "I am ordained," he said, "a barrister to plead at the bar of Heaven. Will you not have me as your adviser, Jesse?"

"Till death us part!"

"That was not marriage, my son, but blasphemy, the sin beyond forgivenever been your wife."

from the shorlder." "Who made her so?"

Jesse lowered his head.

"Who made her the living accusation of men's sins? She is the terrible state's evidence, God's evidence from the shoulder. Judge not that ye

"Because I married her?" asked

manhood, an act of knightly chivalry "Only a cur would blame the weak. Only a coward would accuse the lost. But in your manhood remember her courage, Jesse. Forgive as you hope

"I will." "You forgive?"

you shake hands with me? take myself, thinking a priest should be celibate to win love from on high. But in its fullest strength God's love comes through a woman to shine upon our life-and so I've missed the greatest of his gifts. Your wife has told me everything, and I'm so envious. Won't you shake hands? I've been so

But my man stood in the mouth of the cave, as though he were being

"This filth," he said, "out of the past

His voice sounded as though he

"So far as I see, Jesse, the woman

can arraign you on a charge of bigamy. Moreover, if you seek divorce she can plead that there's equal guilt, "And that's the law?"

"Man's law. But, Jesse, when you mony, was it man's law which said, Whom God hath joined, let no man nut asunder.' What has man's law to do with the awful justice of Almighty

"Whom God hath joined," Jesse laughed horribly, "that harlot and I." "She swore to love, honor and

"And that was perjury?" "A joke! A joke!"

ness. The piteous lost creature has "I told her what she is, straight

which waits to be released in the Day of Judgment. You told her straight be not judged. Remember that of all the men she knew on earth, you only can plead not guilty."

"Because you tried. You gave her

for pardon. Keep your life clean, from every touch of evil, but to the world stand up for the honor of the name you gave her."

"Yes."

LEAVE CONDIMENTS TO CHEF | bad cooking, to unseasoned cooking, | she was collecting small sums for the

this cooking to be bad. Visiting Frenchman Bitterly Criticises

American Habit of Salting Food Placed Before Them. "It is easy to see that most of these multimillionaires don't know what de-

cent cooking is.' And the French countess, shrugging aer white and pretty shoulders, let her eyes rove disdainfully over the Newport dinner table, with it orchids and its gold plate.

"Why do you say that, madame?" a multimillionaire inquired. "Because," rejoined the countess "the minute a dish is set before you

you all rain salt on it. You all, without exception, rain sait on every dish." "Well?" said the multimillionaire as he rained salt calmly and generously upon his chaufroid de gibier.

"There, look at you," cried the countess, "salting a chaufroid de gi-bier, to which a chef has devoted six or seven hours of his best talent! And you salt it without even tasting it arst! That is to say, you are used to

to come. For your wife's honor and for the child, you must keep their names stainless, clear of all reproach while you await God's judgment. They must

"You will pray for her?"

"I will pray."

Illustrations by Ellsworth Young

A Man in the Open

"And now the hardest test has still about Wonderland.

by Roger Pocock

leave you, Jesse. "Oh, not that, sir!" "Can they stay here in honor?"-

"Can you run away?" "Never!"

"Then you must part." Jesse covered his face with his hands, and there against the deepening twilight I saw shadows reaching out from him, as though-slowly the shadows took form of high-shouldered wings and mighty pinions sweeping

to the ground. fully, then with sudden defiance, "I got my feet wet anyway, so there!" He looked up, and behold he was changed.

"Pray for me, sir!" '9 whispered. Then the priest raised his hand, and gave him the benediction.

Jesse Closes the Book. It is years now since my lady left me. Never has an ax touched her trees, or any human creature entered her locked house. The rustle of her dress is in the leaves each fall, the pines still echo to her voice. I hear her footsteps over the new snow, I feel her presence when I read her books. I know her thoughts are spirits haunting me, and all things wait until she comes back. Not until I lost name?" my lady did I ever hear that faint, thin, swaying echo when her grove seemed to be humming tunes. At times when dew was falling, I have heard the pattering of millions and millions of little feet, just as she said, making fairies?"

the grass bend. Tears drop on the paper and shame poor fool Jesse. The Book says that He shall wipe away all tears. If my bear had only lived, I should not have been so lonely. I wonder if-God help me, I can't write more. The book is

PART THREE

CHAPTER I.

Spite House.

Kate Reviews the Book. The book is not finished. This book of Jesse's life and mine is not finished while she who set us asunder is allowed to live. "Vengeance is mine," saith the Lord, "I will repay." We

wait. What impulse moved my man after four years to enter that tragic house? this heap of paper scrawled with rusty ink. He added parts of a chapter. which I have finished. It is all blotted with tears, this record of his lifechildhood, boyhood, youth, manhood, humor, passion-veritable growth of



"Then You Must Part."

an immortal spirit-annals of that love which lifteth us above the earth-and

So I must try to catch up happiness. I have notes here of dear Father your clean name, your pure life, your Jared, made at the time when he was bringing me with Baby David home. I remember we sat in our deck chairs on the sunny side of the ship, watching a cloud race out in mid-Atlantic. We talked of home.

Windsor, and there I went to live with Baby David

From the first my Heaven-born was interested in milk, later in a growing number of worldly things, but it was since I started for England. Look

"Good French cooking needs no ad-

season it, like you multimillionaires,

without so much as tasting it first,

don't know what good French cooking

is. Were I a chef I'd rather work in

a Marseilles eight-sou table d'hote

than in your kitchens of marble and

Touched Her Sympathy.

A kind-hearted lady was collecting

for the Society for the Prevention of

Cruelty to Children. She paid a se-

ries of house-to-house visits, and at

one door her knock was answered by

a rather stupid-looking servant, says

The lady explained her errand; that

Pearson's Weekly.

tion of Cruelty to Children, but the Wonderful Piece of Anatomy Is "Mon ami," said the countess im- girl found this title rather too much pressively, "when a chef sees a diner of a mouthful. She went upstairs to alt or pepper a dish he's in despairthe nursery, where her mistress was he's in despair as a painter would be hard at work bathing and dressing if the purchaser of his painting took half a dozen lively, shouting children. up a brush and added a little more and trying at the same time to coax

> of Children." The worried mother sent down willing donation of half a dollar.

Not a Biography. During a lull in the dinner conversation the hostess turned to the famous traveler and author, who was the lion of the occasion, and said: "I enjoyed reading your book so much. Now tell me honestly, did you

beginning, to when I was a kid, an' mother kep' that hash house in Abilene. D'ye mind if I speak-I mean about this here Polly?"

I set my teeth and hoped he would be guick.

"Well, ye see, mum, she only done it for a joke, and the way Jesse treated

"I can't hear this."

"You don't mind if I say that mother and me haven't no use for Jesse?" "I know that."

"Well, mother put her up to the dea. To get shut of him, she shammed dead. I helped. I say she done right, mum. If she'd let it go at that I'd take her side right now."

"Billy, was that a real marriage?" "It was that. She's Jesse's wife all right."

There was something which braced me in his callous frankness. "I hoped," I said. "Go on."

little interest in other walks of life "Well, mother hated Jesse some Once on the tow-path he asked an old thin' chronic. Afterward when-well, gentleman who was fishing what he she had to run for the British posseswas fishing for, and got the nice reply: "I often wonder." And it was on sions, and we met up with Jesse again this path beside the Thames, that one by accident. He give us a shack and day last November he made a big some land, but mother an' me had our friendship. His nurse was passing a pride. How would you like to take few remarks with a young man who charity? Mother hated him still asked the way to my house, and baby worse, and don't you imagine I'd go went ahead pursuing his lawful occa- back on her. She's my mother.

sicns. Curious to know what it felt "Then you married Jesse. Of course like to be a real fish, he was stepping mother and me both knew that Polly into the river to see about it, when was alive. Father knew, too-and

I Began to Understand What Billy

Meant.

father was around when no one but us

What an escape for us!

feelings same as you."

Poor lad! Poor savage gentleman!

"You saved me from murdering

ment, worse times in general since

There was the glamour, the great-

"Suppose I've grown," said Billy.

"Hard goin', but then I expected, of

"You must have found things

"Didn't get there. I'd news at Hat

"Mother'd took up with Polly at

"It's the Ninety-Nine Mile House.

There's a sign board right across the

Tongue-Proof of Man's Descent

Creek, and kep' the road main north.

Mother wasn't at the ranch any more.

changed when you got to the ranch.'

course, mother'd be there at the

quit the ranch. Five years at sea-"

sheltered women cannot follow.

parture from the Fifty-Nine.'

"The old bush trail?"

course, and-

Spite House."

road:

I don't want to hurt."

'Spite House?"

"Go on, dear lad."

'Mummie says it's in the paper, so it's all right." "What's that, sonny?" "A little boy what went in to see about some fishes, and that man what swum and swum, and I saw'd his pic-

"Leggo my tail," said David wrath-

"That's so," the young man agreed.

"I say," David grew confident.

the young man interfered.

not until last winter by the fireside

that we really had serious tales all

Although David has decided to be a

tram conductor, he still takes some

ture in the paper. So now 'tend you look de udder way." "Why, I can't see nothen." "You can see. The game is for me

to jump in, and you swim." "But I can't swim. I'm a sailor." "Oh, weally? Then what's your

"It's Billy O'Flynn." "No, but that's weally my guinea pig, the pink one-Billy O'Flynn. You're not a fairy, Billy?"

"Why, what does you know about "Most truthfully, you know, I don't believe in fairies, but then it pleases

mummie." So Billy sat on his heel making ever seen him. We knew that Polly friends with the heaven-born, and was alive, and mother would have known the toughest there was in the Patsy, the nurse, came behind him, given Jesse dead away, only we stop- way of boardin' houses; but rough craving with cotton-gloved hands to ped her. Father said it was none of house in 'Frisco itself is holiness comtouch the sailor's crisp, short, golden our business. Father liked Jesse, I pared with what goes on there under man's peaked cap.

"Yes," Billy agreed, 'fairies is rot letters." when there's real gals about, with rosy cheeks a-blushin' an' cotton gloves." "Lawks! 'Ow you sailors does fancy

yourselves," said Patsy, her shy fin- hated Jesse worse, because she gers drawn by that magnetic gold of couldn't hit him for fear of hurting "Climb on my back and ride," said got fond of you.

young O'Flynn to David, "I'll be a fairy horse." "The cheek of 'im!" jeered Patsy, Protestant colors, both of yez. The

"fairy 'orse indeed!" Oh, surely the fairies were very busy about them, tugging at heartchuckled. "I ain't religious-I drink, strings, while Billy and Patsy fell head over ears in love, and my pet cupid no figure with me. had them both for slaves. David rode Billy home, by his august command straight into my brown study, where

I sat in my lazy chair. Was it my voice telling baby to go and get dry feet? Was it my hand grasping Billy's horny paw? For I heard my roaring canyon, saw my cliffs, my embattled sculptured cliffs, and once more seemed to walk with Jesse in Cathedral Grove."

I laughed, I cried. Oh, yes, of course I made a fool of myself. For this dear lad came out of Wonderland, this heedless ruffian who knew of my second marriage, who had such a tale to tell of "Madame Scotson." Oh, haven't you heard? Her precious Baby David is illegitimate! Couldn't Feeling ill-bred and common, I

I hear my neighbor, Mrs. Pollock telling that story at the Scandal club? begged Billy's pardon, made him sit down, tried ever so hard to put him at his ease. Poor lad! His father condemned as a felon, his mother such a wicked old harridan, his life, to say the very least, uncouth. Yet somehow out of that rough savage face road afoot. I thought I'd take my deshone the eyes of a gentleman, and there was manliness in all he said, in everything he did. After that great journey for my sake, how could I let him doubt that he was welcome? ranch, and you, mum, an' Jesse, of

"I know I'm rough," he said humbly, "but you seem to understand. You know I'm straight. You won't mind straight talk unless you're changed, and you're not changed-at

least not that way, mum." Changed! Ah, how changed! The She'd poisoned Jesse's bear, Oh, mum, looking glass had bitter things to tell me, and crying makes me such a Fromall End, where my saint is frump. I never felt so plain. And the curate-in-charge, is on the river near eyes of a young man are often brutally frank to women.

"Don't mind about me, Billy. what you've come to tell me." "Been gettin' it ready to say ever

that as a matter of course you take funds of the Society for the Prevengreen to the grass or a little more blue the recently arrived baby to go to aleep, and announced: "Please'm there's somebody at the door collectditional seasoning at table. They who in' for the Society for the Prevention

hollow or arch it.

really encounter all those wonderful swallow. adventures you narrate?"

"No, indeed," replied the traveler in burst of confidence. "If I had I'd

here, mum, I want to go back to the

they call the place Spite House." Spite House! How right Father Jared was. "Sword versus dragon," he

told us, "is heroic; sword versus cockroach is heroics. Don't draw your sword on a cockroach." This much I tried to explain to young O'Flynn, whose Irish blood has a fine sense of humor. But the smile

THE NINETY-NINE

MRS. JESSE SMITH

HOTEL, STORE, LIVERY.

"She did that to spite Jesse, and

he gave me was one of pity, turning my heart to ice. "Jesse," he said, 'made that mistake. That's why I've come six thousand miles to warn you. Howly Mother, if I'd only the eddication to talk so I'd be understood! "I'm going to try another course

See here, mum. You've heard tell of Cachalot whales. They runs say eighty tons for full whales-one hundred fifty horse-power, dunno how many knots, full of fight to the last drop of blood. That stands for "And them sperm whales is so con temptuous of the giant squid they uses

her for food. She's small along of a sperm whale, but she's mean as eight python snakes with a devil in the middle. That'll do for Polly. "Well, last voyage I seen one of them she-nightmares strangle a bull Cachalot, and the sight turned me sick as a dog. Now, d'ye understand

why I hated him. And now, mum, I'm only sorry for poor Jesse." It was then, I think, that I began really to be terrified. Never in the old days at the ranch had Billy been off his guard even with me. Now he let me know his very heart. I could not help but trust him, and it was no small uneasiness which had brought

the lad to England. "Them devil-squids," he was saying, has a habit of throwing out ink to fog the water, so you won't see what they're up to until they lash out to grapple. That's where they're so like this Polly. She's a fat, hearty, goodnatured body, and it's the surest fact she's kind to men in trouble. Anybody can have a drink, a meal and a bed, no matter how broke he is; and Spite House is free hospital for the district. She'll sit up night nursing a sick man, and, till I went an' lived there. I'd have sworn she was good as they make 'em. That's the ink. "Then you begins to find out, and

what I didn't see, mother would tell me. She'd been three years there. Besides, I seen most of what we calls sailor towns, and I'd thought I'd hair, and David gravely tried on the thought the world of you, so when the sign of Mrs. Jesse Smith. That mother wrote to Polly, we'd burn her name ain't exactly clean." "That's enough, I think, if you don't

old friends—Captain Taylor, for instance, and Iron Dale, and how is dear "Then you saved mother from burning in that shack, and afterward she Doctor McGee?" "Dear Doctor McGee, is it? Well,

you. Oh, she was mad because she'd you see he lived within a mile of Polly. She got him drinkin', skinned him at cards, then told him he'd best shoot "And you took us into your ranch. himself. The snow drifts through his Charity again, and you sailin' under "And Iron Dale? Oh, of course, he way mother prayed for Jesse was was Jesse's friend, too. I'd forgot. enough to scorch his bones." Billy She got him drunk and went through him. That money was for paying his and mother's professin' Catholic cuts hands at the Sky-line-wasn't his to

lose, so he skipped the country. The "Then there's the fightin' between mines closed down and there wasn't father's gang and Jesse's. Dad got no more packing contracts for Jesse." hung, Jesse got the dollars. Rough, I began to understand what Billy common, no-account, white trash, like meant, and it was with sick fear I mother an' me, hears Jesse expoundasked concerning my dear man's ing the Scriptures. We ain't got no stanchest friend, his banker, Captain

Boulton Taylor. "You'd better know, mum." There was pain in the lad's face, reluctance Jesse and got me away from that in his voice. "Being the nearest magranch. Since then I've followed the istrate, he tried to down Polly for sea. There's worse men' there than keeping a disorderly house. But then, Jesse. I seen worse grub, worse treatas old man Taylor owned, he didn't know enough law to plug a rat hole. There ain't no municipality, so Spite House is outside the law. But Polly's ness of the sea in this lad's eyes, just friends proved all the good she done as in Jesse's eyes. Sailors may be to men who was hurt, or sick, or rugged brutal fierce-not vulgar. broke. Then she showed up how her Men reach out into spaces where we store and hotel was cutting into the trade of Hundred Mile House. She brung complaints before the govern-"Well, mum, I got a notion to go home. ment, so Taylor ain't magistrate now. Signed as A. B. in a four-masted bark The stage stables got moved from Clan Innes out o' Glasgow, for Vancou-Hundred Mile to Spite House. The ver with general cargo. I quit her at post-office had to follow. Now he's Vancouver, made Ashcroft by C. P. R., alone with only a Chinaman. He's blind baggage mostly, then hit the

blind as a bat, too, and there's no two ways about it-Bolt Taylor's dying." "Is there no justice left?"

Dunno about that. She uses a lot I dared not ask about Jesse. To sit still was impossible, to play caged tiger up and down the room would only be ridiculous. Still, Billy's poisonous tobacco excused the opening of a window, so I stood with my back turned, while a November night closed on the river and the misty fields.

(TO BE CONTINUED.) Handsome Is as Handsome Does. Sanford-So you don't believe in judging a man by his clothes? Crabshaw-No, indeed! That's the portion of a good man's life." The way we judge a woman, and look how we get fooled!-Judge.

and the tip of the tongue. They are

fewer on the back of the tongue, be-

GROUP OF ACTIVE MUSCLES points are called taste bulbs, and they are most abundant on the sides

cause that part of it is used mainly From Vegetarians. to roll food and throw it into the throat. The tongue is really a group of The human tongue is comparamuscles, some running from root to tively smooth, showing we are detip, others crossways. Any one of scended from creatures that were these muscles can be used separately egetarian. A tiger's tongue is so or in combination with the others, so rough it will draw blood if you allow that we can move the whole tongue in him to lick your hand. The tongues any direction-lengthen or shorten it, of all carnivorous animals are armed

with a number of small, sharp projec-The tongue is moistened by the tions that curve backward.-Chicago mucous made by the mucous mem-Journal. brane that lines the mouth and by saliva from the salivary glands. The Where She Was Wobbly. mucous of the mouth is controlled by Edith is very timid but she tries to the nervous system and can be great do her duty, and not long since recitly disturbed by worry or fear. That ed a "piece" before some school visitis why when we are very much worried or suddenly frightened our ors with great credit and apparent mouths become so dry we can hardly mented and praised her, especially for not seeming at all nervous. "Oh, but The surface of the tongue is close ly covered with little points. In each I was scared, really, mamma,"

one of these points is the end of a child explained ingenuously. "I held

brain to the tongue. These little seen my knees."

First in Everything and for these reasons Calumet Baking Powder is first in the hearts of the millions of housewives who use it and know it. RECEIVED HIGHEST AWARDS World's Pure Food Exposition, Chicago, Illinois. POWDER SOLUTION A NOT MADE BY THE TRUST what Polly's doing? I told you I hated Jesse. I told you straight to your face CALUMET BAKING POWDER CO CHICAGO ou don't save m Disgusted Church-Did the lecturer fire his audience?

Gotham-No; the audience "fired"

"Pape's Diapepsin" fixes sick,

five minutes. Time it! In five minutes all stomach distress will go. No indigestion, heartburn, sourness or belching of gas, acid, or eructations of undigested food, no dizziness, bloating, or foul breath.

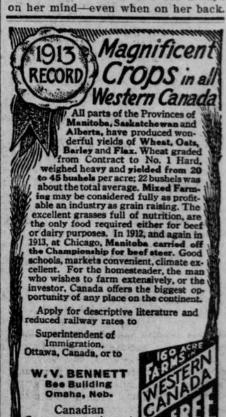
sour, gassy stomachs in

Pape's Diapepsin is noted for its speed in regulating upset stomachs. It is the surest, quickest and most certain indigestion remedy in the whole world, and besides it is harmless. Please for your sake, get a large

fifty-cent case of Pape's Diapepsin from any store and put your stomach right. Don't keep on being miserable -life is too short-you are not here long, so make your stay agreeable. Eat what you like and digest it; enjoy it, without dread of rebellion in the stomach.

Pape's Diapepsin belongs in your home anyway. Should one of the family eat something which don't agree with them, or in case of an attack of indigestion, dyspepsia, gastritis or stomach derangement at daytime or during the night, it is handy to give the quickest relief known. Adv.

And a woman's clothes are always



The Army of Constipation Is Growing Smaller Every Day.
CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are responsible — the not only give relief - they perma-

SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE. Genuine must bear Signature



nerve of taste that runs from the my hands still, but you should have