

### The Wretchedness of Constipation

Can quickly be overcome by CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. Purely vegetable—act surely and gently on the liver. Cure Biliousness, Head-ache, Dizziness, and Indigestion. They do their duty. SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE. Genuine must bear Signature



**BLACK LEG** LOSSES SURELY PREVENTED by Carter's Black Leg Pills. Purely vegetable—act surely and gently on the liver. Cure Biliousness, Head-ache, Dizziness, and Indigestion. They do their duty. SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE. Genuine must bear Signature

**DAISY FLY KILLER** KILLS ANYWHERE. Purely vegetable—act surely and gently on the liver. Cure Biliousness, Head-ache, Dizziness, and Indigestion. They do their duty. SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE. Genuine must bear Signature

**C-R-E-A-M** Best cash market—Handle poultry and real estate. Write for price list and agents. THE E. COBB COMPANY, 14 East 3rd Street, St. Paul, Minn.

**HOW TO PREVENT HOG CHOLERA** Held by a hog raiser with 40 years' experience. By mail postpaid, \$1. Postage and handling charges extra. Write for circular. Sioux City, Iowa.

**Sioux City Directory** "Hub of the Northwest." DEVELOPING and PRINTING. Send for Catalogue and Finishing Price List. ZIMMERMAN BROTHERS, 605 First St., Sioux City, Ia.

**RICE BROTHERS** Live Stock Commission Merchants at SIOUX CITY, Chicago or Kansas City.

**Hog Cholera SERUM** Produced by the old reliable company, The Union Serum Co., Sioux City, Iowa. U. S. Veterinary License No. 61. Write or email your local Veterinarian.

**FUN'S FABLES UP TO DATE** This is About the Literary Man Who Insisted on Writing Just What He Wanted to Write.

Once there was a literary man who decided to write for posterity. He refused to be guided by what the editors said the public wanted, but wrote what he thought it ought to want. According to all the rules of the game he should have starved to death in very short order, but for once, the rules didn't work. Did the public suddenly wake up to the fact that a genius was in their midst? And did the editors camp at his door clamoring for the product of his pen? Oh, no, dear reader, nothing like that at all. A rich aunt died and left him half a million dollars, and he kept right on writing stuff that nobody wanted to read. Whether posterity will read it remains to be seen. As for the moral, well, you've got us guessing—Magazine of Fun.

**Evidence of Good Faith.** Turtle soup always tastes better when you see the turtle tethered out front.—Kansas City Journal.

A civilized man is a savage who is forced to earn his daily bread. If it is necessary to make enemies, choose lazy men.

## A Good Breakfast— Properly Selected—

Means a running start toward the day's work.

There's concentrated Energy

# In Grape-Nuts

FOOD

It contains the rich elements from Wheat and Barley in form for easy digestion; and so quickly absorbed that it makes itself felt in body and brain.

"There's a Reason"

FOR

# Grape-Nuts

### WANTED THE REGULAR TOOLS

At Least Colored Man Was Sure of One Thing, He Wouldn't Work With 'The Pie.

An old negro man was standing by a grassy yard in front of a Chinaman's washhouse when a woman walked to the street corner near by to board a car. The old man approached her and, lifting his hat, politely said: "Lady, can you tell me where I can obtain a job?"

He held in his hand a loosely wrapped package, from which protruded the edge of what was apparently a five-cent coin.

The lady replied that he might ask the Chinaman for the job of cutting the grass, for which he was to receive 25 cents.

Then it turns out that the Chinaman has no tools, and the colored man's lawn mower is a long way off at his home and he is disinclined to go after it, for the way is weary, the flesh tired.

The lady finally suggested in a matter of fact way: "Are you going to cut the grass with the pie?" The colored man drew himself up with great dignity and replied, reprovingly: "Lady, I never cut grass with a pie."

As the Scripture Said: "What does the Bible say will take to the pond?" inquired a Dublin Sunday school teacher of her class.

A bright little girl promptly replied: "They'll be turned into animals."

Very much surprised, the teacher asked how she arrived at that conclusion.

"He that humbly himself shall be exalted, but he that exalteth himself shall be a 'baste,'" quoted the wee lassie without a moment's hesitation.

**WONDERFUL HOW RESINOL STOPS SKIN TORMENTS** The soothing, healing medication in resinol ointment and resinol soap penetrates the tiny pores of the skin, clears them of impurities, and stops itching instantly. Resinol positively and speedily heals eczema, heat-rash, ringworm, and similar eruptions, and clears away disfiguring pimples and blackheads, when other treatments have been almost useless.

Resinol is not an experiment. It is a doctor's prescription which proved so wonderfully successful for skin troubles that it has been used by other doctors all over the country for twenty years. Every druggist sells resinol ointment and resinol soap.—Adv.

**Geometry Required.** Plato is said to have written over his door: "Let no one ignorant of geometry enter here." Today such a restriction would reduce his visiting list. Perhaps outside the professional mathematicians he would have no one at all. All the artists, the philanthropists, the historians, to say nothing of those ladies and gentlemen of leisure whose critical faculties are so importantly developed nowadays, would certainly be absent, and worse still, would suffer very little at their exclusion. Yet going back into the centuries for guests, a distinguished company might have been assembled of those who, without being famous merely for mathematical studies, were known to have understood and loved the subject. The Greek philosophers would have been there in a body, Alphonse X, Omar, Khayyam, Albert Durer, Leonardo de Vinci, Descartes, Pascal, Napoleon and Lewis Carroll.

**Peruvian Balsam.** Peruvian balsam, known the world over for its excellent properties, does not come from Peru at all, but grows along a stretch of the coast of Salvador.

Most of us who attempt to wear the mantle of greatness are disappointed in the fit.

An ill-fed waiter makes an ill-fed guest.

**Quiet Day.** Sergeant—Anything doing in the trenches, today? Corporal—No; it was so quiet you could hear a shell drop.

**WISE WORDS** A Physician on Food. A physician of Portland, Oregon, has views about food. He says: "I have always believed that the duty of the physician does not cease with treating the sick, but that we owe it to humanity to teach them how to protect their health especially by hygienic and dietetic laws.

"With such a feeling as to my duty I take great pleasure in saying to the public that in my own experience and also from personal observation I have found no food to equal Grape-Nuts and that I find there is almost no limit to the great benefit this food will bring when used in all cases of sickness and convalescence.

"It is my experience that no physical condition forbids the use of Grape-Nuts. To persons in health there is nothing so nourishing and acceptable to the stomach especially at breakfast to start the machinery of the human system on the day's work. In cases of indigestion I know that a complete breakfast can be made of Grape-Nuts and cream and I think it is necessary not to overload the stomach at the morning meal. I also know the great value of Grape-Nuts when the stomach is too weak to digest other food.

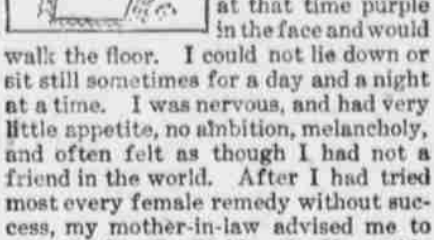
"This is written after an experience of more than 20 years treating all manner of chronic and acute diseases, and the letter is written voluntarily on my part without any request for it." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Look in pkgs. for the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

### WOMEN CAN HARDLY BELIEVE

How Mrs. Hurley Was Restored to Health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Eldon, Mo.—"I was troubled with displacement, inflammation and female weakness. For two years I could not stand on my feet long at a time and I could not walk two blocks without en- during cutting and drawing pains down my right side which increased every month. I have been at that time purple in the face and would walk the floor. I could not lie down or sit still sometimes for a day and a night at a time. I was nervous, and had very little appetite, no ambition, melancholy, and often felt as though I had not a friend in the world. After I had tried most every female remedy without success, my mother-in-law advised me to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I did so and gained in strength every day. I have now no trouble in any way and highly praise your medicine. It advertises itself."—Mrs. S. T. HURLEY, Eldon, Missouri.



Remember, the remedy which did this was Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. For sale everywhere.

It has helped thousands of women who have been troubled with displacements, inflammation, ulceration, tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, that bearing down feeling, indigestion, and nervous prostration, after all other means have failed. Why don't you try it? Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

**Sawed-Off Sermon.** Sometimes a girl makes a fool of herself over a man, and sometimes she marries the man and makes a fool of him.—Indianapolis News.

**Important to Mothers** Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Watson* In Use For Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

**Just Like Dad.** "What makes that boy so fidgety at the breakfast table?" growled the head of the family as he glared over the top of his paper. "I suppose he's waiting for you to get through with the sport page so he can find out who won yesterday's game," said the boy's mother. "You're the same way yourself when the news man forgets to deliver the paper."

**Up Against It.** "Our butcher bills have been frightfully high of late," complained the man of the house. "Why don't you economize by using the cheaper cuts of meat?" "It can't be done, dear," said his wife. "So many people are trying that plan nowadays that the butchers charge more for the cheaper cuts than they do for the choice ones."

**No Rest for the Weary.** "It was bad enough when every other man you met knew all about the causes leading up to the war in Europe." "Yes." "But now every smart Aleck you meet thinks he knows what Japan has up her sleeve."

**Quiet Day.** Sergeant—Anything doing in the trenches, today? Corporal—No; it was so quiet you could hear a shell drop.

### The Married Life of Helen and Warren

By MABEL HERBERT URNER  
Originator of "Their Married Life." Author of "The Journal of a Neglected Wife." "The Woman Alone," etc.  
Helen Fiercely Resents the Critical, Instructive Air of Warren's Sister

(Copyright, 1915, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Leaving the receiver off the hook, Warren came back to the dining room.

"It's Carrie! They're having dinner at the Biltmore and want to come here afterward. All right, isn't it?"



Helen started up with a dismayed, "Carrie! Then, hastily, "Oh, yes—yes, of course—tell her we'd love to have them!"

Warren went back to the phone, and Helen, leaving her dress, flew into her dressing room and dragged from the wardrobe her two best gowns.

"Come back here and finish your dinner," called Warren a moment later.

"Will my blue taffeta look too tight?" unheeding. "If they're dining at the Biltmore, Carrie'll be dressed, won't she?"

"Now don't rig up for them! Wear what you've got on, and come finish your dinner."

But Helen, having decided on the blue taffeta, was already half undressed.

"Dear," calling to Warren, who was still in the dining room, "ring for Emma—I want her to look me up."

She had slipped on the blue gown, but somehow it did not look as well as usual. Perhaps it was her hair or because she was flushed and hurried.

"Emma, I want you to clear the table and straighten the dining room as quickly as you can," as the girl fastened her dress. "Mr. Curtis's sister is coming, and she's a wonderful housekeeper. Put on your best white apron and keep it on—we may want something during the evening. Oh, is that hook off? Yes, you'll have to pin it. Wait, here's a white one."

With a last adjusting touch to her hair, Helen ran in to straighten the front room and the library.

"Hold on, there; I want those," growled Warren as she folded up the scattered evening papers.

"They're right here," laying them on the table beside him. "They look so untidy strewn about. Dear, move your chair a little—you've caught up the rug. Oh, don't put your ashes there—here's your ash tray."

Helen brushed the ashes from the lamp base, hastily arranged the magazines, and evened the window shades.

"What in the Sam Hill are you fussing around for? Nobody's coming but Carrie and Ed."

"You know Carrie sees everything. Oh, you're not going to wear that old house coat?"

"Why not?" belligerently.

"Ed never wears one when we go there. And that's so shabby—look at that spot on the sleeve. Dear, please change it."

With a muttered expletive Warren flung down his paper and strode into the bedroom, peeling off the house coat as he went.

"Dear," following him anxiously, "that collar's frayed. Won't you—"

"No, I won't," jerking on his other coat. "I put that on clean for dinner, and I'll not change again. See here, shut those windows!"

"Just a minute until it airs out!" sniffingly. "I can smell that cauliflower yet. Wait, dear, help me put on this good bedspread! No, draw it over to your side more. Oh, there they are now!" as the door bell rang. "Quick—this side's still too long!"

Helen had just time to straighten the counterpane and smooth over the pillows before she hurried out to greet them.

"Why, you've got all the windows up," was Carrie's first critical comment when she came into the bedroom to lay off her wraps.

"It was so warm in here," Helen hastily put them down.

"Well, it's cold enough out," taking off her coat and displaying a gray crepe evening gown that fitted severely her tall, stiff figure.

"You sit here, Carrie," Helen pushed forward an easy chair as they joined Warren and Ed in the library.

"No, I'll sit over by the radiator; I'm chilly. Do you people always keep your apartment this cold?"

"Helen said the place smelled of cooking," blundered Warren.

"We had cauliflower for dinner," flushed Helen, "and I think the odor of that's always strong, don't you?"

"Yes, if you let it get through your house."

"Well, how did New York look when you got back?" asked Ed.

"Mighty good," agreed Warren, and for some time the conversation was on their trip and the war conditions they had found in London.

Helen, show em the things we got there.

"Oh, we didn't get much," murmured Helen, who always shrank from showing Carrie anything. "Here's an old card case," taking it from the mantel. "And this old scent bottle I think's rather quaint. What were they, dear? Only two shillings each, wasn't it?"

"You're wild about this sort of thing, aren't you?" Carrie was looking at them without the slightest interest. "I suppose they're all right, but I never cared to litter up my house with a lot of bric-a-brac."

Helen, who loathed bric-a-brac and who prided herself on having a home free from useless ornamentation, flushed resentfully.

"I see you've moved your desk," as Helen put back the scent bottle.

"Yes, it was too near the heat—the veneering was getting warped."

"You ought to keep a saucer of water under your radiators. It's not the heat as much as the dryness that cracks veneer," instructed Carrie. "Do you use a good furniture polish?"

"I suppose it's good," stiffly, "I got it at Warner's."

"Well, if you'd get a little lemon oil—it would take off all these smeary-looking places. It's better than anything else for mahogany."

With an effort Helen forced a murmured comment about "trying it."

Carrie's critical, instructive attitude had never seemed more intolerable, and she had never felt for her a stronger antagonism. It was a difficult evening, and Helen could hardly keep from showing the resentment that was smoldering within her.

It was a relief when Ed finally glanced at the clock and announced that it was after ten.

"It doesn't seem possible that Friday's Christmas," observed Carrie as she pinned on her hat. "But we're not giving a single present this year. What we ordinarily spend for presents we decided to give to the Belgians. Mrs. Elliot and I got off a big box on their Christmas ship."

"That was very fine of you," murmured Helen, thinking of the expensive centerpiece she had already bought for Carrie.

"Oh, isn't that something new?" Carrie paused at the dining-room door as they passed by. "I've never seen that decanter."

"Yes, I had it in London. I love that old Bohemian glass so, and you don't often see one with the old silver stopper."

"What do you use for your silver?" Carrie had taken up a berry dish from the sideboard. "Gordon's silver soap? Oh, they make a cream that's much better. You try it and your silver won't look so cloudy," holding the dish up to the light.

"Carrie, it's late," called Ed from the door.

With a forced, set smile, Helen followed them out to the elevator. Even after they rang for the car, Carrie kept it waiting while she still extolled the merits of the silver cream.

"Mighty nice to have them this evening," declared Warren as he closed the door. "Carrie looked well, didn't she? Gave you some good tips, too. You must try that stout about water under the radiator."

Helen gulped, then all her smoldering resentment blazed out. It was the primitive, tigerish resentment that is aroused in even the mildest, gentlest woman by the criticism and interference of her husband's family.

"You think she's such a paragon of a housekeeper, don't you?" passionately. "That's what all your family think! Well, I want to tell you something I saw myself! You remember that night we were over when Ed was sick? Well, I went out to fill the hot-water bag—and I found the maid brushing her teeth in the kitchen sink! Now I may have smearsy furniture and cloudy silver—but I'm at least clean about the kitchen! And I'll tell her so, too!"

"What're you trying to start, anyway?" scowled Warren. "I think it's mighty fine of Carrie to want to help you."

"Help me? She only wanted an excuse to air her own perfection. I tried to be civil to her tonight—but the next time," excitedly, "I'll let her know I can run my house without her assistance! And I'm going to tell her that my maid doesn't wash her teeth in the kitchen sink."

"How do you know what she does when you're not out there? Jove, women are catfish," as with a yawn Warren started to wind the clock. "Where in the deuce is that key?"

**Eternal Swimm'n' Hole.** I went back to have a look at the old swimming hole last summer, and it is still there and the boys of today are paddling about in it, going through the motions of learning to swim. Brooks and barefooted, care-free boys go together. A singing heart has the brook, and many a country boy's beats in unison, though he never realizes it until he grows up, and the old care-free music is stilled—but for memories.—Scribner's Magazine.

**He Knew That Story.** The old soldier was again giving the youngsters accounts of the wonders he had experienced, especially in the way of climate. Said he: "I remember when we were in Fyzardum we used to eat our bread in the sun, and—" Youngster (interrupting): "Yes, I know; and you were supplied with corkscrews to draw your bread!"

**Has Priceless Relic.** The only complete ancient Roman standard in existence is owned by an Englishman.

### It's a Picnic Getting Ready for a Picnic

If you choose  
Spanish Olives Pickles Sweet Relish Ham Loaf Veal Loaf  
Chicken Loaf Fruit Preserves Jellies Apple Butter  
Luncheon Meats Pork and Beans

Ready to Serve  
**Libby's Food Products**  
Insist on Libby's at your grocer's



Never hit a man when he has you down.  
When some men are unable to do a thing they boast of it.

The model of an amateur artist is not as bad as she is painted.  
**Drink Denison's Coffee.** Always pure and delicious.

What, by the way, has become of the old-fashioned man who made balloon ascensions?  
That Will Be Nice.

"Well, here is a question settled of great national importance."  
"Tell me quick."  
"I see men of fashion this summer are to wear low-necked shirts."

**Evidence.** "I have reason to believe that picture is a genuine Rembrandt."  
"Have you had it examined by an expert?"  
"No, but I picked it up in a second-hand store for a dollar and a half, and that's the way most Rembrandts are acquired."

**Porfane.** "What do you think of my new auto horn?" asked Mr. Flipper, squeezing the bulb and producing a "squawk!" that was calculated to scare a pedestrian out of his seven senses.  
"I don't like it at all," replied his wife. "It sounds too much like the language you use when you are fixing the car."

**Generous.** "We've won that suit of Thompson's against the railroad company," said the junior partner. "What shall we charge him?"  
"Let me see," said the senior partner. "What was the amount of the damages?"  
"Twenty thousand dollars."  
"Make the bill out for nineteen thousand five hundred. He's entitled to something for giving us the case."

**His Opinion.** "It's a dreadful thing to sell liquor on Sunday," said the reformer.  
"Yes, it is," replied Mr. Jagaby. "People who lack the foresight to lay in a supply on Saturday night that will last them until Monday don't deserve any sympathy, and, furthermore, I think bartenders are just as much entitled to spend Sunday with their families and take a little outing in one of the city parks as anybody else."

**Discounted.** "What a wonderful thing the X-ray is," exclaimed Jiggers. "Just think of being able to see through the very flesh of our bodies."  
"That's nothing," said his wife scornfully. "Any woman can see right through a man without half trying."



Crisp little bits of Indian Corn, rolled thin as paper, and toasted to a golden brown.

# Post Toasties

Have a sweetness and tasty goodness distinctively their own.

And all the way from raw material to your table not a human hand touches the food—clean and pure as snowflakes from the skies.

Ready to eat right from the package with cream and sugar or crushed fruit, Post Toasties are wonderfully delicious.

Sold by Grocers Everywhere

Postum Cereal Company, Limited, Battle Creek, Mich.