

"CASCARETS" FOR SLUGGISH BOWELS

No sick headache, sour stomach, biliousness or constipation by morning.

Get a 10-cent box now. Turn the rascals out—the headache, biliousness, indigestion, the sick, sour stomach and foul gases—turn them out to-night and keep them out with Cascarets.

Millions of men and women take a Cascaret now and then and never know the misery caused by a lazy liver, clogged bowels or an upset stomach.

Don't put in another day of distress. Let Cascarets cleanse your stomach; remove the sour, fermenting food; take the excess bile from your liver and carry out all the constipated waste matter and poison in the bowels. Then you will feel great.

●A Cascaret to-night straightens you out by morning. They work while you sleep. A 10-cent box with any drug store means a clear head, sweet stomach and clean, healthy liver and bowel action for months. Children love Cascarets because they never gripe or sicken. Adv.

Jonah was a conundrum—and the whale had to give him up.

Dr. Pierce's Pellets are best for liver, bowels and stomach. One little Pellet for a laxative—three for a cathartic.—Adv.

Speaking of educated snakes, the adder's in a class by himself.

A GRATEFUL OLD LADY.

Mrs. A. G. Clemons, West Alexander, Pa., writes: I have used Dodd's Kidney Pills, also Diamond Dinner Pills. Before using them I had suffered for a number of years with backache, also tender spots on spine, and had at times black floating specks before my eyes. I also had lumbago and heart trouble. Since using this medicine I have been relieved of my suffering. It is agreeable to me for you to publish this letter. I am glad to have an opportunity to say to all who are suffering as I have done that I obtained relief by using Dodd's Kidney Pills and Diamond Dinner Pills.

Dodd's Kidney Pills 50c per box at your dealer or Dodd's Medicine Co., Buffalo, N. Y. Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets for Indigestion have been proved. 50c per box.—Adv.

Importance of Thrift. The present year marks the hundredth anniversary of savings banks in the United States. The Philadelphia Savings Fund society came into being in 1815. New York was three years late in catching step with the Quaker city. While the last decade shows a remarkable increase in savings deposits, America is far behind some European countries in the practice of thrift. Only 11 per cent of our population is counted among the savers, whereas France numbers 34.6 per cent, or more than one-third of its people, in the class who lay by. The importance of that fact is seen in the financial stability of France under the heavy strain of war.

Stranger to Elevators.

Mrs. Brown is very stout, but she is also most considerate about other people.

The other day she went into a large hotel to call on a friend. The clerk sent her to the lift. There a small boy opened the door for her.

"Are you going up, ma'am?" he asked, politely.

Mrs. Brown eyed his slender figure and thought of her own ample proportions.

"Yes, I am, my boy," she answered, with a kindly smile. "But, goodness me, a little fellow like you can't pull me up in that thing!"—Unidentified.

A GOOD CHANGE.

A Change of Food Works Wonders.

Wrong food and drink cause a lot of trouble in this world. To change is first aid when a person is ill, particularly from stomach and nervous troubles. As an illustration, a lady in Mo. was leaving off coffee and some articles of food that did not agree with her.

She says: "For a number of years I suffered with stomach and bowel trouble which kept getting worse until I was ill most of the time. About four years ago I left off coffee and began using Postum. My stomach and bowels improved right along, but I was so reduced in flesh and so nervous that the least thing would overcome me.

"Then I changed my food and began using Grape-Nuts in addition to Postum. I lived on these two principally for about four months. Day by day I gained in flesh and strength until the nervous trouble had disappeared. I feel that I owe my health to Postum and Grape-Nuts.

"My husband was troubled, for a long time, with occasional cramps, and slept badly. Finally I prevailed upon him to leave off coffee and take Postum. After he tried Postum for a few days he found that he could sleep and that his cramps disappeared. He never went back to coffee." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Postum comes in two forms: Postum Cereal—the original form—must be well boiled. 15c and 25c packages.

Instant Postum—a soluble powder—dissolves quickly in a cup of hot water, and with cream and sugar, makes a delicious beverage instantly. 30c and 50c tins.

Both kinds are equally delicious and cost about the same per cup.

"There's a Reason for Postum."—Sold by Grocers.

THE HEART OF NIGHT WIND

A STORY OF THE GREAT NORTH WEST By VINGIE E. ROE

ILLUSTRATIONS by RAY WALTERS

SYNOPSIS.

Siletz of Daily's lumber camp directs a party to the camp. Walter Sandry introduces himself to John Daily, foreman, as "the Dillingworth Lumber Co., or most of it." He makes acquaintance with the camp and the work. He gives Siletz permission to ride Black Belt, his saddle horse. In an emergency he proves to the foreman that he does not lack judgment. Siletz tells him the Foreman er. He discovers that Siletz bears the sign of the Siletz tribe of Indians and wonders what her surname is. In the flush of a tender moment he calls her "The Night Wind in the Pines," and kisses her. She claims title to and Sandry thinks he has bought as the East Belt. Sandry sets up a cabin on the East Belt and his men pull down the cabin. Sandry's men fight over the night. Sandry finds that the Foreman er. He has never been recorded. He fights to get out his contract first and fight for the stumpage afterward. Poppy's tricksy and flirts with Hampden. Hampden is crooked and that she'll get him. Poppy goes to Salem in search of evidence against Hampden. Sandry and Siletz ride to the seashore and Siletz searches the ocean for the first time. Sandry's men desert him for Hampden, who has offered more money. Siletz goes to her friends the Swishes and persuades them to work for Sandry to save his contract. Poppy tells Sandry that she has proof of Hampden's fling, bogus entries in collusion with the commissioner.

and eight Indians, all armed and waiting for anything that might develop. But Hampden had no notion of meeting John Daily in his present mood and it seemed as if all was to go smoothly. As the raft drew majestically abreast of the mill at Toledo the Yellow Pines owner was conspicuous on the dock, though he did not appear to see anything beyond the pile of raw, bright lumber he was marking. His florid face wore a sardonic grin.

"John," said Sandry, "it's a wonder Hampden didn't do something surer to hinder us—jam the bay with logs or tie us up some way."

"Might, only I've had John Teeter-pole an' Klamath Sam walkin' th' shores for five days—an' they're the two worst Swishes on th' reservation. Hampden knows they're workin' fer Siletz, an' that when I said shoot or cut they'd shoot or cut—if it took four years an' a dark night to do it."

That first day drifted by very swiftly, soft and sunny between showers, and by four o'clock the ebb of the tide, grown slower and slower, had ceased altogether. Daily and the rest tied up the raft, head and tail on both sides, using heavy steel ropes and chains, to which they gave plenty of slack. They cooked supper ashore and Sandry thought he had never tasted better fare. Afterward they lay about the fire all together, smoking, and only the silence of the Siletz marked the line of color. Triumph filled the heart of the young financier and his last drowsy thoughts were of the steamer that would follow his delivery of the logs—how he would lift a certain mortgage of the load that hung upon the Dillingworth, its greatest menace in point of time.

He wanted to see the heavy chains drawn taut, to hear the mass of timbers creaking and grumbling as it strained upstream, and knew that the tide was in. The Swish cook waked the men by moonlight for breakfast. They must be ready to take advantage of the first motion toward the sea.

The casting loose, the slow start, the moving of the night shores—Sandry wished Miss Ordway might see it—it might be a bit of local color in the mysterious book she was writing in the little south room. His mind

"Go back to Ma Daily, child," he said, but his voice had fallen to a whisper, a whisper that was a caress, laden as heavily with wistful sadness as a whistler might be, "and don't fret I am all right."

Without a word, obedient to him as the primal woman ever is to man, Siletz went away in the night toward the cook-shack.

As she passed up the path she almost brushed the garments of Poppy Ordway, standing in rigid silence, her hands shut in the folds of her gown, her rose lips ashen, her eyes strained wide.

"Fool! Fool! Fool!" the woman was thinking in a rage of passion. "Why didn't I suspect? She is something to him—she has her charm. There is danger in her to me—oh, Sandry, you stupid, simple heart!" For Poppy Ordway had heard the caress, the lowered voice. The new passion in her took fright, and a furious, choking rage sent the blood hot upon her heart.

The next morning he found upon his window-ledge a handful of fern and a spray of tiny, yellow, waxlike flowers that were beginning to show where the little streams tore down the mountains, lining their rocky beds. He took them in and put them away in a drawer among his papers, silent voice of a sympathy that was as delicate as it was strong.

That morning when Poppy Ordway encountered Siletz the bright smile she gave her covered a sudden hatred that had sprung, full grown, from a man's low whisper; and the bad times that followed for the girl had their inception then.

CHAPTER XVII.

The Big Raft.

On the fourteenth of March the wheezy tug pulled the great, brown, glass-shaped monster that meant so much to Sandry and the fortunes of the Dillingworth from its moorings out to the narrow, deep neck of the bay that would take it to the sea. Sandry for the first time in his life felt the slow, sliding motion as the great oval floor responded to the screeching tug and the ebb tide.

On board with Sandry were Daily and eight Indians, all armed and waiting for anything that might develop. But Hampden had no notion of meeting John Daily in his present mood and it seemed as if all was to go smoothly. As the raft drew majestically abreast of the mill at Toledo the Yellow Pines owner was conspicuous on the dock, though he did not appear to see anything beyond the pile of raw, bright lumber he was marking. His florid face wore a sardonic grin.

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strong tide urged it hard upon itself. Above it Daily lifted his voice and called his Indians, and there was anguish in his heart.

"Kootah! Snamishla! Memmiloo!" From here and there voices answered, some far, some near, and presently figures crept fearfully into the moonlight from the matted ferns, gathering about the foreman.

Here one dragged an injured ankle, another statched the blood from a ragged scalp with his hands, and there one wavered drunkenly from the fall he had got, but all eight accounted for themselves.

"Boys," said Daily tensely, "all who can swim get into the water quick! Sandry was standin' alone at her nose. It's a hundred to one he's done for!"

No one asked a question, the Indians accepting with their pathetic fatalism this disaster which would have set the tongues of white men flying.

Silently the five who were unharmed except for bruises slipped into the heavily running tidewater and disappeared amid the fotsam and jetsam of the long bay which traveled always aimlessly back and forth.

The groaning of the raft grew in volume for a few minutes, then subsided as it locked and settled. Daily on the shore began thrashing the ferns, filling the night with his stentorian voice as he called upon Sandry's name. From time to time he listened. Then he lighted a torch and widened his circle, peering into every cove of fern, beholding every log, and even searching the branches of the trees. He had seen the pine he had ghostly fruit a time or two when a blast of giant powder had gone wrong.

After a long time he straightened and his muddy face was blanched.

"Done for!" he said aloud to the dusk of the forest, bitterly. "Down an' done for—an' him so damned good for an Easterner!"

But even as he spoke a cry sounded from the water far ahead—another answered, another and another, as the Siletz drew in to each other somewhere out in the dim moonwash, and he knew they had found him.

So they had—a limp body lying bent back across a floating log, the pearl buttons on its breast shining and its hair dabbling in the water. They pushed the log with its burden in to shore and big John Daily, wading out, picked up his employer as a mother lifts a child, carried him back up the bank and bent to listen for life in the still breast. It was there. The timberman ran a great hand, experienced and gentle, over the sprawling arms.

"Busted!" he said bitterly. "Jegs too! He's crumpled like a broken tule! If I don't take this out of Hampden, I hope I'll burn in hell!"

He gathered the scattered blankets from bush and tree branch and laid the Easterner upon them. Then this simple son of the big country went off by himself into the shadows to think. What should he do?

Here was his employer, this Easterner who was going through the ordeal by fire to win his right to live and fight in the wild land, and he was all but worsted, down and out. His life was not worth a copper—that coin of which the large West takes no notice—and far on the shores of the other ocean was that old father of whom he had told Daily in the quiet talks at night. It would take quick work to get Sandry to a doctor and word should be sent East at once.

On the other hand, if Sandry should live and the contract had been lost his fight would be over. Those mortgages of which he had spoken vaguely would be foreclosed and the Dillingworth would become a thing of the past, the East Belt go by the board and Hampden would be supreme in the hills.

"No, by heaven, he'd wait her to go through dead or alive, an' I'll see her there!" was Daily's ultimatum as he rose from the log in the pink flare of sunrise, and could he have known all that Sandry would lose with that contract and the Dillingworth his hatred of Hampden would have been deeper still, for Sandry was his friend.

He went back to the huddled Indians and the silent figure on its blankets. "Memmiloo," he said decisively, "make quick a pole sing. You one big Bill an' Multooan an' Jim Pine-tree will take Sandry back to camp. Go first to Toledo an' get Doc Hooker—have him do what he can there an' go along to camp. Tell him to stay with Sandry day an' night till I get back. Hurry now."

Without a word, the four Indians picked out by name set about their appointed task. In less time than a white man would take to begin they had laid cable saplings along blankets' edges, warped a short spreader at top and bottom to hold the poles, the width of a man's shoulders apart, and the sling was ready.

"Now," said Daily grimly, "travel like hell, boys, but carry him soft, for he's broke like the ferns when a pine falls."

Tenderly they lifted the owner of the Dillingworth and laid him in the hollow of the blankets.

His foreman cast one look at him as the Indians swung away on the back trail and turned his face to the

jammed raft. He studied the problem from all sides. Then he took his remaining Indians, for none of them were beyond work from their shaking-up, got of the mooring chains and snubbed the monster to the shore pines fore and aft. Then he calmly prepared to wait the turn of the tide. She would loose herself.

The damage at the prow was slight. The lift had come a moment too soon to hurt the big raft much. Several of the binding chains at the extrema head of her had been broken, loosening the ends of the logs which slid downward and apart, giving her the appearance of a ragged broom.

Snamishla, like all the coast Indians, was a good waterman. He offered to dive for the broken chains and Daily let him go. In three hours he had found all the ends, fastened to them hauling lines, which the others used to bring them up, the breakage was repaired, and Daily was ready to mend the broken nose as well as he could. He needed to circle the loosened logs with the chains again, and he went about it in a simple manner.

There was no getting under the raft from the front because of the jam against the shore, even if Snamishla could have managed the tide and endured the time under water. Therefore it must be done from the other end.

So Daily laid the chains across the spreading nose, attached a long tow-line to the shore ends and dropped them into the water. The line was then led to the stern, under the mooring chains, around and forward to the prow.

He then lay down for a needed rest until the sucking green water grew slower and slower and finally stopped altogether.

With the first insidious movement of the flood tide the groaning and creaking set up again throughout the raft, and the foreman was on his feet at once as she began, almost imperceptibly, to back out from the shore. The ends of the chains were hauled up, slipped forward and fastened securely after the logs had been coaxed together as much as was possible with rope and peavey and cant hook.

"By jingo!" said Daily, "but that was a blast. The son-of-a-gun must have had a wagon-load o' sticks. An' it was a 'plant,' all right. Must've had some batteries an' a trigger wire. But he ain't smart enough to figger out such things. Twa'n't th' right slant, or she'd a hit us amidships an' opened us up proper—an' we'd a-gone to sea in pieces."

The hours of the flood tide were irksome to him, waiting, wondering how it fared with Sandry swinging between the Indians, and thinking bitterly of Hampden, who was proving himself a dangerous enemy.

But he thought also on the steamer plowing down from Portland, which would stand in at Yaquina, and he knew he would be ready to turn over the raft in spite of all.

"Be a damn hard matter to tow by that head," he told himself; "guess we can drift her an' an' turn her tail on."

Then he fell to wondering if Sandry would ever know of the big check, or if it would travel east with him to the old man in the wheeled chair on Riverside drive—mute evidence of the tenderfoot's first and last fight!

CHAPTER XVII.

A Hard Knock.

It was a sweet spring day, blue-sailed and air-braced, with a riot of bird songs in the pines when the little cavalcade bore Walter Sandry up the vivid valley.

They took him up the slope and into the office and held him while Siletz flew to the house for many more blankets to pile high on the spring cot, and presently they laid him, a sadly broken thing, upon it. The color had drained from the dark face of the girl, and her hands, shut hard, hung tensely in the folds of her skirt as a silence fell with the easing of the man upon the bed.

"Doctor—" she said hoarsely, "doctor—" and could get no further.

The doctor had known her for the several years he had been in the country and he studied her face a moment before answering.

"Close call, Siletz," he said gently, "maybe he'll live—maybe not."

"For a moment she swayed upon her feet, fingering her hands across her eyes, while her breath came in catching gasps.

"But God sits above the sea!" she cried at last, tragically. "Oh, Father, spare him, for he is an unbeliever!"

At this tense moment Poppy Ordway, who had been watching from the background with parted lips and kindling eyes, stepped forward.

"Doctor—Mrs. Daily," she said, "this terrible little fellow came to speak of something which I—and Walter also—had not intended to make known at present. I am Mr. Sandry's promised wife and as such I will take charge of him."

All her life had this woman taken chances, sharp chances, fraught with swift danger and trying to nerve and skill, but never had she done a harder

thing than to face this little group of Westerners whose instinct matched her art.

They turned upon her in thunder-stricken silence—the doctor with a clean amazement, the Indians in stolid quiet, Ma Daily with an astonishment that was only the forerunner of antagonistic reaction. But of them all it was the face of Siletz, fallen upon her knees beside the cot, that shook the heart in her, chilled her bold spirit.

It lifted itself, panting, white and awful, its lips where the broken Sign stood plainly out, fallen apart and colorless. The dark eyes stared upon her with an uncomprehending horror that irritated her.

"I know something of nursing and we'll do our best—"

But here Siletz sprang up to her slim height and her voice smote the hushed room like the snapping of a taut wire.

"No!" she cried in anguished protest. "No! He kissed me and I am his woman!"

They faced each other across the unconscious form of the man, then two women from the ends of the earth, and war raised its banner between them. Unnoticed, the four Indians shifted gently until they stood, a back-ground for the pallid girl in the rough western garb. Miss Ordway smiled, though a hard brilliance came into her face.

"Perhaps," she said, "He has kissed many. It is the way of the outside world."

"She turned to the physician.

"When do you think he will recover consciousness?"

Her cool voice terminated the scene. She was mistress of the hour.

With both hands extended before her Siletz went blindly out into the sunlight. She stood a moment, her



"No, by Heaven, He'd Want Her to Go Through."

breath coming and going in great gasps, like that of a doe mortally wounded, and in her eyes was no light.

Like the wounded doe, she fled to the hills for sanctuary. Coosnah swung into his pace behind her; and presently, after an hour's climb, they reached the great fir stump, on the crest of the ridge. Here the girl flung herself on her knees, gripping her braids in savage fingers, and for a wild space something within her that she had never known in all her life arose and shook her. Blind rage was upon her—she wanted to fight as the prehistoric female fought for her mate.

So she knelt and rocked in the lust of fury while the little clouds sailed in an azure sky and the hill streams trickled to the valleys, and suddenly a bird in a high pine top dropped a string of notes, clear, silvery, sparkling, for all the world like the diamond notes of a flute and instantly she covered under them, covering her eyes in instinctive guilt.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Wild Things a Pest in France.

The prohibition imposed by the French government upon hunting has caused wild animals and birds to multiply so rapidly during this summer that crops in the fields and in orchards and gardens in various forest regions have been ravaged. The menace has become so serious that the government authorities are now killing rabbits, hares, pheasants and other animals and birds which have fed upon the growing crops. The killing is done on specified days by those in the communes who have proper authorization.

The huntsmen act collectively, no individual sportsman being allowed to go out for game. Guns are not used in the work except under the supervision of gendarmes, and then only when other means of disposing of the game, such as traps and ferrets, are not available. Wherever possible, the game is taken alive, and transferred to other parts of the country for restocking purposes.

me and asked if I'd cut th' inscription of his wife's tombstone. Bein' as it was my own darter, I allowed I would, tho' I knew I'd never git no money fer th' job. What do you suppose he had writ out for me t' cut, Judge. Read this:

"MRS. ELIZA ANDREWS. Died Aug. 12, 1915.

"She was a purty woman, but she had the wuest temper of anybody in Stark county. Her mother was a sweet lady, so where she got it from everybody kin guess."

"That's when I hit him, Judge."—Case and Comment.

Thrills Galore.

"This is modern war, all right."

"What's happened?"

"I see where a famous general had his automobile wrecked three times while motoring at great speed to the front."

London has a school in which backwarders are taught to make beds, cook sew and look after the home needs generally.

Not Gray Hairs but Tired Eyes make us look older than we are. Keep your eyes young and you will look young. After the Movies, Marine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago. Send Eye Book on request.

Lazy men distribute a lot of worthless advice.

Not a Bite of Breakfast Until You Drink Water

Says a glass of hot water and phosphate prevents illness and keeps us fit.

Just as coal, when it burns, leaves behind a certain amount of combustible material in the form of ashes, so the food and drink taken day after day leaves in the alimentary canal a certain amount of indigestible material, which if not completely eliminated from the system each day, becomes food for the millions of bacteria which infest the bowels. From this mass of left-over waste, toxins and ptomaine-like poisons are formed and sucked into the blood.

Men and women who can't get feeling right must begin to take inside baths. Before eating breakfast each morning drink a glass of real hot water with a teaspoonful of limestone phosphate in it to wash out of the thirty feet of bowels the previous day's accumulation of noxious and toxins and to keep the entire alimentary canal clean, pure and fresh.

Those who are subject to sick headache, colds, biliousness, constipation, others who wake up with bad taste, foul breath, backache, rheumatic stiffness, or have a sour, gassy stomach after meals, are urged to get a quarter pound of limestone phosphate from any druggist or storekeeper, and begin practicing internal sanitation. This will cost very little, but is sufficient to make anyone an enthusiast on the subject.

Remember inside bathing is more important than outside bathing, because the skin pores do not absorb impurities into the blood, causing poor health, while the bowel pores do. Just as soap and hot water cleanses, sweetens and freshens the skin, so hot water and limestone phosphate act on the stomach, liver kidneys and bowels.—Adv.

Proof Unnecessary.

The Rev. Blox—"Then you don't honestly believe that Jonah was swallowed by a whale!"

His son—Sure, did. I'd believe anything of a Jonah.—Judge.

IS CHILD CROSS, FEVERISH, SICK

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 their 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 Syrup of Figs" because it is perfectly harmless; children love it, and it never fails to act on the stomach, liver and bowels.

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.

Paradoxical Proof.

"How do you know he is a man of loose habits?"

"From the way he gets tight."

WHEN KIDNEYS ACT BAD TAKE GLASS OF SALTS

Eat Less Meat if Kidneys Hurt or You Have Backache or Bladder Misery—Meat Forms Uric Acid.

No man or woman who eats meat regularly can make a mistake by flushing the kidneys occasionally, says a well-known authority. Meat forms uric acid which clogs the kidney pores so they sluggishly filter or strain only part of the waste and poisons from the blood, then you get sick. Nearly all rheumatism, headache, liver trouble, nervousness, constipation, dizziness, sleeplessness, bladder disorders, come from sluggish kidneys.

The moment you feel a dull ache in the kidneys or your back hurts, or if the urine is cloudy, offensive, full of sediment, irregular of passage or attended by a sensation of scalding, get about four ounces of Jad Salts from any reliable pharmacy and take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast for a few days and your kidneys will then act fine. This famous salt is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia and has been used for generations to flush clogged kidneys and stimulate them to activity, also to neutralize the acids in urine so it no longer causes irritation, thus ending bladder disorders.

Jad Salts is irritable, thus cannot injure; makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water drink which all regular meat eaters should take now and then to keep the kidneys clean and the blood pure, thereby avoiding serious kidney complications.—Adv.