

Munyon's Paw Paw Pills coax the liver into activity by gentle methods. They do not scour, gripe or weaken. They are a tonic to the stomach, liver and nerves; invigorate instead of weaken. They enrich the blood and enable the stomach to get all the nourishment from food that is put into it. These pills contain no calomel; they are soothing, healing and stimulating. For sale by all druggists in 10c and 25c sizes. If you need medical advice, write Munyon's Doctors. They will advise to the best of their ablity absolutely free of Charge. MUNYON'S, 53d and Jefferson Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.

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WISCONSIN LANDS FOR SALE—Cut over lands and improved farms in Wood and Marathon counties, in small or large tracts. These lands are well wooded on good highways, one to eight miles from good railway shipping points, in the great clay loam, clover beit of Wisconsin—the best dairy country in the world. I have also 480 acres in Dancy drainage district, soil deep, black loam; subsoil clay. Ali my lands have abundant pure water. Come and see and you will buy. John Farrish, Grand Rapids, Wis.

100 IMPROVED farms for sale. \$500 will buy one. Balance half crop payments. Wadsworth Land & Tree Co., Langdon, N. D.

### OUR LACK OF PATRIOTISM. Remain in Place Long Enough to Be Attached to It.

From the New York Evening Sun. From the New York Evening Sun.
With moving day coming on in spite
of the chill welcome, it invariably receives from every one, these few serious words are in order. Americans
have been accused of not being patriotic. They have in almost the same breath
been excused, explained and admonished. The explanation was this:
Americans are not patriotic because a
minority of them possess parents who
had early associations in this country.
There is no sense of having roots, of
being of the soil, of standing on the
spot where one's forefather stood. One
cannot love an entire huge country. spot where one's forefather stood. One cannot love an entire huge country. When one says the name of one's native land it must mean to each person a certain intimately known locality, with a house where one was born, reared and heard of the births of one's people. All this is impossible in America, because every one moves every year, which upsets associations, attachments and prevents any feeling but

year, which upsets associations, attachments and prevents any feeling but that of feverish participation in an ever changing kaleidoscope. The thought may arouse our enthusiasms, or it may be that it only raises our voices in speaking of it, and this is because we could not make ourselves heard in any other way; but we do not possess that ingrained, pig headed adoration for our country which is so valuable a possession for the country. Now, ladies and householders, if this

Now, ladies and householders, if this lack of warm hearted patriotism can be stopped by the simple expedient of your not moving, can you not manage to control yourselves during this coming month, and in the splendid cause of engendering love of country rest content in your secluded little flats? It is the call of your nation. Respond to it, no matter what the suffering.

While men are forced to bow to the inevitable there are few who are courteous enough to lift their hats to it. When a dog howls over his master's

approach he is rude enough to express what others feel. Some men are such liars that they will even pretend that they like to go

While a man is attempting to dodge automobile he is apt to butt into

# POSTUM FOR MOTHERS.

The Drink That Nourishes and Supplies Food for Mother and Child.

"My husband aas been unable to drink coffee for several years, so we were very glad to give Postum a trial and when we understood that leng boiling would bring out the delicious flavor, we have been highly pleased

"It is one of the finest things for nursing mothers that I have ever seen. It keeps up the mother's strength and increases the supply of nourishment for the child if partaken of freely. I drank it between meals instead of water and found it most beneficial.

"Our five-year-old boy has been very delicate since birth and has developed slowly. He was white and bloodless I began to give him Postum freely and you would be surprised at the change. When any person remarks about the great improvement, we never fail to tell them that we attribute his gain in strength and general health, to the free use of Postum and this has led many friends to use it for themselves and children.

"I have always cautioned friends to whom I have spoken about Postum, to follow directions in making it, for

# **ANGEL ESQUIRE**

BY EDGAR WALLACE

CHAPTER VIII-(Continued.)

"Let him talk in his own way," he legs "This admirable person," the old man went on, happily striking on the subject again, "desired information that I have come with the object of gaining

went on, happily striking on the subject again, "desired information that I was not disposed to give, Mr. Connor, remembering your many kindnesses, particularly in respect to one Mr. Vinnis."

"Yes, go on," urged Connor, and the face of Vinnis was tense.

"I fear there are times when my usually active mind takes on a sluggishness which is foreign to my character—my normal character"—old George was again the pedant—"when the unobservant stranger might be deceived into regarding me as a negligible quantity. The admirable young man so far treated me as such as to remark to his companion that there was a rope—yes, distinctly a rope—for the said Mr. Vinnis."

"Walt a bit," interrupted Bat. "Who

The face of Vinnis was livid.
"And," asked Connor, "what happened next? There were two of them, were

The old man nodded gravely; he nodded a number of times, as though the exercise pleased him.

"The other young man—not the amia—"The other young man—not finding that

ble one, but another—upon finding that I could not rent or hire the rooms—as indeed I could not, Mr. Connor, without your permission—engaged me in conversation—very loudly he spoke, too —on the relative values of cabbage and

—on the relative values of cabbage and carrot as food for herbaceous mammals. Where the amiable gentleman was at that moment I cannot say—"
"I can guess," thought Connor.
"I can remember the occasion well," old George continued, "because that night I was alarmed and startled by strange noises from the empty rooms upstairs, which I very naturally and properly concluded were caused—"

He stopped, and glancing fearfully about the room, went on in a lower tone.

"By certain spirits," he whispered mysteriously and pointed and leered first at one and then another of the occupants of the room.

occupants of the room.

There was something very eerie in the performance of the strange old man with the queerly working face, and more than one hardened criminal present shivered a little.

Connor broke the silence that fell on

'So that's how it was done, eh? One "So that's how it was done, en? One held you in conversation while the other got upstairs and hid himself? Well, boys, you've heard the old man. What d'ye say?" Vinnis shifted in his seat and turned

his great unemotional face to where the old man stood, still fumbling with his hat and muttering to himself be-neath his breath; in some strange re-gion whither his poor wandering mind had taken him he was holding a conversation with an imaginary person. Connor could see his eyebrows working, and caught scraps of sentences, now in some strange dead tongue, now in the stilted English of the school-

master.

It was Vinnis who spoke for the assembled company.

"The old man knows a darned sight too much," he said in his level tone.
"I'm for...."

I'm for-"
He did not finish his sentence. Con-

nor took a swift survey of the men.
"If there is any man here," he said slowly, "who wants to wake up at 7 o'clock in the morning and meet a gentleman who will strap his hands behind him and a person who will pray over him—if there's any man here that wants a short walk after breakfast be-tween two lines of warders to a little

not in this house."

He fixed his eyes on Vinnis.

"And if there's any man here," he went on, "who's already in the shadow of the rope, so that one or two murders more won't make much difference one way or the other, he can do as he likes—outside this house."

He relapsed again into mutterings.

"I have never met him before," the stranger said, turning to Connor.

"Oh, old George always thinks he has met people," said Connor with a grin.

"A gentleman," old George muttered, "every inch a gentleman, and a muni-Vinnis shrank back.

"There's nothing against me," he "The rope," muttered the old man, "The rope," muttered the old man,
"Vinnis for the rope," he chuckled to
himself. "I fear they counted too implicitly upon the fact that I am not always quite myself—Vinnis—"
The man he spoke of sprang to his
feet with a snarl like a trapped beast.
"Sit down—you."

"Sit down—you."

Bat Sands, with his red head close cropped, thrust his chair in the direction of the infuriated Vinnis. "What Connor says is true—we're not going to croak the old man, and

we're not going to croak ourselves. If we hang, it will be something worth hanging for. As to the old man, he's soft, an' that's all you can say. He's

got to be kept close—"

A rap at the door cut him short.
"Who's that?" he whispered.
Connor tiptoed to the locked door.
"Who's there?" he demanded.
A familiar voice reassured him, and

he opened the door and held a conver-sation in a low voice with somebody

There's a man who wants to see me," he said in explanation. "Lock the door after I leace, Bat," and he went out quickly.

Not a word was spoken, but each after his own fashion of reasoning drew some conclusion from Connor's heaty departure.

hasty departure.

"A full meetin'," croaked a voice
"A full meetin'," croaked a voice

"A full meetin'," croaked a voice from the back of the room. "We're all asked here by Connor. Is it a plant?"
That was Bat's thought too.
"No," he said; "there's nothin' against us. Why, Angel let us off last week because there wasn't evidence, an' Connor's straight."
"I don't trust him, by God!" said Vinnis.

"I trust nobody," said Bat doggedly, "but Connor's straight-

they looked doubtfully at old George, who, seated on a chair with crossed seated on a chair with crossed and his head bent, was talking with great rapidity in an undertone to

"Wait a bit," interrupted Bat. "Who else is in this?"
"We alone," replied the man.
"Is Jimmy in it?"

"Is Jimmy in it."
"No."
"Is Angel in it?"
"No" (impatiently).
"Go on," said Bat, satisfied.
"The money is in a safe that can only opened by a word. That word nobody knows—so far. The clew to the word was stolen a few nights ago from the lawyer in charge of the case by—Jimmy."

He paused to note the effect of his

"Jimmy has passed the clew on to Scotland Yard, and we cannot hope to 'Well?" demanded Bat.

"Well?" demanded Bat.

"What we can do," the other went on, "is to open the safe with something more powerful than a word."

"But the guard!" said Bat. "There's an armed guard kept by the lawyer."

"We can arrange about the guard," said the other.

said the other.
"Why not get the lawyer?" It was
Curt Goyle who made the suggestion. The stranger frowned.

"The lawyer cannot be got at," he said shortly. "Now, are you with

me?"
There was no need to ask. was sorting the notes into little bundles on the table, and the men came up one by one, took their money, and after a few words with Connor took their leave, with an awkward saluta-tion to the stranger.

Bat was the last to go.
"Tomorrow night—here," muttered

Connor. He was left alone with the newcomer, save for the old man, who hadn't changed his attitude, and was still in the midst of some imaginary conver-

sation.
"Who is this?" the stranger demand-

Connor smiled.
"An old chap as mad as a March hare. A gentleman, too, and a scholar; talks all sorts of mad languages— Latin and Greek and the Lord knows what. He's been a schoolmaster, I should say, and what brought him cown to this—drink or drugs or just ordinary madness—I don't know.

The stranger looked with interest at the unconscious man, and old George, as if suddenly realizing that he was

as if suddenly realizing that he was under scrutiny, woke up with a start and sat blinking at the other. Then he shuffled slowly to his feet and peered closely into the stranger's face, all the time sustaining his mumbled conversation.

"Ah," he said in a voice rising from its inaudibility, "a gentleman! Pleased to meet you, sir, pleased to meet you. Omnia mutantur, nos et mutamur in tween two lines of warders to a little tween two lines of warders to a little shed where a brand new rope is hanging from the roof, he's at liberty to do what he likes with old George, but illis, but you have not changed."

He relapsed again into mutterings.
"I have never met him before,"

"A gentleman," old George muttered,
"every inch a gentleman, and a munificent patron. He bought a copy of my
book—you have read it? It is called—
dear me, I have forgotten what it is called-and sent to consult me in his-

"What?" The stranger's face was ashen, and he gripped Connor by the arm. "Listen, listen!" he whispered

fiercely.
Old George threw up his head again and started blandly at the stranger.
"A perfect gentleman," he said with pathetic insolence, "invariably address-

ing me as the 'professor'—a most deli-cate and gentlemanly thing to do." He pointed a triumphant finger to the stranger.
"I know you!" he cried shrilly, and his cracked laugh rang through the

his cracked laugh rang through the room. "Spedding, that's your name! Lawyer, too. I saw you in the carriage of my patron."

"The book, the book!" gasped Spedding. "What was the name of your book?"

Old George's voice had dropped to its normal level when he replied with extravagant courtesy— "That is the one thing, sir, I can never remember."

# CHAPTER IX.

THE GREAT ATTEMPT.

There are supercillous critics who sneer at Scotland Yard. They are sneer at Scotland Yard. They are quite unofficial critics, of course, writers of stories wherein figure amateur detectives of abnormal perspicuity, unraveling mysteries with consummate ease which have baffled the police for years. As a matter of fact, Scotland Yard stands for the finest police or anization in the world. People who speak glibly of "police blunders" must remember one curious fact; in this last quarter of a century only one man has ever stood in the dock at the Old Bailey under the capital charge who has es-

see, and there was a little key ticketed with an inscription. Angel looked through the dossier carefully, then read

who is he?" asked Bat. "Do we know him??"

"Who is he?" asked Bat. "Do we know him?"

"No." said Connor, "and you're not expected to know him. But he's putting up the money, and that's good enough for you, Bat—a hundred pounds a man, and it will be paid tonight."

Bat Sands spat on his hand.

"Bring him in. He's good enough," and there was a nittle key ticketed with an inscription. Angel looked through the dossier carefully, then read the woman's letter again.

Vinnis, the man with the dead-white face, finishing his late breakfast and with the pleasurable rustle of new banknotes in his trouser pocket, strolled for thinto Commercial road E. An acquaintance leaning against a publication; a bedraggled girl hurrying home-stranger, who met the questioning glances of his audience with a quiet stranger, who met the questioning glances of his audience with a quiet stranger, who met the questioning glances of his audience with a quiet smile. His eyes swept over every face. They rested for a moment on Vinnis, cringed up to him, as he stood for a

moment at the edge of the road, and was kicked for its pains. Vinnis was entirely without senti-ment, and besides even though the money in his pocket compensated for

most things, the memory of old George and his babbling talk worried him. Somebody on the other side of the road attracted his attention. It was a woman and he knew her very well, therefore he ignored her beckoning hand. Two days ago he had occasion to reprove her and he had selzed the opportunity to summarily dissolve the

opportunity to summarily dissolve the informal union that had kept them together for five years. So he made no signs when the woman with the bruised face called him, but turned abruptly and walked towards Aldgate. He did not look round, but by and by he heard the patter of her feet behind, and once his name called hoarsely. He struck off into a side street with a raging devil inside him, then when they reached the unfrequented when they reached the unfrequented part of the road he turned on her. She saw the demon in his eyes, and tried to speak. She was a penitent woman at that moment, and hyster-

ically ripe for confession, but the savage menace of the man froze her lips.
"So." he said, his thin mouth askew,
"so after what I've said an' what I've done you follow me, do you. Showing me up in the street, eh!"

He edged closer to her, his fist doubled, and she, poor drab, fascinated by the snakelike glare of his dull eyes, stood reoted to the spot. Then with a snarl he struck her—once, twice—and she fell a huddled, moaning heap on the navement.

You may do things in Commercial Road, E., after "lighting-up time" that are not permissible in the broad light of the day, unless it be Saturday, and the few people who have been attracted by the promise of a row were indignant but passive, after the manner of all London crowds. Not so one quiet, middle-aged man, who confronted Vinginia and the same way to be supported to the same way to be supported by the same way the same way to be supported by the same way the same wa middle-aged man, who confronted Vin-nis as he began to walk away.

"That was a particularly brutal thing to do," said the quiet man. Vinnis measured him with his eye, and decided that this was not a man to

be trifled with. "I've got nothing to say to you," he said roughly, and tried to push past but an iron grip was on his arm.

"Walt a moment, my friend," said the other steadily, "not so fast; you cannot commit a brutal assault in the open street like that without punish-ment. I must ask you to walk with me to the station." "Suppose I won't go?" demanded Vin-

"I shall take you," said the other. "I am Detective-Sergeant Jarvis from Scotland Yard."

Vinnis thought rapidly. There wasn't much chance of escape; the street they were in was a cul-de-sac, and at they were in was a cul-de-sac, and at the open end two policement had made their appearance. After all, a "wife" assault was not a serious business, and the woman—well, she would swear it was an accident. He resolved to go quietly; at the worst it would be a month, so with a shrug of his shoulders he accompanied the detective. A small crowd followed them to the station. In the little steel dock he stood in his stockinged feet whilst a deft jailer ran his hands over him. With a in his stockinged feet whilst a deft jaller ran his hands over him. With a stiffed oath, he remembered the money in his possession; it was only 10 pounds, for he had secreted the other, but 10 pounds is a lot of money to be found on a person of his class, and generally leads to embarrassing inquiries. To his astonishment, the jailer who relieved him of the notes seemed in no whit surprised and the inspector at the desk took the discovery as a matter of course. Vinnis remarked on the surprising number of constables there were on duty in the charge room.

"What is the charge?" asked the inspector, dipping his pen.
"Wilful murder!" said a voice, and Angel Esquire crossed the room from the inspector's office. "I charge this man with having on the night of the 17th of February" • • Vinnis, dumb with terror and rage,

Vinnis, dumb with terror and rage, listened to the crisp tones of the detective as he detailed the particulars of an almost forgotten crime. It was the story of a country house burglary, a man servant who surprised the thief, a fight in the dark, a shot and a dead man lying in the big drawing room. It was an ordinary little tragedy for It was an ordinary little tragedy, forgotten by everybody save Scotland Yard; but year by year unknown men had pieced together the scraps of evidence that had come to them; strand the rope hear woven by strand had the rope been woven that was to hang a cold blooded mur-derer; last of all came the incoherent letter from a jealous woman—Scot-land Yard waits always for a jealous woman—and the evidence was com-

"Put him in No. 14," said the inspector. Then Vinnis woke up, and the six men on duty in the charge room found their time fully occupied.

# (Continued Next Week.)

Madonna Mia.

A lily-girl, not made for this world's pain, With brown, soft hair close braided by her ears,
And longing eyes half veiled by slumberous tears
Like bluest water seen through mists of rain; Pale cheeks whereon no love hath left its

Pale cheeks whereon no love hath left its stain.
Red underlip drawn in for fear of love,
And white throat, whiter than the silvered dove,
Through whose wan marble creeps one purple vein.
Yet, though my lips shall praise her without cases.

out cease,
Even to kiss her feet I am not bold,
Being o'ershadowed by the wings of awe,
Like Dante, when he stood with Beatrice
Beneath the flaming Lion's breast, and The seventh Crystal, and the Stair of Gold.

#### -Oscar Wilde. Bound to Recover.

From Lippincott's. Patient-Tell me candidly, Doc, do you think I'll pull through?

Doctor-Oh, you're bound to get well you can't help yourself. The Medical Record shows that out of 100 cases

"but Connor's straight—"

There was a rap on the door.

"Who's there?"

"All right!" said the muffled voice.
Bat unlocked the door, and Connor came in.

What he had seen or what he had heard had brought about a marvelous change in his appearance—his cheeks were a dull red, and his eyes blazed with triumph.

"Bottland yard is patiently slow and terribly sure.

Angel in his little room received a letter written in a sprawling uneltimed from end to end. He read it through and examined the date stamp, then rang the bell.

The messenger who answered him found him examining a map of Longound his words caused. He stood with his back to the half-opened door.

"I'm going to introduce a new pal."

He felt rather than heard the excitement his words caused. He stood with his back to the half-opened door.

"I'm going to introduce a new pal."

There were newspaper cuttings and plans and dreadful photographs, the like of which the outside world do not see, and there was a little key ticketed the dook at the folder building with papers.

The Medical Record shows that out of 100 cases like yours, I per cent invariably recovers. I've treated 99 cases, and every one of them died. Why, man alive, you and terribip sure.

Angel in his little room received a letter written in a sprawling unelter was incoherent and stained with tears and underlied from end to end. He read it through and examined the date stamp, then rang the bell.

The messenger who answered him found him examining a map of Longon, was his father asked why he was up so early. "To earn potatoes for you, my lad," was his father asked why the got up so early. "Why, to eat the potation, and the got up so early. "The Henpecked Worm.

The Henpecked Worm.

The Henpecked Worm.

The Henpecked Worm.

The Henpecked He yours, I per cent invariably recovers. I've treated 99 cases, and every one of them died. Why, man alive, you at the law.

The Weav of the World.

From the Delineator.

Four-year-old James awakened early one morning and found his father asked why he was up so early

From the Sydney Bulletin.
The Hen—Get hout, yer miserable, crawlin' little worm! If yer was 'ari a man yer'd come an' turn the mangle fer yer poor slavin' wife.
The Worm—"No, Sarah, I may be worm, but I ain't one wot turns.

When He Suffered. When He Suffered.
From the Boston Post.
Bessie: "The doctor told mamma
that too much candy creates agony.
Did it ever create an agony with you?"
Bobby: "Sure!"
Bessie: "When?"

Bobby: "When I couldn't get it."

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription

Is the best of all medicines for the cure of diseases, disorders and weaknesses peculiar to women. It is the only preparation of its kind devised by a regularly graduated physician—an experienced and skilled specialist in

It is a safe medicine in any condition of the system. THE ONE REMEDY which contains no alcohol and no injurious habit-forming drugs and which creates no craving for such stimulants.

THE ONE REMEDY so good that its makers are not afraid to print its every ingredient on each outside bottle-wrapper and attest to the truthfulness of the same under oath.

It is sold by medicine dealers everywhere, and any dealer who hasn't it can get it. Don't take a substitute of unknown composition for this medicine of known composition. No counterfeit is as good as the genuine and the druggist who says something else is "just as good as Dr. Pierce's" is either mistaken or is trying to deserve you for his own selfish benefit. Such a man is not to be trusted. He is trifling with your most priceless possession—your health—may be your life itself. See that you get what you ask for.

A Wave of Reform.

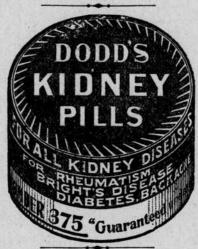
From Lippincott's. A kind old man who was crossing a bridge was shocked to see a tough little boy sitting on the rail and chewing the stub of a cigar. He said to the boy: "Sonny, it grieves me to see one so young in dulging in such a degrading habit. Drop the nasty thing into the water, and promise me you won't smoke another one, and

I'll give you a dime."

So the boy dropped the stub, and promised. "And now," said K. O. G., beaming through his glasses and handing over the coin, "tell me what nice things you can buy for 10 cents."

"A package uv cigirets," said the T. L

Next day when the kindly old gent crossed the bridge, there were 10 tough little boys sitting on the rail, all smoking



The Star Salesman. From Collier's.

were asked to define salesman-I would say: "It is simply mak-If I were asked to define satisfiant ship, I would say: "It is simply making the other fellow feel as you do about what you have to sell." That is about all there is to it. You go into a man's office with something to sell. You feel that this man ought to possess, through purchase from you, this thing that you have to sell. But the sess, through purchase from you, this thing that you have to sell. But the man you have called to see, who sits with an air of cool defiance behind the breatworks of his desk, is in a directly opposite state of mind. He feels that he ought not to possess, through purchase from you, the thing you have to sell. Now the only possible way you can make the sale is to make the man's mind come around into agreeyou can make the sale is to make the man's mind come around into agreement with your mind. It is not even a case where you can meet your opponent half way; you can not make even a smail compromise and still make a sale. You have got to sell him completely as you don't sell him at all. a sale. You have got to self him completely or you don't self him at all; you must pull him full 180 degrees around the circle. When you have made him feel just as sincerely as you yourself feel that he should buy what you have to sell, then he will buy. Show me a star salesman, a man who is a business-builder, as well as a business-getter—and I will show you a man of strong character and attractive personality. The foregoing sentence

around the circle. When you have made him feel just as sincerely as you yourself feel that he should buy what you have to sell, then he will buy.

Show me a star salesman, a man who is a business-builder, as well as a business-getter—and I will show you a man of strong character and attractive personality. The foregoing sentence contains the suggestion of what the training for salesmanship should be. It sounds the success keynote. What training for salesmanship should be. It sounds the success keynote. What should be the salesman's equipment? We are salesmanagers now selecting men. What are going to require of those we choose? Have my way and there would be ten requisites which we should use as a standard for measuring our candidates. And the first of these requisites is health.

A salesman must be in good physical condition all the time. Just like a racehorse, he must be ready to go when the bell rings. There was a time not many years ago when most sales—

When the soap is on the stairway and the rugs are on the lawn.

When you're eating from the gas range and are sleeping in the hall, And you sit down in the kalsomine intended ash of indigo.

And the batter cakes are tinted with a dash of indigo.

And you coffee tastes of benzine and there's borax in the dough—

or a brown will send you sidewise like a fimid, startled fawn, when the soap is on the stairway and the rugs are on the lawn.

not many years ago when most salesmen injured their health with too much drinking and smoking and eating. But there is not so much of this nowadays; good salesmen have come to do most of their work in the salesroom instead of in the bar-rooms. The temptations for a salesman to drink too for a salesman to drink too much smoke too much, and eat too much are many, and it is only by constant vig-lance that he can resist such temp-tations. His health depends on his power to resist, and in the long run his success depends upon his health. When the soap is on the stairway and the rugs are on the lawn.

—Chicago Evening Post.

Loafing is never so sweet as just after a hard job is finished.

# W. L. DOUCLAS \$3.00,\$3.50,\$4.00&\$5.00 Union SHOES Boys' Shoes Made SHOES \$2.00 & \$2.50

W. L. Douglas shoes are worn by more menthan any other make, BECAUSE:

W.L.Douglas \$3.00 and \$3.50 shoes are the lowest price, quality considered, in the world.
W.L.Douglas \$4.00 and \$5.00 shoes equal, in style, fit and wear, other makes

Callous the

bowels with harsh cathartics, and you'll need physic always. Help them gently, with candy Cascarets, and you'll need them rarely. Once learn the difference and you'll never take a harsher

laxative than these. Vest-pocket box, 10 cents—at drug-stores. Each tablet of the genuine is marked C C C.

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PATENTS Watson E. Coleman, Washington, D.C. Books free, Highest references. Best results.

Good health influences others in your rayor. It is a prime factor in bring-ing your prospect's mind around into agreement with your mind. The Annual.

The Annual.

When the soap is on the stairway and the rugs are on the lawn,

And the paperhanger's coming while the plasterer has gone.

When the men are all dejected and are bothered with the blues,

While their wives are madly shuffling in enormous overshoes—

Oh, the house is in a turmoll at the very blush of dawn,

When the soap is on the stairway and the rugs are on the lawn.

Ah, for somewhere east of Suez, where the best is like the worst,
And a human habitation by housecleaning is not cursed!
For there's tumult in the attic and the cellar is a mess,
And you have to screen the windows with a bureau when you dress,
And you have a very doubtful springless cot to sleep upon,
When the soap is on the stairway and the rugs are on the lawn.

—Chicago Evening Post.

# Day After Day

One will find



Popular pkg. 10c.

Family size 15c.

a constant delight.

The food is crisp and wholesome and so dainty and tempting, that it appeals to the appetite all the time-morning, noon and night.

Some folks have pronounced Post Toasties the choicest flavoured bits of cereal food ever produced.

# "The Memory Lingers"

Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.