

Cough, Cold Sore Throat

Sloan's Liniment gives quick relief for cough, cold, hoarseness, sore throat, croup, asthma, hay fever and bronchitis.

HERE'S PROOF.
MR. ALBERT W. PRICE, of Fredonia, Kan., writes: "We use Sloan's Liniment in the family and find it an excellent relief for colds and hay fever attacks. It stops coughing and sneezing almost instantly."

SLOAN'S LINIMENT

RELIEVED SORE THROAT.
Mrs. L. BREWER, of Modesto, Fla., writes: "I bought one bottle of your Liniment and it did me all the good in the world. My throat was very sore, and it cured me of my trouble."

GOOD FOR COLD AND CROUP.
MR. W. H. STRANGE, 3721 Elmwood Avenue, Chicago, Ill., writes: "A little boy next door had croup. I gave the mother Sloan's Liniment to try. She gave him three drops on sugar before going to bed, and he got up without the croup in the morning."
Price, 25c., 50c., \$1.00



Sloan's Treatise on the Horse sent free.
Address Dr. Earl S. Sloan, Boston, Mass.

Prospective Customer.
Small Girl—Teacher, did you say the Lord makes babies, too?
Sunday School Teacher—Yes, indeed.
Small Girl—About how much does he charge for one, 'cause I want a baby brother awful bad.

When the Sun Will Die.
It may be said unqualifiedly that the sun, like every other thing connected with the present order, will finally cease to be what it is today. The time will most surely come when the sun will have ceased to throw off light and heat. Long before that happens, however, the earth and other planets will have become "dead worlds," like the moon—no life of any sort upon them. It has been calculated that the sun will cease to throw out its heat somewhere about seven million years from now.

VERY LIKELY.



Hazel—Some folks don't know what's good for them in this world.
Henry—Yes, but they're better off than the people that know and haven't the price to get it.

Ready Cooked Meals

are rapidly growing in popularity favor.

Post Toasties

served either with cream or good milk, or preserved fruit, make a most appetizing dish for breakfast, dinner, or supper.

These delicious toasted flaky bits of white corn have a delicate taste that is very pleasing at this time of year.

Post Toasties are economical, make less work for the busy housewife and please everyone at the table.

"The Memory Lingers"

Sold by Grocers everywhere
Postum Cereal Co., Ltd.
Battle Creek, Mich.

LIFELONG SECRET OF MEREDITH LEAKS OUT

Vain Novelist Wrapped His Ancestry in Veil of Mystery—Story Told.

From London Correspondence of the New York World.

The mystery of George Meredith's origin has long tantalized the world. The reticence of the great novelist himself on that subject helped to beget various fantastic rumors—being that his birth was shadowed by the bar sinister. Not only has no one attempted his biography, through lack of authentic information as to his beginnings, but all have been held back by superstition such as has prevented those confronted with the inscription in Stratford church from disturbing Shakespeare's bones.

"I will horribly haunt any one who attempts my biography!" was the dying exclamation of the author of "The Egoist" to a friend, who in spite of his intimacy never succeeded in extracting the slightest clue as to from whom or whence Meredith sprang. The first clue to the mystery was given in "The World" at the time of the novelist's death, but now the secret is out; and the world hardly knows whether to laugh at or sympathize with the false pride which was the cause of the writer's life-long silence.

The Son of a Tailor.
George Meredith was the son of a Portsmouth tailor, and the early years over which he drew so determined a veil were associated with the memory of his father seated with thread and needle in his hand.

A relative, S. M. Ellis, defying the indignant shade of Genius, has revealed the fact in order that he may tardily bask in the glory of kinship with one who rejected the destiny of the tailors' goose for the immortality of the pen. By one stroke of his own matter-of-fact quill, this writer, in the current number of the Fortnightly, has disposed of the romantic figment of high-born illegitimacy that Meredith preferred to allow to live; notwithstanding the reflection upon his mother, rather than have the truth proclaimed, so sensitive was the spirit of the author to "snippets" and other opprobrious names bestowed by snobbery on a calling which his rugged rival, Carlyle, devoted his best talents to poetizing in "Sartor Resartus."

Yet if Meredith was a snob at soul—and the greatest of writers have had their infirmities—he exulted at the falling in himself after an immortal manner. In "Evan Harrington," one of his most brilliant novels, he has bequeathed to posterity a biting analysis of this same weakness, pillorying the agonies of his own false shame in the person of the hero. "Evan Harrington," as we learn from Mr. Ellis, is a confession—tormented exploitation of his great relative's family history, the fact of which was only lightly juggled with in response to the demands of romance.

The Great Mel of its pages, the flower of Talordom, the Beau Brummel of the town, the boon companion of local aristocrats, was no other than George Meredith's grandfather, from whom his grandson drew his own love of titled society; while those other characters, called the "Daughters of the Shearers," almost the delight of the reader, were his great aunts.

Thus did the artist in Meredith mock the man, and passion for mastery material triumph over the pangs of private vanity in giving to the world a chief character the existence of which is a shining example of the inconsistency of human nature.

Melchizedek Meredith.
It was from the Great Mel of his novel, who in real life was Melchizedek Meredith, an eccentric Portsmouth tailor, that the author inherited his high-bred looks, as well as his social aspirations. Handsome, gallant, with the finished manners of a gentleman, Melchizedek, by his extravagances and hobnobbing with local swells, brought his family to financial ruin. To the credit of his trade, he hunted with his own horses; was an officer in Portsmouth Yeoman Cavalry—no small luxury in those days—displaying his patriotism in the threatened invasion of England by Napoleon; and as

POET TRAMPS MILES TO EASE CONSCIENCE

From the Washington Star.

As everybody knows, the left bank of the Seine, in Paris, is the home of the Bohemians of that gay capital. The Latin quarter is on the left bank, or "rive gauche," as they call it, and no words are strong enough to express the disdain of its artistic denizens for the "rive droite," or opposite bank, where the business and social worlds of Paris have their abiding places.

Few of the dwellers on Montparnasse, however, carry their prejudice as far as does a versifier who was pointed out to the writer recently at the "Closier des Lilacs," the literary cafe where Paul Fort, the newly elected Prince of Poets, thrones it nightly. The writer in question, whose name is Paul Roinard, and who is fairly renowned, boasts that for 10 years on end he never has set foot on the despised right bank of the Seine. That bank, he says, stands to him for everything that is material, plutocratic, commercial, philistine, and for the sake of avoiding it M. Roinard has gone in for a lot of unnecessary exercise.

He has walked, in all probability, thousands of miles in order to give it a wide berth. He lives in the suburb of Courbevoie, and every Tuesday he walks to the "Closier des Lilacs" in order to take part in the weekly artistic gathering there. Now the Seine, just at Courbevoie, takes a wide bend, and M. Roinard, by making straight to his destination, would have a constitutional of only four miles. But this would mean that he must cross the Seine and for quite half of his journey tread the accursed right bank, and the poet will not so compromise with his conscience. Accordingly he follows the left bank of the river where it makes its loop, and so at least trebles the length of his weekly pilgrimage. They say in Montparnasse that he starts at 7 in the morning in order that he may occupy his favorite seat at the "Closier des Lilacs" at 8:30 at night. And yet this is supposed to be a materialistic age!

Doris Couldn't Draw It.

From the Ladies Home Journal.
As a slight diversion the teacher suggested that each child in the class draw a picture from which she could guess what the child wanted to be when grown. All sorts of articles were illustrated: books for bookkeepers, hats for milliners, etc. One little girl, however, had a blank sheet.

"Why, Doris, don't you want to be anything when you are grown?"
"Yessum," said Doris; "I want to be married, but I don't know how to draw it."

The sponging industry of Cuba is dwindling because fishermen gather in the little sponges before their time.

church warden of his parish church of St. Thomas was part donor of a handsome set of silver offertory plates, which will be in use in the church, with his name engraved thereon.

It was in pursuance of these outside interests that the Great Mel's shop, that supplied uniforms to the famous sailors of the day, perhaps including Nelson, lost its prestige, referred to by Captain Marryat in "Peter Simple"—"We called at Meredith's the tailor, and he promised that by next morning we should be fitted complete."

Melchizedek showed his taste in wedding while still a young man, a woman of stately marriage, who bore him a large family of exceptionally fine children, including a son, Augustus, the novelist's father, who inherited the business. The four daughters, all beautiful girls, married well. One, Louisa, who appears in the story as the Countess Silva, married a consul general for the Azores, decorated by the Emperor of Brazil and the King of Portugal. Another, Harriet, became the wife of a wealthy brewer, sketched by the novelist's pen under the name of Andrew Coglesby. A third was the wife of a lieutenant of the royal marines—the "Carry" of the book and the mother of Mr. Ellis.

George, who was the only son of Augustus Meredith, was born in the family home in Portsmouth—already famed as the birthplace of Charles Dickens—in 1828. His father, who seems to have been a "muddler," soon after emigrated, and the management of the business was assumed, as related in "Evan Harrington," by Mrs. Meredith until her decease, some few years later.

Reared by His Aunts.
The novelist, then only but 5 years old, was looked after by his paternal aunts. He was sent to school, of which his "chief remembrance," as he vaguely alluded to in "Evan Harrington," were his services on Sundays, the giving out of the text being signal to me for inventing tales of the Saint George and dragon type. I was fond of "The Arabian Nights," and this doubtless fed an imagination which took shape in "The Sign of the Cross" and "The Sign of the Cross." He earned very little at school, until I was sent to Newstead.

This German finish to his education, which was drawn from the meager fortune left by his father, who had meanwhile returned home from South Africa and died, was the end of the writer's connection with his native place. He was 15 at the time, and it appears that thereafter the young man deliberately cut himself off from all intercourse with his relations.

"That there was a quarrel," Mr. Ellis remarks, "seems evident from the pungent manner in which he dealt with his family history in 'Evan Harrington.'"

The estrangement, whatever the cause, did not, however, prevent the novelist from later doing a member of his family a good turn. Sir Samuel Ellis, his uncle by marriage, had written a collection of West African stories, which were sent by him to a London publisher. Meredith happened to be a reader of the concern and the house accepted the work on his recommendation. It chanced, however, that the book caused the publisher much trouble, as a certain James Pinnock sued for libel on the ground that he was maligned in one of the characters introduced in the sketches. George Meredith was called, with other witnesses, and when asked if he knew Mr. Pinnock, replied: "Not since the days of my youth, when I learned his catechism."

The plaintiff won his suit and was awarded \$1,000 damages. The Times treated the verdict to a leading article, and Meredith's testimony was translated in French in a sensational "By George." No one was aware at the time of Meredith's family connection with the author of the libelous book.

Spare as are the accounts furnished by Mr. Ellis of George Meredith's long-concealed ancestry, they furnish another instance of genius applying the time honored advice of "Look into thine own soul and write." Meredith had the courage to look, and in looking dissect with the merciless scalpel of his art the high-bred looks, as well as his social aspirations. Handsome, gallant, with the finished manners of a gentleman, Melchizedek, by his extravagances and hobnobbing with local swells, brought his family to financial ruin. To the credit of his trade, he hunted with his own horses; was an officer in Portsmouth Yeoman Cavalry—no small luxury in those days—displaying his patriotism in the threatened invasion of England by Napoleon; and as

FAMOUS HOPE DIAMOND—THE JEWEL OF ILL OMEN

(Indianapolis News.)

One of the London papers has viewed the death of Mrs. J. R. McLean in a superstitious light. Mrs. McLean, as is well known, was the possessor of the famous Hope diamond, valued at nearly \$200,000, which has a history black with death and suffering. Tradition has attached to this stone a baneful influence, hence Mrs. McLean's death from pneumonia has, in the English eye, a particular interest.

The Hope diamond was taken to England from the east in 1838 by the great traveler Tavernier, whose affairs at once took a turn for the bad. At the age of 81 he set out on a fresh voyage to retrieve his fortunes, and died of fever abroad. Louis XIV bought the jewel, and gave it in turn to Madame Maintenon and Marie Leszinska, and each of them soon lost favor. Marie Antoinette preferred it to all her jewels, and perished on the scaffold. It was stolen in the French revolution, and when it reappeared it had been cut down to nearly half its original size by the Jeweler Fals, of Amsterdam. His son stole the diamond, ruined his father, and committed suicide. Before dying he gave the stone to a Frenchman named Beaulieu, who died of want without being able to sell it.

In 1830 Lord Hope bought it for \$90,000, and was the only owner to whom it seems to have brought no harm. He sold it to a Russian princess, who was shot the first time she wore it. The next owner went wan, and the succeeding one fell with his wife down a precipice and was killed. It was then bought by the ex-sultan of Turkey, Abdul Hamid, who sold it to a rich Persian merchant called Habib, who was drowned in a shipwreck off Singapore.

Last January Mr. McLean, the English press has it, bought it for \$180,000, on condition that if anybody of his household died within six months the diamond should be exchanged for jewels of equal value. But two of his servants having died, and his mother having fallen seriously ill, Mr. McLean refused to pay the first installment of \$40,000, and a lawsuit was begun.

Not Her Fault.

From Judge.
Mr. Newlywed: "I doosen't this omelet seem—er—rather tough, my dear?"
Mrs. Newlywed: "I don't see why it should, darling. I'm sure I ordered the very best egg coal the dealer had to cook it with."
Family Treasures.
"Didn't I see you at the Wombat function?"
"I was there."
"Did you carry away anything as a souvenir?"
"I stole a valuable ham sandwich."

MORE ATLANTIC LINERS REQUIRED

CONGESTION ON EXISTING STEAMSHIPS ON ACCOUNT OF CANADIAN IMMIGRATION.

It is reported that eight new Trans-Atlantic liners are under construction for the exclusive use of the Canadian Trade. These are being built by the White Star, Canadian Pacific and Cunard Companies.

The liners to be built for the White Star are to be of the same type as the Laurentic and Majestic, and will replace the Canada and Teutonic. The Cunard Line's new steamer, Ascania, has already completed successfully her maiden voyage from England to Montreal, and her sister ship will be launched early next year.

It is predicted that the Canadian Northern will not be slow in following the example of the other big concerns, as it is a matter of common belief that Canada, more than any other in the world, will be the country of the future, and the best field for investment by shipping interests.

An official of one of the companies already building steamers for this trade told the American yesterday that the ideal steamer for this service is the two-cabin boat, having accommodation for second-class and steerage passengers only.

"We do not expect that the \$5,000 cabin de luxe class will travel between Canada and England very extensively," he said, "but the business that is to be obtained there will be immensely lucrative, and for the next ten years the eyes of the shipping world will be riveted on Canada. The Panama Canal, undoubtedly will receive a lot of attention, but the business in that route will be nothing compared with the Canadian trade for the immediate future. Panama will develop and become bigger in the years to come, but at the present we are most concerned with the tremendous tide of immigration that is being diverted from the United States to the Dominion."

"The farm land of the vast North West is the attraction, and while this flood of immigration is at its height, the Canadian Government exercises a strict censorship over the class of immigrants admitted. In this way they are drawing their future citizens from the Northern countries and have shown an unwelcome face to the people of Southern Europe."—Advertisement.

In the Day of the Billionaire.

A brilliant New York lawyer said at a dinner at the Lotus club apropos of certain trust magnates:

"Thanks to watered stock—and watered stock is criminal abroad—these men are indeed rich beyond the dreams of avarice."

"If the watering of stock is allowed to keep on we'll hear our billionaires talking like this some day:
"Hullo! There goes Jones in his 300 horsepower car. Do you know him?"

"Do I know him! Do I know Jones! Why, man alive, Jones and I were struggling young millionaires together!"—New York Times.

Awful Blow.

"Yes," said Slithers, "Mickey was my dearest friend, and I shall never cease to mourn his death. It was a terrible blow from which I shall never recover."

"Why, I thought you married his widow," said Jenson.
"Why—er—ahem!—why, yes, I did!—"

Here Slithers subsided into a deep and uncomfortable silence.—Harper's Weekly.

Wm. A. Rogers Silverware

given away
Absolutely Free
for wrappers from
GALVANIC SOAP

or coupons from Johnson's Washing Powder

This Is Our Offer, Read It:
For each teaspoon desired send us one two-cent stamp and twenty Galvanic Soap wrappers (front panel only) or coupons from Johnson's Washing Powder.

SPECIAL OFFER FOR SIX TEASPOONS
Send 100 Galvanic Soap wrappers and 5 two-cent stamps to pay postage; we will send you a set of SIX TEASPOONS ABSOLUTELY FREE.

These spoons are Wm. A. Rogers silverware, the name stamped on every piece. They are the Lavigne or Grape Pattern, Heavy A-1 Silver Plate and guaranteed. You'll be proud to own them. Go to your grocer today and buy Galvanic the soap used by a million housewives. This offer absolutely expires May 1st, 1913. Mail wrappers to

B. J. Johnson Soap Co., Milwaukee, Wis.



Shipping Fever

Influenza, pink eye, epizootic, distemper and all nose and throat diseases cured, and all others, no matter how "exposed," kept from having any of these diseases with SPOHN'S LIQUID DISTEMPER CURE. Three to six doses often cure a case. The SPOHN bottle guaranteed to do so. Best thing for broodmares. Acts on the blood. 50c and \$1 a bottle. \$6 and \$12 a dozen bottles. Druggists and harness shops. Distributors—ALL WHOLESALE DRUGGISTS.

SPOHN MEDICAL CO., Chemists and Bacteriologists, Goshen, Ind., U. S. A.

WHY INCUBATOR CHICKS DIE

Had None to Spare.
There was a miners' picnic at Butte one Sunday. One of the features was a tug-of-war between a team of Irish miners and a team of Slovaks.

The Slovaks were winning and the Irishmen dropped the rope and began to fight. It was a good fight. One brawny Irishman had an opponent down and was pounding him at his leisure, when a friend came along.
"Gimme a belt at him," said the friend.
"Gwan," replied the other; "go and get one for yourself."

Loyal to Her Teacher.
Sunday School Teacher—Yes, children, the Lord made everybody.

Small Girl—Did he make you, teacher?
Teacher—Yes; he made me, too.
Small Girl—And he's got nothin' to be ashamed of, either.

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. Fletcher* in Use For Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

Some Measure of Love Important.
It is best to love wisely, no doubt, but to love foolishly is better than not to be able to love at all.—Thackeray.

Many a great man has exclusive knowledge of the fact.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 35c a bottle.

Every man thinks he knows a lot about women until he marries one.

Constipation Vanishes Forever

Prompt Relief—Permanent Cure
CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS never fail. Purely vegetable—act surely but gently on the liver. Stop after dinner distress—cure indigestion, improve the complexion, brighten the eyes. SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE. Genuine must bear Signature

Beantwood

It Pays to Clip

HORSES, MILKS and OWNS. They are healthier and render better service. When the heavy coat that holds the wet sweat and dirt is removed, they are more easily kept clean, look better—get more good from their feed and are better in every way. Insist on having

The Stewart Clipping Machine

It turns matter, clips faster and closer and stays sharp longer than any other. Gears are all the hard and cut from solid, polished steel bar. They are enclosed, protected, and run in oil. Little friction, little wear. Has six feet of new style, easy running flexible shaft and the celebrated Stewart angle tension, clipping heads, highest grade. Get one from your delivery machine guaranteed to please.

CHICAGO FLEXIBLE SHAFT CO.

Wells and Ohio Sts., CHICAGO, ILL. Write for complete new catalogue showing world's largest and most modern line of home clipping and shop shearing machines, mailed free on request.

SIoux CITY PTC. CO., NO. 9-1918

Don't Let Catarrh Get the Best of You

If you have catarrh and are neglecting it—you are doing a great wrong to yourself. In time it will undermine your whole constitution. You cannot begin too soon the work of shaking it off. Doesn't require any great effort. Begin today.



"I Feel Like a New Woman"
Mrs. Buss, Black, of Fort River, Ont., has written: "I have been a great sufferer for years from throat trouble, catarrh, indigestion, female troubles, bloating, constipation and nervousness—at times I would be in bed, then able to get up, but unable to do any work. I have had five different doctors' care, and would get better for a little while, then I would go down with chronic inflammation all through me. For nineteen years I had this poison in my blood. After trying nearly everything I got worse. I read 'The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser' of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. I have taken the 'Golden Medical Discovery' and 'Pleasant Pellets' and have used five bottles of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. I am now able to do my work and walk with pleasure. I feel like a new woman. I enjoy everything around me and thank God for letting me live long enough to find something that made me well again."

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery

has a curative effect upon all mucous surfaces, and hence removes catarrh. In Nasal Catarrh it is well to cleanse the passages with Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy while using the "Discovery" as a constitutional remedy.

Why the "Golden Medical Discovery" eradicates catarrhal affections, of the stomach, bowels, bladder and other pelvic organs, will be plain to you if you will read a booklet of extracts from the writings of eminent medical authorities endorsing its ingredients and explaining their curative properties. It is mailed free on request.

"The 'Discovery' has been put up and sold in its liquid form for over 40 years and has given great satisfaction. Now it can be obtained of medicine dealers in tablet form as well. A trial box sent prepaid for 50 one-cent stamps. Address Dr. Pierce's Invalids Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets regulate and strengthen Stomach, Liver and Bowels. Assist nature a little, now and then, with a searching and cleansing, yet gentle cathartic, and thereby avoid many diseases.