## LAZY BRITONS TAKE **EASY ADVANTAGE OF NEW INSURANCE ACT**

Amount of Feigned Illness Rapidly Developing Into Big Scandal.

INCREASE IN "SICKNESS"

Many Find It More Profitable to Work Government Than to Hold Regular Jobs at Pitifully

Low Wages.

London, Special -If all men were perfectly honest schemes like the liberal government insurance act might be ideal schemes. But the few months in which the act has been in operation bave shown that many Englishmen cannot resist temptation. The amount of feigned illnes among the insured is becoming a great scandal. In this respect Great Britain is repeating the experience of Germany, which furnished the model for the Lloyd George bill. The Germans have invented a new word for the illness of the government insured and some similar

bill. The Germans have invented a new word for the illness of the government insured, and some similar word will be needed in England soon.

Some employers who pay small wages find that the number of employes absent from work on account of alleged illness is from twice to 10 times the number under former conditions, before workmen and women were assured of 10 shillings a week whenever they laid off. The doctors agree that there is an enormous amount of malingering, but have not yet discovered any cure. Many people consider that a week of leisure, with an income of 10 shillings, is a justifiable holiday. When the official doctor asserts that they are not lil they begin to denounce the act as a fraud, and make political capital of it. Conservative newspapers are only too willing to print complaints from the insured that the insurance act is a failure.

too willing to print complaints from the insured that the insurance act is a failure.

Fourteen million people are now paying their weekly contributions, "licking stamps," the government's opponents say deristively. Undoubtedly many of them find fault with the administration of the act, and probably some amendments will be found necessary. New problems develop every day. An employer has written to the papers explaining that an employe had been four or five months in fail charged with murder. The trial resulted in acquittal. The employer wants to take back the man, but wants to know who is to pay the insurance contributions for the time of detention in fail. The act says nothing on that point.

For the time opposition to the insurance scheme, or rather criticism of it, is the principal political capital of the conservative party. Home rule and Welsh disestablishment have taken back seats as targets for attack. But while conservatives declare that compulsory insurance is a failure their leaders do not go so far as to urge repeal. It is unpopular with many people, but whether it is not popular with the great majority of th insured is still an open question.

## **COW PRODUCTS STRONG** AS SUMMER BEVERAGES

Milk and Buttermilk Fast Becoming Popular and Demand Increases Rapidly.

Again the cow is coming into her own and milk or buttermilk is in deand women with strong stomachs give them a rest and change by going on a milk or buttermilk diet, while many a

milk or buttermilk diet, while many a person with weak or worn out stomachs have found peace and quiet by sticking to the milky way.

Buttermilk particularly has come to be a popular and much sought for beverage. Many people who did not care for churn or creamery buttermilk have cultivated a regular taste for the manufactured product. One druggist in the city who has been successful in the making of it, has a big demand, selling close to 35 gallons a day. Most of this is sold to regular customers, who will take no substitute and who bring their friends from all over town to try it. However, several druggists in various parts of town have developed quite a trade in buttermilk. This manufactured buttermilk has marked food value, as it is made from the sweet whole milk which retains its

manufactured buttermilk has marked food value, as it is made from the sweet, whole milk, which rétains its butter fat and casein, in contrast to its own first cousin, which comes from the churns, where practically all the fat is extracted.

Taking the whole milk, the mixer dilutes with a little water and then places the lactic acid baccilli in it. This converts the sweet milk into sour. After certain length of time expires, a wholesome buttermilk is ready for the patrons. Buttermilk drinkers are not faddists, but drink it for its healthgiving properties and because they like it. There is a well defined theory about its use prolonging life and like it. There is a well defined theory about its use prolonging life and thorough trials have demonstrated that it has some real value. It builds up rich, red blood, which has strength to throw off disease and as a kidney stimulant its use helps the process of elimination of waste matter.

\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\* THE PLEASURE OF RAISING WHISKERS

\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\* The Cynic, writing in the American Magazine, says: "The enthusiasm of those engaged in

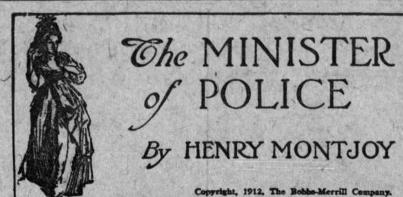
"The enthusiasm of those engaged in the cultivation of whiskers is inspiring. A man with a full beard may, in a lucid moment, shave it off. But watch him closely. Within 10 days he will show signs of returning to his old life almost as certainly as a murderer will return to the scene of his crime."

## POODLE FOP WEARS DIAMOND EARRINGS

Paris-A very fop of a dog, wearing the latest and extremest doggy modes, ap-peared on the boulevards recently. It led an elegantly dressed woman by a silver chain, or vice versa.

dog, a small French poodle, wore a sable coat with a pocket from which peeped a delicate lace handkerchief. Rub-ber shoes further protected it from catch-

Gold coins jingled on the poodle's pigskin collar, but its other ornaments were much more costly. For two diamond ear rings glistened in each ear, which was pierced at the tip and base.



Synopsis.

"THE MINISTER OF POLICE," by Henry Mountjoy, is a romance of Paris during the Louis XV reign, a period when Europe was in a condition of foment and unrest; when Voltaire was breaking to pleces the shackles of religion; when Rousseau at the Cafe de Regenance was preaching the right to think; and when a thousand men, some in the gutter, some near the throne, were preparing the great explosion of the revolution.

Madame Linden, an Austrian lady, after completing a simple mission to the French country, lingers on in Paris, enjoying the gay life there. De Sartines, the minister of police, thinks she has some other motive than pleasure in delaying her departure and surrounds her with sples to discover, if possible, whether she is dabbling in state plots.

De Lussace is a noble of exceptional character of that period. Handsome, with all the elegance of a man of the court, there is still about him something that stamps him as a man apart, something of the visionary, the enthusiast and the poet, rare in that age of animal lust, chilling wit and embroidered brutality. He is, in fact, steeped in the philosophy of Rousseau and is trying to put this philosophy into practice through his connection with a secret society that is plotting the downfall of the state. Before he has gone far enough to incriminate himself he falls in love with the beautiful Austrian, who persuades him his method of righting the wrongs of humanity is impracticable, and ends by promising to go to Vienna with her to live.

As he leaves her house a fellow conspirator, his chief, joins him, says several of the the courter of the state of the promise of the state of the state of the same of the courter of the same of the courter of the state.

her to live.

As he leaves her house a fellow conspirator, his chief, joins him, says several of their members are arrested, and entrusts the secret articles of the association to him. He then explains to De Lussac that their only hope is to intimidate the minister of police. This can be accomplished only by obtaining an incriminating contract signed by the minister of police and in the possession and safe keeping of De Richelieu, De Lussac's cousin. With this contract in their possession they can dictate terms to the minister of police, obtain the release of the members already imprisoned and be safe themselves.

De Lussac goes home, buries the papers

already imprisoned and be safe themselves.

De Lussac goes home, buries the papers
he has just received, writes Madame Linden that he is attempting one last mission
for the society, and also writes an associate telling him where the papers may be
found in case of his death. Then he enters Richelieu's home and almost succeeds
in getting the document, but is surprised
and leaves it in a drawer which he has
unlocked. Before he can make another
attempt he is arrested and taken to the
Bastile but not before he has told Madame
Linden how nearly he succeeded in getting the document. She, realizing how
desperate her lover's position is, visits
Richelieu's home and succeeds where her
lover has falled.

CHAPTER IV (Continued).

"And the king will say: 'Certainly,

him. If you do not hear from me by noon tomorrow, you will know that I am either dead or in prison, for the people I am attacking are merciless people and do not care what weapons they use. In that event, take the packet yourself to Monsieur de Maupeou, the vice chancellor. In that case I shall be well avenged."

"But madame, what is this parcel?" asked the philosopher, not in the least delighted at the prospect of being made the minister of her vengeance.

"Monsieur, it contain the social death warrant of an unjust man, a man who is preying upon the people; it is also at the same time the order of release for Monsieur de Lussac. With that parcel in your hand, monsieur, you can command events; you sieur, you can command events; you can, at least, release De Lussac, the man whom your philosophy has sent

'And the name of the unjust man?" asked Rousseau. "Monsieur de Sartines."

'The lieutenant general of police?' Rousseau nearly let the parcel drop

Rousseau nearly let the parcel drop. Here was a nice imbroglio. Ten minutes ago he had put on his hat to leave his house, content with himself and at peace with all the world, except Therese; he had opened the door, humming a tune from one of his operas, and in a trice fate had selzed him in the form of this veiled woman, thrust a weapon in his hand, and ordered him to attack De Sartines, that tiger De Sartines, of whom, despite all his philosophy, he was very much afraid. osophy, he was very much afraid.

Unfortunately Rousseau! He was always a martyr to women; even that morning, before starting he had suffered from a bad attack of Therese, escaping from her only to fall into the hands of Madame Linden.

"But, madame, it is aginst my prin-ciples to use force in this fashion. I am but a student; my part in the world is entirely passive; the hand which is powerful, armed with the pen, is always at a loss armed with the sword—"

Again he would have dived into the vague waters of verbiage, and hidden himself, had she not caught him, so to

himself, had she not caught him, so to speak, by the coat tails.

"Monsieur, you may be a student but you are a man; and a man who loves and honors you has been imprisoned for no fault but that he followed your teaching, though wrong-headedly enough, perhaps. You have nothing to fear. It is I who will bear the brunt of the battle. I ask you only to hold the document in your house and in the event of my not communicating with you by noon tomorrow to hand it to Monsieur de Maupeou. He is a bitter enemy of this villaim, De Sartines. Monsieur, believe me when I say there is no danger to you in the transaction. is no danger to you in the transaction. I am moving in it for no object but love. Monsieur de Lussac is my lover."

She lifted her veil.

Rousseau, before that loveliness, succumbed. He took off his hat and bowed to her, at the same time thrusting his book and the parcel into the capacious pocket of his coat.

He was always a sentimentalist. Though at times a philosopher, a musician, a botanist, a writer, the sentimental sentiment

clear. He must do everything in his power to assist in the enlargement of De Lussac.

"Madame," said he, "I will act as you desire. Personal considerations do not weigh with me in a matter where the right is concerned." Then having discharged this fine pentiment, he turned crusty. "Though I have nothing but your word on the matter, still I am constrained to believe it. I must now return and place this packet in safe keeping. Good day, madame."

He turned and began to walk back toward the house. She watched him for a moment, then with a little laugh she ran after him. This dreamer had never even asked her name; suspicious as he was, always fearing spies and imaginary enemies, he had neglected this, the first question that a business man would have put to her.

"Well, madame?"

"My name is—pardon me for giving it in full—the Baroness Sophie Anastase Therese Linden, and my address is number 12, Rue Coq Heron."

"Madame," replied he grimly, "whether a baroness or a woman of the people matters not to me at all." He put his fingers to the brim of his old hat and shuffled on.

The baroness looked after him as he went, a shabby old man in a snuff-colored coat; testy, suspicious, casting his eyes about him, clasping his coat lapel with a velned and nervous hand, the strangest figure of an immortal.

Then, satisfied that she had placed her weapon of destruction in very safe-keeping, she returned to the Rue Coq Heron.

CHAPTER V.

CHAPTER V.

DE SARTINES BECOMES HOST.

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The Paris residence of Monsieur le Marechal Duc de Richelieu was situated in the Due du Faubourg St. Honore, on the right as you went toward the royal palace and almost opposite to the Due D'Aguesseau.

Along this side of the way one found the frontages of a number of palatial mansions stretching from the Hotel de Montbazon to the Hotel de Evreux. The broad gardens of these houses, birdhaunted, sparkling with the waters of fountains and glorious with flowers, reached right down to the tree-planted spaces bordering the Avenue des Tulleries. The Hotel de Richelieu, which shortly after the date of this story the marechal exchanged for another residence in Paris, was not the least sumptuous of these houses, and this morning at half past 11, as its owner stood for a moment on the terrace overlooking the gardens, flewers never appeared more beautiful, fountains brighter, or trees more green than those fountains, flowers and trees stretching before him "And the king will say: "Certainly, Monsieur Rousseau; we will see, who will say. "Certainly, Monsieur Rousseau, everything shall be done to clear this unfortunate gentleman." And Monsieur de la Vrilliere will refer you to Monsieur de Rousseau, everything shall be done to clear this unfortunate gentleman." And Monsieur de la Vrilliere will refer you to de Richelleu, which some the surface in Paris, was not the least sumpture of the some in Paris, was not the least sumpture of the some of the world will see, whom, by the by, we had this morning and some of the same." "What'" "What'" "What'" "What'" "What'" "What'" "What'" "What'" "What'' "What

his legs.

"Well, my dear duc, you see I have come. I guessed the motive of your urgency—that unfortunate De Lus-

"Yes!" cried De Richelieu, who had almost forgotten his kinsman's predicament. "What of him? I heard you had placed him in retirement. What has he been doing?"

De Sartines pulled a long face.

"Oh, ma foi! what has he not? It is the most serious case I have yet had to deal with." Then, leaning forward in his chair, he told the story of De Lussac as we know it, with this addition, that on searching in the orange tree tub in the courtyard of De Lussac's house, a packet of papers belonging to the Society of the Midi had been uncarthed incriminating many been unearthed, incriminating many people, and especially De Lussac. "Ma foil" cried De Richelieu, "this is serious! Fool! This will mean ban-ishment."

"Oh, no monsieur," replied De Sar-tines; "this will mean the Isle St. Marguerite. We can not let this fire-brand free across the frontier marguerite. We can not let this infe-brand free across the frontier to work his sedition perhaps at Geneva or in Holland. But you need not fear; there will be no family disgrace, just removal, extinction." Scarcely had De Sartines finished than a servant entered and approached

"Monsieur Raffe to see you, mon-

"Raffe to see me! Why, he must have come all the way from Versailles. One moment, my dear De Sartines." He left the room and in the library

He left the room and in the library found Raffe.
Raffe was white as death.
"Monsieur," cried he, when his master had closed the door, "a terrible thing has happened."
"Yes! Speak! What is it?"
"Your bureau has been tampered with."
"My hyperson!"

with."
"My bureau!"
"Monsieur, when you left me your keys this morning, with instructions to go over the Tarnier affair, I went to your bureau. The top right hand drawer, when I tried to unlock it, proved to be unlocked. The papers seemed to be in order, but I femembered the secret panel inclosing the document you know of concerning Monsieur de Sartines. My God! Monsieur," cried Raffe, suddenly collapsing into a chair, "the document is gone."

ws, said nothing for a moment. He remembered last night, and the bar-oness, and how she had locked him out of the room.
"Well," he said at last. "Speak. Who

has taken it?"
"Monsieur de Lussac."
"De Lussaci"

"De Lussaci"
"Yes, monsieur; he came on that visit for no reason. He was alone in the library. Oh, it was he, beyond any manner of doubt. No one else had access to the place."

De Richelieu, calmer now, reflected on this. He felt sure in his heart that the woman of the night before was the culprit, but his amour propre revolted at the thought. He preferred to think that he had been betrayed by his kinsman rather than that he had been fooled by a woman. Then he remembered their connection, and the truth, that perhaps the pair of them had united to outwit him, began to dawn on his mind. An intense anger, amounting to hatred of this pair of lovers, arose in his heart. But the conqueror

mentalist was always there, and the sentimentalist told him that the woman was speaking the truth and was entirely to be trusted. He hated meddling at all in the matter, but it seemed to him his path of duty was clear. He must do everything in his power to assist in the enlargement of De Lussac.

"Madame," said he, "I will act as you desire. Personal considerations do not weigh with me in a matter where the right is concerned." Then having discharged this fine pentiment, he turned crusty. "Though I have nothing but your word on the matter, still I am constrained to believe it. I must now return and place this packet it is safe keeping. Good day, madame."

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De Sartines stared for a moment; then he broke into a fit of laughter.

"Oh, mon Dieu! you have invited me to meet her! This will kill me!"

"In what way?"

"Why, my dear duc, I have decided to arrest her. I would have arrested her yesterday, only I had not a powerful enough case against her. This finding of the papers of the Society of Midi has changed all that. True, her name is not mentioned in them, but she is a friend and the mistress of De Lussac, and he wrote to her concerning them. I shall hold her in prison for a week, and then bundle her back to Vienna with a note to Monsieur Talliene of the Vienna police."

"Cordieu!" said the duc, "and I invited her to dejeuner!"

"Well, my dear De Richelieu, you are well out of the results of that invitation. She is a most dangerous woman. Yesterday she tried to extract 100,000 francs from me. She threatened me, yes."

The Duc de Richelieu was silent for

The Duc de Richelleu was silent for a moment. Then he turned to De Sartines.

he was sure of all the beligerents responding.

As he was thinking of this, a servant came to the terrace from the house, with the announcement that Monsieur de Sartines had arrived.

De Richelieu entered the house and passing down a corridor, found the reception room which opened on the room where dejeuner would be served. Here, superb in the costume of the day, sword at side, in a brocaded coat and with ruffles of Mechlin lace, stood the lieutenant general of police.

The two noblemen bowed one to the other with great formality, then dropping formality like a cloak, De Sartines, and ask Monsieur Beauregard to come here."

"You will arrest her here?" asked the duc.

"Ma foi, why not?"

The sound of a carriage entering the courtyard came faintly from outside. Next moment a knock came to the door, and Monsieur de Joyeuse was announced. He had been surprised at the invitation, for he was not on very friendly terms with the marechal. His surprise had brought him.

"Well, my dear duc, you see I have come. I guessed the motive of your urgency—that unfortunate De Lus-

He bowed to the duc.
"Pay your compilments to Monsieur
de Sartines first," said De Richelieu,
"for he is your host, though the invitation came in my name."
De Joyeuse, with an impertinence
that was absolutely his own, turned his
back on the marechal and bowed to De
Sartines.

(Continued next week.)

JUNE IS THE MONTH.

In an amusing piece entitled, "The Relation of June to Wedlock," in the American Magazine, Kin Hubbard writes:

"June's th' month which th' Romans

"June's th' month which th' Romans regarded as bein' th' most propitious season o' th' year at th' altar, an' Miss Fawn Lippincutt adds that 'th' augury, fer happiness is 'specially favorable if th' day chosen be o' th' full moon, er th' conjunction o' th' sun an' th' moon, 'But o' course those o' us who have tried all sorts o' months know that no particular month has anything on any o' th' other months when it comes t' a happy marriage. A couple kin get maro' th' other months when it comes t' a happy marriage. A couple kin get married on a dark dreary February afternoon an' wait clean till July fer a \$7 excursion t' Mammoth cave, an' be perfectly happy—unless, o' course, th' husband has misrepresented his seiary, er his wife refuses t' dress up except on Sunday.

"A dressin'-jacket wife an' a substantial, self-respectin' husband are soon

tial, self-respectin' husband are soon parted. Nor kin ther' ever be much in common between a husband that ought t' eat out o' a nose bag an' a wife o' exquisite taste. They may not part, but that atmosphere o' love an' companion-ship which should permeate th' ideal home'll be ever missin'."

The Real Factor. Sound rails and steel cars will not avail much until the over-optimistic employe is weeded out.

Disconsolate Days. "How's the colonel getting along since

his town went dry?" "Says he'll never get to be a good judge of lemonade in a thousand years."

Perfectly Clear. "Peters has a clear head."
"Yes, there's nothing in it."

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflamma-tion, allays pain, cures wind colle, 25c a bottle. Aw

"How that house of Plunger's stands out."

"Yes; you see, he built it on a bluff."

Never Again. "Going to get out here and stretch

your legs?" asked one passenger of another. "What place is it?" asked his companion.

"Chicago." "No. I had one stretched here once."

Not Too Hot.

The kindly district nurse had sent to Mary's cheerless home fuel and food and clothing. Several days later she visited the house to find Mary and the family warm, comfortable and

"You're such a good woman," said the little mother earnestly. "And I've been praying to the dear Lord every night that he will bless you, and when you die send you to a nice, warm

Compliment.

"The English are a heavy-handed race," said a suffragette in the smoking room of the Colony club.

She lighted a fresh cigarette and sipped her coffee. "The English are heavy-handed,"

she repeated. "I went to hear Mrs. Pankhurst lecture in Woodstock on my last visit to England, and do you know how the jolly old farmer chairman introduced her? Well, this is what he said, intending it for a compliment, mind you:

"Ladies and gentlemen, you have heard of Mr. Gladstone, the grand old man. Let me now introduce to you the grand old woman."

**BLUE AND** DISCOURAGED

Mrs. Hamilton Tells How She Finally Found Health in Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Warren. Ind. - 'I was bothered terribly with female weakness. I had pains



and was not regular, my head ached all the time, I had bearing down pains and my back hurt me the biggest part of the ggest part of the time, I was dizzy and had weak feelings when I would stoop over, it hurt me to walk any distance and I felt blue

and discouraged. "I began taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and am now in good health. If it had not been for that medicine I would have been in my grave a long time ago."—Mrs. ARTIE E. HAMILTON, R.F.D. No. 6. Warren, Ind.

Another Case.

Esmond, R. I.—"I write to tell you how much good your medicine has done me and to let other women know that there is help for them. I suffered with bearing down pains, headache, was irregular and felt blue and depressed all the time. I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and commenced to gain in a short time and I am a well women today. I am on my feet from early man today... I am on my feet from early morning until late at night running a boarding house and do all my own work. I hope that many suffering women will try your medicine. It makes happier wives and mothers."—Mrs. ANNA HAN-SEN, Esmond, Rhode Island.

Don't Poison Baby.

CORTY YEARS AGO almost every mother thought her child must have PAREGORIC or laudanum to make it sleep. These drugs will produce sleep, and a FEW DROPS TOO MANY will produce the SLEEP FROM WHICH THERE IS NO WAKING. Many are the children who have been killed or whose health has been ruined for life by paregoric, laudanum and morphine, each of which is a narcotic product of opium. Druggists are prohibited from selling either of the narcotics named to children at all, or to anybody without labelling them "poison." The definition of "narcotic" is: "A medicine which relieves pain and produces sleep, but which in poisonous doses produces stupor, coma, convulsions and death." The taste and smell of medicines containing opium are disguised, and sold under the names of "Drops," "Cordials," "Soothing Syrups," etc. You should not permit any medicine to be given to your children without you or your physician know of what it is composed. CASTORIA DOES NOT CONTAIN NARCOTICS, if it bears the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.

Genuine Castoria always bears the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.

How to Stop Pen Leaking. "That reminds me of the story of the advertisement which said that for the small sum of 25 cents, anyone could receive the information on how to keep a fountain pen from dripping

ink," said City Attorney Daniel W. Hoan in Illustrating a point. "A young man whose pen bothered the life out of him, sent a quarter for the desired information. The reply

was: "'Don't put any ink in it."-Milwaukee Wisconsin.

THE RIGHT SOAP FOR BABY'S

In the care of baby's skin and hair, Cuticura Soap is the mother's favorite. Not only is it unrivaled in purity and refreshing fragrance, but its gentle emollient properties are usually sufficient to allay minor irritations, remove redness, roughness and chafing, soothe sensitive conditions, and promote skin and hair health generally. Assisted by Cuti-cura Ointment, it is most valuable in the treatment of eczemas, rashes and itching, burning infantile eruptions. Cuticura Soap wears to a wafer, often outlasting several cakes of ordinary soap and making its use most economical.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Sample of each free, with 32-p. Skin Book, Address postcard "Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston."-Adv.

Honk! Honk! "Did she come to the door when you serenaded her with your mando-

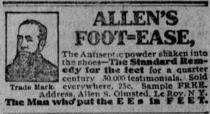
"No; but another fellow came along HAROLD SOMERS, 150 Docate Ave., Br and brought her out with an auto

thirteenth man who proposed to me ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE.

Chollie-Do you believe the number

Mollie-Indeed, I do. You were the

thirteen is unlucky?



Make the Liver

Do its Duty Nine times in ten when the liver is

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS gently but firmly com pel a lazy liver to Cures Con-stipation, In-

nd Distress After Eatis SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE. Genuine must bear Signature



SIOUX CITY PTG. CO., NO. 31-1913.

Sibby's Pork Beans Delicious - Nutritious

Plump and nut-like in flavor, thoroughly cooked with choice pork. Prepared the Libby way, nothing can be more appetizing and satisfying, nor of greater food value. Put up with or without tomato sauce. An excellent dish served either hot or cold.

