CANADA WINS AGAIN

This Time at the International Soil Products in Oklahoma.

Last year and the year before, and the year before that, the farm products of Western Canada carried off first premiums, championships and honours, together with medals and diplomas, feats that were likely to give a swelled head to any other people than those who had so much more behind. At Columbus, Ohio, and then again at Columbia, North Carolina, a farmer of Saskatchewan carried off the highest prize for oats, and in another year, will become the possessor of the \$1,500 Colorado Trophy; another farmer made two successful exhibits of wheat at the biggest shows in the United States; another farmer of Manitoba won championships and sweepstake at the live stock show in Chicago, and this year expects to duplicate his successes of last year. These winnings are the more creditable as none of the cattle were ever fed any corn, but raised and fattened on nature grasses and small grains.

At the Dry Farming Congress held at Lethbridge in 1912, Alberta and Saskatchewan, farmers carried off the principal prizes competing with the world. The most recent winnings of Canada have been made at Tulsa. Oklahoma, where seven of the eighteen sweepstakes rewards at the International Soil Products Exposition were taken by Canada in competition with eleven states.

The chief prize, a thrashing machine, valued at \$1,200 for the best bushel of hard wheat, went to Peter Gerlack of Allan, Saskatchewan. Montana took four of the sweepstakes, Oklahoma four, and Nebraska two.

Russia sent one delegate, Spain had two, Belgium three, China four, Canada fifty, Mexico five, Norway one, Brazil three.

In the district in which the wheat was grown that won this prize, there were thousands of acres this year that would have done as well. Mr. Gerlack is to be congratulated as well as the Province of Saskatchewan, and West ern Canada as a whole, for the great success that has been achieved in both grain and cattle.—Advertisement

little push will generally last longer than a political pull.

SHAKE INTO YOUR SPOES Allen's foot-Ease, the Antiseptic powder for Tired Tender, swollen, nervous feet. Gives rest and comfort. Makes walking a delight. Sold everywhere Ec. Don't accept any substitute. For FRHH sample, address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y. Adv

An unmarried man never realizes how many faults he has.

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

"Look out for paint"-before falling in love with a beautiful complexion

Cautious Porter.

"So you gave up your job at the depot?

Yes, suh. I ain't liftin' no mo' suit cases. When dem militant suffragettes is so busy dar ain' no tellin' which of 'em is kerryin' wardrobe an' which is kerryin' dynamite.'

Her Aid. "If that girl ever gets into danger in a lonely place she can signal for help with her collar."

"How could she do anything like

"I noticed it is wireless."

His Specialty. "What does your member of con-gress think of these questions?"

"He don't pay no 'tention to ques tions." replied Farmer Corntossel "He's the man that knows what all the answers are, without botherin' bout the questions."

He stopped before a blind peddler and bought a pencil, putting five pennies into the man's hand.

"How do you know these are cents I've given you?" asked the purchaser. Well, sir, I can distinguish the touch of cents by my sense of touch,' was the blind man's prompt reply.

FULLY NOURISHED Grape-Nuts a Perfectly Balanced Food.

No chemist's analysis of Grape-Nuts can begin to show the real value of the food-the practical value as shown by personal experience.

It is a food that is perfectly balanced, supplies the needed elements for both brain and body in all stages of life from the infant, through the strenuous times of active middle life, and is a comfort and support in old

"For two years I have used Grape-Nuts with milk and a little cream, for breakfast. I am comfortably hungry for my dinner at noon.

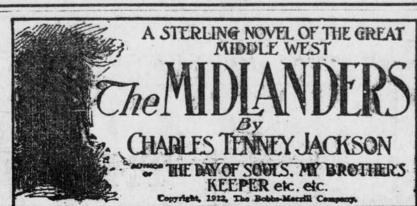
"I use little meat, plenty of vege tables and fruit, in season, for the noon meal, and if tired at tea time, take Grape-Nuts alone and feel perfectly nourished.

"Nerve and brain power and memory are much improved since using Grape-Nuts. I am over sixty and weigh 155 lbs. My son and husband seeing how I had improved are now using Grape-Nuts.

"My son, who is a traveling man, eats nothing for breakfast but Grape-Nuts and a glass of milk. An aunt, over 70, seems fully nourished on Grape-Nuts and cream." "There's a Reason.'

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Ever rend the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.



CHAPTER IV .- (Continued.)

CHAPTER IV.—(Continued.)

He went on gently, but troubled by the tenseness of her face: "Only a year. And the east isn't far, dear. Only two days' travel or so!"

The east was an unknown splendor to her. It looked too critically, with the cool measuring of his mother, the same reserve she had seen at times in his own eyes. And she—she was ready to give all, to pour out her life at his feet. She took his arm and put it about her and looked down at the front of her simple little gown. "I don't know what I'll do. I was only going to school because of you, Harlan. I hate it! Only for you " and now Papa Lindstrom won't have that. And he's hurt, and his wife's no good—just worn out, and the boys are too little to help. Sometimes I think I ought to work—perhaps clerk at Dickinson's grocery."

He smiled at the idea of Aprelia the grocery.

He smiled at the idea of Aurelia, the wild hawk, clerking! She would not stand it a day. Then he winced. He thought of Elsie, the grocer's daughter, and her amiable patronizing of the town girls who worked there; of his mother giving her orders of a morning from the surrey to some young woman who brought out a scoopful of sugar for inspection and apologized for a delay. Aurelia—she would throw it into the customer's face if the fancied a customer's face if she fancied a

slight!
She read his thoughts. "You think I couldn't, don't you? Oh, boy, I could—for you! You hold me from being rebellious and ridiculous. I could just

-for you! You hold me from being rebellious and ridiculous. I could just do anything for you—run away with you, or go to work—just anything!"

He felt her trembling in his arms. "Sometimes, Aurelle, I think we ought to go down to the house and make a clean breast of it. Tell them everything—that I love you, dear!"

Her voice choked with gratefulness—dimly she could feel what a sacrifice he was making. But now the prospect frightened her. "Oh, no—not yet. Your father—he'd hate me, now!"

"Hate you? Why, Aurelle, he'd help you! Maybe he'd get a place for you at the bank—keeping books or something. But you can't keep books. You're all lightness and temper and lovableness—you'd have to have the outdoors, or you'd not live. But if you did have a place that would pave the way for you"—he hesitated, wondering how to say it and not hurt her absurd price—"raise you, so that some day people would sort of forget!"

"Forget?"

"Where you came from, dear. Down

price—"raise you, so that some day people would sort of forget!"

"Forget?"

"Where you came from, dear. Down the river with Old Michigan—and that you haven't even a name except a borrowed one from Lindstrom." He laughed to smooth it over—"Oh, but it's funny! You're a wild hawk, Aurelie. I remember when you used to come into town with Knute to sell rabbits, and the coldest winter day you always had a bit of bright leaf stuck somewhere about you—like an Indian girl! I thought you were at first. Then I forgot all about you and went away to college, and when I next heard you were in high school; and then this year I met you in the hills, here."

"And made me love you, Harlan, Oh, it wasn't right—it wasn't right!"

Then, in the way of all men and all lovers, he laughingly kissed and comforted her. They went down a moonfilled glen and up a slope, and there the silent town lay, the court house tower white as silver above the robing trees. Sinsinawa was tinkling down from the highland at their feet, and across it a trail lay to the first street at the foot of the bluff. In a window

across it a trail lay to the first street at the foot of the bluff. In a window of a cottage tucked at the foot of the rock, they saw the blur of a lamp, and he knew it was Wiley Curran idling over his editorials, for the graceless renegade of Rome had a way of turn-ing night into day and writing or wast-ing hours when decent folk were all

And when it seemed that he was about to leave her at this accustomed parting place, she clung to him, suddenly whispering: "Take me with you—oh, take me with you! I can't let you

—oh, take me with you! I can't let you go—oh, I can't!"

She held so tightly to him that he could not go if he had tried, and after long vain comforting, murmuring to her all he had said a hundred times, he slowly unfolded her arms and looked down at her intently. A sense of her great loneliness without him, without her school, without the bit of aspiration and of vague hope she had come to find, touched him as it had never done before.

tion and of the to find, touched him as it touch school and buck into work. Before I—marry you—" he blurted tenderly. "But you ought to have a place—something to do and—be while we're waiting dear! And I'm going to take you to mother and tell her all!"

She looked up frightened at his stubborn face. "No—no—wait!"

She looked up frightened at his stubborn face. "No-no-wait!"

"First I'll tell Wiley Curran. You know that editor? He's my best friend here—the only one I care about particularly in town. And I trust him in things of this sort—he could look at it right and honestly, without any foolishness about my family and that kind of thing. Dear, we'll go tell Wiley, and if he says to tell mother and father, we'll do it—and have the whole matter out!" He cried out joyously, brave with the hazard of it. He felt suddenly a man going out to a man's world and work, knowing that he left her with the honor of his faith; and this brave knowledge was worth all the miserable travestles of "good form" the smug and easy conventions of his "set". These were well enough for old women to fiddle over but they were lost in the sugar-tree shade of High street, still like one bereft of his senses. Even the startling idea of the judge's son and Old Michigan's girl coming from a tryst down Eagle Point trail to town together could not awaken him. After a while he muttered: "The most beautiful woman in American—maybe the whole world! Biggest thing ever hit the old town since Jay Smith killed himself up above the First National bank! Aurelie, the beauty-prize winner!" These were well enough for old women to fiddle over, but they were not for youth, nor love, nor the glory of this first protecting manhood and its surety of the years to come, that future which would achieve all, ennoble

all, redeem all. He saw suddenly her own fine achievement. She, who gave her whole life to him, as one would place a rose in his hand. She would sit small, pensive, alone, waiting for him in the hills, or in the squalid quarry house; she would wear old and faded gowns when she alone, waiting for him in the hills, or in the squalid quarry house; she would wear old and faded gowns when she loved brightness and pleasant things; cloved brightness and pleasant things; the hills green, and turn to bronze the hills green, and turn to bronze shield her; but he was angry, very answered to any advertise and the matter frightened her—it was something tertabled before, and turn to bronze shield her; but he was angry, very answered to any advertise to any adverti about her the corn fields would crown the hills green, and turn to bronze shields before the winter; and spring bring again its black damp to the woods—and always she would wait, if he asked her—wait, wait, wait! Always he felt this steadfastness above her impulses and rebellions. With him she might find her real self, rise to any station, become anything, so great he felt her love to be.

"Aurelie we're not afraid! Why.

felt her love to be.

"Aurelie, we're not afraid! Why, dear—we ought to have done it long ago! Why, mother—after all, she's the best mother in the world! Why, a word from her would make everything different for you, Aurelie—just to have it known she was your friend."

"Eh. I must be very good-looking!" she glanced up at him with her quick gaiety. "When they want my picture, and to print things about me. And give me a prize, Harian!"

"Aurelie," he muttered sternly. "This is simply horrible! To be advertised—to be exploited—to have all sorts of

was frightened; she had better him so ardent, so rebellious. "Tonight?" she cried—"oh, Harlan— my dress!" "It's a dear little dress!"

Her hand went to the flower in her hair; she was dumb before his resolu-

tion.

they should see!

They came about the corner of the old News building. On the platform walk a man stood who was staring off so strangely above the sugar trees of the Square that Harlan did not, at first, rocognize Wiley Curran himself. Under one arm he had the exchanges from the night's mail; at his feet, in the moonlight, lay an envelop, and in his hand was the key-ring with which he always opened his letters.

Harlan drew his sweetheart on. But not until they were directly before Curran did the latter appear to notice them. Then he stared down at the opened letter in his hand and muttered: "The girl's got it—wait till the old town hears that"

"Wiley?"

"Wiley?"

"Hello, Harlan," responded Wiley absently. Then his black eye fell upon Aurelte. He started. "Wy, how did you know?"

and fine—the best in your gay little self, because it's all there! And now this ghastly thing of Wiley's—the furor and publicity of it. Why, my mother—you know?"

She looked puzzled at him. "By George!" the editor roared: "did you hear from 'em?" Then he seized her hand frantically and shook it. "Miss Lindstrom—it's the greatest thing that ever hit the old town!"

She had no idea what he meant. Harlan interposed. "What's the matter Wiley?"

What's the matter work in give and everything—if you ask me to."

"It's too late for that."

"No, it isn't. I won't have a thing the with 'em'. My nicture in the

ter, Wiley?'

"Don't you know? Then what the mischief are you bringing her here for?" The ditor shook the letter before them.

"Aurelie? Why we don't know anything you're talking about? What?"
"Aurelie," went on the editor,
"you've won the beauty contest!"
She continued to stare at him. "You got it!" cried Curran. "The Sunday editor of the Chicago Chronicle wrote me this—he wants a column of dope about you. They'll print your picture—the prize winner!"

about you. They'll print your picture—the prize winner!"

"Prize winner!" Harlan shouted.
"You're crazy! How did the Chronicle get her picture?"

"I sent it to 'em. Last spring when the Chicago paper started this beauty contest, Vawter, the photographer, and I were looking over that bunch of high-school pictures—the tuntor bunch of high-school pictures—the tuntor bunch of highschool pictures—the junior bunch. And we sent three of 'em—just for ducks we entered three of 'em! The Mills girl and Eisle Dickinson—and Aurelie's.

And Aurelie's won it!"

Harlan stood paling before him. "Elsie—and Aurelie! The picture? What picture? I never saw any picture!"

"It was a peach. Sort of Spanish, with lilacs in her hair! Vawter caught something in it that was indescribable." He started again at Aurelie, hungrily, fascinated, as if seeking the thing that men would call beautiful in her. "Why, 'Why, girl, I never looked at you before— never thought you were so—so—good-looking!" Harlan tore the letter from his hand

and was reading it.

The editor looked at the girl's mute and puzzled face. "The most beautiful girl in the west—that's the way they'll spring it! The syndicate—thirty of the biggest papers in the United States—will publish the picture and twenty. will publish the picture, and twenty million people will see it!" He danced up and down. "Aurelie, you little madcap, you'll be the most famous woman in the country!"

Still she looked at her lover expect-antly, uncomprehending.

Harlan seemed gasping for breath.
Then he crushed the letter and slammed it at the editor's feet. "Aurelie—her picture! You big damned fool, Wiley! Her picture!"

CHAPTER V.

HER GLIMPSE OF LIFE.

She went with her lover obediently penitent, curiously so, and as Harlan looked down at her smoothing her sim-ple gown, going with him along the moonlit street to any adventure, to any gry, merely because she was pretty! Mon Dieu, was that it?"

"I never gave any one my picture!" she burst out, at length. "I never knew anything about it!"
"I know," he muttered. "That's the

hateful thing about Wiley! He ought to know better."
"Eh. I must be very good-looking!"

slush written about you in the Sunday

papers!"
She was puzzled, trying to understand his viewpoint. It seemed that the brilliant world had beckoned to her, found her in her dolorous corner, her defeated and stormy little life— and he who loved her best was angry at it all!

"Oh, little girl!" he whispered, "just an hour ago I thought I was going to claim you—to have you all my own, and defy the whole world for you!

Just mine, Aurelie—and what we would do would be big and brave. If mother wouldn't have it, I'd run away with you! I'd go to work at anything, give up my law and chance with the firm—everything—for you!"

was taking her on exultantly, now, by the trail down through the laurel and boulders which led to the end of the street back of Curran's house. She was frightened; she had never seen him so ardent, so rebellious.

"Tonight?" she cried—"oh, Harlan—my dress!"

"It's a dear little dress!"

up my law and chance with the firm—everything—for you!"

"Yes! And I felt like dancing, perfectly happy! And proud—oh, so proud of you. But what's the matter-I'll be fameus the editor said—and maybe rich—and go to Chicago . . . and have pleces in the paper! Oh, boy, is that so terrible? Just because I'm pretty!" She looked at him with mingled humiliation and rebellion. "You ought to be glad!"

His grave eves were ruthless with

His grave eyes were ruthless with some new command. He took her shoulders and held her so that she hair; she was dumb before his resolution.

"Don't touch it! It's a bit of flame—just like you." He laughed. This was so easy! This was what they should have done long ago! All his life had been without secrecy or reproach; and now, to take his sweetheart by the hand and go down buoyantly to the town to face them all! How easy it was under the witchery of the September moyon!

They were both laughing, nervously yet with happiness, when he lifted her down the last rock among the night-damp leaves and burst through the grape tangle to the street, crossing Sinsinawa, looking down in the pools at their reflections. They were coming to the first houses, the lamp in the window, and somewhere the murmur of voices from nelghbors visiting on the lawns—his people, kind and true people. They should be her people now. This was the beautiful answer he would make to conventions and curious eyes and tongues—to take her by the hand and lead her among them. Love was enough; love was all—and they should see!

They came about the corner of the old News building. On the platform walk a man stead way was stering of the lawns building. On the platform walk a man stead way was stering of the could not evade him. She stared up at him, then relaxed from her tense—instance and held her so that she could not evade him. She stared up at him, then relaxed from her tense—instance and held her so that she could not evade him. She cludd in the winders and held her so that she could not evade him. She cludd in the winders and held her so that she could not evade him. She cludd in the hear to pleased from her tense—instance and him, then relaxed from her tense—instance and to please you—I only try anything because you want me to play to play to play to play the play to play the play to play the play to play the play the her so that she could not evade him. She could not have done in the sease you—I only try an could not evade him. She stared up at him, then relaxed from her tenseness, laughing. "Oh, well, then, Harlan, I just kept on in school this year to please you—I only try anything be-

her. Harlan, I suppose I am a savage now, ain't I—geing to school with all these nice girls in white dresses!"

"Aurelie," he answered slowly. "Tim going away to school temorrow. And I was going to take you to mother tonight. Tell her everything—ask her to protect yeu, help you—make of you the sort of woman you can be if you had a chance. I thought you'd be waiting for me—and trying always!" nad a chance. I thought you'd be waiting for me and trying, always!" Her eyes were quick with tears. Be-neath her laughter they were never far away.

far away.

"I wanted you to know my mother," he went on patiently. "But I wanted you to be yourself, always, too. Good and fine—the best in your gay little self, because it's all there! And now this cheatly thing of Wiley's—the furor

She watched him long; her fingers plucked slowly at a tattered leaf upon his shoulder. "Well, then," she mut-tered humbly, "I won't. I'll give it all

"No, it isn't. I won't have a thing to do with 'em! My picture in the paper—or anything!" He smiled at her simplicity. "Oh, Aurelia, I wish they'd never have dis-covered you!"

From the path they were descending she watched a distant patch of water touched by a mist of light. Beyond it was the east, the radiant land; over the sment hills of the river was some unknown glory beckoning her. She sighed and put by the undreamed al-lurement; it seemed that since she had known Harlan she was always putting something by, renouncing, struggling; trying to do or be something quite un-attained. That was love, she answered -to renounce and not be embittered, to try for something better than one had to be better than one truly was. That was it. Love meant trying!

"Nobody will have me," she went on slowly. "I won't pay any attention to 'em. I love you that way, Harlan, Just to wish my face was ugly if it pleased you. To scratch my cheeks and eyes, if you wanted me to! Just to live eyes, if you wanted me to! Just to live on here and be the bootlegger's girl from the bottoms, and never have a pretty dress. I will, if you want me

He did not answer for a time. She could not tell that he was conquering the lump in his throat at the pathos of her passion. "For me!" he whispered, and she nodded; and so they went on through the moonlight to his home.

They crossed the wide lawn where Paif, the great friendly Saint Bernard, came to greet them. Some one was singing in the parlors. It was Elise Dickinson, and a Schumann song; and Harlan slowly remembered that this was their last night at home before he went to Harvard and Elise to Bryon. was their last hight at home belove he went to Harvard and Elise to Bryn Mawr, and that all the boys he had grown up with, played football and debated with; and all the girls he had danced with his life long, had gathered to speed him well. Elise was going too; it was partly in her honor.

(Continued next week.)

Can Walk Across River.

From the New York World.

August Sommerfield, an inventor, has perfected and patented an invention en-abling him to walk across the Mississippi as radiply as a pedestrian could make his way across Eads bridge. Sommerfield has spent many weeks on the Mississippi and on Creve Coeur He says it was originated for Lake. He life-saving.

The invention consists of a canvascovered pneumatic tube that is pumped up like an automobile tire. It fits under the arms, extending entirely around the body, and is held in place by a belt around the wast and straps

over the shoulders.

Used in connection withat a webbed arrangement fastened to the ankles, the wearer of the air belt is able to walk as rapidly as though on land. He has experimented with it as an aid to duck hunters. There is but little recoil from a heavy shotgun fired while the hunter is poised in the water. The invention was suggestion to Sommerfield by the sinking of the Ti-tanic '' is not intended as an aid to

swimmers. "The lact is," says he, "the wearer cannot swim. The shape of the device is such that any movement piles up the water in front of the swimmer breast. But it is easy to walk with its help in water 10 feet, 1,000 or 10,000 feet deep."

Nothing Like That.

From the National Monthly. She was a pharisaical old lady who often boasted that she had no flies in her house.

"But, auntie," objected the timid miss, who had come on a visit," I thought I saw a few in the dining room this morning.
"Oh, of course," admitted Auntie, un blushingly. "Those are our neighbors flies. They will come in sometimes, but

we never have any of our own." Laundry girls, of Tacoma, Wash have started a co-operative laundry.

What is Woman's Beauty but Health?

And the Basis of Her Health and Vigor Lies in the Careful Regulation of the Bowels.

If woman's beauty depended upon cosmetics, every woman would be a picture of loveliness. But beauty lies deeper than that. It lies in health, In the majority of cases the basis of health, and the cause of sickness, can be traced to the action of the bowels.

The headaches, the lassitude, the sallow skin and the lusterless eyes are usually due to constipation. So many things that women do habitually conduce to this trouble. They do not eat carefully, they eat indigestible foods because the foods are served daintily and they do not exercise enough. But whatever the particular cause may be it is important that the condition should be corrected.

An ideal remedy for women, and one especially suited to their delicate requirements, is Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, which thousands of women endorse highly, among them Mrs. C. S. Vance, of 511 S. Ray St., New Castle, Pa. At times she had spells of indigestion so severe that she thought she would die. Syrup Pepsin regulated her stomach and bowels, and she attributes her excellent health today to this remedy.

All the family can use Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, for thousands of mothers give it to bables and children. It is also admirably suited to the requirements of elderly people, in fact to all addressing Dr. W. B. Caldwell, 203 who by reason of age or infirmity cannot stand harsh salts, cathartics, pills postal card with your name and ador purgatives. These should always be dress on it will do.

MRS. C. S. VANCE

avoided, for at best their effect is only for that day, while a genuine remedy like Syrup Pepsin acts mildly but permanently.

It can be conveniently obtained at any drug store at fifty cents or one dollar a bottle. Results are always guaranteed or money will be refunded. You will find it gentle in action, pleasant in taste, and free from griping, and its tonic properties have a distinct value to women. It is the most widely used laxative-tonic in America today and thousands of families are now never without it.

Families wishing to try a free sample bottle can obtain it postpaid by Washington St., Monticello, Ill.

TRUTH FROM YOUTHFUL LIPS Pain in Back and Rheumatism

Not Exactly the Answer Spinster Expected, But It Came From the Heart.

A middle-aged spinster who lived in the suburbs had a fine orchard. She likewise had a heap of trouble with a lot of youngsters, who looked on the orchard as something placed there for their especial benefit.

Finally the spinster decided that she could do more with kindness than with a fence rail, so she prepared a feast of apples and other dainties and invited every small boy in the burg to join the jubilee.

"Now, tell me, boys," said the hostess at the conclusion of the feast, "would the apples you have just eaten tasted so good had you stolen them?" "No, ma'am," answered little Willie

Smith, with surprising frankness. "I am certainly glad to hear you say that, little man,' responded the spinster, with a glow of pleasure. "Why would'nt they have tasted so good?"

"Because," came the equally frank reply of Willie, "we wouldn't have had no ice cream and cake with them."

ERUPTION SPREAD ON FACE

810 East Elm St., Streator, Ill.-"A running sore broke out above my right eye, which spread over my entire face. It started as a small pimple. I scratched it open and the contents of this small pimple ran down my face. Wherever this ran a new sore appeared They itched and burned terribly; I couldn't touch my face it burned so. It disfigured my face terribly and I couldn't be seen for everyone was afraid of it. It looked like a disease of some kind; it was all red and a heavy white crust on it. Everybody kept out of my way, afraid it would spread. I lost rest at night and I couldn't bear to have anything touch my face, not even the pillow. I had to lie on the back of the head. I was always glad when morning came so I could get up. It was

extremely painful. "At last I thought of Cuticura Soap and Ointment and I commenced using them. It took three weeks to complete the cure." (Signed) Miss Caroline Miller, Apr. 30, 1913.

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

Poor Charities.

There are charity societies, as all the world knows, that only give to the poor a quarter or a half cent of every dollar they take in, most of their subscriptions going for salaries to officers and investigators for expensive rentals, etc.

Richard March, the charity expert of Denver, Colo., was condemning these charities. He said:

"A man's wife shouted up to him the other day: "'Don't you think this blue overcoat with the strapped-in back is too new and fashionable, George, to give

"'It's the agent of the Alpha Incorporated Charities that's at the door, isn't it?'

"'Yes, dear.' "'Then let the coat go,' said George.

'It'll be old enough and old-fashioned enough before it gets to the poor dub that is shivering for it now.'

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it

Bears the Signature of Chart Heltehers.
In Use For Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

What Did He Mean? Hewitt-Is Gruet out of danger yet? Jewitt-No, he still has the doctor.

Why hire a trained nurse to nurse a grievance?

are the daily torment of thousands. To effectually cure these troubles you must remove the cause. Foley Kidney Pills begin to work for you from the first dose, and exert so direct and beneficial an action in the kidneys and bladder that the pain and tor-ment of kidney trouble soon disappears.

GO NOW TO

The opportunity of securing free homesteads of 160 acres each, and the low priced lands of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, will soon have passed. Canada offers a hearty welcome to the Settler, to the man with a family looking for a home; to the farmer's son, to the Renver, to all who wish to live under better conditions.

CANADA'S GHAIN YIELD in 1912 is the talk of the world. Luxuriant Grasses give cheap fodder for large herds; cost of raising and fattening for market is a trifle. The sum realized for Beef,

Butter, Milk and Cheese will pay fifty per cent on the investment. Write for literature and particulars as to reduced railway rates to Superintend-ent Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or to

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