

WHY GRIP IS DANGEROUS.

It is an Epidemic Catarrhal Fever Caused by a Bacillus that Generally Leaves the Patient Weak After the Acute Stage Has Passed.



Grip Patients Grateful to Peruna, the Expectorant Tonic.

Do not make the error of regarding grip as an exaggerated cold. There is a big difference between the two. Grip is an epidemic disease that poisons the vital organs. When a person has grip, the air passages are alive with millions of bacilli poisoning the blood. The infected person feels tired and exhausted.

Peruna is a Tonic Laxative. It requires a good tonic laxative to keep the body of the patient as strong as possible to counteract the effect of the poisons created by the grip bacilli.

Do not fail to read the experience of former grip patients with Peruna. Mrs. Gentry Gates, 8219 First Ave., East Lake, Ala., writes: "I had a bad case of grip. I tried Peruna and it cured me. I can safely say it is a fine medicine."

Mrs. Charles E. Wells, Sr., 230 South St., Delaware, Ohio, writes: "After a severe attack of a gripple I took Peruna and found it a good tonic."

Ask Your Druggist for Free Peruna Lucky Day Almanac for 1914.

GAVE LESSON IN REVERENCE

Small Boy's Stern Rebuke to Bishop Whom He Suspected of Harboring Thoughts of Barter.

Bishop Thornton, when in Ballarat, was walking one fine Sunday morning with his favorite dog, a very intelligent retriever. The dog was performing all sorts of tricks; jumping over his master's stick, retrieving it from the water, and so on.

The bishop was aware of the widespread interest of a small boy, who, with his nurse, was walking on the shore of the lake. The bishop recognized in him the son of a neighbor with whom he was on the best of terms, although the neighbor was a leading light of nonconformity in the city.

To amuse the boy the bishop put the dog through the whole category of his tricks, and then said: "Now, isn't that a nice dog; and wouldn't you like to have one like him?" To which the small boy replied, sternly: "Sir, I think you forgot what day this is."—London Daily Citizen.

Current History.

"What did your history class discuss today?"

"Henry VIII and his various divorces."

"So?"

"Yes; also some divorces in our more immediate set."

Curiosity.

Maude—Why didn't you protect yourself when Jack kissed you?"

Betty—Why, at first I was speechless, and then I thought I would see how many times the impudent fellow would dare to do it.

SELF DELUSION.

Many People Deceived by Coffee.

We like to defend our indulgences and habits even though we may be convinced of their actual harmfulness. A man can convince himself that whiskey is good for him on a cold morning, or beer on a hot summer day—when he wants the whiskey or beer.

It's the same with coffee. Thousands of people suffer headache and nervousness year after year but try to persuade themselves the cause is not coffee—because they like coffee.

"While yet a child I commenced using coffee and continued it," writes a Wis. man, "until I was a regular coffee fiend. I drank it every morning and in consequence had a blinding headache nearly every afternoon."

"My folks thought it was coffee that ailed me, but I liked it and would not admit it was the cause of my trouble, so I stuck to coffee and the headaches stuck to me."

"Finally, the folks stopped buying coffee and brought home some Postum. They made it right (directions on pkg.) and told me to see what difference it would make with my head, and during that first week of Postum my old affliction did not bother me once. From that day to this we have used nothing but Postum in place of coffee—headaches are a thing of the past and the whole family is in fine health."

"Postum looks good, smells good, tastes good, is good, and does good to the whole body."

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

Postum now comes in two forms: Regular Postum—must be well boiled.

Instant Postum—is a soluble powder. A teaspoonful dissolves quickly in a cup of hot water and, with cream and sugar, makes a delicious beverage instantly. Grocers sell both kinds.

"There's a Reason" for Postum.

PRODUCTION OF EGGS.

Has Fallen Off Since Last Year, Resulting in High Prices.

The present agitation concerning the effect of cold storage on the price of eggs gives relevancy to the following facts, which may be of interest to your readers who believe in fair play. The figures showing a shortage in both the receipts of eggs and the quantity in cold storage are taken from The New York Produce Review of November 26, 1913:

| Cases | Receipts of eggs in New York market March 1 to October 21, 1912 | 4,056,159 |
|-------|---|-----------|
| Cases | Receipts of eggs in New York market March 1 to October 31, 1913 | 3,859,911 |

Decrease in receipts for above period..... 196,248

Average monthly trade output March to October, 1912 391,850

Average monthly trade output March to October, 1913 411,250

The above shows a decrease of receipts in the market during the above period of 196,248 cases, and at the same time an increase in the trade output for the same period of 155,200 cases; furthermore on November 1, 1913, there was a deficiency in storage holdings, as compared with November 1, 1912, of 377,000 cases.

The present storage reserve, together with receipts on the same basis as last year, would show a prospective deficiency in supply on this market of about 1,500 cases up to January 21, 1914 based on the average output since March 1, 1913. This, then, is the statistical explanation of why the wholesale prices of cold storage eggs has ranged from 27 1/2 to 30 cents a dozen this month as against 21 to 24 cents a dozen during November, 1912.

These figures, together with the fact that the goods are not owned by the cold storage companies, but are controlled by a large number of competing dealers all over the country, should satisfy an unbiased person that cold storage is not responsible for the present range of prices.

The inexorable law of supply and demand is the governing factor in eggs, with no storage or fresh, as in all other products. Frank A. Horne, President American Association of Refrigeration, New York, November 28, 1913.

UNIFYING FREIGHT RULES.

Committee of Railroad Men Has Revised 75 Per Cent of the Classifications.

From the New York Times. After three years of continuous work, a special committee composed of men formerly associated with railroads, and having expert knowledge of freight classification, has succeeded in revising about 75 per cent of the freight classifications and rules. Traffic officers of practically all the major carriers have been operating in a plan to establish uniform classifications, packing requirements and minimum carload weights.

The condition in the different sections of the country throughout which the existing classifications apply are varying, and these classifications have been adjusted to the commercial and transportation necessities of such sections. The present effort is for the purpose of bringing about a standardization of rules, methods, and descriptions of articles. When it is recalled that the respective classifications provide descriptions numbering from 7,000 to 9,000 in each territory, and that the various forms of packages, it will be appreciated that the work of unifying all such descriptions in terms which shall be alike for all sections, and at the same time not disturb the commercial requirements or customs and suitably provide for every possible shipment, is a task presenting many difficulties and perplexities.

The shipping public has taken a great interest in the work, and under the methods of the uniform committee, as well as those of the respective territorial committees, the fullest opportunity is afforded to the shippers to be heard on changes arising from the work of uniformity, as well as with respect to the incorporation of same in the separate classifications governing the different sections.

Ridicule and Progress.

From the London Times. It is a familiar saying that no man can achieve anything worth doing unless he runs the risk of looking ridiculous. The men who have done the great work of the world have cheerfully taken that risk, and ridicule, which is the nearest form of publicity, has failed to kill the noblest enterprises. An eminent difference between the Englishman and the American lies in the attitude of the two toward publicity. The American lives in public; he has not even a fence round his house.

It is not the question but that in many ways the American suffers for his want of reserve. On the other hand, in many fields of activity he gains enormously. There is a very little hampered by conventions, traditions, social codes and other devices for restricting caution and restraint in his movement. If he wants a thing he does not mind who knows it nor who sees him making efforts to get it, and no kind of social taboo is allowed to come between his desire and its object. If he wants profits out of business, he is indifferent to any rumor that may be raised about his methods. If he wants to forward an idea, to help a cause, he becomes a cheerful and shameless "crank." With the American he is seized with an idea, is to put it to trial and to compare it with other ideas, weigh the pros and cons and calculate its effect on this body of interests.

The results of this adventurous quickness are often unfortunate. Scattered efforts in philanthropy, art, eugenics, and other fields, are often sporadically sprouting, all the ground that might be occupied by order and concerted work. But at least the American seldom does anything that he wants for fear of lowering his dignity by trying to get it. His splendidly powerful initiative carries him straight to his point, and he is too busy getting his way to care what the looks like to other people.

Miles of Salmon Tins.

From the Wide World Magazine. That over 1,000,000 cases of canned salmon were packed on the Pacific coast of North America during the season of 1912 will seem to many people a surprising statement; but it is true, and furthermore it is the fact that that season—249,782,573 1-pound cans—were laid end to end they would extend in a straight line for over 25,000 miles, or would come within about 3,500 miles of encircling the globe at the equator. To fill these cans some 67,500,000 salmon were needed, while some 20,000,000 more were required for the preparation of smoked, pickled, mild-cured, and frozen salmon. Several other varieties were sold in a fresh condition, and the whole product was valued at something like \$25,000,000.

In 1906, it is estimated, the money invested in Norwegian whaling companies amounted to \$1,032,000. By 1910 had increased to \$3,000,000, doubling in only four years. Further increases in 1911 brought the total investment on January 1, 1912, up to \$2,500,000 crowns (\$3,710,000).

Assuming the population of the United States to be 100,000,000, one man out of every 40 sees his means of livelihood and usefulness in some degree to Edison.

Australia has nearly 300,000 acres of untouched forests.

A STERLING NOVEL OF THE GREAT MIDDLE WEST

The MILLAR PERKS

By CHARLES TENNEY JACKSON

THE DAY OF SOULS, MY BROTHERS

KEEPER, etc., etc.

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CHAPTER VIII.—(Continued.)

"I told her to go on, seize all the best in it. She is a grand little girl, some way. You know I've lived south—I know her temperament—I know all she's had to fight, too, out at Lindstrom's. Know and sympathize with—I don't suppose another person in all this town could care less for her."

"I don't imagine Janet knew Wiley Curran. Somehow, if there was a homeless old soldier, or a destitute family in the county, they always came to Wiley's attention—he was even knowing and caring, helplessly in his penniless struggle with Nature."

"But you, Wiley—what can you do for her?"

"I don't know. Only befriend her. Let the town's laughing over her winning a beauty prize. No one else noticed her, except she was considered pretty and eccentric. The big fat-heads!" he cried breathlessly. "Does any one suppose they'd see that marvelous purity in her face—her grace and all that odd quality of her mind and soul?"

"Wiley?" Miss Vance sat back, her lips tightened.

"Oh, I know! Scold me—say I can't afford it. That's aroused a lot of hotburnings and jealousies and silly riot in town, and I shouldn't be in it! But she came to me—said she I was almost her only friend in Rome. And with all this notoriety—Aurelle, bewildered, dumbstruck—needs protection—a friend."

"You consider yourself a chaperon?"

"Don't laugh. I tell you she woke me up!"

"What possibly could she have to do with your awakening?"

"We had a long talk. A splendid talk, Janet. I saw the hopelessness of her life if she stayed here. There's nothing for her here. And now, who can tell? I'll bet she gets proposals of marriage by the dozen—artists will want to paint her, managers will want her to go on the stage—everything is possible with her! And she left it to me, Janet—and I told her to—seize all the good in life, anyhow, anyway—live, live!"

"And you?" Janet pursued pitilessly.

"Ah, well! That little girl—suffering so. And only I know how she is suffering! I told you I fired me. She grew so wide-eyed and big with it, and determined to be somebody! And I thought of myself—the yea's I'd wasted, Janet, and I said to myself: 'God bless you, child! If you can, I can! I don't know how it was, but I felt my old fire burning in me again. And I promised you, Janet, to make this fight.'"

"Yes," Janet answered slowly. "I'll help you, Wiley."

He could not see her face. She was watching her brother bring the rig across the street. But the splendor seemed to have died for her; in its stead was the old shrewd patience of the successful woman, touched now with pathos of some haunting defeat. "I'll help you, Wiley," she added, and arose to go.

Wiley watched them drive away. At the end of the street the gray of the autumn country began; the lonely lantern light and bottom, but over it the home fires were burning. And they thought something of him out there? Curran of the News—the heart in exile, the man without place and honor? They believed in him, the grown-up quiet man, they had watched him fight, heard his insidious outcry against every wrong, every privilege of class whether in the obscure countryside, or out in the great world? He could not tell. It had seemed to him, by the championing of his valiant but hollow theories against their complacent incredulity. He had envied, at times, the prosperous town tradesmen, professional men, the best people—they had not spent their hearts in crying out for new things—and the country had enriched them.

But now out of his long and hidden despair of himself a great vision came; the farm home lights were beacon fires lighted for an eternal struggle, awaiting the day when the light of the world would be kindled in them. He cried out that he would be one to answer; he understood at last what Arne meant. He heard the traps of the young men up the hill.

CHAPTER IX.

THE BEAUTY PRIZE.

The following Sunday Rome had its wonder. A specially written wonder done in three colors on the front page of the Sunday supplement. There was a demand for the Chronicle at the Junction depot after the 1:10 train and at the American Hotel, and the agents sold out every paper and the agents were graphed to Burlington for more. There was none in Earlville; the two towns forgot their bickerings and gazed—many a Sunday dinner was delayed while they gazed at the picture of Lindstrom's picture with its three-color border of cupid and hearts and darts and young men in evening clothes tangled in spider's webs and all the sort of thing that publishers use to embellish whatever they print about girls.

WONDERFUL GROWTH OF THE CANADIAN WEST

The Cities of Western Canada Reflect the Growth of the Country.

As one passes through Western Canada, taking the City of Winnipeg as a starting point, and then keeping tab on the various cities and towns that line the network of railways that cover the provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, and covering the eyes as the gaze is bent on these it is felt that there must be "something of a country" behind it all. Then gaze any direction you like and the same view is presented. Field after field of waving grain, thousands and hundreds of thousands of them. Farm hands and laborers are at work converting the virgin prairie with more fields. Pasture land in every direction on which cattle are feeding, thriving and fattening on the grasses that are rich in both milk and beef properties, but it is unfortunate that more cattle are not seen. That, however, is correcting itself. Here we have in a large measure, the evidence of the wealth that helps to build up the cities, and it should not be forgotten that the cities themselves have as citizens, young men who have come from other parts, and brought with them the experience that has taught them to avoid the mistakes of eastern and southern cities. They also are imbued with the western spirit of enterprise, energy and push, and so Western Canada has its cities. At a banquet recently given in Chicago, a number of prominent citizens of Winnipeg were guests. Among the speakers was Mayor Deacon of Winnipeg, in speaking of the remarkable growth of that city, which in thirty years has risen from a population of 2,000 to one of 200,000, he spoke of it as being the gateway of commerce and continued: "Now, how great that tide of commerce is you will have some conception of when I tell you that the wheat alone grown in the three prairie provinces this year is sufficient to keep a steady stream of one thousand bushels per minute continuously night and day going to the head of the lakes for three and one-half months, and in addition to that the oats and barley would supply this stream for another four months."

"The value of the grain crop alone grown in the three prairie provinces would be sufficient to build any of our great transcontinental railroads and all their equipment, everything connected with them, from ocean to ocean."

"Now, if we are able to do this with only ten per cent. of our arable land under cultivation what will our possibilities be when 288,000,000 acres of the best land that the sun shines on is brought under the plow? Do you not see the portent of a great, vigorous, populous nation living under those sunny skies north of the 49th parallel? And if with our present development we are able to do as we are doing now, to purchase a million dollars' worth of goods from you every day of the year, what will our trade be worth when we have fully developed the country?"

"Now, who shall assist us to develop this great empire that is there? Shall it be the alien races of southern Europe or shall it be men of our own blood and language? In the last three fiscal years no less than 358,000 American farmers have come into Western Canada, bringing with them goods and cash to the value of \$350,000,000. And I want to say here that no man who sets foot on our shores is more entirely and heartily welcome than the agriculturist from the south."

"So long as these conditions remain I consider that this is the best guaranty that the sword will never again be drawn in anger between the two great branches of the Anglo-Saxon race. The grain crops of Western Canada in 1913 have well upheld the reputation that country has for abundant yields of all small grains.—Advertisement."

Orderly Service. A Methodist parson, called to preach at an out-of-the-way town in California was informed, before entering the pulpit, that he must be careful, as many of the assembled congregation were "roughs," and would not hesitate to pull him from the pulpit if his remarks did not suit them.

The minister made no reply, but having reached the sacred desk, he took from his pocket two revolvers, and placing one on each side of the Bible, gave a sharp glance around the room and said: "Let us pray."

A more orderly service was never held.—National Monthly.

Stop that cough, the source of Pneumonia, etc. Prompt use of Dea's Mentholated Cough Drops gives relief at Druggists.

Polite Bertha. Little Bertha was invited out to dinner with her father and mother. Before she went it was firmly impressed upon her that she must not speak unless spoken to. All went smoothly for a while, but when some time elapsed, and no notice was taken of her she began to get uneasy.

Finally the hostess, seeing something was wrong, asked her what she would like next.

"I should like to have you begin to ask me questions," was the polite reply.—Lippincott's.

Putnam Fadeless Dyes color in cold water. Adv.

Extremes meet, but they don't always speak as they pass by.

Better Day for Farmers. From the Shepherdsville Pioneer-News. Several silos were erected near Shepherdsville the past summer and fall, and so far as we can learn are giving entire satisfaction. Another noteworthy feature of the fall is the fact that the farmer's friend. He can take 15 acres of corn, convert it into ensilage and feed more stock than he could with 20 acres handled in the old way, and his stock will do much better. Everything eats ensilage, horses, hogs, cattle, sheep—no exceptions—and it is the best feed the farmer can procure. With a vastly larger yield of corn per acre under the new means of cultivation, the farmer's cereal and silos and other good improvements on the farm, we believe a brighter and better day is dawning for the farmer. With better roads to the markets, good schools and churches, free delivery of mails at his door, means of sending 50 bushels of produce by rail and hundreds of other conveniences and blessings, the way is not so rocky as it was years ago.

Granulated glass is being tried as a preservation of the surface of wood in England with much success.

He met Thad Tanner and his son-in-law, Cal Rice, of the First National bank in the corridor. Cal Rice's wife