Claims of a "Cure" for Consumption Have Not Been Verified by Scientific Authorities.

In spite of the statements of a number of individuals who have recently claimed that they have found a "cure" for consumption, the National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis, the highest authority on this disease in America, declares that there is no information at hand to justify the belief that any specific cure for tuberculosis has been discovered which deserves the confidence of the medical profession and the people. Backing up these statements, the United States public health service declares that outside of the three essentials in the treatment of consumption, namely, rest, fresh air, and good food, "There is no drug known, however rare or expensive it may be, that has any curative action in this disease. and all remedies advertised as such are to be avoided. Patent cough medicines are harmful; redium, X-rays or electricity in any of its form have no special value in tuberculosis of the lungs. No serum has yet been found that will cure it, and there is no plaster or poultices which has any effect on the disease itself.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets first put up 40 years ago. They regulate and invigorate, stomach, liver and bowels. Sugar-coated tiny granules. Adv.

Modern Morals.

Senator Joseph E. Russell was talking in Washington about his bill for the abolition of divorce.

"The bill's object?" he said. "It's object is, of course, to reduce immorality, loose thinking, loose speaking." Senator Ransdell smiled and added:

"Don't take it too seriously-but here is an episode that throws a light on modern morals.

A business man came home unexpectedly one morning and found his little son busy at his wife's dressing table.

"What on earth are you doing

there, my lad?" he asked. 'I'm mixing powdered quinine with mother's face powder,' the youngster answered. 'She's going motoring with

Mr. Smith. Won't she taste bitter?" Grape Seed Oil.

Oil from grape seeds has become a byproduct of the wine industry in portions of France, Italy and Wuertemberg. The Bulletin of the American Association of Commerce and Trade, published in Berlin, says that the first pressing, obtained cold, is of edible oil; that extracted by pressing and heating is dark and bitter, and is used for lighting purposes and in the making of soap. It is described as a good substitute for the expensive oils used in the textile industry. About 2.2 pounds of oil may be expressed from the seeds of grapes yielding 26.42 gallons of wine.

Business Proposition.

A boy who had done something to incur the wrath of his mother and then had taken to his heels was hotly pursued for some distance by her. Finding it was useless to continue the pursuit, and almost beside herself with rage, the old lady shouted at the top of her voice: "I'll give anybody dime to catch that boy instantly stopped and, turning round, shouted in reply: "Give me the dime and I'll come back."

Matter of Self-Protection. "Your servants use exceedingly bad

"I pay 'em extra for it," replied Mr. Cumrox. "I'm tired of having my line of talk around the house suffering by

Natural Conclusion.

"How do you suppose that soft coal dissolution movement will end?" "Oh, I suppose it will end up in

UPWARD START After Changing from Coffee to Postum.

Many a talented person is kept back because of the interference of coffee

with the nourishment of the body. This is especially so with those whose nerves are very sensitive, as is often the case with talented persons. There is a simple, easy way to get rid of coffee troubles and a Tenn. lady's experience along these lines is worth considering. She says:

"Almost from the beginning of the use of coffee it hurt my stomach. By the time I was fifteen I was almost a nervous wreck, nerves all unstrung no strength to endure the most trivial thing, either work or fun.

There was scarcely anything I could eat that would agree with me. The little I did eat seemed to give me more trouble than it was worth. I was literally starving; was so weak l could not sit up long at a time.

"It was then a friend brought me a hot cup of Postum. I drank part of it and after an hour I felt as though I had had something to eat - felt strengthened. That was about five years ago, and after continuing Postum in place of coffee and gradually getting stronger, today I can eat and digest anything I want, walk as much as I want. My nerves are steady.

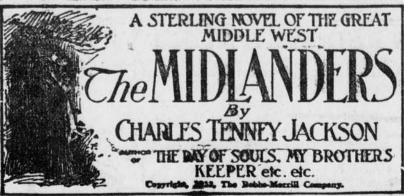
"I believe the first thing that did me any good and gave me an upward start, was Postum, and I use it altogether now instead of coffee.' Name given by the Postum Co.,

Battle Creek, Mich. Postum now comes in two forms:

Regular Postum — must be well boiled. 15c and 25c packages.
Instant Postum—is a soluble pow-A teaspoonful dissolves quickly in a cup of hot water and, with cream and sugar, makes a delicious bever-

age instantly. 30c and 50c tins. The cost per cup of both kinds is about the same.

"There's a Reason" for Postum. -sold by Grocers.



CHAPTER XX (Continued)

Done wore it 'round her neck when "Done wore it 'round her neck when I stole her for Old Man Captain. Yes, sir, he done wanted a little child to lead 'em."

"Not much. No one can in these shows."

"Act?" continued Mr. Curran, more

Ladeau slipped his oily fingers under the chain as Wiley laid it back.

"Eh? Dat strange work, Mr. Wiley!"
He peered closer. "Only one man ever make dat. Francois on Cartres street—look, he mark all his silver so!" he turned the crucifix. On the under side were crude letters. Ladeau put the trinket down and sighed: "Eheu! Dat bisque I have eat in dat ol' silversmith shop!" He rubbed his stomach—"Dat bisque—"

"Act?" continued Mr. Curran, more palpitatingly.

"Not much. She doesn't have to. Nobody does. But this girl's got the nerve and personality, and the dear old public always falls for that. She just reaches out over the lights and grabs 'em with her smile."

"What—" faltered Mr. Curran, "is her name?"

"Ain't you heard? Aurelie Lindstrom, is She came out of your street Lindstrom, is the came out of your street Lindstrom, is she came out of your street Lindstrom, is she came out of your street Lindstrom, is she came out of your street Lindstrom.

But they had turned away to listen to Wiley Curran.

"That crucifix, Mrs. Lindstrom? Might I take it and have it cleaned and send it to Aurelie? For a present from all of you—with love from all of you? Shes such a great lady now!" She looked at Uncle Mich. His face

grew tender. "I reckon. I wouldnt' let anybody but you take it, Mr. Wiley. She loved that little cross and chain. But you—I reckon you can, Mr. Wiley!"

Wiley turned back to the table. The chain lay there. But when he lifted it the silver cross was missing. He looked the silver cross was missing. He looked about; then on the floor.
"Its gone! The crucifix!"

And as he stood up later, closing the door to go to the cottage, he heard a roaring off to the west. At first faint, then growing as the train sped through the uplands' cut and reached the Earliville yards. In the News shop door, Mr. Curran listened, holding still the musical comedies begin, and the currant shot up to discover that theatric rosary against his cheek where her own baby lips had kissed it. Then with his old fancy he waved it

toward the east. "Because you're there Aurelie—just because you're there!"

And a sudden impulse seized him. He was wont to do things on unconsidered impulses. He had an appointment with the Hon. T. P. Purcell, his political manager, the next day at 10 o'clock. But he suddenly growled:

And by one of those curious chances of destiny which make or mar a man's life, the Chicago train was three min-utes late, and he made it.

CHAPTER XXL

THE TINSEL SHOW.

He had no difficulty in finding her The posters before the Cohan & Snitz syndicate theater were featuring her. The publicity bureau had spread

Aurelie had made a go of it that was certain. Wiley learned of her hotel at the box office. It was one that startled him, for to the sober Midlands, it stood for all the city's opulence; to Wiley it was barbaric, Byzanting degrerous.

"Thunder—you in congress! Oh, great guns, Wiley!"
"That's what they all say."
"Is Thad unanimous?"
"The old skunk will knife me, but "The old skunk will knife me, but the court-house ring is about down and out, I think. Had to put Harlan Van Hart on their ticket this fall to sort of brace it up. The people has riz up, and let a yelp, Benny, and I'm on the riz with 'em. Come on, I'll take you to a show this afternoon."

"Ain't one in town worth killing."

"What's the matter with "The Girl and the Burglar?"

and the Burglar?"

Broadway. But the girl in it is all to the good. She's peeled off a three-bagger with this town.

tatingly

'em with her smile."

"What—" faltered Mr. Curran, "is her name?"

"Ain't you heard? Aurelie Lindstrom, She came out of your corn belt somewhere. First season in the big business. Cohan & Snitz took her out of Procedure. ness. Cohan & Snitz took her out of a Broadway bunch green as grass, and the first night here she saved the show by making faces. The leading woman blew up and quit right there."

"Let's go!" cried Mr. Curran.

"Can't. I'm on the city hall, today.
But take it in, she'll do to pass an hour with."

Mr. Curren hurried away He walked.

lar," and then another and another!
And finally he went to the lake front
and gazed on the massive pile wherein
she lived. He had lost his nerve; he about; then on the floor.

"Its gone! The crucifix!"
The boys were searching in the rag carpet rugs. Curran looked about again, at all of them—then at Maurice Ladeau. He was rubbing his hands with his old slovenly card-sharp trick, and smiling.

"Maurice, it was there when I laid it down!" He came nearer. The cajun shrugged. "It was there when you picked it up."

"Merci! I been a thief den? Fo' a pleayune bit of silver? I sho' never and drank a pint of champagne as ri- and gazed on the massive pile wherein she lake front and gazed on the massive pile wherein she lake front and gazed on the massive pile wherein she lake front and gazed on the massive pile wherein she lived. He had lost his nerve; he was afraid to go in. He forgot all about to see a wholesale paper house on business, and took in the art museum, resolved that he would call on Aurelie at 5. Then he reasoned that was too close to dinner and he'd probably bother the rat the stage door instead of sending for her? She felt as if she had been arrested. Harlan looked at Wiley, and Wiley at him. She was puzzled—but she had come!

Already the cafe people were looking at them. Aurelie was colorful, and finally he went to the lake front and gazed on the massive pile wherein she lived. He had lost his nerve; he was there. They were both on their feet. Her amazement was delightful. She had a hand to each of them, crying out distraction; she was provoked at them why hadn't they come like gentlemen to close to dinner and he'd probably bother and six or seven millionaires who'd be hanging around in the portion of the probably bother and six or seven millionaires who'd be hanging around in the portion of the probably bother and six or seven millionaires was a stir behind their table and Aurelie was there.

They were both on their feet. Her amazement was delightful. She had a hand to each of them, crying out distraction; she was provoked at them why hadn't they come like gentlemen to close to dinner and he'd probably bother and the probably bother and surface and t "Merci! I been a thief den? Fo' a pleayune bit of sliver? I sho' never see dat!"

They looked about, under the bed and the dresser. But nothing was found. Michigan stumped out and crawled under the house to make sure it had not gone through some crack.
"Dene been curious!" He came back and set his shaggy brows hard on John and then Ladeau. "But you take the chain, Mr. Wiley. Mebbe we'll find the little cross."

tieres; so he dined alone at the Annex and care and drank a pint of champagne as riotously as a country editor can drink aglow with small poses and careless sraces; she smiled ingenuously on them with phrases of her barbarous French which, she had not been slow to learn, added to her distinction. "I'm alone. I declined everybody for you!" And for their lives neither man knew at which she was looking—it row, downstairs, but he didn't care; it was enough to be under the same roof with Aurelie?" Wiley asked her. with Aurelie: the orchestra squawking Curran was annoyed. "Till get a new crucifix put on, Uncle Mich. Then I'll write Aurelie. But it's curious!"

He went home and, sitting in the shop, took out the chain to muse over it. "Done come up river!" He smiled and held it off toward the light—"God and held it off toward the light—"God cheef way. Unled Mich." You and your. and held it off toward the light—"God bless you, Uncle Mich! You and your little girl! Done come up river to occupy the land. To find the land of Joy!"

And as he stood up later, closing the And as he stood up later, closing the land to the cottage he heard a land to the land t

rupy, zing-zing music, with which all musical comedies begin, and the cur-tain shot up to discover that theatric novelty which all good shows must have—the dilemma of the rich young man. This time he was in disguise abroad, where he had followed the daughter of the Wall street operator. Then the German innkeeper, the English lord, the American aunt, the chauf

droll abandon and then demureness; she was apart from all the professional people about her because of the delight with which she romped through her part. She hadn't a ghost of a stage voice, or a stage look, or a stage walk; the people were beginning to laugh when she came on, and she was laughter with three or and she was laughter. The was the stage of the large way the stage of the light school girls."

She sighed demurely. "That was before I went to school!"

"Aurelia" put in the stage of the stage of the light school girls."

when she came on, and she was laughing with them; and out of the silly dialogue of the rich young man, who delighted everybody by stealing the chauffeur's coat, she drew more \$2 mirth for Cohan & Snitz.

"She can't act!" gasped Mr. Curran, horrified. "It's just only Aurelie!"

That was it. Just Aurelie enjoying herself immensely, laughing in a wondrous creation of a gown that wilted Mr. Curran even to think upon. Then she began to sing, still in a great good Snitz syndicate theater were featuring her. The publicity bureau had spread far upon the value of that "\$100,000 prize beauty" contest. Everything was fish, or more properly, Kosher meat that came to the net of Cohan & Snitz. "And to think," murmured Mr. Curran that morning, after breakfast at the Sherman house, "that Vawter, the artist, and me of the News were at the bottom of it!"

Aurelle had made a go of it that was certain. Wiley learned of her howas certain. Wiley learned of her howas certain. Wiley learned of her howas certain. It was one that the box office. It was one that the box of the artist and the box of the state of the last the box office. It was one that the state of the last the box office. It was one that the last the box office. It was one that the last the box of the last the last the box of the last the last the box of the last the l She had to sing it four times and each time Mr. Curran rocked and moaned.

"She can't sing! Oh, Aurelie! But presently, with the uproarious pleasure of all these people, a great rapture came to Wiley Curran's heart.

"You saw the Journal tonight?"
"No." He shrugged toward the tage. "Of her?"

"Some more bunk handed us from roadway. But the girl in it is all to good. She's peeled off a three-bag-r with this town."

"Sing?" quavered Mr. Curran palpi-

with women of the underworld. "I presume you know who Benham

Curran's voice came in a whisper. "He lies! Ah, God, it's not so!"
"He dares publish it as so. And I came to see. I came to save her, and you—to amuse yourself!"
The older man stared at him. His hand came from his pocket. "I came to give her this. Her little rosary!"

to give her this. Her little rosarv Harlan's eyes were on it. It had lain upon her neck all those nights of his summer love with her. "Her name," he muttered on, "given as a former chorus girl—and coupled with Joe Benham's! It's horrible!"

"It's a lie!"
Harlan sat back cooly.
eyes beckoned the waiter. He was writing on a tab. Then, to the waiter: "Ring for a messenger. I'll send for her. To meet us here after the performace." Curran watched him silently. Har-

lan had become the man. The touch of the Viking in his blond strength, which Wiley had always admired, was up, young, triumphing, primally ruthless. Curran would not have dared less. Curran would not have dared send that message—curt, direct, demanding that she come. He was conscious now of fighting against an obsession of the younger man's victoriousness. He would stop short of the gambler's chance, the staking of his all on his confidence in his own power. And in 15 minutes the boy came back. She had written nothing, she had merely told him she would come. Then they waited an intolerable hour, talking vainly on matters of the town, politics and business, law and newspapering. papering. Wiley fidgeted: Harlan was imperturbably serene. The cafe filled with a crush of after theater feeders, Mr. Curran hurried away. He walked four blocks and gazed into another store front, piled with "If I Were the Only Girl," etc., "featured by Aurelle Lindstrom in "The Girl and the Burglar," and then another and another! Joy of intercourse between them, there was firely be went to the lake front. was a stir behind their table and Aure-

"You had an engagement, Aurelie?"
Wiley asked her.
"Oh, just a little one—not enough to of the dinnertance with
Wiley had
on cities to
ng the mob
e rustle of
e rust

Benham's millions and motors hadn't dazzled Aurelle.

"It's fine to see you-all." She persisted in "you-alls," and "I reckons," and "aint's," when she felt like them.
"Just fine. I did feel hurt because none of my old friends ever looked me up in Chicago. And me a real lady now! Mr. Levy says they're going to reorganize the New York production and give me a chance on Broadway—little old New York where Ada Norman little old New York where Ada Norman and I nearly starved to death"—she picked an olive from the dish: "Oh, tell me how is Uncle Michigan and the baby?"

Harlan didn't know. "Fine!" retorted Wiley. "And Knute says there were never so many rabbits up on Eagle Point. He's waiting for you to come

Then the German innecessary.

Is hord, the American aunt, the chauffeur, the waiter, the girls in the cafe, the cablegram, the ticker, and all those novel things for which the American people pay \$2, and at which they laugh delightedly. There wasn't any burglar, but he was necessary.

Mr. Curran waited feverishly. That kid, something surely would go wrong kid, something surely would go wrong kid, something surely would go wrong the Dutch one?" She played her part the Dutch one?" She played her selections are school-day lover; not for o'clock. But he suddenly growled: o'clock he suddenly growled: o'clock. But he suddenly growled: o'clock he was necessary.

Mr. Curran waited feverishly. That kid, something surely would go wrong and spoil his delight!

But—she came.

Mr. Curran, and Aunt Abby and her Banbury tarts; and which drunk printer have you got now—Jim Mims or the fore her school-day lover; not for worlds would she have noticed his silent stubbornness. "Do you-all really want me to come back and play in the tin opera house? How big and grand it used to see m! I never went except way up in the gallery with Knute, and I used to see you boys—Mr. Curran in the printer have you got now—Jim Mims or the putch of the putch one?" She played her part before her school-day lover; not for worlds would she have noticed his silent stubbornness. "Do you-all really want me to come back and play in the tin opera house? How big and grand it used to see m! I never went except way up in the gallery with Knute, and function. But one thing he did not lose and she have noticed his silent stubbornness." The putch one?" She played her part before her school-day lover; not for worlds would she have noticed his silent stubbornness. "Do you-all really want me to come back and play in the tin opera house? How big and grand it used to see m! I never went except way up in the gallery with Knute, and putch the putch of t

fore I went to school!"

"Aurelie," put in Harlan gravely,
"you've not changed a bit."

"I'm not going to change. I'm not
gone greatly on these cities. When all
these managers and stage directors get
on their high horse with me I say: 'Oh,
you go to the devil—you don't impress
me a bit!' And then they threaten to
discharge me or something, and I say:
'Go ahead—I can go back to Rome, Ia.,
and play in the tin opera house! Hen
McFetridge is going to buy it for me!'" McFetridge is going to buy it for me!"
"You ever hear from Hen McFetridge?"

"The twins wrote me from San Francisco. They've made money again, out of mineral water this time."

(Continued next week.)

Lending to the Poor.

lence: to Wiley it was barbarde, Byzantine, dangerous.

"What?" he muttered, "has our little lowa gir' go to do, living at the Gray stone? How the mischief can she afford it."

From the Century Magazine. The Morris plan of banking provides the was just Aurelle, yet magkrady stone? How the mischief can she afford it."

From the Century Magazine. The Morris plan of banking provides the was just Aurelle, yet magkrady she won her way, all health and grade and honest galety. That was all she head to give and honest galety. That was all she first, the tears in his eyes. "The kidder was on the world, Don't You Think You Could Love Me?" or some other of those American folk songs which the Hebrews write for us—and sell us. Wiley passed a whole window pyramided with the great song hit, and Aurelie's picture was on top of it.

"Well, I'll be damned," he said. "You kid!"

He went in and bought a copy of "It! Were the Only Girl," etc. Then he ran across Jeffries of the Times, whom he used to know in Rome, and who envied Wiley for being his own master and the big frog in the little puddle; and Wiley said, "That's so," but secretly envied Jeffries his place in the big frog in the little puddle; and Wiley said, "That's so," but secretly envied Jeffries his place in the big frog in the little puddle; and Wiley said, "That's so," but secretly envied Jeffries his place in the big frog in the little puddle; and wiley said, "That's so," but secretly envied Jeffries his place in the big frog in the little puddle; and wiley said, "That's so," but secretly envied Jeffries his place in the big puddle of city newspaperdom.

Then Jeffries said curiously: "Saw you were in politics down in the old." "Sort of. The Delroy bunch for the same standard proportion to a man's you were in politics down in the old." "Sort of. The Delroy bunch for the same standard proportion to a man's native price sweetness, wiley is a mazing splendor and success, and and the primary."

"Thunder—you in congress! Oh, great spundled to the primary."

"The politics h

A Sure Thing.

stage. "Of her?"

Harlan motioned enigmatically.
"Come with me. I want to show you.
Although, I don't know why I should."
Curran followed to the cafe. They took a table. Harlan waved the waiter aside. "It's this—" He drew the paper from his pocket. "Why I came here. By God, to save her, Wiley, if it's true!"

The news article announced the sup-From the National Monthly.

"Is that all the harder questions they ask in school?" he queried in scorn. "Why, Uncle Dan, God, and George

Good Cheer Aids Digestion of Food

Dyspeptics Can Make the Rest of the Family Happy by Using a Laxative-Tonic.

The temper of the family and the good cheer around the table depend so much on the good digestion of each individual present that the experiences of some former dyspeptics who overcame their trouble should be of interest to those now suffering in this

Way. The best advice one can give-but it is advice that is seldom heeded-is to eat slowly and masticate each mouthful carefully. However, if slow eating and careful mastication fail the next aid is one close to nature. Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin. This remedy is an excellent digestant, and in addition to helping in the digestion of the food. acts gently on the liver and bowels, ridding them of the accumulation of waste that should long ago have been passed off. It is safe, reliable, pleasant-tasting, and results are guaran

Maj. S. Martin, of Joplin, Mo., now 77, thinks Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin pills and similar drastic medicines. Unhas helped him to a longer and hap- like these, Syrup Pepsin does not lose pier life. He has not felt so good in its good effect, and by automatically years as he has since taking this excellent medicine, and in spite of his 77 years he says he feels like a boy.

It is the ideal remedy for indigestion, no matter how severe; constipation, no matter how chronic, biliousness, headaches, gas on the stomach, drowsiness after eating and similar card with your name and address on it annovances.

NOT HIGH-PRICED AMBITION

Magazine Poet Surely Could Not Be Accused of Having Too Strong Desire for Wealth.

Apropos of Marshall R. Kermochan, who makes \$30 a year by writing

music, a magazine poet said: "To make \$30 a year out of music is pretty good. It's as much as I, a

successful poet, make out of verse. "When they see my poetry in all the magazines people think that I live at the Ritz-Carlton. Alas, they don't know the magazine poetry rates.

"A young lady said to me the other "'I like your poetry so much. I have often heard the expression—beautiful as a poet's dream. Tell me, what are

poet's dreams like?' "'Well, my dear young lady,' I re plied, 'mine are usually about three square meals a day, clean linen and an occasional 5-cent cigar."

Hygienic Salts for the Bath.

A physician who believes in baths as a tonic advises the use of Epsom or Carlsbad salts-preferably the former-for a general invigoration. They should be used not more than twice a

Take one ounce of the salts to a pint of warm water for a sponge bath For a large tub bath use a pint of salts to a tub of warm water.

Purchase the salts at a wholesale drug house. The usual price in quantities is four cents a pound. This salt water makes an excellent tonic and carries off many impurities through the pores of the skin.

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 Chart Hiltelier.
In Use For Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

The Easiest Way.

"I wish I could make enough money quickly so I could have the leisure to sit down and write a play so good that it would make the country talk about it for ten years to come."

"That's easily done. Write a bad play first.'

Putnam Fadeless Dyes will last until the goods wear out. Adv.

"Do you know," said the wearied damsel, "that you play a great deal like Josef Hofmann?"

the sad specimen.

"Really! Aren't you joking?" said

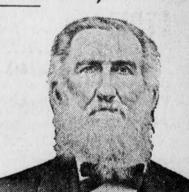
"Not at all. You both use your hands."-Dartmouth Jack o' Lantern.

Economy.

"Don't you think it was extravagant in Miss Noodles to buy an automobile?

"No, indeed; she married a chauffeur.'

More people might acquire wisdom if they were not preoccupied with foolishness.



MAJ. S. MARTIN

You can obtain Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin at any drug store for fifty cents or one dollar, the latter size being bought by heads of families already familiar with its merits. Results are always guaranteed or money will be refunded.

When you use Syrup Pepsin you will see the fallacy of chewing mints and tablets or of taking cathartics, salts, training the stomach and bowel muscles to do their work, soon restores these organs to normal.

Families wishing to try a free sample bottle can obtain it postpaid by addressing Dr. W. B. Caldwell, 203 Washington St., Monticello, Ill. A postal will do.

A Tactless Menu.

brought home to dinner was a very

"My dear, I told you that guest I

"I know, but what of it?" "Nothing, only you did go and put

bashful man."

your foot in it when you had sheep's head fish for dinner.'

Brainless Town. Bill-Do you believe that fish make brains? Jill-I certainly do.

"Well, they tell me every man who

has gone in the fish business in your town has failed." Natural Ending. "Was there any sign of mourning

when Miss Pretty face snapped up the

best matrimonial catch of the season? "Sure there was. All the belles were told."

Why She Sidestepped. He-They say, dear, that people who live together get in time to look

actly alike. She-Then you may consider my refusal final.—New York Sun.

Her Experience. Ethel-Man proposes-Marie-Yes, but he needs encourage

The barking dog seldom bites the

cautious man.



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 's son, to the renter, to all who wish to live under better conditions. Canada's grain yield in 1913 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 Superintendent FARMS of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or to J. H. MacLachlan, Drawer 578, Watertown, S. D., W.Y. Bennett, Bee Building, Omahn, Nebraska and R. A. Garrett, 211 Jackson Street, St. Paul, Minnesota

Canadian Government Agt.

DEVELOPING Kodaks and PRINTING Send for Catalogue and Finishing Price List. ZIMMERMAN BROTHERS, 608 Pierce St., Sioux City, la

Barber Supplies

The Kleeblatt Barbers Supply Co., 618 Pierce St., Sioux City, Ia., will treat you right. Write them. Pettit's Eve Salve TIRED EYES

SIOUX CITY PTG. CO., NO. 16-1914.

Wives! Mothers! Daughters!)

A woman's organism as a very delicate thing—it very easily gets out of order—just like a delicate piece of machinery, it

requires more than ordinary care and attention. There are many signs which point to disorder, such as headaches, unaccountable pains in various parts of the body, listlessness, nervousness, irritableness, dizziness, faintness, backache, loss of appetite, depression, and many others.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription has been the means of restoring thousands of suffering women to natural health and strength. For more than forty years it has been successfully carrying on this great work. Today it is known throughout the length and breadth of every land. Women everywhere look upon it as a helpful friend. Let it aid you.

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