Libby's Selected Olives

Every one from Seville, long famed as the home of the world's best olives. Only the pick of the crop is offered to you under the Libby label.

Sweet, Sour and Dill Pickles

Nature's finest, put up like the home-made kind and all your trouble saved. This extra quality is true of all Libby's Pickles and Condiments and there is real economy in their use. *Insist on Libby's*

BARGAINS in Dawson County, Montana, farm lands. Write Hopkins & Brigham, Paxton, Mont.

If wishes were automobiles, gasoline would go up a million per cent

None are so blind as those who don't believe anything they don't see.

YOUR OWN DRUGGIST WILL TELL YOU Try Murine Eye Remedy for Red, Weak, Watery Eyes and Granulated Eyelids; No Smarting—just Eye Comfort. Write for Book of the Eye by mail Free. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.

Cause and Effect.

"She looked daggers at me."

"Then, naturally, you must feel considerably cut up."

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 Chas. H. Fletcher.

In Use For Over 30 Years.

Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

Only a Portion.

"You women are too extravagant," he stormed. "Last year $600,000,000 was spent in this country for frills and furbelows."

"Well, I didn't spend all of it," was her defense.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Across the Seas.

Mrs. Joseph Chamberlain unveiled a memorial at Weymouth, England, to her ancestor, John Endicott, first governor of Massachusetts Bay, and Richard Clark, who sailed from Weymouth for New England 300 years ago. Louis Cook, representing the town of Weymouth, Mass., was present.

Travel-Talk Bores.

"Now is the season when all the world, just back from Europe, is bent on boring us with travel talk."

The speaker was Mayor Rockwell of of Akron. He resumed:

"There are a number of ways to shut these travel bores up. A good way is the Coliseum one.

"The bore says to you, enthusiastically:

"'And in Rome I saw the Coliseum by moonlight. Um-m-m, wasn't it fine!'

"'The Coliseum?' you answer, calmly. 'Which one?'

"Of course, there's only one Coliseum in Rome. But the bore isn't sure about it, and if there are two, he doesn't want to expose his ignorance. While he hems and haws and stutters, very red in the face, you easily make your escape from him."

HIT THE SPOT.

Postum Knocked Out Coffee Ails.

There's a good deal of satisfaction and comfort in hitting upon the right thing to rid one of the varied and constant ailments caused by coffee drinking.

"Ever since I can remember," writes an Ind. woman, "my father has been a lover of his coffee, but the continued use of it so affected his stomach that he could scarcely eat at times.

"Mother had coffee-headache and dizziness, and if I drank coffee for breakfast I would taste it all day and usually go to bed with a headache.

"One day father brought home a pkg. of Postum recommended by our grocer. Mother made it according to directions on the box and it just "hit the spot." It has a dark, seal-brown color, changing to golden brown when cream is added, and a snappy taste similar to mild, high-grade coffee, and we found that its continued use speedily put an end to all our coffee ills.

"That was at least ten years ago and Postum has, from that day to this, been a standing order of father's grocery bill.

"When I married, my husband was a great coffee drinker, although he admitted that it hurt him. When I mentioned Postum he said he did not like the taste of it. I told him I could make it taste all right. He smiled and said, try it. The result was a success, he won't have anything but Postum."

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—15c and 25c packages.

Instant Postum—is a soluble powder. Made in the cup with hot water—no boiling—30c and 50c tins.

The cost per cup of both kinds is about the same.

"There's a Reason" for Postum.

—sold by Grocers

A Romance of Extraordinary Distinction

THE MARSHAL

By Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews

Author of The Perfect Tribute, etc.

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CHAPTER XI—(Continued).

Big little Pietro had to be told what had happened and how the general was now to be a father to him as best he might, and Alixe and Francois would be his sister and brother. He took the blow dumbly and went about his studies next morning, but for many days he could not play, and only Francois could make him speak. He clung to the other boy, and seemed to find his best comfort in the friendship which it had been his father's parting inspiration to assure for him. He was handsome—extraordinarily handsome—and a lovable, good child, but slow in initiative where Francois was ready, shy where Francois was friends with all the world, steady going where the peasant boy was brilliant. Between the two, of such contrasting types, was an unspoken bond from the first, and at this age it seemed to be the little peasant who had everything to give. Smaller physically, weaker in muscle than the big boned son of north Italy, he yet took quite naturally an attitude of protection and guidance, and Pietro accepted it without hesitation. There was no jealousy between them. Francois taught the other, who had grown up petted but untrained in the lonely castle of his ancestors, all that he knew of boyish skill and strength, and was enchanted when his pupil went beyond him, as happened where brute force counted. Yet Francois was the acknowledged leader.

"Father," Alixe complained, "Pietro will not try to knock Francois down. Pietro is big, yet it is always Francois who comes up behind him and throws him on the grass, and Pietro only smiles and gets up. Make Pietro be brave and quick as Francois is, father."

"Either of my boys is brave enough for you, who are only a girl," the general growled, and put an arm around her and kissed her brown head.

And Alixe pushed away haughtily. "That is not a way to talk before boys. They might not understand how a girl is worth six boys, and it is you who said it. Besides, I can ride, can I not, father? Nobody has jumped Coq over the hedge by the far field but just me—Alixe." And the boys nodded their dark heads and agreed, and Pietro added:

"She can run faster than I, though my legs are so long." And he smiled at her in his sleepy fashion, honest, admiring, shy.

Things went on in this way for two years or more, and the three studied together under the tutor, and rode Coq in the park, and sometimes went together of a Friday afternoon to the Valley farm and spent a two days there never to be forgotten. They were royal guests to Le Francois and La Claire, and the wholesome simple things done to amuse them were endless; the farm was theirs to play with for that weekend. First, on coming, there was a fine lurch; gigot—a leg of lamb—which one gave to princes, with salad and bread and wine and much besides. The grandmother told them stories, the father took them driving on hay wagons; the mother showed them how to milk, to shell peas and other occult accomplishments. The children were ready to drop everything and do anything with them at any moment. It was like a glorious doll's house built for the little visitors. And according to the season they gathered fruits—raspberries, apples, whatever grew. The Ferme du Val was a fairy land of pleasure.

Also the chateau at Vicques with three children in it was no convent. That good boy Francois was forever in mischief. For instance, there was the winter's day when he got the general into difficulty with the church by brutally snowballing the bishop.

"I thought it was Marcelle," Francois explained penitently. "He pranced just as Marcelle prances. And I was hiding behind the door with my ammunition—15 snowballs, my seigneur—big hard ones. It was twilight, so I could not see plainly. I fired straight, my seigneur. I gave him one in the neck. And one on the head, and two in the back, and one or two in the stomach when he turned. I only missed once. And also when he turned howling, with his hand out, I sent one into his mouth before I saw. It is too bad it was the bishop, my seigneur; but why didn't he fight back?"

And the seigneur, scolding ferociously, had a gleam in his eye which lessened Francois' sense of wrong-doing. There was also an occasion when, hearing the general give a long order to Marcelle for the stable, Francois went out hurriedly with a stout cord and fastened it where Marcelle must go. And Marcelle, the prancer, caught his foot and entered the stable door like a comet and fell on Jules, the groom, in his orbit—on Jules carrying a bucket of water; and Jules and the water and Marcelle ricochetted in a thousand-legged tangle into Coq's stall; where Coq, being angry, let forth a neigh and a kick together, one of which broke the innocent Jules' arm. So that Francois, stating the case to the general, was condemned to do the groom's work till the arm was cured. The days were not monotonous at the chateau of Vicques. They were not all work and no play to the three very human children living there.

So with work and play life rolled rapidly, and suddenly life was all changed. A governess was coming for Alixe, and Francois and Pietro were going away to the great military school of Saint-Cyr, near Paris.

CHAPTER XII.

THE STRANGE BOY.

Two years slid past noiselessly, unnoticed, and it was vacation time; it was August of the year 1824. The Valley of the Jura was all afloat on a sea of scarlet poppies. They grew higher than the corn, and the wind tossed the waves of them against the sunlight, and the sea of them glittered silver, pricked with a million gold-red points; then the wind tossed the thousand, thousand waves back toward the sun, and the land-sea was shadowy, streaked with flame unendingly. The little river—the Cheulte—rushed down between the fields of gold and scarlet in its immortal hurry, murmuring over the stones. The old chateau of Vicques—the ruin—lay back behind the corn fields and smiled in hot sunlight at the two thousandth ocean of color which had washed the land up to its crumbling walls, since the Roman governor piled the old gray stones.

A tall lad of 14, another boy, slighter, quicker, darker, and a little girl of 11 in a short white dress, wandered through the ruins, talking earnestly now, silent now, filling the grim place with easy laughter again. Alixe and Francois and Pietro were growing up; the general already grumbled words about kittens turning into cats, as he looked at them. Yet the general was satisfied in his soul with each one, at whatever age, and glad of each day more of this long unconscious childhood in which they held to one another as closely and frankly as if they were real sister and brothers.

Today was the first complete day of the vacation; for till now Francois had been at the farm, working hard with his father at the harvesting. This morning he had come over to spend a week at the chateau. And without arrangement, only because it was their oldest and most fascinating play ground, they had strolled along the steep hillside, into the road that led to the pasture at the foot of the mountain and then to the gate, barring out wagons and cattle, the gate of the fence which enclosed the old chateau.

The grass was green on the high mound under which lay heaped the stones of the Roman tower, it was long, and waved in the breeze; the ugliness of the barbarism and cruelty of those days lay so buried; on the right were the granaries where the wicked governor had stored the grain wrung from the country people; over the steep wall to the left was the opening to the corridor which led, as all the world of Vicques had known for centuries, to the treasure house; it was there that the phantom, the great dog, appeared. The children told the old story to one another; they rebuilt as they talked, in the peace of the summer afternoon, the old war castle; they raised its long walls and placed its narrow windows and machicolated its roofs—in the young minds a dream of the old place rose complete under the new chestnut trees of only two or three hundred years' standing.

"Just behind the great stone there," Alixe formulated, "was the dog's bedroom. Of course, a great monsieur like the dog had his own bedroom—yes, and office, too—and maybe his dining room."

And the joke was enough on that lazy day of vacation to set peals of light laughter ringing through the ruins. Alixe stopped laughing suddenly.

"Who is that?" she demanded. Her eyes were lifted to the hill rising behind the green mound, and the glance of the others followed hers. A young man, a boy, was coming lightly down the slope, and something in his figure and movement made it impossible even at a distance that it should be any one of the village. Strangers were not common in quiet Vicques, and why should a stranger be coming over the mountain? The children were silent as they watched the figure drawing closer; it seemed as if an event of importance was about to happen. Rapidly the boy sprang down the mountainside; they could see him plainly now; he was two or three years older than the boys of the chateau; he was short, slender, compact, with a thin aquiline face, with something about him which the country bred children did not understand to be that subtle quality, presence. He saw them, and came forward, and his cap was off quickly as he glanced at Alixe. But with a keen look at the three, it was Francois to whom he spoke.

"Is this France?" he asked.

"But yes, Monsieur," Francois answered wondering—and in a moment he wondered more. The strange boy, his cap flung from him, dropped on his knees and kissed the grass that grew over the Roman governor's foundations. With that he was standing again, looking at them unashamed from his quiet gray eyes.

"It is the first time I have touched the soil of France since I was 7 years old," he stated, not as if to excuse his act, but as if explaining something historical. And was silent.

The children, going over this day's event many times after, could never remember how it happened that they had talked so much. The strange boy talked very little; they could not recollect that he asked questions after his startling question; yet here was Alixe, the very spirited and proud little Alixe, anxious to make him understand everything of their own affairs.

"I am Alixe," she began—and stopped short, seized with shyness. Was it courtesy to explain to the young monsieur about her distinguished father? Or was it bragging? She found herself suddenly in an agony of confusion, for all of them were laughing their quick young laughter at her brief statement. Then the stranger made a low bow and spoke in the gentlest friendly tones.

"It is enough. It is a charming name, Mademoiselle Alixe. I belive I shall now think it the most charming name in France."

And Alixe, blushing furiously, yet felt a satisfactory conviction that she had not been at all stupid.

"She has more of a name than that, however, Monsieur," and Francois stepped across the grass and stood by the little girl, her knight, unconscious of the part he played. "It is a very grand name, the other one. For our seigneur, the father of Alixe, is Monsieur the Baron Gaspard Gourgaud, a general of Napoleon himself; he was indeed with the Emperor at St. Helena."

Francois had no false modesty, no self consciousness; he felt that he had placed Alixe's standing now in the best light possible. The strange boy felt it, too, it seemed, for he started as Francois spoke of Napoleon; his reserved face brightened and his cap was off and sweeping low as he bowed again to Alixe more deeply. Francois was delighted. It was in him to enjoy dramatic effect, as it is in most Frenchmen. He faced about to Pietro.

"This one, Monsieur," he went on, much taken with himself as master of ceremonies, "is Monsieur the Marquis Zappi of Italy. His father also fought for the great captain."

The quiet strange boy interrupted swiftly. "I know," he said. "Of the Italian corps under Prince Eugene; also on the staff of Lannes. I know the name well," and he had Pietro's hand in a firm grasp and was looking into the lad's embarrassed face with his dreamy keen eyes.

The children, surprised, were yet too young to wonder much that a boy scarcely older than themselves should have the army of Napoleon at his fingers' ends; he gave them no time to think about it.

"One sees, without the names, that you are of the noblesse," he said simply, embracing the three in his sleepy glance. He turned to Francois. "And you, Monsieur the spokesman? You are also of a great Bonapartist house?"

Francois stood straight and slim; his well knit young body in his military dress was carried with all the assurance of an aristocrat. He smiled his brilliant exquisit smile into the older boy's face.

"Me—I am a peasant," he said cheerfully. "I have no house." Then into the silence that fell he spoke simply. "There are no officers of my family, no battles where my name was known." The controlled glance of the stranger rested on him attentively. With that the look of Francois changed in a flash; his eyes blazed as he threw out both hands in a strong gesture. "It makes no difference," he cried. "My life was consecrated from its start to the service of the house of Bonaparte. It will count; I live because I believe that. I know surely that I shall yet do a thing worth while for a Bonaparte."

A curious vivid glance shot at the excited boy from under the drooping lids of the newcomer. "Monsieur," he said quietly, "I" But no one had time to hear the rest, Because Alixe had suddenly thrown her arm about Francois' neck, and was crying out impetuous words.

"He is a peasant—yes. But he is also our brother, Pietro's and mine, and no prince is better than Francois—not one."

"Or half so good," Pietro put in with his slow tones.

"You are likely right," the stranger agreed laconically.

And then without questions asked, in rapid eager sentences, the three had told him how it was; how Francois, refusing to leave the cottage, was yet the son of the castle; how Pietro had come and had stayed, how the boys were at school together; how in the vacations they were still sister and brothers, whether at the castle or the farm; all this and much more the three poured out to the silent lad who listened, who seemed to say almost nothing, yet managed to make them feel at every moment that he cared to hear what they said. With that they were talking about the village of Vicques, and its antiquity, and then of the old chateau; and one told the legend of the treasure and of the guardian dog.

"Just over the wall there is the opening where he appeared to old Pierre Tremblay," Francois pointed out. "And Pierre was half witted ever after. I know, for I have seen him myself. He mumbled."

"That is interesting." The stranger spoke with more animation than he had shown before—he was, after all, for all of his reserve, a boy. "I should like an interview with that dog. I must at least see his kennel. Over that wall? I will climb the wall."

"But no," Francois put in quickly. "It is unsafe these last five years. I have climbed it, but not in these last years. You can go around and get in by another way and see the hole of the dog."

The older boy's eyes narrowed. "I think I should prefer to climb the wall," he said.

Alixe spoke. "If Francois can not go it is impossible. He is the best climber of all the country, are you not then, Francois?"

"Yes," said Francois.

And Pietro echoed. "But yes. All the world knows it."

"I think I should like to climb the wall," the stranger repeated gently.

And he did. The others watching anxiously, he crawled out on the uncertain pile 10 feet in air. A big stone crashed behind him; he crawled on. Then, "I see it," he cried, and waved a triumphant hand, and with that there was a hoarse rumble of lossened masonry, and doyn came the great blocks close to his hands—he was slipping—he had jumped. And as he jumped a heavy square of stone tumbled with him and caught him, felled him pinned into the tumbling wall by his coat. And, above, the wall swayed. Then, in the instant of time before the catastrophe, Francois had sprung like a cat into the center of danger and lossened the coat and pushed the other boy, violently reeling, across the grass out of harm's way.

Alixe screamed once sharply. Francois lay motionless on his face and the great stones rained around him. It was all over in a moment; in a moment more a shout of joy rose from Pietro, for Francois lifted his head and began crawling difficulty, with Pietro's help, out of the debris. There was a cut on his cheek, a deep one, bleeding badly, on the back of his hand, and bruises were distributed over him, but by a maricale he had come off with his life and only so much the worse. No sooner was Francois on his feet than Alixe startled them by turning on the innocent and surprised Pietro in a perfect fury of scorn.

"He is not dead—but that is not your fault," she threw at him. You who love him so much! You let him go into that danger."

"But—but I didn't know he was going, Alixe," stammered Pietro. "It was—so quick."

"Quick? Yes, Francois was quick. Why weren't you quick, too? It is always Francois. Why don't you do something brave once in a while? Why don't you make people admire you, not always Francois?"

(Continued next week.)

Public Registering of the Unfit.

From the Pictorial Review.

"The Third House" an organization of over 1,000,000 has done much in the way of social reform. In Pictorial Review for July, the concluding article of this great series on what these progressive women have accomplished, Mabel Potter Daggett says:

"Out in the state of Iowa, two physicians appalled by the stream of sorrow and horror that flowed through their offices as through every other doctor's office in the country, determined that a remedy must be found. Nine years ago, Dr. Margaret V. Clark, later state secretary of the public health education committee of women physicians, and her husband, Dr. G. Hardy Clark, of Waterloo, Ia., began crying the warning of this peril that menaces the American home. Their propaganda for a law to require venereal disease to be registered and controlled by the board of health, has been promoted by the Federation of Women's clubs, the W. C. T. U., and the Mother's congress of the state.

"But many men of the medical profession exclaimed in protest against such a violation of "professional secrecy." How could they "report" a leading banker, a judge, a pillar of the church! "It was impossible!" they said. "If anything of the sort were done, there wouldn't be courts enough to try the resultant divorce suits." Four consecutive legislatures agreeing with that argument, turned down the Clark bill. At last it was amended by a compromise that patients shall be reported by serial number instead of by name. And in this form, the black plague bill became a law in Iowa in 1913. It is the most drastic legislation of the sort ever enacted.

"From Iowa the Clark plan has reached other states. The Federation of Women's clubs was successful in securing a somewhat similar law for Utah. Last year also Vermont passed a black plague law after a state-wide campaign by women's clubs and a stirring appeal to the legislature by their representative, Mrs. George H. Smille, of Montpelier. This new law for the registration of social diseases, checks up that other law for the eugenic marriage. The marriage health certificate can't be secured by the man who is publicly registered as unfit."

Not Responsible.

From the National Monthly.

Clerk—Mr. Brown, I should like to ask for a raise in my wages. I've just been married.

Employer—Very sorry, my dear man, but I can't help you. For accidents which happen to our employes outside of the factory we are not responsible.

SUPPLIES FOR CHILDBIRTH.

If a woman is to be confined at home, she should provide the following:

Two to four pounds of absorbent cotton.

One large package of sterile gauze (25 yards.)

Four rolls of cotton batting.

Two yards of stout muslin for abdominal binders.

Twelve old towels or diapers.

Two old sheets.

Two yards of bobbin, or very narrow tape, for tying the cord.

Other things that may be needed are:

One hundred bichloride of mercury tablets.

Four ounces of boric acid.

One bottle of white vaseline.

One pound of castle soap.

One quart of grain alcohol.

One double pan.

One stiff hand brush.

One slop jar or covered enamel bucket.

Three pottery or agateware basins, one 16 inches and two 11 inches in diameter.

Pitchers—at least three, holding one quart and upward.

One and one-half yards of rubber sheeting, at least 36 inches wide, or one and one-half yards of white table oilcloth, to protect the matress.

One two-quart fountain syringe.

One medicine glass.

One medicine dropper.

One drinking tube.

The above is quoted from "Parental Care." We can indorse all of it except possibly the advice to lay in 100 bichloride of mercury tablets.

This list is followed by detailed instruction on how to make and sterilize pads, sponges, pledgets, and bobbins.

"Prenatal Care" is a simple treatise on the care of the mother in pregnancy and during confinement and the care of the mother and child after confinement. Any woman can understand it. Every mother and every prospective mother should read it. The cost? Nothing.

It is issued by the children's bureau of the United States department of labor, and is No. 1, of the care of children's series. If you want it, write for it. If the supply gives out write your congressman asking him to work for a new supply. That's what congressmen, congresses, and governments are in Washington for.

LEAKY HEART VALVES.

Bishop says there is special reason for the wise advising of men with leaky heart valves, "for they are plastic material for the easy creation of chronic invalids on the one hand or the development of useful lives on the other." Especially is this true of young people suffering from the leaky valves which result from growing pains and childhood infections.

A man with a sound heart possibly can afford to live a life of laziness and convert his muscles into putty. A man with a leaky heart must keep his muscles in trim. The leak means that some of the blood must be repumped at each beat, and to do it good red muscle is required. It is impossible to keep good red heart muscle without first keeping the arm muscles good and red.

Furthermore, a man with a leaky heart must eat enough of good nutritious food to keep his muscles well nourished. A healthy man can usually afford to indulge in some of the foolish fads of the 57 varieties of food cranks, but not so the man with a leaky heart.

Among the forms of exercise the man with a leaky heart can take are playing tennis, horseback riding and swimming, according to Bishop. But he must respect his wind. If he feels his heart pounding in his chest, or feels it in his throat, or is "panty," he must stop at once. Whenever exercise has been carried to the point where these symptoms are manifested, the man has gone too far. If compensation has been broken, until it can be re-established, the man must go just to the opposite extreme; he must rest to re-establish his compensation.

From any standpoint this group is not of much importance, compared with those who have good compensation and want to keep it. The second group is usually under the direction of physicians, as the members should be, for they need individual advice.

Members of the first group should also see physicians at stated intervals, but the majority of them do not. For some of them it is this column or nothing. Therefore, let us resay it: They must devote some time each day to building up their wind by moderated exercise.

There comes the same warning about eating. The advice to eat a mixed diet is not to be construed as license. Overeating is nearly as bad as feeling your heart thumping in your throat. Especially when there is evidence of broken compensation, the man may have to go on a milk diet, or may have to avoid whatever produces "biliousness." This may be meat, or eggs, or milk, or something else.

He Wouldn't Clean Up.

From the Christian Herald.

In the vigorous two-year campaign recently ended, in which 80 towns competed for the honor of being designated the cleanest one in the Lone Star state, Texas ended the scourges that have devastated it from earliest times, made good health contagious, and proved that there is a relation between dirt and death rate.

Housekeepers' committees made inspections wherever application was made. A white list was published weekly, in the local paper, of the names of those store keepers whose premises were kept in sanitary condition. At first some of the merchants were indignant, but they soon fell into line. Each town was divided into sections with a prominent man in charge—usually about every four square blocks. Blanks were prepared with which every residence was scored. There was no discrimination. But few took offense at criticisms. Those who did object to such inspection, and who were indifferent to the suggestions made by the clean-up committee, had notices served upon them by the marshal. In Oklahoma, where they are a trifle more arbitrary in their methods, they took possession of a man who refused to follow such suggestions, and exhibited him about town in a cage as "the man who wouldn't clean up." Such methods did not become necessary in Texas.

Prize Contest.

The ice trust having offered a silver loving cup of the best excuse which might be invented for raising the price of ice after the present cold winter, we hopefully submit the following:

1. The ice being so thick and heavy, it costs more to handle it.

2. The blocks are so large that there is great waste in cutting them up for the retail trade.

3. The ice is so cold it freezes solid in the storage houses and is very difficult to get out.

4. As the winter has been so cold, the summer will necessarily be very hot, and the demand for ice very great, so that it is doubtful if there will be enough to go around.

5. The ice being extra thick, extra cold and extra quality all through, it is only proper that an extra price should be demanded.

6. The price of ice never had any relation to the cost of production, anyhow.

Most of the free advice is handed out by people who want to get rid of it.

ITCHED AND BURNED

Silverwood, Mich.—"My baby was about six months old when he first began to break out with little pimples on his head and face. Then they would run water and keep getting worse until his head was a regular sore eruption and water would run and stream from it and his face also. His whole body was affected. They were little white pimples which itched and burned something terrible. His clothing seemed to irritate him and it was almost impossible for him to sleep at night. They also disfigured him as they were on his face.

"We tried medicine but without success. The trouble must have lasted three or four weeks when I thought I would try the Cuticura Soap and Ointment. I would bathe him with warm water, as warm as he could stand and Cuticura Soap, then apply the Cuticura Ointment. The very first time that I did this it seemed to relieve him as he slept well and inside of two weeks he was completely healed." (Signed) Mrs. L. White, Jan. 29, 1914.

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

Be careful when it comes to lending money or borrowing trouble.

A Stitch in Time

Colds, fevers, congestion and germ diseases are pretty sure to overwork the kidneys and leave them weak. In convalescence, in fact at any time when suspicion is aroused by a lame, aching back, rheumatic pains, headache, dizziness or disordered urine, the use of Doan's Kidney Pills is a stitch in time that may avoid serious kidney disease.

Doan's Kidney Pills command confidence, for no other remedy is so widely used, so freely recommended or so generally successful.

A South Dakota Case

Ray H. Chase, carpenter, Alexandria, S. D., says: "My kidneys were in bad shape for a long time. My back ached so badly that it was all I could do to straighten after stooping. When a friend told me to try Doan's Kidney Pills, I did and they gave me quick relief. It is nothing more than my duty to recommend Doan's Kidney Pills to other kidney sufferers."

Get Doan's at Any Store, 50c a Box

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

SPECIAL TO WOMEN

The most economical, cleansing and germicidal of all antiseptics is

Paxtine

A soluble Antiseptic Powder to be dissolved in water as needed.

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