

WOMEN WHO ARE ALWAYS TIRED

May Find Help in This Letter.

Swan Creek, Mich.—"I cannot speak too highly of your medicine. When through neglect or overwork I get run down and my appetite is poor and I have that weak, languid, always tired feeling, I get a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and it builds me up, gives me strength, and restores me to perfect health again. It is truly a great blessing to women, and I cannot speak too highly of it. I take pleasure in recommending it to others."—Mrs. ANNIE CAMERON, R.F.D., No. 1, Swan Creek, Michigan.



Another Sufferer Relieved.
Hebron, Me.—"Before taking your remedies I was all run down, discouraged and had female weakness. I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and used the Sanative Wash, and find today that I am an entirely new woman, ready and willing to do my housework now, where before taking your medicine it was a dread. I try to impress upon the minds of all ailing women I meet the benefits they can derive from your medicines."—Mrs. CHARLES ROWE, Kennebago, Maine.

If you want special advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., (confidential) Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

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Among infants in Western Australia in 1906 the death rate in each 1,000 births was 110, and last year it was 69.97, the lowest in the commonwealth.

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Customs inspectors are patriotic. They always go where duty calls them.

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Do you have backache? Are you tired and worn out? Feel dizzy, nervous and depressed? Are the kidney secretions irregular? Highly colored; contain sediment? Likely your kidneys are at fault. Weak kidneys give warning of distress. Heed the warning; don't delay—Use a tested kidney remedy. None so well recommended as Doan's Kidney Pills. None so universally successful.

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"Every Picture Tells a Story"
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DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS
FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

Don't Persecute Your Bowels
Cut out cathartics and purgatives. They are brutal, harsh, unnecessary. Try CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS
Purely vegetable. Act gently on the liver, eliminate bile, and soothe the delicate membrane of the bowels. Cure Constipation, Biliousness, Sick Headache and Indigestion, as millions know. SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE. Genuine must bear Signature
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In the local treatment of woman's ills, such as leucorrhoea and inflammation, hot douches of Paxtine are very efficacious. No woman who has ever used medicated douches will fail to appreciate the clean and healthy condition Paxtine produces and the prompt relief from soreness and discomfort which follows its use. This is because Paxtine possesses superior cleansing, disinfecting and healing properties.
For ten years the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. has recommended Paxtine in their private correspondence with women, which proves its superiority. Women who have been relieved say it is "worth its weight in gold." At drug stores, 50c. Large box or by mail. Sample free. The Paxton Toilet Co., Boston, Mass.

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SIOUX CITY P.T.G. CO., NO. 36-1915.

MARY MIDTHORNE

BY GEORGE BARR McCUTCHEON.

Author of "Graustark," "Truxton King," etc.

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CHAPTER XVI.—(Continued.)

"Come, Eric, let us go back. Let us go far away from here. Why should we stay in Corinth? Why stay here by the sea? Think of the great, dry, peaceful west, where the mountains rise to a monotonous, sing-song pitch, 'Listen to me. The fishing off the Point used to be the best along the coast. They tell me there is no catch at all in these days, and hasn't been for half a dozen years. The great catches are no more. The fishermen say that the stretch from here to the Eddy Islands is hoodooed. They can't understand it. But I could tell them, Mary, I could tell them. There's something out there that scares them away, that 'hoodoo'!"

"Why, Eric!" she cried. "You are losing your mind. What a silly thing to say. As if that could make any difference to a fish! Don't be ridiculous." "Well, it's queer, isn't it?" he insisted. "You'll have to admit it." He stared out across the tumbling waters, white foam in his wide-spread eyes. She gave him a swift, furtive look, and then fell to trembling all over. Was he going mad?

"Come away, Eric," she cried, tightening her grasp on his arm. "It's horrid here. Let us go back. It's tea time here. Why, you're drenched. You're half frozen." Swiftly aroused to compassion and concern for her, he led her away from the wild brink to a less exposed spot in the lee of a jutting rock. Here they were sheltered from the wind and the freezing drizzle; but while she shivered about their ears, and the sea roared all the more loudly because they had slunk back from its fury. Great gulls careened past them, their screams no more than sharp, staccato barks, as of a dog in flight.

The terror in Mary's eyes was most distressing to him. She was trembling violently. Her wet hair had blown across her face. Her figure was limp, pathetic. "We'll go back, dearie," he cried. "I'm sorry you came. You will be ill for all this. I should have come alone. That's what I want to do. I want to smash this fear and dread I've had for years. Well, I've done it. I'm no longer afraid of Stone Wall or the sea out yonder. I can laugh at them and at myself for having been afraid. I can laugh at them!"

Suddenly he stopped as if petrified. Even as he uttered his hapless boast, there came floating up to him on the wings of the gale a harsh, never to be forgotten laugh, mocking, distant, unlocated; came floating up as a part of the gibbering turmoil, out of the wind raked Atlantic, out of nowhere! "Good God!" he gasped, shrinking back against the rock with the glare of horror in his eyes. She looked at him in utter amazement—and dread. The terror in his face was something she was never to forget.

"Eric," she whined. "What is it?" His voice was hoarse. "Did—did you hear it?" "There is some one out here besides ourselves, Eric," cried she, "so don't be afraid. We are not alone, dear. I heard some one—"

He turned upon her with a glad shout. "You—you did hear it, then? You heard the laugh?" "Yes, of course. Tramps, I suppose, sheltered in the caves over—" "Thank God! Thank God!" he shouted. "If you heard it, too, then it must have been real." "Real? The laugh? Why—why, Eric, how queerly you act. What of it? Was it the laugh that—Ah! See! There they are—two of them." She was pointing excitedly along the crest of the cliff toward the right. In bold relief against the leaden sky, the figures of two men stood out clearly defined. Not more than 100 yards separated the two couples on this bleak, supposedly deserted stretch of Stone Wall.

In sheer amazement the Midthornes gazed at their fellow adventurers. Slowly into their intelligence stole the knowledge that these men were not strangers. They knew them well! Great, rain-coated men were they, wind blown and sturdy, and they looked not toward them, but out to sea. Again the raucous laugh was wafted across the rocks. "By heaven, Mary, it's Adam Carr!" cried Eric, passing his hand over his eyes, a great weakness assailing him. Mary was staring hard at Adam's companion, a tall man in storm hat and coat. "And John," she cried, amazed. "John Payson." At that instant the two men turned, as if so ordered by some strange, compelling force, and looked squarely at the spot where the Midthornes stood.

sought to shake off the retaining hand. Finally they gave over talking and turned to contemplate the couple in the lee of the rock. Two strong figures were they, silhouettes against the grey, unlovely sky, defying the wind that scourged the cliffs.

"Eric," said Mary, her lips close to his ear, "is there really a resemblance between you and that fellow Adam Carr that I can see no one else? Isn't it odd that I should—"

"It's not a fancy, Mary," said he gravely, without taking his eyes from the two men. "The likeness is there. It's real. Now, maybe you can begin to understand that." "But I don't understand," she cried in perplexity. Suddenly light burst upon her. "Oh, Eric, you—you can't mean that—that he—"

"See for yourself, dear. It's odd you never noticed it before." She raised her eyes. Together they watched until they were lost to sight among the rocks that lined the distant roadway. "I am afraid of him, Eric," she moaned. "I am afraid of Jack now. There was something terrible about him, something I'd never seen before—never even dreamed of."

"If he isn't the son of Ad—"

"Stop!" she almost screamed. "I don't want you to say it. You may be wrong. God may have played a trick on us, on every one. I'm beginning to think that God isn't above small things like that. No, no, I never speak of it. It hurts, Eric, oh, how it hurts!" "On my soul, Mary, I am sorry for him. He is a decent chap. I—"

"He is a man, Eric, and I love him. I love him! I shall love him till I die." "But you can see how impossible it will be for you to—"

"Haven't I said I would give him up?" she cried, beating upon his breast with her clenched hands. "Don't ask me to say anything more." "Maybe it's all right, after all," he began, but she stopped him. "If it's all right, why should he be out here today with that man? No! He stands with Adam Carr and he stands for Adam Carr. He is against you. There is a greater influence than my love at work with him."

"Then," she said, "that held him back?" "Then," she demanded fiercely. "He held her off, looking straight into her eyes, and spoke steadily, even calmly." "He had just been listening to Adam Carr's story of the day that lies out there in the sea. That's why. He knows about me, Mary. That's what held him back."

"Eric," she said, after a moment, "I think we'd better tell everything to Uncle Horace." "Yes," said he, "I've made up my mind to do it." "Wait till tomorrow, dear." "Why put it off?" "Please, Eric—just because I ask it for you."

A sharp exclamation fell from his lips. The next instant he was pointing in the direction of Bud's Rock. A man was hurrying toward them, a distant, wind fighting figure that came on swiftly, regardless of the rough, uneven going and the crevasses. He held his hand before his nose and mouth, to breathe the better in the face of the gale. "It's Jack!" she cried eagerly. Her brother's arms dropped from her shoulders, and a muttered word of exclamation ground its way through his teeth. Then, with no word of explanation, he advanced to meet the oncoming, holding her tightly by the arm.

"What was he telling you?" repeated Eric. Payson opened his lips to speak, then thought better of the impulse. He contented himself with a long, hard, even suspicious scrutiny of the questioner's face. "Some other time, if you please," he said tartly. "It is our duty to get poor Mary home as quickly as possible. Come, dear."

But she clung to Eric, ignoring the outstretched hand. Payson fell away as if he had been slapped in the face. He kept pace with them all the way to the Vesper cottage, but not a word fell from his lips in all that distance. It was quite dark when they came to the gate; the sharp, chill mist was still blowing. Mary's teeth were chattering. "Good night," said Jack Payson. Eric hesitated. He had been thinking hard all the way up from the coast, but his thoughts were not hard. Somehow, the manliness, the self-restraint, the very thoughtfulness of John Payson wrought a subtle change in his estimate of the man. He was wondering if he was not really grateful to him, if he was not, after all, more than grateful. Years ago he had been sorry for him. Was he not sorry for him now?

"Won't you come in, Jack?" he asked abruptly, holding the gate open. Payson stared, first at one, then the other. He began to stammer an apology for hurrying on. "Come to the fire," said Mary, looking at him over Eric's shoulder. The look in those dark, piteous eyes decided him. "I want to be friendly with you, Eric," he said, "and I want to speak with you about something that has just transpired. I will come in for a few minutes. First of all, Mary must get out of her wet clothes. And you, too. Something hot to drink."

"And bed for her," added Eric meaningly. They entered the cottage. The room was quite dark, except for the space directly in front of the dying embers in the fireplace. The trio, with their shadows, filled the corner of the room nearest the door, where they had paused at a word from Eric. He glanced keenly about the room, then gave vent to a short, apologetic laugh. "I half expected Adam Carr sitting here," he said. "He took the 6:20 for New York," said Payson. "Eric started. 'Are you sure?' uneasily. 'Certainly. At least, that was his intention. He had time to make it. We drove to Stone Wall, you see. Then you got there after we did?'"

Payson smiled faintly, almost ironically. "Spies don't precede their victims as a general thing," he said. "I'll replenish the fire while you are changing." Mary left the room without turning her head back to look at her would-be protector. Eric followed her. He was back in a moment, however. Payson looked up from the pile of wood and kindling over which he stooped. "Take off your wet shoes and stockings," he ordered sharply. "Time enough for that," said Midthorne, coming up to stand over him. "What were you doing out there? Quick, before Mary comes back. 'I'll fix the fire first,' said Payson deliberately.

Neither spoke for three or four minutes, while he laid the paper and kindling. When the fresh, blue flames began to dodge in and out among the logs he arose and faced Mary's brother, coolly brushing the wood dust from his hair. "We were out there to look at the place where my father was lost. My father, mind you," he said with curious emphasis. Eric's satirical smile was not lost on him. "Would you mind taking off your sou'wester Payson?" he said irrelevantly. "It's dripping all over the rug." "I'll stand on the hearth stone," said the other. They were sparring for time in a most deliberate manner. "Then, move over a bit; I'm also wet."

They stood side by side, with their backs to the blaze—two tall, tense figures that waited. Outside the wind shrieked and crooned by turns; the windows rattled in the frames; a soft, insistent rain fell on the panes, as of tiny insects hurrying, told of the rain that blew. "I waited at old Jabe's cottage for Adam," said Payson abruptly, looking straight before him. "I'd been worrying over something you put in the head, Midthorne. I couldn't go to my mother about it. Adam was the only one who could explain. He did not hesitate. I had a buggy there. We drove out to Stone Wall. He showed me where my father's schooner was last seen, and where the wreck, wreckage came in, and the dead bodies of the crew. At the mouth of the ravine. My father went down and never came ashore. The schooner is out there now, on the bottom, half way to Eddy's Islands, in a tathoms down. And then, Eric, where my father was buried 32 years ago."

"Is that all he said?" "No, he said my mother was true to my father, as true as steel." He was still staring at the opposite wall, his face ashen white. "Nothing about Chetwynd?" demanded Eric bluntly. (Continued next week.)

Execution of a Police Crook.
From the Chicago News.
Efforts to solve the Charles Becker, the former police official of New York, from execution failed and he has died in the electric chair. Becker was convicted of receiving a bribe of \$100,000 from a protected gambler who was about to confess to the district attorney of New York that Becker was his partner in the gambling house run by him. Becker, from the nature of the regulation against the taking of human life, even in fulfillment of the law, there will be general satisfaction at the fate of Becker.

Police graft in large American cities far too commonly goes unpunished. The fate of Becker is a sign that a new order has begun to prevail in the trial of criminals who procured the conviction of Becker, is now the governor of the state of New York. He was selected to that position because of his effectiveness in fighting this particular battle of the people against police corruption. The struggle to eliminate police graft is a long and difficult struggle, but it is bound to succeed. The sending of Becker to the death chair in New York for a crime which he conceived and executed through the agency of criminals who should have been objects of prosecution instead of his tools should be an impressive warning to grafters in the police service of any American city. The spectacle of Becker's execution has special significance for Chicago in view of recent revelations in the criminal court in connection with the trial of policemen accused of corrupt dealings with notorious swindlers. The parallel is striking, except that in this community what is said to have been a talkative witness died the earthly career of a talkative witness in various bold swindling operations, even if they are not to be believed in, will have made disclosures that point to corruption in local police circles. It is notorious that afforestation is one of the most urgent of Chicago's needs, and it is therefore of interest to learn that a school of forestry is about to be established in the university of Nanking. The co-operation of the director of forestry at Manila has been obtained, and it is proposed to send two experts from Manila to aid in establishing the school.



The General Says:

Know-why and know-how are essential to any success. Every one of us has to acknowledge that the same sort of military preparedness that fits a nation for its defense is the most effective principle in making an industry of any kind serviceable and profitable both to manufacturer and consumer.

This Great Roofing Organization Is Trained Like an Army

Three enormous mills—offered and manned by the best trained force ever enlisted in an industrial army—three huge factories that are run like clockwork. Military exactness in the securing and selection of raw material, and in every step from then on until the finished product is distributed and sold. Constant readiness—being prepared every minute for the work to be done the next—Right there you have your finger on the great, essential reasons for the unflinching satisfaction every user finds in

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This roofing certainly has no superior. It is the best roofing that can possibly be made and it is manufactured in and guaranteed by the largest Roofing and Building Paper Mills in the World. 1-ply is guaranteed 5 years; 2-ply, 10 years, and 3-ply, 15 years, and this guarantee means the minimum life of the roofing. Thousands of Certain-teed Roofs all over the country are outliving the period of the guarantee.

When the General first entered the field the cost of roofing was two or three times more than it is today and the quality was not as high as Certain-teed is today. By reason of his enormous output the General has not only been able to bring down the cost and selling price of roofing, but he has also been able to raise the quality to its maximum. Today every fifth roll of roofing sold bears the Certain-teed label.

Certain-teed roofing, shingles, wall boards, felts, building papers, etc., bearing the General's name, are sold by your local lumber or hardware dealer at very reasonable prices. Don't send your money away for these goods. Patronize your home dealer.

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SOME HINTS FOR BUILDERS

Great Care Should Be Taken in Selection of the Most Substantial Roofing Material.

If you were without preparation or plan, rudely placed in a wilderness, your first thought would be of food supply and your next of shelter, for these are the two most vital necessities of mankind. It is therefore natural that the best thought, and study are put upon these two essentials.

More forward steps have been taken in the building industry in the past fifteen years, as regards comfort, service and architectural beauty than in the fifty years previous. Only in recent years has the handling of cement in building work been understood properly, and progress is still constantly being made with it. Modern hotels and office buildings are being equipped with sheet metal moldings and steel veneered doors. Nearly every important change in building construction is away from the fire hazard of wood.

One of the most significant developments of recent years is the crushed slate surfaced asphalt shingle which is, on new construction and old, rapidly supplanting the wooden article. There are many reasons for this. The slate surfaced shingles add beauty to any building—in fact, there is really no comparison from an architectural standpoint. Crushed slate of pleasing tints of red or green, is employed as a surfacing. The shingles are uniformly eight inches wide and are exposed four inches to the weather. No painting is necessary as the red or green crushed slate is natural and therefore cannot fade.

The purchaser, however, should guard himself against buying a slate surfaced shingle that is not guaranteed by a reliable and responsible manufacturer. There are so many kinds of roofing and shingles on the market today each claiming to be the best that it becomes necessary for the buyer to get some satisfactory assurance that the roofing or shingles are represented honestly.

Broke. "I just got my car back from the repair shop this morning." "Then why aren't you running it?" "I paid the repair bill, and I've got to wait until I can save up some money to buy gasoline."

Looks Down on Common Folk. "That aviator is quite uppish." "Considers himself one of the aristocracy, I suppose."

Greatly Perturbed. "This war is causing a lot of people to do some serious thinking who never did it before."

"I have no doubt you are right." "I know a woman who hasn't been able to buy anything in Paris since it started."

Dodging an Issue. "Do you know where I can buy any counterfeit money?" inquired the man with a suitcase.

"Are you looking for trouble?" "No. But I'm against the tipping evil and at the same time I want to go through the formalities and avoid being made uncomfortable by the waiters."

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 Dr. J. C. Fletcher
In Use For Over 30 Years.
Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

Pitiless. "Some men have no hearts," said the tramp. "I've been a-tellin' that feller I am so dead broke that I have to sleep outdoors." "Didn't that fetch him?" asked the other. "Now, He told me he was a-doin' the same thing, and had to pay the doctor for tellin' him to do it."—Christian Register.

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Is Up-to-Date Shaving for Sensitive Skins. Trial Free.

Prepare razor. Dip brush in hot water and rub it in Cuticura Soap held in palm of hand. Then make lather on face and rub in for a moment with fingers. Make second lathering and shave. Rub bit of Cuticura Ointment over shaven parts (and on scalp if any dandruff or itching) and wash all off with Cuticura Soap and hot water, shampooing same time. One soap for all—shaving, shampooing, bathing and toilet. It's velvet for sensitive skins. No slimy muck. No germs. No waste of time or money. Free sample each, if you wish. Address postcard, "Cuticura, Dept. XY, Boston." Sold everywhere.—Adv.

But a man never realizes what fool ideas he has until after he builds a house according to his own plans.

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Get rid of the stumps and grow big crops on cleared land. Now is the time to clean up your farm while products bring high prices. Blasting is quickest, cheapest and easiest with Low Freezing Du Pont Explosives. They work in cold weather.
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