# Health for Sick Women

For Forty Years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Has Been Woman's Most Reliable Medicine -Here is More Proof.

To women who are suffering from some form of woman's special ills, and have a constant fear of breaking down, the three following letters ought to bring hope: --



twins and it left me with very poor health. I could not walk across the floor without having to sit I thought I would give it a trial and it made me as well as ever. I cannot say enough in favor of the Pinkham remedies."—Mrs. MAYME ASBACH, North Crandon, Wis.

### Testimony from Oklahoma.

Lawton, Okla.—"When I began to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I seemed to be good for nothing. I tired easily and had headaches much of the time and was irregular. I took it again before my little child was born and it did me a wonderful amount of good at that time. I never fail to recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to ailing women because it has done so much for me."—Mrs. A. L. McCasland, 509 Have St., Lawton, Okla.

## From a Grateful Massachusetts Woman.

Roxbury, Mass.-"I was suffering from inflammation and was examined by a physician who found that my trouble was caused by a displacement. My symptoms were bearing down pains, backache, and sluggish liver. I tried several kinds of medicine; then I was asked to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It has cured me and I am pleased to be in my usual good health by using it and highly recommend it."—Mrs. B. M. Osgood, 1 Haynes Park, Roxbury, Mass.

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.

SUDDEN DEATH

Caused by Disease of the Kidneys The close connection which exists medical opinion, without charge—abbetween the heart and the kidneys is solutely free. This "Anuric" of Dr.

well known nowadays. As soon as Pierce's is 37 times more active than

women.

Simplified.

"I'm trying to figure out a way to enlarge the lobby of my theater," said | do in dealing with the submarine questhe manager. "It's entirely too small." | tion? "Why not cut out the box office?" suggested one of his patrons. "I haven't been able to buy a ticket there in three years. The speculators have them all."

# RECIPE FOR GRAY HAIR.

To half pint of water add 1 oz. Bay Rum, a To hair pint of water add 1 oz. Bay Rum, a small box of Barbo Compound, and 24 oz. of glycerine. Apply te the hair twice a week until it becomes the desired shade. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it at home at very little cost. It will gradually darken streaked, faded gray hair, and removes dandruff. It is excellent for falling hair and will make harsh hair soft and glossy. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy, and does not rub off.—Adv. greasy, and does not rub off.—Adv.

Mamie-How do you like my new

hat, Susie?

Susie-Lovely, Mamie; I had one just like it last year.

ease, or disease of brain or lungs.

package of "Anuric"-the latest dis-

covery of Dr. Pierce. Also send a sample of your water. This will be

tel, Buffalo, N. Y. When you suffer

urine, rheumatic pains here or there.

North Crandon, Wis. — "When I was 16 years old I got married and at 18 years I gave birth to

down to rest and it was hard for me to keep about and do my work. I went to a doctor and he told me I had a displacement and ulcers, and would have to have an operation. This frightened me so much that I did not know what to do. Having heard of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Safety First.

Booker-Well, we might dry up.

Knicker-What is the best thing to

For a really fine coffee at a mod-

Only one merchant in each town

sells Seminole. If your grocer isn't

the one, write the Denison Coffee Co.,

Chicago, for a souvenir and the name

Buy the 3 lb. Canister Can for \$1.00,

It is better to hit the bull's-eye in a short sermon than to tire the sin-

Piles Cured in 6 to 14 Days
Druggists retund money if PAZO OINTMENT fails
to cure Itching, Bllud, Bleeding or Protruding
Piles. First application gives relief. 50c.

It's a wise saw that knows its own

erate price, drink Denison's Seminole

Brand, 35c the lb., in sealed cans.

of your Seminole dealer.

interest and excitement, as the reporters bent closer above their work. I heard a quick, deep intaking of the
breath from the man who sat beside
me, and then I was on my feet.
"Your honer," I said to Goldberger,
"it seems that an effort is to be made
to incriminate Mr. Swain in this affair,
and he should therefore be represented

and he should therefore be represented by counsel. I myself intend to repre-sent him, and I ask for an hour's adjournment in order to consult with my client."

a great bustle as the reporters gatha great busile as the legotical gathered up their papers and hurried to their cars to search for the nearest telephone; the jury walked heavily away in charge of an officer to get their lunch at some near by readhouse; their lunch at some near by roadhouse; Sylvester was gathering up his prints and photographs and putting them carefully in his pocket; Simmends was replacing the blood stained clothing in the suit case, to be held as evidence for the trial; but Swain sat there, with arms folded, staring straight before him, apparently unconscious of all this. Goldberger looked at him closely, as he came down to speak to me, but Swain did not glance up.

"I can parole him in your custody, 1

Swain did not glance up.

"I can parole him in your custody, I suppose, Mr. Lester?" the corner asked.

"Yes; certainly," I assented.

"Sylvester's evidence makes it look"

"Sylvester's evidence makes it look"

"Sylvester's evidence makes it look"

"Suppose, Mr. Lester and I saw the family of his partner, Mr. Royce, where she will be properly taken care of. Is there any reason why she can't be taken there today?"

The doctor considered for a mo-

fication, of course, many times, but had made no study of the subject, and, I confess, the blurred photographs which it is stake my soul on it!" Sylvester offered for my inspection seemed to me mighty poor evidence upon which to accuse a man of murder.

kidneys are diseased, arterial tension lithia, for it dissolves uric acid in the is increased and the heart functions system, as hot water does sugar. are attacked. When the kidneys no Simply ask for Dr. Pierce's Anuric longer pour forth waste, uremic poi-Tablets. There can be no imitation. soning occurs, and the person dies and Every package of "Anuric" is sure to the cause is often given as heart dis- be Dr. Pierce's. You will find the signature on the package just as you do It is a good insurance against such a on Dr Pierce's Favorite Prescription. risk to send 10 cents for a large trial the ever-famous friend to ailing

Worry is a frequent cause and sometimes a symptom of kidney disexamined without charge by expert ease. Thousands have testified to imchemists at Dr. Pierce's Invalids' Ho- mediate relief from these symptoms after using Dr. Pierce's Anuric Tablets from backache, frequent or scanty for the kidneys and backache.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription or that constant tired, worn-out feeling, it's time to write Dr. Pierce, dewomen well. No alcohol. Sold in scribe your symptoms and get his tablets or liquid.



# Three Hundred Million **Bushel Grop in 1915**

Farmers pay for their land with one year's crop and prosperity was never so great.

Regarding Western Canada as a grain producer, a prominent business man says: "Canada's position today is sounder than ever. There is more

wheat, more oats, more grain for feed, 20% more cattle than last year and more hogs. The war market in Europe needs our surplus. As for the wheat crop, it is marvelous and a monument of strength for business confidence to build upon, exceeding the most optimistic predictions.

Wheat averaged in 1915 over 25 bushels per acre Oats averaged in 1915 over 45 bushels per acre Barley averaged in 1915 over 40 bushels per acre

Prices are nigh, markets convenient, excellent land, low in price either improved or otherwise, ranging from \$12 to \$30 per acre. Free homestead lands are plentiful and not far from railway lines and convenient to good schools and churches. The climate is healthful.

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The state of the s

Canadian Government Agents

# THE GLOVED HAND

A Detective Story

By BURTON E. STEVENSON Author of "The Holladay Case," "The Marathon Mystery," "The Mystery of the Boule Cabinet," etc.

CHAPTER XIV .- (Continued).

"Mr. Sylvester," said the coroner, "you consider the fingerprint method of identification a positive one, do you not?"

"Even with a single finger?"
"Perhaps with a single finger there
may be some doubt, if there is no other evidence. Somebody has computed that the chance of two prints being ex-"And where there is other evidence?"
"I should say that a single finger was

"Suppose you have two fingers?"
"Then it is absolutely certain."
"And three fingers?"
Sylvester shrugged his shoulders to indicate that proof could go no fur-ther. Goldberger took back the photo-graphs from the foreman of the jury and ranged them before him on the

"Now, Mr. Sylvester," he said, "did you notice any correspondence between these prints?"

these prints?"

"Yes," answered the witness, in a low voice; "the thumb prints on both robes were made by the same hand."

The audience sat spell bound, staring, scarce breathing. I dared not glance at Swain. I could not take my eyes from that pale faced man on the witness stand, who knew that with every word he was riveting an awful crime to a living fellow being.

"One question more," said Goldberger. "Have you any way of telling by whom these prints were made?"

"Yes," said Sylvester again, and his voice was so low I could scarcely hear

voice was so low I could scarcely hear it. "They were made by Frederic Swain. The prints he made just now correspond with them in every de-tail!"

#### CHAPTER XV. THE CHAIN TIGHTENS.

An instant's silence followed Sylves ter's words, and then a little murmur of interest and excitement, as the re-

my client."

Goldberger glanced at his watch.
"I intended to adjourn for lunch," he said. "as soon as I had finished with Mr. Sylvester. We will adjourn now, if you wish—until 1:30," he added.
The battery of cameras was clicking at Swain, and two or three artists were making sketches of his head; there was a great bustle as the reporters gath-

but under Sylvester's powerful glass they came out more clearly.

"The thumb," said Sylvester, following the lines first to the right and then to the left with the point of a pencil, "is what we call a double whorl. It consists of 14 lines, or ridges. With the migrometer," and he reject. With the micrometer," and he raised the lid of a little leather box which the lid of a little leather box which stood on the table, took out an instrument of polished steel and applied it to one of the photographs, "we get the angle of these ridges. See how I adjust it," and I watched him, as, with a delicate thumbscrew, he made the needle like points of the finder coincide with the outside lines of the whorl. "Now here is a photograph from the other robe, also showing the thumb," and he applied the machine carefully to it. "It also is a double whorl of 14 lines, and you see the angles are the same. And here is the print of the thumb which your client made for me." He applied the micrometer and drew back that I might see for myself.
"But these photographs are en-larged," I objected.

"That makes no difference. En-largement dows not alter the angles. Here are the other prints."

He compared them one by one, in the same manner. When he had finished, there was no escaping the conviction that they had been made by the same hand-that is, unless one denied the hand—that is, unless one defiled the theory of finger print identification altogether, and that, I knew, would be absurd. As he finished his demonstration. Sylvester glanced over my shoulder with a little deprecating smile, as of a man apologising for doing an unpleasant duty, and I turned ing an unpleasant duty, and I turned to find Swain standing there, his face lined with perplexity.

"You heard?" I asked.

"Yes; and I believe Mr. Sylvester is "Yes; and I believe Mr. Sylvester is right. I can't understand it."
"Well," I said, "suppose we go and have some lunch, and then we contalk it over," and thanking Sylvester for his courtesy, I led Swain away. Godfrey fell into step beside us, and Godfrey fell into step beside us, and the Orientals have gone farther along the Orientals have gone farther along the original shape gone farther along the original

when we reached the door he was liftmiss Vaughan to the couch. In that minute, he must have touched the dead man."

Swain shook his head doubtfully.
"I don't see why I should have done that" he said.

"It isn't a question of why you did
it," Godfrey pointed out. "It's a question of whether you did. Go over the scene in your mind, recalling as many details as you can, and then we'll go over it together, step by step, after

It was a silent meal, and when it was over, Godfrey led the way into his

"Now," he began, when we were seated, "where was Miss Vaughan at the moment you sprang through the "She was lying on the floor by the table, in front of her father's chair,"

Swain replied.

"You sprayed of the 2"

"You are sure of that?"
"Yes; I didn't see her until I ran around the table." "I was hoping," said Godfrey, "that she had fainted with her arms clasped about her father's neck and that, in freeing them, you made those marks on his robe.

But Swain shook his head.
"No," he said; "I'm positive I didn't touch him.' "Then how did the marks get

"I don't know," said Swain helpless-

ly. "Now, see here, Swain," said God-frey, a little sternly, "there is only one way in which those finger prints could have got on that garment, and that is from your fingers. If you didn't put them there consciously, you must have done so unconsciusly. If they aren't explained in some way, the jury will very probably hold you responsible for the crime."

"I understand that," Swain answered "I understand that," Swain answered thickly; "but how can they be explained? I don't see why I should put my hands on Mr. Vaughan's throat, even unconsciously. And then there's the fact that at no time during the evening was I really unconscious—I was only confused and dazed."

"Goldberger's theory is plain

"Goldberger's theory is plain enough," said Godfrey, turning to me; "and I must say that it's a good one. He realizes that there wasn't provocation enough to cause a man like Swain to commit murder, with all his senses about him; but his presumption is that the crime was committed while Swain was in a dazed condition and not wholly self-controlled. Such

a thing is possible."
"No, it isn't!" cried Swain, his face livid. "It isn't possible! I'm not a murderer. I remember everything else—do you think I wouldn't remember a thing like that!"

"I don't know what to think," God-

frey admitted, a straight line between his brows. "Besides, there's the hand-kerchief."

"I den't see any mystery about that," said Swain. "There's only one way that could have come there. It dropped from my wrist when I stooped over Miss Vaughan."

Gedfrey looked at me, and I nodded. Swain might as well know the werst.
"That would be an explanation, sure enough," said Godfrey, slowly, "but for one fact—you didn't have any bandage on your wrist when you came back over the wall. Both Lester and I saw

confess, the blurred photographs which Sylvester offered for my inspection seemed to me mighty poor evidence upon which to accuse a man of murder. The photographs showed the prints considerably larger than life size, but this enlargement had also exaggerated the threads of the cloth, so that the prints seemed half concealed by a heavy mesh. To the naked eye, the lines were almost indistinguishable, but under Sylvester's powerful glass they came out more clearly.

"The thumb," said Sylvester, fol"The thumb," said Sylvester, folconnect him with the crime, and there's a lot of direct evidence to connect you with it. It's up to us to explain it away. Now, think carefully before you answer my questions: Have you any recollection, however faint, of having seen Mahbub before this morn-

Swain sat for quite a minute searching his consciousness. Then, to my great disappointment, he shook his head.
"No," he said; "I am sure I never

saw him before."
"Nor Silva?"
"No, nor Silva—except, of course, the No, nor Silva—except, of course, the time, three or four months ago, when hee gave me Mr. Vaughan's message."
"Have you a distinct recollection that the library was empty when you sprang into it?"

sprang into it?" "Yes; very distinct. I remember looking about it, and then running past the table and discovering Miss Vaughan."

You saw her father also?" "Yes; but I merely glanced at him. realized that he was dead."

"And you also have a distinct recollection that you did not approach him or touch him?"
"I am quite certain of that," answered Swain, positively.
"Then I give it up," said Godfrey, and leave heek in his chair.

Then I give it up, said Godfrey, and lay back in his chair.

There was a queer boiling of ideas in my mind; ideas difficult to clothe with words, and composed of I know not what farrago of occultism, mysticism, and Oriental magic; but at last I managed to simmer them down to a timid question:

"I know it sounds foolish, but wouldn't it be possible, Godfrey, to explain all this by hypnosis, or occult influence, or something of that sort?"

hypnotised to do a thing which, in his normal condition, would be prefoundly repugnant to him. Indeed, few men can be hypnotised against their will. To be hypnotised, you have to yield yourself. Of course, the more you yield yourself, the weaker you grow, but that doesn't apply to Swain. I shouldn't advise you' to use that line of argument to a jury," he added, with a smile. "You'd better just leave the whole thing up in the air."
"Well," I said, "Pil make the best fight I can. I was hoping Swain could help me; since he can't, we'll have to trust to luck."
Godfrey left us to get his story of hypnotised against their will.

Godfrey left us to get his story of the morning hearing into shape, and I fell into a gloomy revery. I could see no way out of the maze; either Swain had touched Vaughan's body, or it had been touched by another man with the same finger markings. I sat suddenly upright, for if there was such a man, he must be one of two

"What is it?" Swain asked, looking

"A long shot," I said. "An exceedingly long shot—a three-hundred-miliion to one shot. How many people are there in the world, Swain?"
"I'm sure I don't know," and he

"I'm sure I don't know," and he stared at me in bewilderment.
"I think it's something like a billion and a half. It that is true then it's possible that there are four people in the world, beside yourself, with the thumb and two fingers of the right hand marked exactly as yours are."
"We must have a reupion some "We must have a reunion, some day," Swain remarked, with irony. But I refused to be diverted.

"Allowing for imperceptible differences," I went on, "I think it is safe to assume that there are 10 such peo-

ple."
"Well," said Swain, bitterly, "I know one thing that it isn't safe to assume, and that is that either of those Hindus is one of those 10. I suppose that is the assumption you will make next?

"It's an assumption I intend to put to the proof, anyway, I answered, somewhat testily, "and if it falls. I'm afraid you'll have to go to jail till I can dig up some more evidence."

He turned toward me quickly, his

face working.
"See here, Mr. Lester," he said,
"don't misunderstand me. I'm awfully
grateful for all you're doing for me;
but I don't mind going to jail—not on but I don't mind going to jail—not on my own account. I'm innocent, and I'll be able to prove it in time. But Marjorie mustn't be left alone. I'd be ready to face anything if I knew that she was safe. She mustn't be left in that house—not a single night. Prom-ise me that you'll take her with you as soon as the inquest's over!"
"I'll promise that, Swain, gladly," I said, "provided, of course, the doctor

"The promise that, Swain, gladly," I said, "provided, of course, the doctor consents."

"We must get him," and Swain sprang to his feet. "We must explain to him how important it is."

"Perhaps I can get him on the phone," I said; but the person who answered told me that he had already started for the inquest. And, a moment later, Mrs. Hargis tapped at the door of the study and said that the doctor was outside. I told her to show him in at once.

"The truth is," said Hinman, shaking hands with both of us, "I thought Yd drop in to find out if there was anything I could do. No reasonable person," he went on, turning to Swain, "believes you killed that defenseless old man; but those finger prints certainly do puzzle me."

"They puzzle me, too," said Swain; "but I'll prove my innocence—though it will take time."

"It looks to me," said the doctor,

will take time.'

will take time."

"It looks to me," said the doctor, slowly, "that about the only way you can prove your innocence is to catch the real murderer."

"That's exactly what we're going to try to do," I assented.

"And meanwhile Mr. Swain will be in jail?" asked the doctor.

"I'm afraid there's no help for it." I

jail?" asked the doctor.

"I'm afraid there's no help for it," I admitted ruefully.

"I was just telling Mr. Lester that I didn't mind that," said Swain earnestly, "that I could stand anything, if I was only sure that Miss Vaughan was safe. She isn't safe in that house. Mr. Lester has arranged to place her with the family of his partner. Mr. Royce. the family of his partner, Mr. Royce, where she will be properly taken care

ter? I should like to go over the prints with him."

"Certaintly:" and, a moment later, with the prints spread out before us, Sylvester was showing me their points of similarity.

Godfred came forward while he was talking and stood looking over his shoulder.

I had heard of finger print identification, of course, many times, but had made no study of the subject, and, I confess, the blurred photographs which.

Cheeks, as though drained by an open artery, and for a mement he sat shiended year open artery are for a favorable year open artery are for a favorable year open are for a favorable year open are for a fav

morrow."

Swain bit his lips nervously.

'I have a horror of her staying in that house another night," he said;

"but I hadn't thought of the funeral. There is one nurse on duty all the time, isn't there, doctor?"

"All right, then; we'll risk one night more. But you promise me that she shall be taken away immediately after the funeral?"

(Continued next week.)

The King of Urban Trees. Walter Prichard Eaton, in the Century, "The elm is essentially a self-sufficient tree. It does not thrive in groves. It has

"The elm is essentially a self-sufficient tree. It does not thrive in groves. It has a standard type of its own, and it either attains this type or is lost to view. The elm which comes to maturity is usually the one which has lodged in a favored spot where there is no competition, such as a river meadow, where the spring freshets have dropped the seed on fertile soil and the roots can get down to water.

"We all know the type, the noble trunk of massive girth tapering very gradually upward to the first spring of branches, and then dissolving in those branches as a water jet might dissolve in many upward and out-curving streams, till the whole is lost in the spray of the foliage. Like many other trees that grow alone, it develops an exquisite symmetry; but with the elm this symmetry is not only one of general contour, but of individual limbs. Not only is the silhouette symmetrical, but the skeleton also, branch balancing branch. That is what gives it its remarkable fitness to comport with architectural lines, with geometrically designed vistas. It has a formal structure and a consequent dignity which make it the logical shade for a village street, a chapel a library, the scholarly procession in cap and gown. Add to that dignity its arched and alry lightness and its splendid size, and you have the king of urban trees."

Pan-American Rallying Cry.
From the Philadelphia Ledger.
Secretary Lansing takes as his motto for Pan-Americanism the phrase of the "Three Musketeers," "One for all, all for one." This is a fair motto, but the old slogan of the Knights of Labor is more expressive, "An injury to one is the concern of all." Put this into resounding Latin and you get a rallying cry to conjure with. Pan-American Rallying Cry.

VOLUNTEERS NOT EFFICIENT SOLDIERS

By George Washington. have some lunch, and then we can talk it over," and thanking Sylvester for his courtesy, I led Swain away. Godfrey fell into step beside us, and for some moments we walked on in silence.

"There is only one explanation that I can see," said Godfrey, at last. "Swain, you remember, got to the library about a minute ahead of us, and brary about a minute ahead of us, and talk it over," and thanking Sylvester to have impressed you," he said. "He has. But isn't such an explanation possible?"

"I don't think so. I don't deny that the Orientals have gone farther along certain paths of psychology than we have, but as to their possessing any occulit power, it is, in my opinion, all bosh. As for hypnosis, the best authorities agree that no man can be seems to have impressed you," he said. "He has. But isn't such an explanation possible?"

"I don't think so. I don't deny that the Orientals have gone farther along certain paths of psychology than we have, but as to their possessing any obtained by a constant course of discipline and service.

PERUNA

# Are You

What would you give to be perfectly well? All you have got, of course. It may be that your trouble is of a catarrhal nature. Catarrh of the head. Catarrh of the stomach. Catarrh of some internal organ. If so, Peruna will help you on the road to perfect health. If you want to be convinced, buy one bottle. No further argument will be necessary.

Coughs Colds Catarrh

PERUNA

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"How is Doctor Wombat as a physician?"

"Best ever. When you get exhausted over bridge he prescribes dancing as a rest cure."

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It's one of fate's decrees that lovers fall in love before they can fall out.

Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are the original little liver pills put up 40 years ago. They regulate liver and bowels.—Adv.

Some people know too much to be lieve anything.

Why That Lame Back? Morning lameness, sharp twinges when bending, or an all-day backache; each is cause enough to suspect kidney trouble. Get after the cause. Help the kidneys. Americans go it too hard. We overdo, overeat and neglect our sleep and exercise and so we are fast becoming a nation of kidney sufferers. 72% more deaths than in 1890 is the 1910 census story.

Use Doan's Kidney Pills. Thousands recommend them.

An Iowa Case W. H. Simmons, For-W. H. Simmons, For-est City, Iowa, says: "My back pained as though it were being pulled apart. Often, sharp, knifelike pains darted through me, making me almost helpless. Mornings I could hardly get out making me almost helpless. Mornings I could hardly get out of bed and to stoop, took all my strength. The first box of Doan's Kidney Pills did me so much good that I kept on. I took four boxes in all and since then my back has never bothered me."

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