And Good Demand for All Farm Products.

It is no new experience for settlers located in a fertile country such as Western Canada, where lands may be bought at very reasonable prices, to harvest a crop that in one season pays the entire cost of their farm. Undoubtedly this was the experience of many farmers during 1915, but one instance may be quoted. A settler who came to Canada from the United States some years ago decided to add to his holdings by buying an adjoining quarter section near his home at Warner, at \$20.00 an acre, with terms spread over a period of years. He got the land into a good state of cultivation and last spring put the whole quarter section in wheat. When the crop was threshed he found that it only took half the wheat on the farm to pay the whole purchase price of it; in short a single year's crop paid the cost of the land, paid all the expenses of oreration and left him a handsome surplus as profit. This settler had some adjoining land, and his whole wheat crop for the season amounted to over 18,000 bushels. He is now planning to obtain some sheep and invest his profits in live stock which will assure him a good living irrespective o'. what the season may happen to be.

Canada's financial position is excellent. All speculation has been eliminated, and trading is done on a cash basis, with restricted credit.

Detailed figures of Canada's trade for twelve months ending October 31 show how the war is forcing Canadian trade into new channels. One of the most extraordinary changes is in commerce with the United States. A couple of years ago Canada imported from the United States two or three hundred million dollars' worth of goods more than she exported. The balance of trade was all with the United States. The balance is rapidly disappearing, and the present outlook is that by the end of this year Canada will have exported to the United States more than she has im-

The figures for the past four years are illuminating. They are as fol-

		Export	s.	Im	ports.	
1912		\$145,721	,650	\$413	2,657,0	22
1913				44:	2,341,8	40
1914		213,493	,406	42	1,074,5	28
1915		314,118	.774	34	6,569,9	24
For	ir vears	ago, in	1912.	the	balan	ce

of trade in favor of the United States was no less than two hundred and sixty-seven millions, and this year, the balance is reduced to only thirty-two millions. The figures are extraordinary and reflect the changed and new conditions in Canada. It looks as if for the first time in nearly half a century this year Canada will sell more to the United States than she will buy from the Americans .--Advertisement.

Unkind.

"Does your wife wear spats?" 'Wear 'em? She starts 'em.

FIERY RED PIMPLES

Soothed and Healed by Cuticura Soan and Ointment. Trial Free.

Smear the affected skin with Cuticura Ointment on end of finger. Let it remain five to ten minutes. Then wash off with plenty of Cuticura Soap and hot water. Dry without irritation. Nothing like Cuticura for all skin troubles from infancy to age.

Free sample each by mail with Book. Address postcard, Cuticura, Dept. L. Boston. Sold everywhere.-Adv.

Giving a hungry man advice is about as satisfactory as feeding ice cream to a wax doll.

"CASCARETS" FOR LIVER, BOWELS

For sick headache, bad breath, Sour Stomach and constipation.

Get a 10-cent box now.

with Cascarets.

No odds how bad your liver, stomach or bowels: how much your head aches, how miserable and uncomfortable you are from constipation, indigestion, biliousness and sluggish bowels -you always get the desired results

Don't let your stomach, liver and bowels make you miserable. Take Cascarets to-night; put an end to the headache, biliousness, dizziness, nervousness, sick, sour, gassy stomach, backache and all other distress; cleanse your inside organs of all the bile, gases and constipated matter

which is producing the misery. A 10-cent box means health, happiness and a clear head for months. No more days of gloom and distress if you will take a Cascaret now and then. All stores sell Cascarets. Don't forget the children-their little insides need a cleansing, too. Adv.

There's nothing like an obstacle for getting in a mans way

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 XXI (Continued.)

The motion ceased. I was gazing down upon a great city, built upon a narrow spur of land between two rivers, a city of towering buildings and busy streets: then upon a single house, busy streets: then upon a single house, set in the midst of lofty elms; then 1 was in a room, a room with books against the walls, and a door opening upon a garden. From the garden the light faded, and the darkness came, and a clock somewhere struck 12. Then, suddenly, at the door appeared two white robed figures, an old man and a girl. The man was talking violently, but the girl crossed the room without a backward glance, and passed through a backward glance, and passed through a door on its farther side. The man stood for a moment looking after her,

stood for a moment looking after her, then flung himself into a chair, and put his hands before his face.

With creeping flesh, I looked again at the outer door, waiting who would enter. And slowly, slowly, the drapery was put aside, and a face peered in. I could see its flashing eyes and working mouth. A hand, in which a knife gleamed, was raised cautiously to the cord, and when it was lowered, it held a piece of the cord within its grasp. I could see the eager fingers fashioning could see the eager fingers fashioning a knot; then, with head bent, the figure crept forward foot by foot; it was at the chair back, and even as the old man, conscious at last of the intruder, raised conscious at last of the intruder, raised his head, the cord was cast about his throat and drawn tight. There was a moment's struggle, and I saw that the hand which held the cord was red with blood. From the wrist, a stained handkerchief fell softly to the floor. And then the assassin turned to steal away; but as he went, he cast one awful glance over his shoulder. The light fell upon his face—and I saw that it was Swain's!

it was Swain's!

I opened my eyes to find myself extended full length on the divan, with Silva standing over me, a tiny glass of yellow liquid in his hand.
"Drink this," he said, and I swallowed it obediently.

It had a nungent unpleasant taste.

it obediently.

It had a pungent, unpleasant taste, but I could feel it running through my veins, and it cleared my mind and steadied my nerves as though by magic. I sat up and looked at the crystal. The other lights in the room had been switched on, and the sphere lay cold and lifeless. I passed my hand before my eyes, and looked at it again; then my eyes sought Silva's He was smiling softly.

"The visions came," he said. "Your

"The visions came," he said. "Your eyes tell me that the visions came. Is

it not so?"
"Yes," I answered; "strange visions,
Senor Silva. I wish I knew their
origin." "Their origin is in the Universal Spirit," he said, quietly. "Even yet you do not believe."

"No," and I looked again at the crys-i. "There are some things past be-

"Nothing is past belief," he said, still more quietly. "You think so because your mind is wrapped in the conven-tions amid which you exist. Free it from those wrappings, and you will be-gin really to live. You have never known what life is."

How am I to free it, Senor Silva?

questioned. He took a step nearer to me. "By becoming a disciple of the Holy ne," he said, most earnestly. But I was myself again, and I rose

to my feet and shook my head, with a smile.

"No," I said; "you will get no convert here. I must be going."

"I will open the gate for you," he said, in another tone, and led the way

down the stairs, through the library, and out upon the gravelled walk. After the drugged atmosphere of his com, the pure night air was like a afreshing bath, and I drew in long room, the refreshing breaths of it. Silva walked beside me silently: he unlocked the gate with a key that he carried in his hand, and

key that he carried in his hand, and pulled it open.

"Good-night, Mr. Lester," he said.

"The sphere is at your service should you desire again to test it. Think over what I have said to you."

"Good-night," I answered, and stepped through, into the road.

The gate swung shut and the key grated in the rock. Mechanically I

grated in the lock. Mechanically, turned my steps toward Godfrey's house; but I seemed to be bending under a great burden—the burden of the

CHAPTER XXII.

THE SUMMONS.

I was confused and shaken; I had no idea of the hour; I did not know whether that vision had lasted a min-ute or 1,000 years. But, when I blun-dered up the path to Godfrey's house, I found him and Simmonds sitting on the perch together.
"I had Godfrey bring me out," said

Simmonds, as he shook hands, "be-cause I wanted another look at those midnight fire works. Did you come up

on the elevated?"

"Yes," I answered; and I felt Godfrey turn suddenly in his chair, at the sound of my voice, and scrutinize my face. "I had dinner in town and came up afterwards.'

up afterwards."

"What time was that?" asked Godfrey, quietly.

"I got up here about 8 o'clock. I had an engagement with Miss Vaughan."

"You have been with her since?"

"With her and Silva," and I dropped

into a chair and mopped my face with my handkerchief. "The experience was almost too much for me," I added, and

They listened, Godfrey motionless and intent, and Simmonds with a murmur of astonishment now and then.
"I'm bound to confess," I concluded, "that my respect for Silva has in-creased immensely. He's impressive; he's consistent; I almost believe he's

"Have you considered what that be-lief implies?" asked Godfrey.

"What does it imply "
"If Silva is sincere," said Godfrey
owly; "if he is really what he preslowly; "if he is really what he pre-tends to be—a mystic, a priest of Siva-intent only on making converts to what he believes to be the true religion— whole theory falls to the ground, and Swain is guilty of mur-

shivered a little, but I saw that

blood run cold. It makes it run cold now, to remember it!" "How do you explain all that crystal

sphere business, anyway?" asked Simmonds, who had been chewing his cigar

monds, who had been chewing his cigar perplexedly. "It stumps me."

"Lester was hypnotised and saw what Silva willed him to see," answered Godfrey. "You'll remember he sat facing him."

"But," I objected, "no one remembers what happens during hypnosis."

"They do if they are willed to remember. Silva willed you to remember. It was cleverly done, and his ex-

ber. It was cleverly done, and his ex-planation of the origin of the vision was clever, too. Moreover, it had some was clever, too. Moreover, it had some truth in it, for the secret of crystal gazing is that it awakens the subjective consciousness, or great spirit, as Silva called it. But you weren't crystal gazing, tonight, Lester—you were simply hypnotised."

"You may be right," I admitted; "I remember how his eyes stared at me. But it was wonderful—I'm more impressed with him than ever."

"It isn't the fact that he hypnotised you that bothers me," said Godfrey, after a moment. "It's the fact that he has also hypnotised Miss Vaughan."

The words startled me.

"You think that's the reason of her behavior?" I asked, quickly.

"What other reason can there be?" Godfrey demanded. "Here we have a girl who thinks herself in danger and summons to her aid the man who loves her and whom, presumably, she loves.

summons to her aid the man who loves her and whom, presumably, she loves. And two days later, when he has been imprisoned for a crime of which she declares it is absurd to suspect him, instead of hastening to him or trying to carry out his wishes, she turns her back on him and deliberately walks into the danger from which, up to that moment, she had shrunk with leathing. Contrast her behavior of Saturday, when she declared her faith in Swain and begged your assistance. Swain and begged your assistance, with her behavior of yesterday and to-day, when she throws you and Swain aside and announces that she is going to follow Silva—to become a priestess of Siva. Do you know what that means, Lester—to become a priestess

"No," I answered, slowly: "I don't

"No," I answered, slowly; "I don't know. Silva said it was a great destiny; yes, and that it meant turning one's back on marriage."

"That is right," said Godfrey, in an indescribable tone, "there is no marriage—there are only revolting, abominable, unspeakable rites and ceremonies. I ran across Professor Sutro, the orientalist, today, and had a talk with him about it. He says the worship of Siva is merely the worship of ship of Siva is merely the worship of the reproductive principle, as it runs through all creation, and that the details of this worship are inconceivably disgusting. That is the sort of destiny Miss Vaughan has chosen.

My hands were clammy with the hor-

hypnotised person, Godfrey; she seemed to be acting of her own free will. I couldn't see that Silva was trying to influence her in any way. She said she was trying to carry out her father's wish. And it certainly was his wish—the will proves that. If anybody is hypnotising her, I should say

it was he."

"Well, I can't arrest him," said Simmonds, with a grin.

"Her father's wishes may have had some weight with her at the outset," admitted Godfrey, "but they couldn't have driven her to the length to which she has gone. And about the will. If Vaughan had not been killed, if he had been found insane, the will would have been at once invalidated. Don't you get the glimmer of a motive for his murder there, Lester?"
"It can be invalidated now, if Miss

Vaughan contests it," I pointed out,
"Yes; but unless she does contest it,
it will stand. But if Vaughan had
Parana, Brazil, Real Estate Prospectus it will stand. But if Vaughan had been declared insane, the will could never have been probated—no contest would have been necessary. Do you is the see the difference?"

managed to have a talk with her. The didn't find out anything," he added; "that is, anything we don't know; but that is, anything we don't know; but reptiles and fishes.

We can affirm of Parana that it steps we can affirm of Parana that it steps he promised to leave the door of her when the promised to leave the promised to leave the door of her when the promised the promised to leave the promised to leave the door of her when the promised the bedroom open at night, and, if any-forward in such a remarkable way that thing happened, to show a light at her it can be calculated for the most im-

"Splendid!" I said. "And of course portant state of this republic. she'll keep her eyes open in the daytime

'Sure she will. She's a bright girl The only thing I'm afraid of is that the Hindu will get on to her and fire her. But she's been warned to be migh ty careful. If they don't suspect her, maybe she'll have something to tell us,

I shivered a little, but I saw that Godfrey was right.

"We are in this dilemma." Godfrey continued, "either Silva is a fakir and charlatan, or Swain is a murderer."

"I wish you could have witnessed that horrible scene as I did." I broke in: "it would have shaken your confidence, too! I wish you could have shaken your confidence, too! I wish you could have shaken your confidence, too! I wish you could have shaken your confidence, too! I wish you could have shaken your confidence, too! I wish you could have seen his face as he glanced back over his shoulder! It was fiendish, Godfrey seemed to think him. I had been attracted by him, not refrey: positively fiendish! It made my pelled, and I have always believed in "Pa, said this little boy, 'do canniba's in a day or two."

"Perhaps she will," I agreed; and I drew a breath of relief. Surely with all these guardians, inside the house and out, Miss Vaughan was safe. The treet with the state of the same and out, which was the rely."

"Well, do missionaries go to heaven, Pa?"

"Assuredly, my son, assuredly."

the accuracy of these instinctive feel-

And Godfrey himself, I reflected, did seem to be very clear in the mat-If Silva was merely a fakir and a not seem to be very clear in the matter. If Silva was merely a fakir and a charlatan, there was no reason why he should wish to induct Miss Vaughan into the mysteries of a religion that he wore only as a cloak, to be dropped as soon as his plans were accomplished. On the other hand, if he was sincere and really wished to convert the girl, it was only reasonable to suppose he was sincere in other things as well.

"It reduces itself to this," I said finally to Godfrey. "If Silva is a charlatan, there is no reason why he should hypnotize Miss Vaughan; but if he really wishes to make a priestess of her, then, by the same token, he is sincere and not a charlatan at all."

Godfrey nodded.

"There's a twist there that I can't seem to get straight," he admitted. "We'll have to watch Silva a little longer to find out what his game really is. Of course, it's just possible that he'd be glad to get rid of the girl, but that she really is obsessed by the idea of carrying out her father's wish. If that's the case, Silva is rather up a tree."

that's the case, Silva is rather up a

"That's where we'd better be getting," broke in Simmonds, who had taken his watch and held it up to the light. "It's nearl 12 o'clock, and I don't want to miss the fireworks. Besides, you fellows don't gain anything by all this issuiter. you reliows don't gain anything by all this jawing. You've been at it for an hour, and you're more tangled up now than when you started. My motto with a case of this kind is just to sit quiet and watch it; and, pretty soon, the rat thinks the coast is clear, and pokes out his head, and you nab him."

his head, and you nab him."
"There's a good deal in that," agreed
Godfrey, with a little laugh. "I admit
that our arguing doesn't seem to lead
anywhere. Come along," and he led

anywhere. Come along," and he led the way out among the trees.
"Now take these fireworks," went on Simmonds, in a low tone, when we were sitting side by side on the limb. "I don't understand what they mean; but they must mean something. Am I laying awake nights worrying about them? Not me! I'm just going to keep on watching till I find out what the meaning is. I know you're a great fellow for theory and deduction, and all that sort of thing, Godfrey, and I know you've pulled off some mighty clever stunts; but, after all, there's nothing like patience."

"Yes—"it's dogged as does it," agreed Godfrey. "Patience is a great thing. I only wish I had more of it." "It would be a good thing," assented Simmonds, candidly; and then we fell silent, gazing out into the darkness.
"Surely," said Godfrey, at last, "it
must be 12 o'clock."

Simmonds got out his watch and flashed upon it a ray from his electric "Yes," he said; "it's four minutes

I felt Godfrey's hand stiffen on my "Then there's something wrong," he

"Then there's something wrong," he whispered. "You remember, Lester, what happened the other time that light failed to appear. A man was murdered!"

The darkness into which I stared seemed suddenly to grow threatening and sinister, full of vague terrors. Even Simmonds grew uneasy, and I could feel his arm twitching.

Godfrey put his foot on the ladder, and began to descend. Simmonds and I followed him silently.

"I'm going over the wall," he said, when we were on the ground. "Something's wrong, and we've got to find out what it is."

"How will we get down?" asked Sim-

out what it is."

"How will we get down?" asked Simmonds. "There's no ladder there."

"We can stand on the top of the wall," he said, at last, "and lift this ladder over. It won't be easy, but it can be done, Go ahead, Lester, and be careful of the glass."

I mounted the ladder, felt cautiously along the top of the wall and found a

My hands were clammy with the horror of it.

"We must save her!" I said, hoarsely. "Of course she doesn't knowdoesn't suspect! We must get her away from Silva!"

"Undoubtedly we must do something," Godfrey agreed. "I don't know how we can get her away from Silva, but we might get Silva away from her. Couldn't you arrest him on suspicion and keep him locked up for two or three days, Simmonds?"

"I might," Simmonds grunted.

"And while he's away, you can work with her, Lester; take Mrs. Royce to see her, give her a hint of what Saivaism really is—or get Mrs. Royce to see her, give her a hint of what Saivaism really is—or get Mrs. Royce to see her, give her a hint of what Saivaism really is—or get Mrs. Royce to see her, give her a hint of what Saivaism really is—or get Mrs. Royce to see her, give her a hint of what Saivaism really is—or get Mrs. Royce to see her, give her a hint of what Saivaism really is—or get Mrs. Royce to see her, give her a hint of what Saivaism really is—or get Mrs. Royce to see her, give her a hint of what Saivaism really is—or get Mrs. Royce to see her, give her a hint of what Saivaism really is—or get Mrs. Royce to see her, give her a hint of what Saivaism really is—or get Mrs. Royce to see her, give her a hint of what Saivaism really is—or get Mrs. Royce to see her, give her a hint of what Saivaism really is—or get Mrs. Royce to see her, give her a hint of what Saivaism really is—or get Mrs. Royce to see her, give her a hint of what Saivaism really is—or get Mrs. Royce to see her, give her a hint of what Saivaism really is—or get Mrs. Royce to see her, give her a hint of what Saivaism really is—or get Mrs. Royce to see her, give her a hint of what Saivaism really is—or get Mrs. Royce to see her, give her a hint of what Saivaism really is—or get Mrs. Royce to see her, give her a hint of what Saivaism really is—or get Mrs. Royce to see her, give her a hint of what Saivaism really is—or get Mrs. Royce to see her, give her a hint of what Saivaism really is—or get Mrs. Royce to see her, give

CHAPTER XXIII.

self go and plunged downward into the darkness.

DEADLY PERIL.

There must be a providence which protects fools and madmen, for I land-ed in a heavy clump of shrubbery, and got to my feet with no injury got to my feet with no injury more serious than some scratches on hands and face, which at the time I did not even feel. In a moment, I had found the path and was speeding toward the house. Ahead of me flitted a dark shadow which I knew to be Godfrey, and behind me came the pad-pad of heavy feet, which could only belong to Simmonds. And then, from the direction of the house, came the crash of broken glass. broken glass.

(Continued next week.)

From the World Outlook. In the city, Curityba, badly perceived

ould have been necessary. Do you is the want of good water, paved streets and of culverts, by which sometimes what you mean; but I don't times appear typhus fevers which, think it amounts to much. Silva declares that if Miss Vaughan contests the will, he will not defend it."

"But he knows perfectly well that she will not contest it. The surest way to prevent a contest is by adopting just such an attitude. Besides, if we don't save her, he'll get her share, too. Vaughan's estate and Vaughan's daughter and everything else that was Vaughan's will disappear into his maw. Oh, he's playing for a big stake, Lester, and it looks to me as though he were going to win it!"

It looked so to me, too, and I fell into gloomy thought.

hough he were going to win it!"
It looked so to me, too, and I fell great profoundness; it is also ficiently fishful.

"You've got your men watching the house, I suppose?" I asked, at last, turning to Simmonds.
"Yes; and we managed to score one little point today."

"What remarks the contemplation of its green and peopled plains, in their undulation, of its dense woods of pine trees, of its abundant forest of wood and precious plants. housemaid over there, had a cousin on the force, so I got him out here and he managed to have a talk with her. He didn't find out anything," he added: "that is, anything of the country o

The Container Bishop Collins Denny said at a banquet

Bishop Commond:
in Richmond:
"Some of these modern theologians embark on the vainest and most futile researches. Their questions remind me of bark on the vamest and most ruthe re-searches. Their questions remind me of the little boy.

"Pa, said this little boy, 'do cannibals go to heaven?"

"No, my son, certainly not,' was the

"'Assuredly, my son, assuredly."
"'But, then, pa,' pursued the boy, 'but then, how about when a cannibal eats a missionary?'"

Women Once Invalids

Now in Good Health Through Use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Say it is Household Necessity. Doctor Called it a Miracle.

All women ought to know the wonderful effects of taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound even on those who seem hopelessly ill. Here are three actual cases:



Harrisburg, Penn.—"When I was single I suf-fered a great deal from female weakness because my work compelled me to stand all day. I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for the and was made stronger by its use. After I was married I took the Compound again for a female trouble and after three months I passed what the doctor called a growth. He said it was a miracle that it came away as one generally goes under the knife to have them removed. I never want to be without your Compound in the house."—Mrs. Frank Knobl, 1642 Fulton St., Harrisburg, Penn.

Hardly Able to Move.

Albert Lea, Minn.—"For about a year I had sharp pains across my back and hips and was hardly able to move around the house. My head would ache and I was dizzy and had no appetite. After taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Liver Pills, I am feeling stronger than for years. I have a little boy eight months old and am doing my work all alone. I would not be without your remedies in the house as there are none like them."—Mrs. F. K. Yosr, 611 Water St., Albert Lea, Minn.

Three Doctors Gave Her Up.

Pittsburg, Penn.—"Your medicine has helped me wonderfully. When I was a girl 18 years old I was always sickly and delicate and suffered from was always sickly and delicate and suffered from irregularities. Three doctors gave me up and said I would go into consumption. I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and with the third bottle began to feel better. I soon became regular and I got strong and shortly after I was married. Now I have two nice stout healthy children and am able to work hard every day."—Mrs. Clementina Duerring, 34 Gardner St., Troy Hill, Pittsburg, Penn.



"All women are invited to write to the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass., for special advice.—it will be confidential.

CHARACTER FROM THE EYE

Those Who Will Take the Trouble to Observe May Tell Much About Their Associates.

Beware of the shifting, faltering yes that always look away from you. Small eyes usually mean an alert If they look straight at you, steady

and bright, like a squirrel's, you may expect the right sort of cleverness, a quick tongue and a gift for repartee. But if the small eyes are more dim and do not look straight into yours,

you may look for the wrong kind of cleverness, for little dishonesties and equivocations, and for a businessarpness that is willing to sacrifice too much for a little money. Large, "tranquil," "cowlike" eyes, on

the other hand, are less reponsive than the alert, bright little beady eyes; but, once stir them to their depths, and they will look infinitely more intense and meaningful than the more inpulsive eyes.

Round, protruding eyes show an ambitious nature and a love of action.

The longer eyes show more the temerament of the dreamer.

The most beautiful eyes in the world are very clear (that indicates good health), and are set widely apart and rather deep. That width of setting always gives a certain expression of sweet spirituality.

MORE THAN EVER Increased Capacity for Work Since Leaving Off Coffee.

Many former coffee drinkers who have mental work to perform day after day, have found a better capacity and greater endurance by using Postum instead of coffee. An Illinois woman writes:

"I had drank coffee for about twenty years, and finally had what the doctor called 'coffee heart.' I was nervous and extremely despondent; had little mental or physical strength left; had kidney trouble and constipation.

"The first noticeable benefit which followed the change from coffee to Postum was the improved action of the kidneys and bowels. In two weeks my heart action was greatly improved and my nerves steadier. "Then I became less despondent,

and the desire to be active again showed proof of renewed physical and mental strength. "I formerly did mental work and had

to give it up on account of coffee, but since using Postum I am doing hard mental labor with less fatigue." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek,

Postum comes in two forms: Postum Cereal—the original formmust be well boiled, 15c and 25c packages.

Instant Postum-a soluble powderdissolves quickly in a cup of hot water, and, with cream and sugar, makes a delicious beverage instantly. 30c and

Both forms are equally delicious and cost about the same per cup.

"There's a Reason" for Postum.

Cold in the Head?—Look Out— Its Dangerous— CASCARA Q QUININE

The old standard remedy—In table form—No unpleasant after effects—No opiates—Cures colds in 24 hours—La Grippe in 3 days—Money back if it fails—

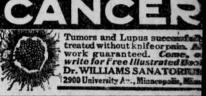
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