

# HOW THIS NERVOUS WOMAN GOT WELL

Told by Herself. Her Sincerity Should Convince Others.

Christopher, Ill.—"For four years I suffered from irregularities, weakness, nervousness, and was in a run down condition. Two of our best doctors failed to do me any good. I heard so much about what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound had done for others, I tried it and was cured. I am no longer nervous, am regular, and in excellent health. I believe the Compound will cure any female trouble."—Mrs. ALICE HILLER, Christopher, Ill.

Nervousness is often a symptom of weakness or some functional derangement, which may be overcome by this famous root and herb remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, as thousands of women have found by experience. If complications exist, write Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass., for suggestions in regard to your ailment. The result of its long experience is at your service.

**Itching Rashes**  
Soothed  
**With Cuticura**

placed anywhere, attracts and kills all flies. Neat, clean, ornamental, convenient, cheap. Laid all season. Made of metal, can't spill or tip over; will not soil or injure anything. Guaranteed effective. Sold by dealers, or 6 sent by express, prepaid, for \$1.00.

**DAISY FLY KILLER**  
is no more necessary than smallpox. Army experience has demonstrated the most successful fly-killer. Ask your physician, druggist, or send for "Have you had Typhoid?" telling of Typhoid Vaccine, results from use, and danger from Typhoid Carriers. Producing Vaccine and Serum under U. S. License The Cutter Laboratory, Berkeley, Cal., Chicago, Ill.

**TYPHOID**  
is no more necessary than smallpox. Army experience has demonstrated the most successful fly-killer. Ask your physician, druggist, or send for "Have you had Typhoid?" telling of Typhoid Vaccine, results from use, and danger from Typhoid Carriers. Producing Vaccine and Serum under U. S. License The Cutter Laboratory, Berkeley, Cal., Chicago, Ill.

**Ford Owners Attention!**  
A POSITIVE CURE FOR OIL PUMPS  
**Ever-Tyte Ford**  
**SPECIAL PISTON RINGS**  
stop all carbon deposits and fouled spark plugs.  
Increase compression and speed wonderfully.  
PAY FOR THEMSELVES IN SIX MONTHS  
BY SAVING IN GASOLINE AND OIL.  
Guaranteed to do the work of your money back.  
\$8.00 PER SET OF 8 RINGS  
EVER-TYTES made in all sizes for auto, tractor and gasoline engines. Ask your nearest dealer or write THE EVER-TYTE PISTON RING COMPANY Department F ST. LOUIS, MO.

**HOW THE SALMON TRAVELS**  
Observer Tells of Fish's Action When it Starts to Ascend a Waterfall.  
Scientists as well as laymen tell extraordinary stories of the wonderful leaps whereby salmon ascend waterfalls. One investigator, who has studied the salmon of southeastern Alaska, asserts that these fish do not select a particular point of attack in endeavoring to surmount a fall. They show a remarkable lack of accuracy as well as of definiteness in their movements. When trying to ascend a fall they sail through the air, with the body rigid and the fins spread and held tense, and at the instant when the momentum of the jump is lost they impart a rapid and powerful vibration of the tail. This occurs whether the jump is successful or not. Should the fish reach water at the top of the fall this motion insures the maintenance of its position. In open water they jump sidewise instead of lengthwise, and there is no movement of the tail.

Maps.  
"Going to motor much this summer?"  
"No," replied Mr. Chuggins. "I've got so interested in war maps that I'm no longer paying much attention to road maps."  
Happy is the individual who sees things as they should be instead of as they are.

**Every Time I Eat POST TOASTIES**  
(MADE OF CORN)  
Dad says —  
"Eat 'em up Bob You're saving wheat for the boys in France"

# An Old-Fashioned Fourth.

By JOE CONE.

I hate to speak of "good ol' days," becuz it sounds, I vow,  
Almost like castin' slurs upon the days of here an' now;  
But I'm ol' fashioned, just a bit, as all my neighbors know,  
An' so I miss a heap o' things that happened long ago.  
Maybe I'm changed, I suppose I am, but things have changed as well,  
An' whether they're improved, or wuss, it's mighty hard to tell;  
But take that day of all the days when youngsters' spirits flow,  
Do they have ha'f the fun we had in days of long ago?

Why bless your heart, we fairly b'iled with patriotic pride,  
An' daylight found no boy asleep in all the countryside.  
An open window o'er the shed off left its tell tale track,  
An' many breakfasts were untouched becuz we wern't back!  
O, there were many things to do, things that must needs be done,  
Like ringin' of the ol' church bell, an' load the sunrise gun;  
An' there were things to be compared, an' things to swap, you know,  
Like pin wheels, punk, an' paper caps, them days of long ago.

An' we had celebrations then, upon the village green,  
With music by the Gungy band, the best was ever seen!  
What fun to hold the big bass drum, with thumpin' on behind;  
A boy could walk a dozen miles or moren' never mind.  
An' speakin'! Say, Judge Perkins he could make the people cheer,  
An' folks they come from miles around to git a chance to hear.  
An' then the races an' the games, sack races, don't you know,  
An' climbin' of the greasy pole—them days of long ago.

Who tries to ketch a greasy pig now-a-days, I'd like to know!  
Who has tub races on the pond like we had long ago?  
An' then such wondrous things to eat! Home cookin', yes sir-ee!  
I most kin taste them vittles now of back in Sixty-three!  
An' there was dancin' in the grove with Cloky fiddlin' loud,  
With ruddy cheeks and sparklin' eyes all sprinkled through the crowd;  
An' ev'ry Fourth was safe an' sane, as far as we could know,  
An' ev'ry boy had loads of fun them days of long ago.

Them good ol' days in Gungywump! I miss 'em, I confess,  
When ev'ry Fourth was just one round o' youthful happyness.  
I am ol' fashioned, just a bit, an' I don't want, I vow,  
To say a single word ag'in the days of here an' now,  
But I jest wish down in my heart the youngster of today,  
Could see us celebrate the Fourth the good ol' fashioned way;  
I really b'lieve there was more health an' happyness an' glow,  
In celebratin' Gungy's way—the way of long ago!

**COLONEL HALPINE'S POEM.**  
Read At The Founding Of The  
Gettysburg Monument.  
As men beneath some pang of grief,  
Or sudden joy will dumbly stand,  
Finding no words to give relief  
Clear, passion warm, complete,  
and brief  
To thoughts with which their souls expand,  
So here today those trophies nigh,  
No fitting words our lips can reach;  
The hills around, the graves, the sky,  
The silent poem of the eye,  
Surpasses all the art of speech!

Today a nation meets to build  
A nation's trophy to the dead,  
Who, living, formed her sword  
and shield,  
The arms she sadly learned to wield,  
When other hope of peace had fled;  
And not alone for those who lie  
In honored graves before us blest,  
Shall our proud column broad and high,  
Climb upward to the blessing sky  
But be for all a monument.  
An emblem of our grief as well  
For others, as for these, we raise;  
For these beneath our feet who dwell,  
And all who in the good cause fell,  
On other fields in other frays.  
To all the self same love we bear  
Which here for marbled memory strives;  
No soldier for a wreath would care,  
Which all true comrades might not share,—  
Brothers in death as in their lives.  
On southern hill sides, parched  
and brown,  
In tangled swamps, on verdant  
ridge,  
Where pines and broadening oaks  
look down  
And jasmine waves its yellow  
crown,  
And trumpet creepers clothe the  
ledge,  
Along the shores of endless sand,  
Beneath the palms of southern  
plains,  
Sleep everywhere, hand locked in  
hand.  
The brothers of the gallant band  
Who here poured life through  
throbbing veins.

Around the closing eyes of all,  
The same red glories glared and  
flew;  
The hurrying flags, the bugle call,  
The whistle of the angry ball,  
The elbow touch of comrade true,  
The skirmish fire, a spattering  
spray,  
The long sharp growl of fire by  
file,  
The thickening fury of the fray  
When opening batteries get in  
play,  
And the line form o'er many a  
mile.  
The foeman's yell, our answering  
cheer,  
Red flashes through the gathering  
smoke,  
Swift orders, resonant and clear,  
Lift the cries from comrades' throats  
and dear,  
The shell scream and the sabre  
stroke,  
The volley fire, from left to right,  
From right to left, we hear it  
swell,  
The headlong charges, swift and  
bright,  
The thick'ning tumult of the  
fight,  
And bursting thunders of the  
shell.  
Now closer, denser, grows the  
strife,  
And here we yield, and there we  
gain;  
The air with hurtling missiles rife,  
Volley for volley, life for life;  
No time to heed the cries of pain.  
Panting, as up the hills we charge,  
Or down them as we broken roll,  
Life never felt so high, so large,  
And never o'er so wide a range  
In triumph swept the kindling  
soul.  
New raptures waken in the breast,  
Amid this hell of scene and sound,  
The barking batteries never rest,  
And broken foot, by horsemen  
pressed,  
Still stubbornly contest their  
ground;  
Fresh waves of battle rolling in,  
To take the place of shattered  
waves?  
Torn lines that grow more bent  
and thin,  
A blinding cloud, a maddening  
din,—  
'Twas then we filled these very  
graves.  
Night falls at length with pitying  
veil,  
A moonlit silence, deep and fresh.  
These upturned faces, stained and  
pale,  
Vainly the chill night dews assail;  
Far colder than the dews their  
flesh.  
And flickering far, through brush  
and wood,  
Go searching parties, torch in  
hand.  
"Seize if you can some rest and  
food."  
At dawn the fight will be re-  
newed,—  
Sleep on arms!" the hushed com-  
mand.  
They talk in whispers as they lie  
In line, these rough and weary  
men.  
"Dead or but wounded?" then a  
sigh;  
"No coffin either?" "Guess will  
try  
To get those two guns back  
again."  
"We've five flags to their one,  
oh!"  
"That bridge! 'Twas not there as  
we passed."  
"The Colonel dead? It can't be  
so."  
Wounded, badly, that I know,  
But he kept his saddle to the  
last."  
"Be sure to send it, if I fall."  
"Any tobacco? Bill, have you?"  
"A brown haired, blue eye laugh-  
ing doll."  
"Good night boys, and God keep  
you all."  
"What, sound asleep? Guess I'll  
sleep too."  
"Aye, just about this hour they  
pray  
For dad."—"Stop talking, pass  
the word."

And soon as quiet as the clay  
Which thousands will but be next  
day,  
The long drawn sighs of sleep are  
heard.

Oh! men, to whom this sketch,  
though rude,  
Calls back some scene of pain and  
pride;  
Oh! widow, hugging close your  
brood,  
Oh! wife, with happiness renewed,  
Since he again is at your side;  
This trophy that today we raise  
Should be a monument for all,  
And on its side no niggard phrase  
Confine a generous nation's praise  
To those who here have chanced  
to fall.

But let us all today combine  
Still other monuments to raise;  
Here for the dead we build a  
shrine,  
And now to those who crippled  
pine  
Let us give hope of happier days.  
Let homes of those sad wrecks of  
war  
Through all the land with speed  
arise;  
They cry from every gaping scar,  
"Let not our brother's tomb debar  
The wounded living from your  
eyes."

A noble day, a deed as good,  
A noble scene in which 'tis done,  
The birthday of our nationhood,  
And here again the nation stood,  
On this same day its life was won!  
A bloom of banners in the air,  
A double calm of sky and soul,  
Triumphing chant and bugle  
blare,  
And green fields spreading bright  
and fair,  
As heavenward our hosannas roll.  
Hosannas for a land redeemed,  
The bayonet sheathed, the cannon  
dumb!  
Passed as some horror we have  
dreamed,  
The fiery meteors that here  
streamed,  
Threat'ning within our homes to  
come!  
Again our banner floats abroad,  
Gone the one stain that on it fell;  
And bettered by His chast'ning  
rod,  
With streaming eyes uplift to  
God.  
We say, "He doeth all things  
well."

**EASY TO MAKE FIGURES.**  
From the Kansas City Star.  
German newspaper correspondents claim that 175,000 allied prisoners, 2,000 cannon and innumerable machine guns have been captured since the start of the present offensive, March 21—Amsterdam Dispatch.

Impressive figures, aren't they? But it is easy for rapid calculators, like those German correspondents, to figure.  
Years ago Joseph H. Choate, Thomas E. Reed and a wealthy man of sporting tendencies met at dinner in New York. The wealthy man had had a bad day at the races and complained bitterly of his luck.  
"I have never gambled with cards," said Choate impressively, "or bet \$1 on a horse race."  
"I wish I could say that," replied the sport with a sigh.  
"Why don't you, then?" Reed interposed. "Choate did."

**Ready for a Riot.**  
From the Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.  
An auctioneer had been selling horses all day and his voice was getting a little husky, so that he was economizing as much as possible in the use of words and even syllables.  
Early in the day he had shouted the bids, "One hundred dollars, two hundred dollars, three hundred dollars," etc.  
Then he restricted himself to calling out "one hundred, two hundred, three hundred," etc.  
When McCarty, attracted through curiosity by the crowd, came up, the auctioneer had further abbreviated his speech and was crying, "One hun, two hun, can't I get three hun?"  
Off went McCarty's coat, and he sang out excitedly:  
"Don't do this all yourself, young fellow. Let me in it. I can take care of a few of 'em."  
Burma is one of the very few lands in which fat is not used for lighting or industrial purposes.

# WHITE CROSS HEAD AIDS WAR MOVES

Compte Michal Orlewski.  
Compte Michal Orlewski, the man who organized the Polish White Cross, which corresponds to our Red Cross, is now in the United States. He is speaking on behalf of the different war projects. He aided greatly in the recent Red Cross drive.

The average man is apt to believe that the world doesn't say about him.  
One's Life Revealed.  
"Through a thousand unnoticed openings our inner life is flashed up on the world."  
The average man is always glad to meet the fool killer for the purpose of sending him next door.

Always sure to please, Red Cross Ball Blue. All grocers sell it. Adv.  
Some male hair dressers dye old maids.

**The Effects of Opiates.**  
THAT INFANTS are peculiarly susceptible to opium and its various preparations, all of which are narcotic, is well known. Even in the smallest doses, if continued, these opiates cause changes in the functions and growth of the cells which are likely to become permanent, causing imbecility, mental perversion, a craving for alcohol or narcotics in later life. Nervous diseases, such as intractable nervous dyspepsia and lack of staying powers are a result of dosing with opiates or narcotics to keep children quiet in their infancy. The rule among physicians is that children should never receive opiates in the smallest doses for more than a day at a time, and only then if unavoidable.  
The administration of Anodynes, Drops, Cordials, Soothing Syrups and other narcotics to children by any but a physician cannot be too strongly decried, and the druggist should not be a party to it. Children who are ill need the attention of a physician, and it is nothing less than a crime to dose them willfully with narcotics.  
Castoria contains no narcotics if it bears the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. Genuine Castoria always bears the signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*.

Where a married woman elopes with another woman's husband it's hard to tell who is entitled to sympathy.

**LIFT OFF CORNS!**  
Doesn't hurt at all and costs only a few cents

It's Different Now.  
Bacon—You know we used to call him governor before he got married.  
Egbert—Well, don't you now?  
"Oh, no; he married a governess, you know."  
Millions of particular women now use and recommend Red Cross Ball Blue. All grocers. Adv.  
Worry is a great friend of the undertaker.  
Magic! Just drop a little Freezone on that touchy corn. Instantly it stops aching, then you lift the corn off with the fingers. Truly! No humbug!

**Try Freezone!** Your druggist sells a tiny bottle for a few cents, sufficient to rid your feet of every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, and calluses, without one particle of pain, soreness or irritation. Freezone is the discovery of a noted Cincinnati genius.  
Women who marry for a home always get the short end of a bargain.  
**Cuticura is So Soothing**  
To itching, burning skins. It not only soothes but heals. Bathe with Cuticura Soap and hot water, dry gently and apply Cuticura Ointment. For free samples address, "Cuticura, Dept. X, Boston." At druggists and by mail, Soap 25, Ointment 25 and 50.—Adv.

The sea of matrimony swamps many a courtship.

**Red-Hot Weather! Stomach Off?**

**No Appetite? Mouth Dry? Tongue Stiff and a Fierce Thirst? Here's Relief!!**

Hot, heavy foods and iced drinks often play havoc with bad stomachs in hot weather. The weak ones haven't got a chance. A quickly chilled or overworked stomach is a starter of untold misery for its owner.  
When you have that dull, depressed feeling after eating—stomach pains, bowel disorders, heartburn or nausea, belching, food repeating—it is the danger point. You want to look out—and be quick about it in this hot weather.  
A way has been discovered to make sick stomachs well and to keep them cool and sweet. It is a commonsense way. No starvation plan of diet is needed. Make this test and see how quickly you get a good appetite in hot weather and enjoy the things you like without misery to follow.  
EATONIC Tablets have amazed people everywhere with the marvelous benefits they have produced for thousands of stomach sufferers. Start the test today and let your own stomach tell you the truth.  
EATONIC works quick—it absorbs and neutralizes hurtful, poisonous acids, juices and stomach gases caused from undigested foods. Thousands testify that it quickly puts the stomach in a clean, sweet condition—recreates—builds up the lost appetite and makes life worth living for the man who likes good things but who suffers every time he eats them.  
EATONIC is absolutely guaranteed to do all this and you are to be the judge. If it doesn't rid you of stomach and bowel miseries most common in hot weather—you get your money back at once, right from your own druggist whom you know and can trust. No need of your taking a chance of suffering. Start EATONIC today. You will see.

**Canada made me Prosperous**  
—that's what thousands of farmers say, who have gone from the U. S. to settle on homesteads or buy land in Western Canada. Canada's invitation to every industrious worker to settle in Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta is especially attractive. She wants farmers to make money and happy, prosperous homes for themselves by helping her raise immense wheat crops to feed the world.  
**You Can Get a Homestead of 160 Acres Free**  
or other lands at very low prices. Where you can buy good farm land at \$15 to \$30 per acre that will raise 20 to 45 bushels of \$2 wheat to the acre—it's easy to become prosperous. Canadian farmers also grow wonderful crops of Oats, Barley and Flax. Mixed Farming is fully as profitable an industry as grain raising. The excellent grasses, full of nutrition, are the only feed required either for beef or dairy purposes. Good schools and churches; markets convenient; climate excellent. Write for literature and particulars as to reduced railway rates to Supt. of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or to  
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