

SUFFERED ALL A WOMAN COULD

Mrs. Meyer Finally Found Relief and Health in Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Orange, Cal.—"I always feel very grateful to you, as some twenty years ago three doctors said I had to have a serious operation. I had a tumor, and ulcers which would gather and break. I had displacement so badly that I could hardly sit down at times, and it seemed as if I suffered everything that a woman could suffer. Then some one advised me to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and I took it until I was cured and saved from the operation. I have told women of your wonderful medicine times without number, and I am willing that you should use these facts and my name if you like. I also used your Compound during the Change, and I can do all my own work but the heavy part, and can walk miles every day as I help my husband in the office."

—Mrs. J. H. Meyer, 412 South Orange St., Orange, California.

"It is quite true that such troubles as Mrs. Meyer had may reach a stage where an operation is the only resource. On the other hand, a great many women have been restored to health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."

A Conversationist.
Mother—"Willie, have you no manners?" Willie—"Well, if I waste 'em now I won't have any when company comes."

Rotation of Numbers.
Numbers run as follows: Units, tens, hundreds, thousands, millions, billions, trillions, quadrillions, quintillions, sextillions, septillions, octillions, nonillions, decillions.

Time Enough.
"Am I right in surmising that you have something of serious import to say to my daughter?"
"Oh, no, sir, I'm merely going to propose to her. I'll talk over the serious details with you after the wedding."—Detroit Times.

Music's Debt to Ancient Egypt.
The contribution of ancient Egypt to the general history of music is found in the mechanical excellence of its instrument-makers, under whose dexterity and skill the harp gained sufficient power to be able to be played as a solo instrument. Every other instrument of theirs has perished, but the solo harp has remained.

Tact.
"How did you get your boy to study arithmetic? I thought you said last winter that the study was positively distasteful to him."
"Well, you see, I told him that arithmetic was useful if he wanted to figure the batting and fielding averages of the ball players, and now we can't keep him away from his multiplication and division tables."

Sure Relief



BELL'S COLIC REMEDY
6 BELL'S Hot water Sure Relief
BELL'S FOR INDIGESTION

Western Canada Land of Prosperity

offers to home seekers opportunities that cannot be secured elsewhere. The thousands of farmers from the United States who have accepted Canada's generous offer to settle on FREE homesteads or buy farm land in her provinces have been well repaid by bountiful crops. There is still available on easy terms

Fertile Land at \$15 to \$30 an Acre
land similar to that which through many years has yielded from 20 to 40 bushels of wheat to the acre—oats, barley and flax also in great abundance, while raising horses, cattle, sheep and hogs is equally profitable. Hundreds of farmers in Western Canada have raised crops in a single season worth more than the whole cost of their land. With such success comes prosperity, independence, good homes and all the comforts and conveniences which make life worth living.

Farm Gardens, Poultry, Dairying
are sources of income second only to grain growing and stock raising. Attractive climate, good neighbors, churches and schools, good markets, railroad facilities, rural telephone, etc.

For certificate entitling you to reduced railway rates, illustrated literature, maps, description of farm opportunities in Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta and British Columbia, etc., write

150 ACRES WESTERN CANADA FREE

S. A. COOK, Bureau 197, Winnipeg, S. D. W. V. BERRY, Room 2, Big Bluff, Dakota. J. H. GABREY, 111 Jackson Street, St. Paul, Minn. and Colonization, Dept. of Land and Colonization, Ottawa, Ontario.

New Shoes—Old Shoes—Tight Shoes
all feel the same if you shake into them some



ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE
The Antiseptic, Sealing Powder for the Feet
Takes the friction from the shoe, freshens the feet and gives new vigor. At night, when your feet are tired, sore and swollen from walking or dancing, sprinkle ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE in the foot-bath and enjoy the bliss of feet without an ache.

Over 1,000,000 pounds of Powder for the Feet were used by our Army and Navy during the war.

Ask for ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE.

Taking Her Order.
His parents were what is popularly known as "high-brow," but they also were good sports. So when he suggested taking them to a restaurant in the market district they agreed. The mother's exquisite clothes stamped her as a society woman, but democracy reigns supreme at that restaurant. They sat down at a table. The waiter handed the mother a menu and then leaned confidentially forward over the back of the chair and said: "Well, sister, what's the good news?"—Indianapolis News.

A Salt Lake in Miniature.
About 40 miles south of Zuni, N. M., there is a singular depression, in a plain of Cretaceous sandstones, about a mile in diameter, with walls 150 feet high. In the midst of this exists a shallow lake 4,000 feet long by 3,000 broad, the waters of which contain 23 per cent of salt.

This has been a source of supply of salt used by Indians and Mexicans for centuries, and lately the salt has been hauled to surrounding ranches, everybody helping himself.

She Knew.
Ethel had taken Edith into confidence touching the manner of her husband's proposal.

"Why, I felt so sorry for the poor fellow," said Edith, "do you know his voice actually stuck in his throat?"

"I don't doubt it in the least," said Edith, "but however did you know he was proposing?"

"Well, you see," said Edith, with a blush, "I took a lip-reading course at college."

The Cuticura Toilet Trio.
Having cleared your skin keep it clear by making Cuticura your every-day toilet preparations. The soap to cleanse and purify, the Ointment to soothe and heal, the Talcum to powder and perfume. No toilet table is complete without them. 25c everywhere.—Adv.

Sight Unseen.
He had always greatly admired the khaki bag in which his wife keeps her clothespins, so he persuaded her to make one for his fishing tackle.

A few days ago he went several miles from home fishing and was just preparing to assemble his line for a good day when he discovered that instead of bringing his fishing tackle kit he had carried out his wife's bag of clothespins.

Pot Mortems.
"Wasn't there something about a promise to love, honor and obey in that marriage ceremony?" asked her husband quietly.

"My goodness, Henry!" responded Mrs. Voter. "You are like those tiresome politicians who never stop talking about the party platform."—Boston Transcript.

ASPIRIN
Name "Bayer" on Genuine



Warning! Unless you see the name "Bayer" on package or on tablets you are not getting genuine Aspirin prescribed by physicians for twenty-one years and proved safe by millions. Take Aspirin only as told in the Bayer package for Colds, Headache, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Earache, Toothache, Lumbago and for Pain. Handy tin boxes of twelve Bayer Tablets of Aspirin cost few cents. Druggists also sell larger packages. Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid.—Adv.

Women in Commercial Clubs.
The San Francisco Chamber of Commerce, recognizing the valuable service and successful achievement of women in business, has amended its by-laws to permit women to become members. All of the women thus far admitted are unmarried and engaged in school work.

Good Point of Motion Pictures.
Jud Tunkins says motion pictures appeal to him because the audience is not expected to applaud and call the actors out to spoil the effect of a good scene.

Swiss Have Women in Clergy.
Unmarried women are now permitted to serve as clergy in Switzerland; they must resign in the event of their marriage.

Perfect men belong to an order of things not yet in effect.

A woman forgets she has a headache when she is wearing a new hat.

THE ENCHANTED BARN

copyright 1918, by J. E. Lippincott Co.

Graham looked up from the phone into the astonished, grateful girl's eyes, and caught her look of deep admiration, which quite confused Shirley for a moment, and put her in a terrible way trying to thank him again.

"Oh, that's all right. Farwell and I went to prep school together. It's nothing for him to arrange matters. He says it will be all right. Now, what are your plans? I wonder if I can help in any way. How were you planning to go out?"

"Oh, by the trolley, of course," said Shirley. How strange it must be to have other ways of traveling at one's command!

"I did think," she added, half thinking aloud, "that perhaps I would stop at the school house and get my sister. I don't know but it would be better to get her judgment about things. She is rather a wise little girl."

She looked up suddenly and, seeing the young man's eyes upon her, grew ashamed that she had brought her private affairs to his notice; yet it had seemed necessary to say something to fill in this embarrassing pause. But Sidney Graham did not let her continue to be embarrassed. He entered into her plans just as if they concerned himself also.

"Why, I think that would be a very good plan," he said. "It will be a great deal better to have a real family council before you decide about moving. Now I've thought of something. Why couldn't you all go out in the car with me and my kid sister? I've been promising to take her a spin in the country, and my chauffeur is to drive her down this afternoon for me. It's almost time for her to be here now. Your brother will be here by the time she comes. Why couldn't we just go around by the school house and pick up your sister, and all go out together? I want to go out myself, you know, and look things over, and it seems to me that would save time all around. Then, if there should be anything you want done, you know."

"Oh, there is nothing I want done," gasped Shirley. "You have been most kind. I couldn't think of asking for anything at the price we shall be paying. And we mustn't impose upon you. We can go out in the trolley perfectly well and not trouble you."

"Indeed, it is no trouble whatever when I am going anyway." Then to the telephone: "Hello! He's coming, you say! He's on his way! Good. Thank you very much, Harry. Goodbye!"

"That's all right!" he said, turning to her, smiling. "Your brother is on his way, and now excuse me just a moment while I phone to my sister."

Shirley sat with glowing cheeks and apprehensive mind while the young man called up a girl whom he addressed as "Kid" and told her to hurry the car right down, that he wanted to start very soon, and to bring some extra wraps along for some friends he was going to take with him.

He left Shirley no opportunity to express her overwhelming thanks, but gave her some magazines, and hurried from the room to attend to some matters of business before he left.

CHAPTER VI.

Shirley sat with shining eyes and glowing cheeks, turning over the leaves of the magazines with trembling fingers, but unable to read anything for the joy of what was before her. A real automobile ride! The first she had ever had! And it was to include George and Carol! How wonderful! And how kind in him, how thoughtful, to take his own sister, and hers, and so make the trip perfectly conventional and proper! What a nice face he had! What fine eyes! He didn't seem in the least like the young society man she knew he must be from the frequent mention she had noticed of his name in the papers. He was a real gentleman, a real nobleman! There were such. It was nice to know of them now and then, even though they did move in a different orbit from the one where he had been set. It gave her a happier feeling about the universe just to have seen how nice a man could be to a poor little nobody when he didn't have to.

For of course it couldn't be anything to him to rent that barn—at \$10 a month! That was ridiculous! Could it be that he was thinking her an object of charity? That he felt sorry for her and made the price merely nominal? She couldn't have that. It wasn't right nor honest, and it wasn't respectable! That was the way unprincipled men did when they wanted to humor foolish little dolls of girls. Could it be that he thought of her in any such way!

Her cheeks flamed hotly and her eyes flashed. She sat up very straight indeed, and began to tremble. How was it she had not thought of such a thing before? Her mother had warned her to be careful about having anything to do with strange men except in the most distant business way; and here had she been telling him frankly all the private affairs of the family and letting him make plans for her. How had it happened? What must he think of her! This came of trying to keep a secret from mother. She might have known it was wrong, and yet the case was so desperate and mother so likely to worry about any new and unconventional suggestion. It had seemed right. But of course it wasn't right for her to fall in that way and allow him to take them all in his car. She must put a stop to it somehow. She must go in the trolley if she went at all. She wasn't sure but she had better call the whole thing off and tell him they couldn't live in a barn, that she had changed her mind. It would be so dreadful if he had taken her for one of those girls who wanted to attract the attention of a young man!

In the midst of her perturbed thoughts the door opened and Sidney Graham walked in again. His fine, clean cut face and clear eyes instantly dispelled her fears again. His bearing was dignified and respectful, and there was something in the very tone of his voice as he spoke to her that restored her confidence in him and in his impression of her. Her half formed intention of rising and declining to take the ride with him fled, and she sat quietly looking at the pictures in the magazine with unseeing eyes.

"I hope you will find something to interest you for a few minutes," young Graham said pleasantly. "It won't be long, but there are one or two matters I promised father I would attend to before I left this afternoon. There is an article in that other magazine under your hand there about beautifying country homes, bungalows, and the like. It may give you some ideas about the old barn. I shouldn't wonder if a few flowers and vines might do a whole lot."

He found the place in the magazine, and left her again; and strangely enough she became absorbed in the article, because her imagination immediately set to work thinking how glorious it would be to have a few flowers growing where Doris could go out and water them and pick them. She grew so interested in the remarks about what flowers would grow best in the open and which were easiest to care for that she got out her little pencil and notebook that were in her coat pocket, and began to copy some of the lists. Then suddenly the door opened again, and Graham returned with George.

The boy stopped short on the threshold, startled, a white wave of apprehension passing over his face. He did not speak. The boy habit of silence and self control in a crisis was upon him. He looked with apprehension from one to the other.

Shirley jumped to her feet.

"Oh, George, I'm so glad you could come! This is Mr. Graham. He has been kind enough to offer to take us in his car to see a place we can rent for the summer, and it was through his suggestion that Mr. Farwell let you off for the afternoon."

There was a sudden relaxing of the tenseness in the young face and a sigh of relief in the tone as the boy answered:

"Aw, gee! That's great! Thanks awfully for the holiday. They don't come my way often. It'll be great to have a ride in a car, too. Some lark, eh, Shirley?"

The boy warmed to the subject with the friendly grasp the

young man gave him, and Shirley could see her brother had made a good impression; for young Graham was smiling appreciatively, showing all his even white teeth just as if he enjoyed the boy's offhand way of talking.

"I'm going to leave you here for 10 minutes more until I talk with a man out here in the office. Then we will go," said young Graham, and hurried away again.

"Gee, Shirley!" said the boy, flinging himself down luxuriously in a big leather chair. "Gee! You certainly did give me some start! I thought mother was worse, or you'd got arrested, or lost your job, or something, finding you here in a strange office. Some class to this, isn't there? Look at the thickness of that rug!" and he kicked the thick Turkish carpet happily. "Say, he must have some coin! Who is the guy, anyway! How'd ya get onto the tip! You don't think he's handing out Vanderbilt residences at \$15 a month, do you?"

"Listen, George. I must talk fast because he may come back any minute. Yesterday I got a half holiday, and instead of going home I thought I'd go out and hunt a house. I took the Glenside trolley; and, when we got out past the city, I heard two men talking about a place we were passing. It was a great, big beautiful stone barn. They told who owned it, and said a lot about its having such a splendid spring of water beside it. It was a beautiful place, George; and I couldn't help thinking what a thing it would be for mother to be out in the country this summer, and what a wonderful house that would make—"

"We couldn't live in a barn, Shirley!" said the boy, aghast.

"Wait, George. Listen. Just you don't say that till you see it. It's the biggest barn you ever saw, and I guess it hasn't been used for a barn in a long time. I got out of the trolley on the way back, and went in. It is just enormous, and we could screen off rooms and live like princes. It has a great big front door, and we could have a hammock under the tree; and there's a brook to fish in, and a big third story with hay in it. I guess it's what they call in books a hay loft. It's great."

"Gee!" was all the electrified George could utter. "Oh, gee!"

"It is on a little hill with the loveliest tree in front of it, and right on the trolley line. We'd have to start a little earlier in the morning; but I wouldn't mind, would you?"

"Now!" said George, "but could we walk that far?"

"No, we'd have to ride, but the rent is so much lower it would pay our carfare."

"Gee!" said George again, "isn't that great! And is this the guy that owns it?"

"Yes; or at least he and his father do. He's been very kind. He's taking all this trouble to take us out in his car today to make sure if there is anything that needs to be done for our comfort there. He certainly is an unusual man for a landlord."

"He sure is, Shirley. I guess maybe he has a case on you the way he looks at you."

"George!" said Shirley severely, the red staining her cheeks and her eyes flashing angrily. "George! That was a dreadful thing for you to say. If you ever even think a thing like that again, I won't have anything to do with him or the place. We'll just stay in the city all summer. I suppose perhaps that would be better, anyway."

Shirley got up and began to button her coat haughtily, as if she were going out that minute.

"Aw, gee, Shirley! I was just kidding. Can't you take a joke? This thing must be getting on your nerves. I never saw you so touchy."

"It certainly is getting on my nerves to have you say a thing like that, George."

Shirley's tone was still severe.

"Aw, cut the grouch, Shirley. I tell you I was just kidding. 'Course he's a good guy. He probably thinks you're cross-eyed, knock-kneed—"

"George!" Shirley started for the door; but the irrepressible George saw it was time to stop, and he put out an arm with muscles that were iron like from many wrestlings and ball games with his fellow laborers at the store.

peach of a looker. Say, Shirley, what do you figure mother's going to say about this?"

"That's just what I want to ask you, George. I don't want to tell mother until it's all fixed up and we can show it to her. You know it will sound a great deal worse to talk about living in a barn than it will to go and see it all fixed up with rugs and curtains and screens and the piano and a couch, and the supper table set, and the sun setting outside the open door, and a bird singing in the tree."

"Gee! Shirley, wouldn't that be some class! Say, Shirley, don't let's tell her! Let's just make her say she'll trust the moving to us to surprise her. Can't you kid her along and make her willing for that?"

"Why, that was what I was thinking. If you think there's no danger she will be disappointed and sorry, and think we ought to have done something else."

"What else could we do? Say, Shirley, it would be great to sleep in the hay loft!"

"We could just tell her we were coming out in the country for the summer to camp in a nice place where it was safe and comfortable, and then we would have plenty of time to look around for the right kind of a house next winter."

"That's the dope, Shirley! You give her that. She'll fall for that, sure thing. She'll like the country. At least, if it's like what you say it is."

"Well, you wait till you see it."

"Have you told Carol?" asked George, suddenly sobering. Carol was his twin sister, inseparable chum and companion when he was at home.

"No," said Shirley. "I haven't had a chance; but Mr. Graham suggested we drive around by the school and get her. Then she can see how she likes it, too; and if Carol thinks so, we'll get mother not to ask any questions, but just trust to us."

"Gee! That guy's great. He's got a head on him. Some lark, what?"

(To Be Continued Next Week)

No Word From White House.
From the New York World.
Questioned in the house of commons about the Borah amendment to the naval appropriation bill, the prime minister said that he had followed the proceedings in the Senate but that he had not yet received an invitation from President Harding to consider the limitation of naval armaments.

When asked whether Great Britain had ceased further construction, the prime minister replied that this had not been done in any part of the world and that everything would depend on whether the Borah resolution was put into operation.

Lloyd George thus passes the issue back to the president, and the president apparently is doing nothing. If he has any real sympathy with the aims and objects of the Borah resolution he has managed with extraordinary skill to conceal it.

Reports have come from Washington that Mr. Harding was determined to hold up the resolution in the House because it would interfere with a general plan for disarmament on which he has been working. If Mr. Harding intends to do nothing toward the limitation of military appropriations until a general plan has been formulated that will be acceptable to everybody, the taxpayers of the world are headed for the poorhouse by the most direct route.

Drop a Pebble.
Drop a pebble in the water; just a splash and it is gone, But there's half a hundred ripples circling on and on and on. Spreading around the center, flowing on out to the sea, And there is no way of stopping where the end is going to be.

Drop a pebble in the water; in a minute you forget. But there's little waves a-flowing, and there's ripples circling yet, And those little waves a-flowing to a great big wave, have grown— You've disturbed a mighty river just by dropping in a stone.

Drop an unkind word, or careless; in a minute it is gone, But there's half a hundred ripples circling on and on and on. They keep spreading, spreading, spreading from the center as they go, And there is no way to stop them once you've started them to flow.

Drop an unkind word or careless; in a minute you forget. But there's little waves a-flowing, and there's ripples circling yet, And perhaps in some sad heart a mighty wave of tears you've stirred; And disturbed a life that was happy when you dropped that unkind word.

Drop a word of cheer and kindness; just a flash and it is gone, But there's half a hundred ripples circling on and on and on. Bearing hope and joy and comfort on each splashing, dashing wave, 'Til you wouldn't believe the volume of the one kind word you gave.

Drop a word of cheer and kindness; in a minute you forget. But there's gladness still a-swelling, and there's joy a-circling yet, And you've rolled a wave of comfort whose sweet music can be heard Over miles and miles of water, just by dropping one kind word.

—Gus Williams, in Nuggets.

The British air ministry has decided that a lifeboat or raft must be carried by airplanes crossing the channel as a safeguard against a forced landing on the water. A new type of collapsible float has been lightened for air use that it weighs only 56 pounds, and folds up so that it can be carried along the top of the fuselage of a machine. Two semi-circular air-bags can be inflated in 30 seconds by a couple of compressed air cylinders which form an integral part of the apparatus. The air bags support a folding platform of wood, which accommodates four.