LOUP CITY NORTHWESTERN.

The state of the second second

CANADA WINS AGAIN

This Time at the International Soil Products in Oklahoma.

Last year and the year before, andthe year before that, the farm products of Western Canada carried off first premiums, championships and honours, together with medals and diplomas, feats that were likely to give a swelled head to any other people than those who had so much more behind. At Columbus, Ohio, and then again at Columbia, North Carolina, a farmer of Saskatchewan carried off the highest prize for oats, and in another year, will become the possessor of the \$1,500 Colorado Trophy; another farmer made two successful exhibits of wheat at the biggest shows in the United States; another farmer of Manitoba won championships and sweepstake at the live stock show in Chicago, and this year expects to duplicate his successes of last year. These winnings are the more creditable as none of the cattle were ever fed any corn, but raised and fattened on nature grasses and small grains.

At the Dry Farming Congress held at Lethbridge in 1912, Alberta and teen sweepstakes rewards at the Inwere taken by Canada in competition with eleven states.

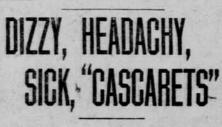
The chief prize, a thrashing machine, valued at \$1,200 for the best to get the other ponies past the bushel of hard wheat, went to Peter smell. Ahead of me the tracks of the Gerlack of Allan, Saskatchewan, Mon-Oklahoma four, and Nebraska two.

Russia sent one delegate, Spain the point of rocks. had two, Belgium three, China four, Canada fifty, Mexico five, Norway one. Brazil three.

In the district in which the wheat was grown that won this prize, there felt at her breast to make sure. 1 were thousands of acres this year that would have done as well. Mr. Gerlack my paw on a sleeping lady, and still is to be congratulated as well as the worse I'd only my dirty old hat to Province of Saskatchewan, and Western Canada as a whole, for the great cliff. My heart thumped when I knelt success that has been achieved in both grain and cattle .- Advertisement

Those Sweeping Gestures. "Campaigning is hard on a man's

vocal chords. "Yes, but it's fine exercise for his arms.



Gently cleanse your liver and sluggish bowels while you sleep.

Get a 10-cent box Sick headache, biliousness, dizziness, coated tongue, foul taste and foul



Saus and A SYNOPSIS.

The story opens with Jesse Smith re-lating the story of his birth, early life in Labrador and of the death of his father. Jesse becomes a sailor. His mother mar-res the master of the ship and both are lost in the wreck of the vessel. Jesse becomes a cowboy in Texas. He marries Polly, a singer of questionable morals, who later is reported to have committed suicide. Jesse becomes a rancher and moves to British Columbia. Kate Trevor takes up the narrative. Unhappily mar-ried she contemplates suicide, but changes her mind after meeting Jesse. ing laughed, and it done me good. She said I looked like Mr. Pollo Belvi-Italy. Dagos are swine, but the way she spoke made me proud.

CHAPTER IL-Continued.

To judge by the hind shoes, Mrs. Trevor's mean colt had gone down Saskatchewan, farmers carried off toward the river not more'n ten minthe principal prizes competing with utes ago, on the dead run, then back the world. The most recent winnings up the road at a racking out-of-breath of Canada have been made at Tulsa, trot. Something must have gone Oklahoma, where seven of the eigh- wrong, and sure enough as I neared a point of rocks which hid the trail ternational Soil Products Exposition ahead, Jones suddenly shied hard in the midst of a hiccup. There was the Widow Bear's track right across the road, and Mick had to yell blue blazes Trevor colt were dancing the width tana took four of the sweepstakes, of the road, bucking good and hard at the stink of bear. Then I rounded

she saw it was only me.

"Seen my husband?"

teeth: "he fired at me."

colt shied at the bear?"

fully. Yes. the left."

"That gun I traded him?"

him," she moaned, clenching her

"You was running away when your

"My ankle! Jesse, it hurts so dread-

"Jesse!"

"Yes, ma'am

"No, ma'am."

"Four shots."

would steer her behind Brown's cabin; then with one jump I grabbed ol There hay Mrs. Trevor in a heap. man Brown's Winchester rifle from Since Jones would have shied over its slings above the hearth, shoved the tree-tops at a corpse or a whiff of home two cartridges from the mantel, blood, I knew she'd only fainted, but rammed the muzzle through the window-pane, which commands a view up tell you it felt like an outrage to lay the trail, and proceeded to take stock of Mr. Trevor.

The man's eyes being stark staring carry. water from a seepage in the mad, it was a sure fact he'd never listen to argument. I waited, followto sprinkle the water, and when that ing with the rifle until the horse's blamed humming-bird came whirring shoulder widened out, giving me a past my ear, I jumped as though the clear aim at the heart. devil had got me, splashing the hatful The horse finished his stride, but

Washing day after supper.

vor surging and velling astern, some-

burn before she'd even whimper.

over Mrs. Trevor. At that her eyes while I was running to the door he opened, staring straight at my face, crumpled and went down dead, the but she made out a sort of smile when carcass sliding three yards before it stopped. As to the man, he shot a long curve down on his back in a splash of dust, which looked like a brown explosion. His revolver went further on whirling, until a stump "I don't know what's come over

touched off the trigger, and its bullet whined over my head. Next thing I heard was the rapids, like a church organ finishing a hymn,

and Mrs. Trevor's call. "You've killed him?" "No. ma'am, but he's had an accident. I'll take him to the cabin for

first aid.' My knife ripped her riding-boot Trevor was sitting up by the time clear. The old red bandana from my 1 reached him. He looked sort of on rolling boulders steep as a roof and fallen needles of the pines clothed neck made her a wet bandage, and the sick. boot top served for a splint. There

vour hat.'

over her foot.

you are to me!"

"Get up," said I, rem

I get the provincial constable." I

gathered from his expression that

Swift and the mare were grazing on

Trever looked wonderfully peaceful.

"Your husband." said I, "is resting."

he'd sort of taken a dislike to me.

There, I'm dead sick of writing this letter, and my wrist is all toothache. CHAPTER III. Love. Kate's Narrative. I married Lionel Trevor in the days

widow.

watched.

She fainted.

when he looked like a god as Parsifal, sang like an angel, had Europe at his vor could see I was blushing down to | Brown, and added up the sum so that feet. "Something wrong with Eumy belt. Shocked? Nothing! Great old Geometry himself couldn't have rope," is Jesse's comment. "West of knowledge of Jesse's character. "He ladies doesn't shock like common figured it better. Whereas I'd left out the Rockies we don't use such, except and Pete, the cargador, rode with us people. No, in spite of the pain-rack- the fact that Brown's bunk was nailed to sell their skins." and the fear-haunting, she careless to the wall of his cabin. As

her face away. "Tell me-'

to him than are horse and gun to ate our wedding-breakfast. We drank adrift, the bed capsized, the rope Jesse-he would not ask me to follow the healths in champagne from tin deary, a dago she'd met up with in slacked, and the polecat, breaking him into the wilderness but tried to cups, and then, saddling up. Jesse persuade me to stay on in London. 1 and I rode away alone into the soliwas singing "Eurydice" in "Orfeo," tudes."

JESSE.

instructing Brown, when the polecat my feet, thanks to Lionel, were at last We weren't more than half-way let drive at me from across the river. on the great ladder, and if I was amdown to the river when we heard Tre- With all his faults he could shoot bitious, who shall blame me? Yet good, for his first grazed my scalp. for better, for worse, we were marwheres up on the bench. At that I half blinding me. At that the lady ried, and here among the pines, in Kate's Narrative broke to a trot, telling the lady to let, attracted attention by screaming so this celestial air, a year or two at

out a howl the moment it hurt beyond the third shot stampeded poor Jones. bearing. I wonder what amount of I ain't religious, being only thirty, voice. My place was at his side, for pain is beyond the bearing of real and not due to reform this side of better or worse, and when he drank, for under the vivid dialect of the thoroughbreds? That lady would rheumatism, but all the sins I've enwhen day by day I watched the light stock range, there is a streak of sailjoyed was punished sudden and comof reason give place in his eyes to or, and beneath that I detect traces Nearing the ferry my innards went plete in that one minute. Blind with bestial vice, until at last I found my- of brogue which may be native persick, for the punt was on the far blood, half stunned, and reeling sick. self chained to a maniac-till death do haps to Labrador. Out of a chaos of bank, the man was out of sight, and I heard the mare as she plunged along us part-it was then I first, saw Jesse, books he has pecked words which even Jones wouldn't propose to swim the bank dispensing boulders. No the one man whose eyes showed un- pleased him, pronounced, of course, a river with a cargo of mineral and a top-heavy cargo was going to stand derstanding.

deck load. As we got to the door of that strain without coming over, so Brown's cabin. Trevor hove in sight, the woman I loved-yes, I knew that Lionel, a thing possessed of devils, tionary. I lep' to the ground, giving Jones a now for a fact-was going to be hunted me through the woods like a hearty slap on the off quarter, which dragged until her brains were kicked bear. I'doubt if I remember all that would have shouted I was so glad, ruined-he made one; and if I eves.

in the dusk, Jesse bent over me.

pine boughs, until my household stuff of danger. If I should ever wish to and the Chinese servant could be be a widow, I have only to doubt his brought down from the ranch. He power to fly without wings. sent Surly Brown to bring Doctor Mc-Gee, and the Widow O'Flynn as my I began to meet the parishioners, nurse, while her son Billy was hired mountain sheep and goats, the elk to do his pack-train work. From that and caribou, eagles, bears, wolverines, time onward the pack outfit carried and certainly I shared something of cargoes of ore from the mine, and Jesse's untiring delight in all wild loads from Hundred Mile House of creatures. Even when we needed every comfort and luxury which meat in camp, and some plump goose money could buy for me. When I got or mallard was at the mercy of his well, I found that Jesse had spent the gun, Jesse would sometimes beg the savings of years, and had not a dol- victim off, and catch more trout.

When at last I crept out of doors say, "I'd rather tote your camera than When sight and sense came back, I to bask in the autumn sunlight, the my gun. But that's that dog-gone was riding as I had never dared to cottonwoods and aspens were changed

Jesse had arranged with lawyers for

val, I think except that dreadful "I guess," said I, feeling mighty bear, in his affections. Two packponies carried our camp and baggage, grave, "you're due to become a and each night he would set up a The rapids got Trevor, and little tent for me, bedding himself down beside the fire. At the end of "You are a widow," says I, at last. five days' journey, we rode at dusk into Cariboo. -

which served as church and school-

House, and Pete Mathson, the cargador of the Star Pack-train, two old stanch friends of Jesse, witnessed our

marriage in the quaint log building

Captain Taylor, of Hundred Mile

house.

Captain Taylor is a retired naval

officer, a pioneer of the gold mines, a magistrate, a man to trust, and when he gave me his heartfelt congratulations, it was not without

to the camp of his Star Pack-train. When Lionel lost his voice-more and it was there in the forest that we

CHAPTER IV.

The Landlord.

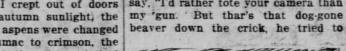
Of his life before he reached this the most would give him back his province Jesse will so far tell me nothing, yet his speech betrays him,

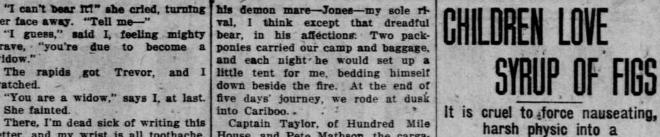
to suit himself, and used in some I can't write about that day when sense which would shock any dic-His manners and customs, too, are

a field for research. Of course one happened. I must have been crazed expects him to be professional with with pain and fear until suddenly 1 rope, gun, and ax, but how did he woke up on a boulder by that awful learn the rest? I wanted a lanternriver, and saw him drift past me, he made one; my boot was torn-he caught in the rapids, drowning. I made one; my water-proof coat was

until he saw me, and dying as he was, asked for a sewing-machine, he would looked at me with Lionel's clear sane refuse to move camp until he had one finished. If his name were not Smith I fainted, and when I awoke again I could prove him directly descended from the Swiss family Robinson. If That night and for three weeks aft- a project sounds risky. I have to aserward. I lay delirious. At the ferry- sume that it is something unusually man's cabin he made me a bed of safe, as the only way to keep him out

> Guided by his uncanny wondcraft, long as they don't hunt us," he would





sick child.

Look back at your childhood days, Remember the "dose" mother insisted on-castor oil, calomel, cathartics. How you hated them, how you fought against taking them.

With our children it's different. Mothers who cling to the old form of physic simply don't realize what they do. The children's revolt is well-founded. Their tender little "insides" are injured by them.

If your child's stomach, liver and bowels need cleansing, give only delicious "California Syrup of Figs." Its action is positive, but gentle: Millions of mothers keep this harmless "fruit laxative" handy; they know children love to take it; that it never fails to clean the liver and bowels and sweeten the stomach, and that a teaspoonful given today saves a sick child tomorrow.

Ask at the store for a 50-cent bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," which has full directions for babies, children of all ages and for grown-ups plainly on each bottle. Adv.

The Result. "I forgot to buy the curtains my wife asked me to get her." "What was the result?" "A curtain lecture."

Stubborn Colds and irritated Bronchial' Tubes are easily relieved by Dean's Men-tholated Cough Drops—5c at Druggists.

You'll always have a dull ax if you wait for a volunteer to turn the grind-

Red Cross Ball Blue, all blue, best bluing value in the whole world, makes the laun-dress smile. Adv.

Most financial disasters result from trying to make money fast.



If you are able to eat without distress and your liver and bowels are daily active, but to those not 'in this class" we urge a trial of

HOSTETTER'S **Stomach Bitters**

It is compounded especially for relieving such ills as Poor Appetite, Weak Digestion, Constipation, Biliousness, Colds and Grippe. Try a bottle today.



Trevor struggled, the pegs came

loose, found Brown's rifle. I'd led

the ponies out of the punt, and was

Galloped Mr. Swift on Rolling Boulders Steep as a Roof.

out by the mare. It seemed to me ages before I could rouse my senses, lar left. wipe my eyes, and mount the gelding. ride in all my life, galloped Mr. Swift to lemon, the sumac to crimson, the

all a-slither. I got Swift sidewise up the slopes with orange, and a mist of the bank to grass, raced past the milky blue lay in the canon.

breath-always trace them to torpid liver; delayed, fermenting food in the bowels or sour, gassy stomach.

Poisonous matter clogged in the intestines, instead of being cast out of the system is re-absorbed into the blood. When this poison reaches the delicate brain tissue it causes congestion and that dull, throbbing, sickening headache

Cascarets immediately cleanse the stomach, remove the sour, undigested food and foul gases, take the excess bile from the liver and carry out all the constipated waste matter and poisons in the bowels.

A Cascaret to-night will surely straighten you out by morning. They work while you sleep-a 10-cent box from your druggist means your head clear, stomach sweet and your liver and bowels regular for months. Adv.

A Good Place. "Here's a story of sailors raising chickens on shipboard." Why not? There's the hatchway.



Save Your Hair! Get a 25 Cent Bottle of Danderine Right Now-Also Stops Itching Scalp.

Thin, brittle, colorless and scraggy hair is mute evidence of a neglected scalp; of dandruff-that awful scurf. There is nothing so destructive to the hair as dandruff. It robs the hair of its luster, its strength and its very life: eventually producing a feverishness and itching of the scalp, which if not remedied causes the hair roots to shrink, loosen and die-then the hair falls out fast. A little Danderine tonight-now-any time-will surely save your hair.

Get a 25 cent bottle of Knowlton's Danderine from any store, and after the first application your hair will take on that life, luster and luxuriance which is so beautiful. It will become wavy and fluffy and have the appearance of abundance; an incomparable gloss and softness, but what will please you most will be after just a few weeks' use, when you will actually see a lot of fine, downy hair-new hair-growing all over the scalp. Adv.

A woman loves secrets because of the fun she has in letting them escape.

SHAKE INTO YOUR SHOES

's Foot-Ease, the Antiseptic powder for Tired, er, swollen, nervous feet. Gives rest and ort. Makes walking a delight. Sold everywhere, Sc. Don't accept any substitute. For FREE sample, address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy. N. Y. Adv.

Of course right thinking people are those who think as you do

Red Cross Ball Bine will wash double as many clothes as any other blue. Don't put your money into any other. Adv.

It is better to have loved and los than to pay alimony.

as no call to tell her the foot was be polite in the presence of a lady. broken, and the fainting fits eased "Get up, you cherub." my job. Between whiles she would Instead of rising, he reached out a tell me to hurry, knowing that the return of that damned colt would show

Trevor which way she'd run. I had

There Lay Mrs. Trevor All in a Heap

with a punt, mighty peevish because no weapon, so if Trevor happened I'd dropped a horse carcass to rot at along with the .45 revolver it wouldn't his cabin door, and still worse when mond."

be healthy he seen I had a lunatic roped in his I couldn't leave the loads of ore on bunk. I gave him his Winchester. my ponies, and if I got Mrs. Trevor which he set down by his door, also mounted with her foot hanging down, a dollar bill, but he was still crowded cast off." she'd lose time swooning. So I un- full of peevishness, wasting a lady's loaded all the ponie's except Jones and time. At last I hustled the ponies Swift, who has a big heart for travel. aboard the punt, and set the guide Next I filled one of the rawhide pan- lines so that we started out along the niers with brush, and lashed it across Jones' neck for a back rest. A wad of pine brush made a seat between is, I remembered that while I took sent her off to join Swift at the top Jones' panniers where I mostly carry Mrs. Trevor to my home, I'd need a of the bank. Mrs. Trevor was sitting my grub. Hoisting Mrs. Trevor on messenger to ride for doctor, nurse, on a boulder, staring out over the to the mare's back was a pretty mean groceries, and constable. I'm afraid rapids, her eyes set on something job, but worst of all I had to lash her old man Brown was torn some, coming down mid-stream. Her face down. For chafing gear to keep the catching on a nail while I lifted him was all gray, and she clutched my ropes from scorching, I had to use into the punt. His language was plen- hand, holding like grim death. As for my coat, shirt, and undershirt, so that tiful. when I mounted Swift to lead off, I'd Now I thought I'd arranged 'Mrs. madman would try to swim the Fraser

only boots and overalls, and Mrs. Tre- Trevor and Mr. Trevor and Mr. in clothes and boots.

Some Remedies Those Liable to In fection Will Do Well to Keep in the Memory.

stem, and not five.

Pusey says: "Poison ivy is a trailing green vine with handsome, bright green foliage, which turns a brilliant yellow to red in early autumn (and is very tempting, by the way, to collectors of autumn leaves). It is very easly distinguished from other similar looking vines by the fact that its leaves occur in groups of three on a

"It and other poisonous plants are most irritating when moist, and should

especially be avoided in the early orning, when wet with dew. "After exposure to poison ivy the Ill effects can be warded off by prompt noval of the irritating substance This can be done by vigorously washing with soap and water, preferably ing a hand brush, and, after that, with alcohol. If these measures are tions of wind, cloud and temperature broad brim of his hat, and putting his carried out before the effects on the veriants, dew is produced. Warm at long pipe through it, puffed and wrote skin become manifest, the usual re-action in the skin can, as a rule, be tact with a cooler surface. When

mare, then threw Swift in front of Jones. Down went the mare just as the probate of Lionel's will, and setto take a little nourishment. I flicked in a heap.

the bottle into the river, and assisted My little dog Mick was licking my erring brother," said I, "please step me at first that something must have this way, or I'll kick your tail through gone wrong. My head was between

two boulders, with the mare's shoul-He said he wasn't feeling very well, der pressing my nose, my legs were so when I got him into the cabin, 1 under water, and somewhere close let him lie on Brown's bed, lashing around were roaring rapids. Swift him down good and hard. I gave him | was scrambling for a foothold, and a stick to bite instead of my fingers. Mrs. Trevor shouting for all she was your name is Polecat. You're due and the lady quit for breath. to rest right there, Mr. Polecat, until

"Yes. ma'am," says I. "Oh, say you're not dead, Jesse!" "Only in parts," said I, "and how are you?" "I'm cutting the ropes, but oh, this

pine chips beside the cabin, and Mrs. knife's so blunt!" "Don't spoil your knife. Will you year. do what I say?"

She gave me a wry laugh, and see "Of course I will." ing she was in pain, I poured water "Reach out then on the off side of "That's better," said she, "how good fast to the after-basket line." When I'd explained that two or Old man Brown was coming across

three times, "I have it," she answered. "Loose!" "Pull on the fore line of the dia-

"Right. Oh, Jesse, I'm free!" "Kneel on the mare's head, reach under the pannier, find the latego, and

She fumbled, awhile, and then re ported all clear.

"Get off the mare.

In another moment Jones was cable, leaving the old man to come standing up to shake herself, knee or stay as he pleased. He came. Fact deep in the river, and with a slap 1' me, I'd never reckoned that even a

her load capsized, so that she and the tlement of his debts, which would flask from his pocket, and uncorked lady, Swift and I, were all mixed up leave me nothing. As far as Jesse knew. I was penniless, and to this day I have never dared acknowledge him to rise with my foot. "My poor scalp when I woke, and it seemed to that, secured from the extravagance of my late husband. I have capital bringing in some seven thousand five hundred dollars a year. Jesse supposed me to be destitute, and when I spoke of returning to my work in Europe, offered to raise the money for my passage. Knowing his ranch to be mortgaged already to its full value, which is private. "Now." said I, worth. I waited till Swift cleared out, I wondered what limit there was to this poor man's valor. Yes, I would accept, assuring him of swift repayment, yet dared not tell him the wages offered me at Covent Gafden. It seemed indecent that a woman voice should be valued at more per week than his heroic earnings for a

> I sang to him, simple emotional mutame himself, I'll slap his face. Thinks sic: Orfeo's lament, the finale of "Il he's editor. Trovatore," the angel song from Chothe load. The end of that lashing's pin's "Marche Funebre." . . I wonder why women make it so

important that a man should propose? James Cran, who astonished the It needed no telling that Jesse and I world by his reproduction of flowers were in love. It seemed only natural in his Belgian blacksmith shop, works that we should marry, and any preat a forge in Cranfield, N. J. Not long tense of mourning for the late Mr. ago he was doing common blacksmith-Trevor would have been distasteful. ing work. Art critics say that he has Although born in the Labrador. gone much closer to nature in his Jesse had, been a cow-boy in Texas work than Van Boeckel. He uses no for half his working life. As a stockmodels, and works with only the simman, he was to wed a rancher's plest tools. He began his apprentice widow. Was he ashamed of his busi-

ship as a blacksmith in Scotland at ness? No, proud as Lucifer! Was the age of eighteen, but since 1896 he ashamed of the dress of his trade? has lived in this country, where he Not by a damned sight! Soldiers and was one of the first men to make an sailors are proud to wear the dress iron golf club. of their trade when they marry. "So

are cow punchers," said he, with his head in the air. "S'pose we ride to Cariboo City, and get married in that tion works in Egypt have cost about little old log church."

He managed to persuade me; and I of land in middle and lower Egypt. consented also to a hunting trip, in- and the Faygum provinces has been stead of the usual honeymoon. from \$955,000,000 to \$2,440,000,000. When I was well enough for the The total rent of this land has risen

journey. I rode my colt, and Jesse from \$82,000,000 to \$190,000,000.

CONDUCTRESSES ON BUS LINE | front of candy stores. It is bad gulps a beer. No passenger should be Brocklyn Suggestion Stirs the Imagi-nation of Possible Passengers, expected to, bide the conductress' con-

Anyhow. Conductresses are to ring up the fares on one of the new Brooklyn bus lines which are to supplement our transportation facilities-if the board of estimate consents.

One of the lines seeking a franchise announces that to do the conducting only girls need apply. They didn't say pretty girls, but let us hope that pretty giels are meant. If she should step on our toes while reaching for the bell rope, her light weight and gracious apoligies will make us happy to have een in the way.

For she must be thin waisted in order to squeeze by comfortably. And we shall insist that she set a common sense fashion in the matter of hatpins. Nor can she be permitted to knot her small change in a handkerchief or to the driver asked, at a particularly precarry her bills in the unconventional manner favored by some women shopers. Moreover, the company must it's all right, but I can't seen none of the scenery for these darned bills."



(TO BE CONTINUED)

His Skill a Natural Gift.

Enormous Irrigation Profits.

\$53,000,000; but the increase in value

enough to wait while the conductor

No Judge of Scenery.

The late Bishop Doane of Albany

"The Socialist, who abhors aristoc-

racy and superiority and elegance, is

as misguided and wrong headed as the

miner who went through Hew: Glen.

"Hell's Glen, between Glasgow and

Invegary, is one of the most pic-

turesque and rugged pieces of scenery

"Well, a miner once drove through

the glen in a coach, and, while his

companions went into raptures over

"'Don't you like Hell's Glen, sir?"

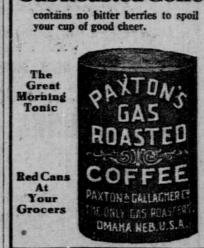
cipitous and striking spot. "'Why,' grunted the miner. 'I gu

hated socialism, and at a dinner in Al-

sumption of an ice cream soda.

bany he once said:

in all Scotland.



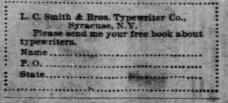
The Typewriter for the Rural **Business Man** The Assouan dam and other irriga-

Whether you are a small town merchant or a farmer, you need a typewriter. If you are writing

Ball Bearing II you are writing Long Wearing your letters and bills by hand, you are not getting full efficiency.

It doesn't require an expert operator to run the E. C. Smith & Bros. typewriter. It is simple, compact, complete, durable.

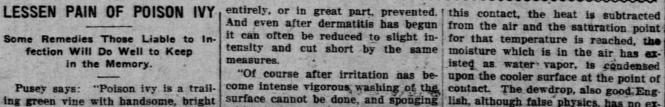
Send in the attached coupon and we will give especial attention to your typewriter needs.



Pain in Back and Rheumatism

are the daily torment of thousands. To effectually cure these troubles you must re-move the cause. Foley Kidney Pills begin to work for you from the first dose, and ex-ert so direct and beneficial an action in the kidneys and bladder that the pain and tor-ment of kidney trouble soon disappears. the wild, weird, awe inspiring features of the place, the miner yawned over his cigar and newspaper.

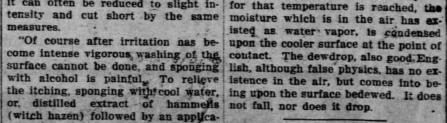




(witch hazen) followed by an application of dusting powder, is comforting. Salves, as a rule, are not well borne.

Consider the Dew The question is often asked: Does the dew rise or fall? Dewfall is as of others not universal in his conduct. admissible an expression as sunrise or The famous Bishop Burnet, who, like unset, says Harper's Weekly. In many another author, found composi-

companied by motion in the vertical plane, hence there can be no question sture comes in co



Smoked and Wrote in Comfort Inveterate smokers do funny things, says the Family Doctor. Carlyle

smoked up the chimney with a de gree of thoughtfulness for the feelings both cases the expression is at vari-ance with scientific fact, Meterologi- ductive weed, disliked the interruption cally, the formation of dew is not ac of removing his pipe constantly while he was writing. In order to con the two operations with due comfort of rise or fall. Under certain condi- to himself he bored a hole through the long pipe through it, puffed and wrote and puffed with the most philos