'NOW RAISES 600 CHICKENS

After Being Relieved of Organic Trouble by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.



Oregon, Ill.—"I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for an organic trouble which pulled me down until I could not put my foot to the floor and could scarcely do my work, and as I live on a small farm and raise six hundred chickens every year it made it very hard for me.

"I saw the Compound advertised in our paper, and tried it. It has restored my health so I can do all my work and I am so grateful that I am recommending it to my friends."—Mrs. D. M. ALTERS, R. R. 4, Oregon, Ill.

Only women who have suffered the tortures of such troubles and have dragged along from day to day can realize the relief which this famous root and herb remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, brought to Mrs. Alters.

Women everywhere in Mrs. Alters' condition should profit by her recommendation, and if there are any complications write Lydia E. Pinkham's Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass., for advice. The result of their 40 years experience is at your service.

His Ailment.

"Bruddren and sistahs," severely said good old Parson Bagster, "now dat de hat has circumnavigated 'round and de contents been counted, we will jine in .pra'r for de speedy recovery of our po' Brudder Clinch."

"But, look yuh, sah!" spoke up the gentleman designated. "I isn't sick."

"Yes, yo' is, sah! Yo' got lockjaw o' de pocketbook, and got it pow'ful bad. Yo' didn't pungle up nary cent when de hat was passed."—Kansas City Star.

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.

Descriptive Power.

"Now," asked a teacher, "who can tell me what an oyster is?" There was silence for a moment. Then little Billy raised his hand. "I know!" he triumphantly announced. "An oyster is a fish built like a nut!"

No Worms in a Healthy Child

All children troubled with worms have an unhealthy color, which indicates poor blood, and as a rule, there is more or less stomach disturbance. Grove's tasteless chill tonic given regularly for two or three weeks will enrich the blood, improve the digestion, and act as a General Strengthening Tonic to the whole system. Nature will then throw off or dispel the worms, and the Child will be in perfect health. Pleasant to take. 60c per bottle.

The Poor Birds Fed Him.

"What do you know of Elijah?"

"He went for a cruise with a widow."

Sore Eyes, Blood-Shot Eyes, Watery Eyes, Sticky Eyes, all healed promptly with night-ly applications of Roman Eye Balsam. Adv.

Some men owe all they have in this world to others—and some owe a lot more than they have.

Back Given Out?

Housework is too hard for a woman who is half sick, nervous and always tired. But it keeps piling up, and gives weak kidneys no time to recover. If your back is lame and achy and your kidneys irregular; if you have "blue spells," sick headaches, nervousness, dizziness and rheumatic pains, use *Doan's Kidney Pills*. They have done wonders for thousands of worn out women.

A Virginia Case



Mrs. E. R. Shipley, 329 Moore St., Bristol, Va., gave the following statement March 26, 1915: "I had a lot of trouble with my kidneys; they were weak and greatly annoyed me. My back was weak and sore and ached nearly all the time. I felt drowsy and languid and mornings I could hardly straighten. I used Doan's Kidney Pills, getting them at Bunting & Son's Drug Store, and they cured me of the attack."

On April 27, 1918, Mrs. Shipley said: "My faith in Doan's Kidney Pills is as strong as ever. I have had no need of them since they cured me in 1915."

Get Doan's at Any Store, 60c a Box

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

BAD BREATH

Often Caused by

Acid-Stomach

How can anyone with a sour, gassy stomach, who is constantly belching, has heartburn and suffers from indigestion have anything but a bad breath? All of these stomach disorders mean just one thing—Acid-Stomach.

EATONIC, the wonderful new stomach remedy in pleasant tasting tablet form that you eat like a bit of candy, brings quick relief from these stomach miseries. EATONIC sweetens the breath because it makes the stomach sweet, cool and comfortable. Try it for that nasty taste, congested throat and "heady feeling" after too much smoking.

If neglected, Acid-Stomach may cause you a lot of serious trouble. It leads to nervousness, headaches, insomnia, melancholia, rheumatism, sciatica, heart trouble, ulcer and cancer of the stomach. It makes its millions of victims weak and miserable, listless, lacking in energy, all tired out. It often brings about chronic invalidism, premature old age, a shortening of one's days.

You need the help that EATONIC can give you if you are not feeling as strong and well as you should. You will be surprised to see how much better you will feel just as soon as you begin taking this wonderful stomach remedy. Get a big 50 cent box from your druggist today. He will return your money if you are not satisfied.

EATONIC

FOR YOUR ACID-STOMACH

Auto-Wash Cake

SOAP FOR YOUR CAR

It cleans, brightens, is harmless to paint and varnish. Economical and efficient. One cake will wash your car twelve to fifteen times. Keep it looking new and clean. Used by some of the largest garages in New York City. Sent direct from our factory to you. Price 50 cents, postpaid. AUTO-WASH CO., 800 Pacific Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

In the Valley of the Itchen



St. Cross, Winchester.

ON THIS morning of spring, when the sun, at last, after many weeks of retirement, has shown his golden face above the eastward downs, any city—even so fair a city as Winchester—seems for the moment, undesirable. One seeks instinctively a wider sky-space, hills and meadows, and the flow of the new-fallen waters for company. These are in the valley of the Itchen, writes a correspondent of the Christian Science Monitor.

Through the cathedral close the way lies, down the avenue, past the western door and out before the spaces of emerald lawn, above which towers this majestic pile, within whose walls, and around them, are memoried so much of England's history, from great Alfred and Chanute, past William of Wykeham and Wolsey, to the modern men of learning and lawn sleeves.

Beautifully harmonious are the surroundings, both in line and color—soft grays of full round Norman arches, vivid greens of cloister-garth, blending with the darker tints of immemorial yews, and the golden sheen of lichens upon gnarled tree-trunks. Here are rich reds and browns, upon the tiled copings of mossy walls, on barge-boards of ancient gabled roofs and in the delicate rose-pink network of interlacing twigs, through which the cathedral town is seen. Thus, among ever-changing charms, you twist and turn, now round a corner, beneath the shadow of an arch, now out again into the full sunlight, before another bend leads you once more through the pleasant gloom of the eastern gate.

Beside Wykeham's college, modestly fronting the road, is a little humble, buff-colored building, with an oriel window, and a legend reminding us that here Jane Austen lived her later days. Her house, among so many surrounding grandeurs, wears—as I suppose the writer herself wore—an air of shy timidity, not without grace in these, sometimes, too blatant days.

Here are Wykehamists, fresh-faced, in straw hats, symbolizing a coming summer, and here, past the gray ruins of Wolsey castle—where Mary of England, before her marriage, feted her Spanish husband-to-be—are the fresh green water-meadows of the Itchen, and beyond, clear-cut against the skyline, the tree-crested ridge of St. Catherine's hill, with memories of King Charles II and of the college's "Dulce Domum."

The Waters Splash and Bubble.

On either side the meadow path the waters splash and bubble, swish and eddy with a music most melodious and meaningful, even to those unlearned in fish lore. Gray gulls hover, mirrored in the shining surface, and linger over it, so as to set one wondering what lure it was that led them from their open sea into this inland Hampshire valley. Down below, above a sandy bed, the forest of fern-like water weeds bends to the current, and the minnows—or the minnow-kind—dart and play about its glades. Right ahead there is age-long majesty again—the gabled roofs and towered church of the Hospital of St. Cross, embowered in ancestral elms. Here I sit, upon a white stile, to enjoy a fleeting glimpse of a thatched roof, and watch, across the sliding water-mirror, the fringe of pink feathery grasses nodding and quivering to the breeze.

I am tempted almost to go into the hospital, and demand the "Wayfarer's Dole"—not that I want the dole—which, moreover, is meager during these days—but that it is pleasant to partake of a charity practiced for so many centuries by the brethren in red and black. Some say—I hardly know with what truth—that St. Cross is the hospital in which Anthony Trollope placed "The Warden" of the novel so named, and of "Barchester Towers." Trollope, in his autobiography names Salisbury, not Winton, as the city in which he first conceived the story of that gentle priest; but, Barsetshire being a county of his own imagining, he may well have conjured a little with English topography. And, thinking of Trollope—while my eyes linger upon the crocus-gemmed lawns of St. Cross, and the orange-budded chestnut twigs shiny with flowing sap—how many others, famous in literature, have trod these velvet paths, and those of the hills on either hand!

A Goodly Five.

"Old John of Gaunt, time-honored Lancaster" perhaps, from his place at King's Lambourn; Alexander Pope, a boy from fair Twyford village, musing already upon the nature of man; John Keble of the "Christian Year," from his vicarage at Hursley; John Keats, from over Hazeley Down, with the "Ode to Autumn" fashioning itself in his mind:

Where are the songs of spring—aye where are they?
Think not of them, thou hast thy music, too,
While barred clouds bloom the soft-dying day,
And touch the stubble-plains with rosy hue—

and—matching the best of these in genius and in charm—the gentle author of "Emma" and "Northanger Abbey" from her modest home by the cathedral close. Truly a goodly five!

Hereabouts the path mounts awhile from the river bed, beside hedges, that are vocal with the soft flutter of wings, the fluting of hidden birds, and the sudden stir and rustle of small hedgerow life. Drawn by patient brown ponies, slowly mounting the hill, come two gypsy-carts, green-painted, from whose rickety chimneys long wreaths of blue smoke curl upward and vanish. The weather-tanned nomads, each at a horse's head, the cheeky, eager-eyed, tangled boys behind them, the momentary glimpses of a "home," caught through half-open doors, leave somehow, a sense of alluring vagabondage.

A moment later I am down in the valley meadows again, where going is not easy over those winter sodden ways. But what matter mud and water, when every copse is bursting into leaf, and the young spring carols in your ears? Even the pink pigs cease from their nosing on the bank, to gaze and grunt acquiescence. Two gray mares cock their ears, and stare; a speckled trout splashes from under my very feet, ankle-deep in the flood that pours joyously through every water-gate. Across bridge after bridge, wading rather than walking, I reach terra firma again, and soon am resting beneath the big yew tree that stands beside Twyford church.

Ended in Smoke.

I was a member of the summer colony in a small New England town. We were ever in search of novelty, and toward the end of the season decided to have a play and give the natives a treat.

The whole town came out, and (we thought) were duly impressed. At the climax the hero stalked in, brandishing a document, and, in a dramatic voice, cried, "I have the papers." Then a voice from the back row bellowed, "I have the makin's!" That, of course, ruined our play.

Needless to say, we attempted no more dramatics.—Chicago Tribune.

Little Pessimist.

For weeks the weather had been beautiful, and the morning of the picnic there was not a cloud in the sky. When everything was packed and all were ready to start, Buddy hurried into the house and came out carrying an umbrella, muttering to himself, "It'll be sure to rain before we gets back."

Optimistic Thought.

It is not titles that reflect honor on men, but men on their titles.

A Short-Lived Romance

By DWIGHT TINGLE SCOTT

(Copyright, 1919, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Take as dramatis personae: a man who indulges in a cold bath every morning and who has to shave close every day and who falls hard for that w e l l-i-can't-believe-it-you-don't-look-a-day-over-forty-stuff; a wife who is matronly and jolly, plump and growing frankly gray; and a stenographer with a very tall blonde pomp, very high heels and a passion for Robert W. Chambers' novels and ten dollars an ounce perfume.

Put the man and the stenographer into a small office with the scent of the perfume; and have the day's work consist of writing about a half-dozen business letters, answering a few 'phone calls and going down to the bank frequently to deposit a fat commission check upon a cargo of crude rubber; and you have a situation where the devil is to pay—usually.

* * * * *

"——and he had the nicest eyes and hair, and when he smiled it just made you sort of like him, y'know."

"Where did you get to know him, Kitty?"

"Well," said Kitty Tulane, taking off her hat and patting her hair as she left the elevator, "I hardly got to know him at all. Yesterday Mr. Sterling sent me over with some papers to his father-in-law's office in the Imperial building. When I got back down that shower came up, and I had to wait in the lobby. He came along and took me out under his umbrella and helped me on the Brightonville car. We had to run to catch it. I wouldn't even have known his name but it was written in white ink inside his umbrella. It was a pretty name, too, Thomas C. Slater, but pshaw, I suppose he is just a little nobody."

"Kitty Tulane, you make me tired. A little nobody! You think you can get 'em with nice eyes and hair and at the same time have limousines and country homes like your boss? I'll say you can't. I believe you're in love with your boss anyhow, the way you go on about him."

"Why Gertie, aren't you ashamed to say that to me?" And Kitty Tulane's pretty face went red with a mixture of confusion and anger.

In the hall of the great building, the two girls parted, and went to their respective offices.

Kitty Tulane put up her hat, raised the windows, opened the typewriter desk and then sat in her chair quite still, her hands resting in her lap.

It would be a half hour before he got in. She yet colored as she thought of Gertie's remark. Never had she consciously thought of Mr. Sterling except as a thoughtful employer and a good friend. Besides, he worshiped his wife—everybody loved Mrs. Sterling—she was that kind. Still, wives did die, sometimes, and men married again, very young women too. Kitty wondered vaguely if such girls were really ever happy. At this point her dreams became strangely confused, for she began to picture a young man with nice hair and eyes and a wonderful smile, riding in Mr. Sterling's limousine and talking over the phone in Mr. Sterling's clear, confident manner. Dreamily, she took up her note book and began to write: "Katherine Tulane Slater," then "Katherine Tulane Sterling."

With her head set prettily to one side, she studied these two lines critically. Finally, she erased the first line.

It was this occupation which Mr. Sterling's arrival interrupted.

His brisk, cheery "Good morning, Miss Katherine," startled her. She stammered and blushed guiltily and hurriedly hid the note book in her drawer.

* * * * *

"That will be all this morning, Miss Tulane. Just read that last letter back to me."

"I have your favor of the sixteenth. The cargo referred to should be at the dock in Baltimore—" She had ever so slight a lisp; he noticed it quite suddenly. She had made that chiffon waist herself. Her teeth were very white. And those high-heeled shoes—they were just a bit shabby, for all their neat bright polish. She was going to get another pair, but she must wait until pay day after next because—this much he had overheard in an exchange of girl confidences in the hall outside his door. Her hands were very shapely—how shiny pink she always kept her nails. Poor little thing, pretty hard lines, having to struggle along on $18 a week. Not much in life for her perhaps. He put his hand over the one that rested on the note book. For just a moment she seemed confused, then she continued reading. He allowed it to rest there for just a moment, and gave a fatherly little pat as he removed it.

In a flash, Kitty knew. She had written those telltale names on the reverse of her note book. And as she read back the last letter he had seen it—"Katherine Tulane Sterling."

During the day he glanced over at her. Once he caught her studying him and she blushed and went to typing furiously.

"A couple of tickets for 'The Girl and the Prince,' Miss Tulane. Take your mother or some girl friend. And we are not using our car Friday night; I'll have it come around for you."

Of course the chauffeur knew. Presently the cook knew. Then the upstairs maid knew and said it was a shame. Mrs. Sterling bit her lips and blinked hard over an anonymous note—no, she would not let herself cry.

* * * * *

"Green corn and new potatoes, my, my!"

"Now, Chester, you know the last time—they always make you billious." But perhaps there was a little twinkle in Mrs. Sterling's jolly gray eyes as she liberally helped her husband for the third time.

* * * * *

"No, I don't need the doctor. I should have listened to you last night—same old trouble. A day in bed will make me all right."

"Here, dear, put on these lavender silk pajamas. You know this was the day I was to motor down to Mrs. Clem's. Of course now—"

"Go right ahead—it'll be all right."

"Well, Ches, I hate to leave you with just the servants and it wouldn't seem right to get a trained nurse as scarce as they are. So I just phoned Miss Tulane to come out and bring the mail and asked her to stay all day. She'll make you company and it will be a little change for her from that stuffy office."

"Sally, you are so thoughtful."

His wife patted his shoulder. Could it be that Sallie Sterling foresaw this slight illness when she trailed around in the heat the day before, trying to locate the first—the very first green corn in market? Could it be that those twinkling eyes knew how pathetically funny he looked with that little wift of gray hair standing straight up, or was it possible that she had, with malice aforethought, got out those silk pajamas knowing how old and sallow he looked in lavender?

Or when she called up her father's office and asked him to let young Jimmy Slater come out for the day because she didn't want to leave Ches alone, and later got Jimmy on the phone and told him that a very pretty girl was also out for the day, did she suspect that Jimmy would show up in white flannels and looking as young and handsome as handsome youth can look?

"It was good of you to come, Jimmy. It's Miss Tulane, she'll look after Ches. You can make yourself at home here on the veranda and when she isn't busy you can entertain her. The net is up and the court just marked if you two want tennis."

* * * * *

"Lord, Sally, I thought you never were going to get back," was her husband's greeting as she came into his room late that afternoon. "My, how I missed you, girl." He made a pathetic gesture to inquire if Miss Tulane were within hearing.

"She's out with Jimmy."

"Listen, Sally, do you think you could persuade that girl to leave off that sickening perfume and drop that fool lisp she's been affecting. I know I'll have another sick spell if I have to go back to the office with that."

"Well, honey, I don't think we need worry about it now." And the plump jolly face went down against the tired sallow one and her gray eyes twinkled. For, as she came in hadn't she seen something on the vine-covered porch and hadn't her quick ears caught something that sounded like:

"Thank Heaven, I have got the old crank off my hands, now let's get in that set of tennis."

Napoleon's Bad Temper.

When Napoleon was a young cadet he went on one occasion to witness the ascent of a balloon in the Champs de Mars. He entered unperceived the inclosure which contained the balloon, which was then very nearly full and about to ascend, and requested the aeronaut to allow him to enter the car. The request, however, was refused, the reason given being that the feelings of the boy might embarrass the aeronaut.

"Though I am young, I fear neither the powers of earth nor of air!" Bonaparte is reported to have exclaimed.

On being requested to retire, the little cadet, enraged at the refusal, drew his sword and, slitting the balloon in several places, destroyed the apparatus which had been constructed with infinite labor and ingenuity.

Such was Napoleon's first and last attempt to ascend in a balloon.

No Royal Road.

Much of the discord and dissatisfaction of life results from the inevitable failure to beat the game of life without working.—Houston Post.

Experts or Theorists—Which?

The packing industry is intricate, complex—far more so than the railroads or the telegraph.

Every day multiplying needs of society increase its problems and multiplying responsibilities demand more of it.

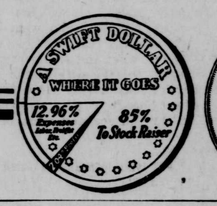
Highly trained experts, specialists of years' experience, thinkers and creative men, devote their lives, their energies, their activities, to solving the problems of the packing industry and meeting its widening duties.

Swift & Company is not a few dozen packing plants, a few hundred branch houses, a few thousand refrigerator cars, and a few million dollars of capital, but an organization of such men. It is the experience, intelligence, initiative and activity which operates this physical equipment.

Can this intelligence, this experience, this initiative and creative effort which handles this business at a profit of only a fraction of a cent per pound from all sources, be fostered through the intervention of political theorists, however pure their purposes? Or be replaced by legislation? Does Congress really think that it can?

Let us send you a Swift "Dollar".
It will interest you.
Address Swift & Company,
Union Stock Yards, Chicago, Ill.

Swift & Company, U.S.A.





Had a Reason.

"I stopped in at the drug store to buy a cigar," said a College avenue man. "Behind me rushed in a lad about five years old. Right up to the clerk he went, yelling: 'Mister, you gave me a penny too much change a while ago!'

"The clerk looked at him a minute and said: 'That's your good luck and for being honest enough to tell me, you may keep the penny.'

"The lad still had a troubled look on his face and soon explained it by saying: "But I bought a penny balloon with it and I wanted to know if you would take it back. They are selling larger ones down at the next drug store for a penny.'"—Indianapolis News.

Didn't Disturb Him.

Mrs. Grogan—Wake oop, ye foghorn! Oi can't shlape a wink on account av yure shnorin'.

Grogan—Ye must thry an' get used to it, the same as Oi hov. On niver notice it mesilf, at all, at all.—Boston Evening Transcript.

If Worms or Tapeworm persist in your system, it is because you have not yet tried the real Vermifuge, Dr. Peery's "Dead Shot." One dose does the work. Adv.

A good wheelwright seldom gets left.

Doubly welcome—the twins.

Manhood is above all riches, over-overtops all titles; character is greater than any career.

Anybody can write a book, but it takes brains to stop a baby bawling.

You Do More Work,

You are more ambitious and you get more enjoyment out of everything when your blood is in good condition. Impurities in the blood have a very depressing effect on the system, causing weakness, laziness, nervousness and sickness.

GROVE'S TASTELESS Chill TONIC restores Energy and Vitality by Purifying and Enriching the Blood. When you feel its strengthening, invigorating effect, see how it brings color to the cheeks and how it improves the appetite, you will then appreciate its true tonic value.

GROVE'S TASTELESS Chill TONIC is not a patent medicine, it is simply IRON and QUININE suspended in Syrup. So pleasant even children like it. The blood needs Quinine to Purify it and IRON to Enrich it. These reliable tonic properties never fail to drive out impurities in the blood.

The Strength-Creating Power of GROVE'S TASTELESS Chill TONIC has made it the favorite tonic in thousands of homes. More than thirty-five years ago, folks would ride a long distance to get GROVE'S TASTELESS Chill TONIC when a member of their family had Malaria or needed a body-building, strength-giving tonic. The formula is just the same today, and you can get it from any drug store. 60c per bottle.

MASS OF WONDROUS COLORS

Beauties of Sea-Gardens Along the Massachusetts Coast Are Almost Beyond Description.

Along the rocky coast of Nahant, Mass., the tide, rising and falling through a distance of nine feet, leaves as it recedes, quiet pools in the holes and crevices at the base of the cliffs, where flourish little worlds of marine plant sand animals. Of these tide-pools of Nahant, the "Agassiz cave" contains one of the most beautiful of the sea-gardens of the northern shore. Completely covered at high tide, at low water the mysteries of its recesses are revealed to wondering human eyes.

Many-colored star-fishes and sea anemones, gorgeous sea weeds, fragile, pink-hearted hydroids clustered in flowed-like masses, delicate pink fronds of coralline, iridescent, violet-tipped Irish moss gleaming like jewels in the sunlight, and velvety green clusters of sea-lettuce—these are some of the beauties of the tide-pool. All have been exactly reproduced in the American museum, under the direction of Roy W. Miner, associate curator of the department of invertebrate zoology.

Freaks Caused by Erosion.

One of the minor "sights" at Shanghai is a huge rock in the shape of a dog sitting up. It is a natural formation. The surface of the earth owes its peculiarities of contour largely to "erosion"—in other words, to stream-flow and "weathering." Thus the great Colorado canyon was cut by a river. The so-called Bad Lands of the West, which present to the eye an aspect so weirdly spectacular, are a product of erosion on a vast scale. That region is a favorite hunting ground for the bones of gigantic extinct reptiles, often revealed to view by the feathering of rocks that once were mud in which they died.—Popular Science Monthly.

Brains and Looks.

A brain specialist said to a mother of young children: "Those children's brains will never develop unless you send them to bed at a proper hour. And, worse still, your little girls will lose their looks."

SAID TO BE OLDEST ORGAN

Musical Instrument Dating From the Eleventh Century Found in Church in the Pyrenees.

In a recent number of The King's Highway Ethel M. Bilbrough describes places of interest in the Pyrenees. She describes, among other things, the little village of St. Savin with its old church and abbey:

"The church is remarkable for its eleventh century work and for the quaint old organ it possesses, which is literally crumbling to pieces with age. Its few remaining pipes fall feebly against each other, and on the front panels are carved three huge fantastic heads, with cavernous holes where mouths and eyes should be. The old peasant who showed us over the church explained that in days gone by, when the organ was being played, these grotesque faces were rendered more lifelike by a long tongue protruding from the mouth, while eyes would suddenly emerge and roll about in the sockets. This was done, our guide informed us, to keep the attention of the congregation. He wound up by the proud declaration that it was 'the oldest organ in the world.'"

Hanging a Witch by Her Hair.

Belief in witchcraft is still held by some of the Alaskan Indians, and a horrible penalty was inflicted upon a young girl who was believed by one of the tribes to be a witch. The girl, who is only sixteen, was tied to a tree by her hair, and with her hands tied behind her. In this condition she was left to meet whatever fate might befall her. She was found a few days later by a passing party of white people, almost dead from starvation and thirst, and her face so badly bitten by mosquitoes that the features were indistinguishable. She was taken to a settlement, and with care and nursing is expected to recover.

Result of Thought.

Simplicity of character is the natural result of profound thought.—Hazlitt.



Liverease

Buoyant, happy, healthy life! The whole house ringing with laughter and filled with good times. Is your house one of these?

How many mothers realize that THEIR OWN health is the fountain head of the health of the whole family? The mother is the center. Her health of mind and body is reflected in everything around her.

If you are NOT well, if you are nervous, irritable, can't work, can't play, can't eat with any appetite, the chances are that your liver is out of order.

Try LIVERNASE. It is a preparation resulting from long experiment and clinical practice by an eminent physician. If you have liver trouble, indigestion, constipation or the "blues," it will quickly help you. Good for the Whole Family, including Dad. Be well! Try LIVERNASE! Send $1.00 for a regular size. It will act at once. If not satisfied, we return your money. Address,

DELHI CHEMICAL COMPANY, Station D, BALTIMORE, MD.



"Healthy mother—healthy children."

Disappointed.

Grandma—What did you think of church this morning?

Kid—I didn't like the organ very much.

Grandma—Why not, dear?

Kid—Because there wasn't any monkey with it.

Reserve is a force; timidity, a weakness; and success belongs to the strong.



Skin Tortured Babies Sleep After Cuticura

All druggists; Soap 25, Ointment 25 and 50, Talcum 25. Sample each free of "Cuticura, Dept. S, Boston."



PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

A toilet preparation of merit. Helps to eradicate dandruff. For Restoring Color and Beauty to Gray and Faded Hair. 60c and $1.00 at druggists.

HINDERCORNS Removes Corns, Calluses, etc., stops all pain, ensures comfort to the feet, makes walking easy. 15c. by mail or at Druggists. Hiscox Chemical Works, Patchogue, N. Y.

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES Rests, Refreshes, Soothes, Heals—Keep your Eyes Strong and Healthy. If they Tire, Smart, Itch, or Burn, if Sore, Irritated, Inflamed or Granulated, use Murine often. Safe for Infant or Adult. At all Druggists. Write for Free Eye Book. Murine Eye Remedy Company, Chicago, U. S. A.

LADIES! HAVE YOUR SKIN SOFT, CLEAR. Beauty easily obtained. Formula, 25c. Culver, 66 New St., East Orange, N. J.

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