GET READY FOR "FLU"

Keep Your Liver Active, Your System Purified and Free From Colds by Taking Calotabs, the Nauseless Calomel Tablets, that are Delightful, Safe and Sure.

Physicians and Druggists are advising their friends to keep their systems purified and their organs in perfect working order as a protection against the return of influenza. They know that a clogged up system and a lazy liver favor colds, influenza and serious complications.

To cut short a cold overnight and to prevent serious complications take one Calotab at bedtime with a swallow of water—that's all. No salts, no nausea, no griping, no sickening after effects. Next morning your cold has vanished, your liver is active, your system is purified and refreshed and you are feeling fine with a hearty appetite for breakfast. Eat what you please—no danger.

Calotabs are sold only in original sealed packages, price thirty-five cents. Every druggist is authorized to refund your money if you are not perfectly delighted with Calotabs.—(Adv.)

A Dusty Worm.

"Why don't you marry him?"

"He has such freakish ideas. Says he's a worm of the dust."

"But as long as he is a worm with the dust, what do you care?"—Boston Transcript.

YOU'LL SOON LOOK OLD FROM HERE UP

Let "Danderine" check that nasty dandruff and stop hair falling.



Get a small bottle of "Danderine" at any drug store for a few cents, pour a little into your hand and rub well into the scalp with the finger tips. By morning most, if not all, of this awful scurf will have disappeared. Two or three applications often remove every bit of dandruff and stop falling hair. Every hair on scalp shortly shows more life, vigor, brightness, thickness and color.—Adv.

Adam must have been swift-footed, inasmuch as he was first in the human race.

If You Need a Medicine You Should Have the Best

Have you ever stopped to reason why it is that so many products that are extensively advertised, all at once drop out of sight and are soon forgotten? The reason is plain—the article did not fulfill the promises of the manufacturer. This applies more particularly to a medicine. A medicinal preparation that has real curative value almost sells itself, as like an endless chain system the remedy is recommended by those who have been benefited, to those who are in need of it.

A prominent druggist says "Take for example Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, a preparation I have sold for many years and never hesitate to recommend, for in almost every case it shows excellent results, as many of my customers testify. No other kidney remedy has so large a sale."

According to sworn statements and verified testimony of thousands who have used the preparation, the success of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root is due to the fact, as many people claim, that it fulfills almost every wish in overcoming kidney, liver and bladder ailments; corrects urinary troubles and neutralizes the uric acid which causes rheumatism.

You may receive a sample bottle of Swamp-Root by Parcels Post. Address Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., and enclose ten cents; also mention this paper. Large and medium size bottles for sale at all drug stores.—Adv.

Some men enjoy chronic laziness as much as others enjoy a well earned rest.

100% PEP!

If Constipated, Bilious or Headachy, take "Cascarets."

Feel bully! Be efficient! Don't stay sick, bilious, headachy, constipated. Remove the liver and bowel poison which is keeping your head dizzy, your tongue coated, your breath bad and stomach sour. Why not spend a few cents for a box of Cascarets and enjoy the nicest, gentlest laxative-cathartic you ever experienced? Cascarets never gripe, sicken or inconvenience one like Salts, Oil, Calomel or harsh Pills. They work while you sleep.—Adv.

Work! Work! that is my unfailing cure for all troubles.—Lydia Maria Child.

Constipation indigestion, sick-headache and bilious conditions are overcome by a course of Garfield Tea. Drink before retiring.—Adv.

Farmers are the only men who can "help each other with their work."

Roman Eye Balsam is an antiseptic ointment, applied externally and not a "wash." It heals the inflamed surfaces, providing prompt relief.—Adv.

On the street cars, the fat men always seem to get the inside seats.



The House of Whispers

By William Johnston © by Little, Brown & Co.

Illustrations by Irwin Myers

"THE LITTLE PEOPLE."

Synopsis.—Spalding Nelson receives an invitation to dinner from his great-uncle, Rufus Gaston. On the way he meets Barbara Bradford and renders her a service. She lives in the same apartment building as the Gastons. They go there together. Gaston and his wife are going to Maine for a trip and ask Nelson to live in their apartments. He accepts. The Gastons tell him of mysterious noises about the apartment—"whispers" and noises that have scared them. Going to the apartment a few days later Nelson again meets Barbara, his accidental acquaintance. Nelson meets the building superintendent, Wick, and instinctively dislikes him. In a wall safe he finds a necklace of magnificent pearls. Next day Nelson finds the pearls have disappeared from the wall safe. His first idea of informing the police is not acted upon because of peculiar circumstances. He has been discharged from his position without adequate explanation or reason, and feels himself involved in something of a mystery. He decides to conduct an investigation himself. That night Barbara signals from the window of her apartment, which is opposite his, and they arrange a meeting for next day. In the morning he finds a note in his room, asking him why he had not informed the police of the loss of the jewels. Barbara tells Nelson her sister Claire had some years before made a run-away marriage with an adventurer, from whom she was soon parted, and the marriage had been annulled. Claire is engaged to be married and someone knowing of her escapade has stolen documents concerning the affair from the Bradford apartment and is attempting to blackmail the Bradfords. Nelson and Barbara exchange confidences about the "whispers," mysterious notes and other queer doings, which are much alike in both apartments.

CHAPTER V—Continued.

—5—

I wondered which had been his bedroom. It was hardly likely that he had occupied the room in which I slept. As I debated the matter I heard someone moving about my room and went to investigate. It was Mrs. Burke, making up my bed. She would know which room my great-uncle had been accustomed to occupy.

As I entered the bedroom for the purpose of cross-questioning her, my first impression—and philosopers tell us that the first is most likely to be the correct one—was of a simple-minded, kindly old Irish woman of the utmost honesty. I was certain just by looking at her that there wasn't a crooked hair in her head, even if she had had the intelligence necessary for crimes beyond the ordinary.

"It's Mr. Nelson I'm seeing at last," she exclaimed with satisfaction. "I was wondering when I would be laying eyes on ye."

"Yes," said I," "I am Mr. Nelson, Mr. Gaston's great-nephew."

"Sure and I'd have knowed ye anywhere. It's as like ye are as two peas, barring the old gentleman's white hairs."

Her statement rather startled me, for while I never had regarded myself as an Adonis, on the other hand I never had supposed I looked anything like old Rufus.

"Was this my great-uncle's bedroom when he was here?" I asked, trying to make my inquiry seem casual.

"It was and it wasn't," Mrs. Burke replied. "He gets queer notions, the ould gentleman does. In the last few weeks he's slept in every room in the house."

"What made him do that?"

"It's not for me to be saying." Devoutly she crossed herself. "Some-



"Sometimes I Do Be Thinking the House Is Haunted."

times I do be thinking the house is haunted. The old man was all the time mumbling about—"

She hesitated and looked furtively about.

"About whispers," I suggested. Instead of replying to my question she shot another one at me.

"And have ye been hearing them, too?"

I laughed, trying to put a note of merriment into my tones.

"I don't believe in things like that."

The old woman nodded her head sagely.

"It ain't believing in them things that makes you hear them. Either you hear them or you don't. The old man heard them."

"How do you know?"

"Didn't I hear him asking meself about it? He heard them, many times."

"How about the others—the servants—did they hear them, too?"

"They may have that. Niggers is always hearing things anyhow. It's what the white folk hear that counts."

"How about the other apartments in the house? Do the people in them hear whispers?"

"Never that I've heard tell of, but how should I know? This is the only place in the house that I work."

"Did Mrs. Gaston ever speak to you about it?"

"She did and she did not. She never in so many words asked me if I heard them. All she says to me was, 'Nora, if ever you see or hear anything strange or unusual here, you're to let me know at once.' And I says, 'Yis, Mrs. Gaston, I will.'"

"And have you ever seen or heard anything?"

The old woman busied herself with making up the bed for a moment before she answered me.

"I'm not saying I've seen anything," she began, "but there's thiugs I could be telling if I was minded to open my lips."

"If you know anything," I said, "you must tell me. Mr. Gaston put me here to find out what was wrong."

"There's no doubt there's wrong here."

"What makes you say that? What have you seen? What do you know?"

"It's neither what I've seen nor what I know." She nodded mysteriously. "It's what I've been hearing myself."

"For heaven's sake, woman," I cried, losing patience, "what is it you've heard?"

"I've heard them walking," she announced with an air of triumph.

"You've heard who walking?"

"The little people, of course. Who else would it be doing it?"

"Oh, bosh!" I exclaimed. I was well enough acquainted with the superstitions of the Irish to understand who she meant by "the little people." It's the habit of the old crones from the Emerald isle to attribute anything they cannot understand to fairies.

"You may laugh," she retorted indignantly, "but I heard them, I tell ye."

"Where did you hear them, these footsteps?"

"Coming right out of the wall, here in this room, and in the kitchen, beyond."

"It was probably somebody in another apartment you heard."

"It was not. The floors do be deadened like, and it's nothing at all you can hear. It was somebody walking soft-like right there in the wall at me back."

"Well," I announced, "if there is anything like that going on, I am going to stay here until I hear it. I want to make sure no one can come into the apartment but myself, so I am going to ask you to give me your key. I'll be home here all the morning, so I can let you in when you ring."

"It's me key you're wanting, is it?"

She produced it from a pocket of her gown and handed it over, first unknotting it from a corner of her kerchief where she had tied it for safe keeping.

"And indeed if it's meself you're not trusting with a key after Mrs. Gaston letting me have it for these ten years back, it's your own bed you can be making. I'll not be coming near the place again."

In fine indignation she flounced out of the place. To tell the truth I was not sorry that she had announced her decision not to return. While my impression of her was that she was a simple-minded old woman of utternost honesty, I was just as well satisfied that no one but myself should have entry to the apartment until I had finished my investigations and had made further progress in solving the mysteries that were so rapidly developing.

Left once more to myself, I sat down at my great-uncle's desk and made out a list of questions that must be answered:

1. Where was Rufus Gaston? Had the old gentleman really gone away or was he in hiding in the building?

2. Who had removed the Gaston pearls from the wall safe? It must be someone who knew the combination.

3. Who had written the note I found on the floor of my bedroom? How and when had it been placed on the floor there?

4. Who were the persons who were trying to blackmail the family next door?

5. How had the anonymous notes been delivered on the floor of Barbara Bradford's room? (Evidently the writer was the same as in my case.)

6. Was there anything in the past relations of Mr. Bradford and my great-uncle that would cause my great-uncle to plot against the Bradford family?

7. How were the mysterious sounds heard both by my great-uncle, by Barbara Bradford, and by myself to be accounted for?

8. How were the mysterious footsteps heard by Mrs. Burke to be explained? Were they merely the imaginings of a superstitious old woman?

The relations between Mr. Bradford and Rufus Gaston puzzled me. Miss Bradford's recollection of her father's remark about my great-uncle certainly indicated that he held no high opinion of him. My great-uncle's actions throughout had been peculiar. His suddenly sending for me and insisting on my coming here to live, his insistence on leaving his wife's jewels in my care, and on entrusting me with the combination of the safe, all now took on a sinister aspect. It certainly was peculiar that he had gone off without leaving me any address where he could be reached.

Then, too, there was my own unexpected and unwarranted discharge at my place of business. I was positive in some way it was connected with my having come to this place to live. Had my great-uncle himself brought it about for the purpose of discrediting me? Was it the work of the blackmailers to get square with me for having accidentally butted in on the meeting they had arranged with Miss Bradford?

The scar-faced man! Who was he? I was certain that he was in some way involved. It might have been he who had caused me to lose my job. Certainly the malevolent glance he had given me in the restaurant that night showed that he would have wrought me harm if he could. The next time I laid eyes on him I was determined to trail him with bulldog tenacity until I ascertained his identity and where he lived. I felt sure that the trail of the mystery would lead to his door.

I decided not to leave the apartment all day. I had laid in a plentiful supply of food the day before so there was no necessity for my going out. There was plenty of work for me to do. I must try to devise some way of examining the safe door and the jewel box that remained for evidence of fingerprints, and I must inspect the building both from within and without to see if I could learn how the notes were delivered.

From one of the toilet tables I obtained some fine powder and opening the wall safe again I took out the jewel box and carefully dusted it over with the powder. I hoped that the powder would reveal markings of hands on the box, but either I was too inexperienced or my method was wrong, for I succeeded in obtaining



I Gazed at It Horror-Stricken.

no sort of result, beyond finding out what my own fingerprints looked like on a sheet of paper prepared with some home-made lampblack. After an hour or two of experimentation I gave it up as a bad job, and turned to the study of methods by which the notes might have been delivered.

The Gaston apartment was on the sixth floor of the building, which was surrounded by ordinary three and four-story dwelling houses. It must have been someone in the building, if not in the apartment itself. It would be quite possible for someone on the floor above to have projected the notes through my window and that of Miss Bradford by attaching them to the end of a long stick. I made up my mind to ascertain who occupied the apartments above.

The mystery of the whispers did not seem to be of such easy solution. While I had been inclined at first to regard my own experience as a dream, the coincidence of Miss Bradford and my great-uncle having had the same illusion convinced me that it was some claptrap devised by the plotters for preying on the fears of their intended victims.

Eagerly I waited for the coming of evening and from half-past seven on I sat by my window waiting for Barbara's signal. It was nearly nine o'clock before I heard the three taps that had so startled me the evening before. Quickly I thrust my head out of the window and was rewarded by seeing hers appear at the same moment.

"We must not talk long," she warned me. "Someone might see us. Have you learned anything new?"

"Yes," I whispered. "In my uncle's diary I found several entries about the whispers."

"How strange!" she exclaimed. "Where is Mr. Gaston?"

"I don't know."

"That's funny."

"It's more than that. It is decidedly odd that he left no word where he could be reached."

"I don't blame him," she almost sobbed. "I wish we could all get away off somewhere, away from it all."

"Don't worry. Everything we find out will help discover the plotters. Tell me from what part of your room did the sounds come."

"Always from the same place, up in the corner, near the ceiling."

"I thought so," I answered. "That's where they came from in my room. That shows it is just some mechanical trick they are using in the hope of terrifying us. Do you know who lives on the floor above?"

"I haven't the slightest idea. Do you suspect them?"

"I suspect everybody until this mystery is solved." I replied almost savagely.

"Not so loud, they may hear you. Have you learned anything else?"

"No, nothing. I questioned old Mrs. Burke, Mrs. Gaston's laundress. She knew nothing, although she insisted that she had often heard footsteps when there was no one in the apartment. Of course it is only her imagination."

"I'm not so sure," Miss Bradford whispered. "I've heard them, too. They seemed to come right out of the wall."

"Why," I exclaimed in amazement, "that's just how she described them."

"Often, too, when I get up in the morning I have a strange feeling that there must have been someone in my room while I was asleep."

"How strange!" I muttered, more to myself than to her. "I wonder if it could be anyone walking in their sleep."

"You mean"—she hesitated—"my sister?"

"I don't mean anyone," I hastened to say. "I was only thinking aloud, wondering if it could be a possible explanation. I have heard of innocent persons doing all sorts of things under hypnotic influence."

"I've read of that, too," she said soberly, "I wonder—"

She left the sentence unfinished, but I felt that the same thought had flashed into her mind as into mine. Was it possible that the unscrupulous Frenchman who had wronged her sister years ago had in some way recently gained an interview with her and had gotten her once more into his power? Could it be that under the spell of another's mind Claire Bradford herself had taken away the papers concerning the annulment of her marriage and was placing the notes in the blackmail plot?

"Look here," I said determinedly, "we've got to see each other somewhere tomorrow and talk this over. Where can we meet?"

"I'm afraid I can't manage it tomorrow. I'm busy with my mother and sister all day long. Tuesday, perhaps. But we mustn't talk here longer. Good night."

"Good night," I called softly but her head had been already withdrawn, so quickly that I hardly knew whether she heard me. As I was about ready for bed I recalled that I had spent most of the money I had in my pockets, so I visited the bookcase where I had secreted my hoard and taking out a twenty-dollar bill, wrapped it about the three one-dollar bills I had left and put the roll in my trousers pocket.

The next morning, as I was dressing, I happened to draw forth my money. I gazed at it horror-stricken.

I distinctly recalled having wrapped the twenty-dollar bill about the three smaller bills. Now one of the dollar bills was on the outside.

There before me was indisputable evidence that someone had been in my room while I slept, someone had gone through my pockets and had examined my money. Someone had put the dollar bill on the outside of the roll.

Who had done it? How had they got into the room?

Enter Gorman, the detective.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

PATRON SAINT OF HATTERS

Why St. Clement Has Long Been Accorded Recognition by Makers of Head Coverings.

St. Clement is known as the patron saint of hatters, because of his discovery for the making of a compact fabric out of wool without pressure or weaving. The story goes that this devout priest, while on a journey, became footsore and tired, and, removing his sandals, sought rest by the roadside.

St. Clement was soon disturbed by the bleating of lambs. Looking up, he beheld a fox that had just seized one of the helpless young sheep. He cleared a hedge just in time to destroy the fox and rescue the lamb, in the process of which act he observed loose wool, which he gathered and examined.

The priest was struck by the sudden inspiration that here was relief for his lacerated feet. Binding the yielding wool on his wounds, he was able to continue his journey. On reaching his destination St. Clement removed the sandals from his feet, discovering instead of the fine soft wool a piece of unfinished cloth, seemingly so firm and thick that he couldn't pull it apart. He called the matted material "felt."

This accidental knowledge of the priest caused the basic principle that underlies the men's hat industry. November 23 has been named St. Clement's day and is a red-letter day for the hat manufacturers of many countries.

Rock Cannon.

When the island of Malta was under the rule of the Knights of Malta they defended their sovereignty with cannon bored in the rock. Each one of these strange weapons contained an entire barrel of powder, and as it was not possible to vary the aim of the cannon fifty of them were made ready, facing various directions from which the enemy might approach.

When the fame of these arms of defense became known to the world the idea was conceived of transporting rock to the summits to serve the same purpose but the scheme was impracticable.

Date With a Party.

My partner in business was called out of town and was not expected to return for a few days, so when I met his wife on the street she remarked that she was lonesome and I asked her to meet me late and have dinner with me. It was all arranged and I went to the office to fix up for the occasion when in came hubby and wanted to know why the dolling up, so I said that I had a date with a party. When I met my friend's wife I told her hubby had returned and she said: "Why I know it; I told him you and I were going out to dine."—Exchange.

Find Value of Various Woods.

Investigations by the agricultural department show that one standard cord of well-seasoned hickory, oak, beech, birch, hard maple, ash, elm, locust or cherry wood is approximately equal to one ton of anthracite coal. A cord and a half of soft maple or two cords of cedar, poplar or bass wood are required to give the same amount of heat. One cord of well-seasoned mixed wood equals at least one ton of average grade bituminous coal.

Quite True.

"That fellow got money out of me by telling me he was in the trenches and he never went to war at all."

"But he told you the truth. He is employed laying gas pipes."

HANDS ACROSS

By GRACE R. RILEY.

(©, 1920, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

The electric fan hummed monotonously; the bookkeeper's pen scratched unceasingly; even the keys under the stenographer's fingers were momentarily still, when the door suddenly opened and a voice boomed through the silence:

"Is Duncan Pratt in?"

The office force became rigid; alert.

"Your name, please," a clerk inquired.

"Norman Dodge of Dodge, Ltd., London."

A comprehensive glance flashed from one to the other. Dodge, their largest competitor!

Mr. Pratt's door opened and a striking young woman, tall and slender, with a regal carriage, whose bronze hair in sunlight turned to gold, summoned the stranger within. What occurred there no one knew; but in a short time he emerged, muttering in a testy voice:

"You'll regret your decision, Pratt!"

As he drove away from the building his brain plotted the downfall of Pratt & Co. He forgot the war had so undermined the once impregnable solidity of his house that he was driven to Duncan Pratt to reinstate his business to its former financial standing. His car halted abruptly; his chauffer leaped from the motor and lifted an unconscious girl from the pavement. Without looking at her, Mr. Dodge ordered that she be taken in his car to the hospital.

His days were crowded. His brain was constantly revolving the problem of Pratt's refusal. A week passed before he again visited the hospital, where he learned that Patient 36 was doing well and would like to see him. She sat in a chair by the window; the sun on her hair turning it to gold.

"How do you do, Mr. Dodge?"

With a great effort he managed to say something agreeable, but his mind and his speech had no connection whatsoever. For an hour they chatted pleasantly. When departing he touched lightly upon their first meeting.

"Now that I have run down his secretary, Mr. Pratt will be even more obdurate on my proposal—"

"Please don't think that. I intend you shall be friends some day."

Every day Norman Dodge spent an hour with "Miss 36," as she insisted upon being called, and finally she was able to ride with him.

"I am going home tomorrow, Mr. Dodge. Next Sunday will you dine with us?"

"Where is your home?"

He was surprised when she gave him an address in the heart of Boston's most exclusive center.

"I'll be there."

When Sunday came he was elated as a college boy. Never had he met a girl like this one, and he knew the impression was to be a lasting one. The girl's home was of solid brown stone.

"Miss 36 is an anomaly—her character and appearance belong to this beautiful house, yet she is one of the toilers of the world," he thought, as he waited for her in a room whose rich simplicity bespoke not only money, but good taste.

"Mr. Dodge," she came in with hand extended, "father will be here directly, so let's be frivolous while we may before you become immersed in business. Father lives and moves and has his being in business, and the only chance I ever have of seeing him is at his office."

"What's that, daughter?"

Norman Dodge turned at the voice.

"This man her father! It could not be!"

He found himself greeting Duncan Pratt. His daughter left them alone.

"Dodge," said Mr. Pratt, "since we last talked business, your chauffeur has accomplished that which was absolutely beyond you. In running down my daughter, he has brought us together. In business—you will pardon my frankness—you had cut my throat as often as possible. I would have retaliated, but the great Dodge, Ltd. was beyond my reach. Then the war—the great leveler—brought you within my grasp and I meant to crush you. When you had this accident, your treatment of a girl whom you supposed to be poor, made a strong appeal, and my daughter, whom I prize more than she can ever know, has made a stronger. She insists, and I agree if you do, that we must be friends."

Norman Dodge took the hand extended to him. "I gladly agree."

"Then shall we go further—let us reconsider the matter which brought you to my office. If details can be arranged, shall we clasp hands across the sea?"

"Wait a moment, you two—I am coming into this hand-holding campaign." Natalie Pratt came back into the room. "I think the combination should include me, too," She looked from one to the other, the dimples coming and going, a blush coloring her cheeks.

"Mr. Pratt, can you open your heart still further and accept me as a son? I love your daughter, and—"

"She loves you, and you mighty well know it!" interpolated Natalie.

"Dodge, since I declined to go with Natalie into society, Natalie insisted upon going with me into business. You will do well in acquiring her head as well as her heart. We will have a combine that can't be beaten!" said her father, as he clasped their hands in his own.

House Full of Creepers.

"There is a house near ours which has more than 200 varieties of creepers, and it is a crying nuisance."

"Why, isn't it decorative?"

"No; it's an infant asylum."—Baltimore American.

Ill at Ease.

"The young man seems embarrassed."

"He wants to buy some cigarettes."

"Well?"

"For a lady, he says."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Sure Relief



6 BELL-ANS Hot water Sure Relief

BELL-ANS FOR INDIGESTION

SLOW DEATH

Aches, pains, nervousness, difficulty in urinating, often mean serious disorders. The world's standard remedy for kidney, liver, bladder and uric acid troubles—

GOLD MEDAL HAARLEM OIL CAPSULES

bring quick relief and often ward off deadly diseases. Known as the national remedy of Holland for more than 200 years. All druggists, in three sizes. Look for the name Gold Medal on every box and accept no imitation

Liggett & Myers KING PIN CHEWING TOBACCO

Has that good licorice taste you've been looking for.

HELP WANTED—Men or women can turn spare time into dollars working in their own home for us. No canvassing or selling. Free particulars on home work. Write today. ART CRAFT COMPANY, Mount Union, Pa.

Everyone Buys Our Chocolates while visiting Washington. Send dollar and see. Old Va. Stores Corp., Munsey Bldg., Washington.

Virtue is almost anti-everything. Most of the commandments are "don'ts."

RUB RHEUMATISM OR SORE, ACHING JOINTS

Rub Pain Right Out With Small Trial Bottle of Old "St. Jacobs Oil."

Rheumatism is "pain" only. Not one case in fifty requires internal treatment. Stop drugging. Rub soothing, penetrating "St. Jacobs Oil" right into your sore, stiff, aching joints and muscles, and relief comes instantly. "St. Jacobs Oil" is a harmless rheumatism cure which never disappoints and cannot burn the skin.

Limber up! Quit complaining! Get a small trial bottle of old, honest "St. Jacobs Oil" at any drug store, and in just a moment you'll be free from rheumatic pain, soreness, stiffness and swelling. Don't suffer! Relief awaits you. "St. Jacobs Oil" has cured millions of rheumatism sufferers in the last half century, and is just as good for sciatica, neuralgia, lumbago, backache, sprains.—Adv.

Once accumulate a big fortune and if it lasts a century it lasts forever.

TAKE ASPIRIN RIGHT

Bayer Company, who introduced Aspirin in 1900, give proper directions.

To get quick relief follow carefully the safe and proper directions in each unbroken package of "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin." This package is plainly stamped with the safety "Bayer Cross."

The "Bayer Cross" means the genuine, world-famous Aspirin, prescribed by physicians for over eighteen years.

"Bayer Tablets of Aspirin" can be taken safely for Colds, Headache, Toothache, Earache, Neuralgia, Lumbago, Rheumatism, Joint Pains, Neuritis, and Pain generally.

Handy tin boxes of 12 tablets cost but a few cents. Druggists also sell larger "Bayer" packages. Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid.—Adv.

Genius may not be infinite attention to details, but business is.

FRECKLES

How Is the Time to Get Rid of These Ugly Spots

There's no longer the slightest need of feeling ashamed of your freckles, as Othine—double strength—is guaranteed to remove these homely spots.

Simply get an ounce of Othine—double strength—from your druggist, and apply a little of it night and morning and you should soon see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than one ounce is needed to completely clear the skin and gain a beautiful clear complexion.

Be sure to ask for the double strength Othine, as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckles.

Some men are born kickers and some fall victims to dyspepsia.

RECIPE FOR GRAY HAIR.

To half pint of water add 1 oz. Bay Rum, a small box of Barbo Compound, and ½ oz. of glycerine. Apply to the hair twice a week until it becomes the desired shade. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it at home at very little cost. It will gradually darken streaked, faded gray hair, and will make harsh hair soft and glossy. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy, and does not rub off.—Adv.

Jonah was a conundrum, and the whale had to give him up.

Murine for Your Eyes

Night and Morning. *Have Strong, Healthy Eyes.* If they Tire, Itch, Smart or Burn, if Sore, Irritated, Inflamed or Granulated, use Murine often. Soothes. Refreshes. Safe for Infant or Adult. At all Druggists. Write for Free Eye Book. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago

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