DO ALL MY HOUSEWORK

Before I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I could hardly stand, says Mrs. Kwarcinski.



Chicago, Ill.—"I suffered with displacement and irregularities and I did not know what to do. My mother advised me to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and use the Sanative Wash so I took her advice and used these remedies and cured myself. I feel fine and do all my housework which I could not do before, as I could hardly stand up and I have three healthy children. You can use this letter if you wish, for your remedy is certainly wonderful for sick, run down women."—Mrs. A. KWARCINSKI, 3627 W. Oakdale Ave., Chicago, Ill.

For forty years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has been making women strong and well, relieving backache, nervousness, ulceration, and inflammation, weakness, displacements, irregularities and periodic pains. It has also proved invaluable in preparing for childbirth and the Change of Life.

Women who suffer are invited to write for free and helpful advice to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential), Lynn, Mass. It is free and always helpful.

Thousands of Happy Housewives in

Western Canada

are helping their husbands to prosper—are glad they encouraged them to go where they could make a home of their own—save paying rent and reduce the cost of living—where they could reach prosperity and independence by buying on easy terms

Fertile Land at $15 to $30 an Acre

—land similar to that which through many years has yielded from 20 to 45 bushels of wheat to the acre. Hundreds of farmers in Western Canada have raised crops in a single season worth more than the whole cost of their land. With such crops come prosperity, independence, good homes, and all the comforts and conveniences which make for happy living.

Farm Gardens—Poultry—Dairying

are sources of income second only to grain growing and stock raising. Good climate, good neighbors, churches, schools, rural telephone, etc., give you the opportunities of a new land with the conveniences of old settled districts.

For illustrated literature, maps, description of farm opportunities in Manitoba, Saskatchewan, and Alberta, reduced railway rates, etc., write Department of Immigration, Ottawa, Can., or

F. A. HARRISON
310 N. Third St., Harrisburg, Pa.
Canadian Government Agent.

SAYS PILES ALL GONE AND NO MORE ECZEMA

"I had eczema for many years on my head and could not get anything to stop the agony. I saw your ad and got one box of Peterson's Ointment and I owe you many thanks for the good it has done me. There isn't a blotch on my head now and I couldn't help but thank Peterson, for the cure is great." Miss Mary Hill, 420 Third avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa.

"I have had itching piles for 15 years and Peterson's is the only ointment that relieves me, besides the piles seem to have gone." A. B. Ruger, 1127 Washington avenue, Racine, Wis.

Use Peterson's Ointment for old sores, salt rheum, chafing and all skin diseases, 35 cents. Druggists recommend it. Mail orders filled by Peterson Ointment Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

He Has Our Sympathy.

"So Helen Strongmind is to be married to Mr. Wurm."

"Not exactly. Helen says he is to be married to her."

"Oh, yes, of course. She's asked you to be her bridesmaid, hasn't she?"

"No; she asked me to be her 'best woman.'"—Boston Transcript.

Important to Mothers

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, that famous old remedy for infants and children, and see that it

Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

In Use for Over 30 Years.
Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

Something Gained.

"It strikes me that $100 is a lot of money to pay for a suit like that."

"True enough," said Mr. Glipping, "but I'll have the use of the $100 for at least sixty days longer."

"How so?"

"I had it charged."

A torpid liver condition prevents proper food assimilation. Tone up your liver with Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills. They act gently and surely.—Adv.

Probably Did That.

"Naw, I never vote. I never bother with public affairs." "Did you consent to be counted when the census was taken?"

Women Made Young

Bright eyes, a clear skin and a body full of youth and health may be yours if you will keep your system in order by regularly taking

GOLD MEDAL HAARLEM OIL CAPSULES

The world's standard remedy for kidney, liver, bladder and uric acid troubles, the enemies of life and looks. In use since 1696. All druggists, three sizes.
Look for the name Gold Medal on every box and accept no imitation

FILMS DEVELOPED

Mail Us 20c With Any Size Film for development and 6 Velvet Prints, or send 6 negatives, any size, and 20c for 6 prints, or 40c for Beautiful Mounted Enlargement. Our nearness insures prompt service. Full Details and Price List on request.

ROANOKE PHOTO FINISHING CO., 297 Gail Ave., Roanoke, Va.

Skin Troubles
—Soothed—
With Cuticura
Soap 25c, Ointment 25 and 50c, Talcum 25c.

Magazine Department

Interesting Features for Home Reading

BEAUTY CHATS

by Edna Kent Forbes

PROFILES

WHEN a girl tells me her profile is bad looking, I usually tell her to change the way she does her hair. This is the simplest, easiest way to improve the appearance of the side face. Indeed, the way the hair is arranged makes a tremendous difference in the profile. A thin face can be made to seem more rounded if the hair is pulled over the face, a high forehead can be eliminated by pulling the hair down nearer the brows, a prominent



The Hair Frequently Changes the Appearance of the Profile.

nose looks best if the hair is fluffed softly around the face, a small nose is made to seem larger if the knot of the hair comes opposite it.

By studying various arrangements, using the hand mirror and dresser mirror to get the side view, you can find for yourself the best way of fixing the hair for your own profile. Only a perfect face can stand the severe style, while a fat face needs the hair soft around the edges and fluffed only a trifle.

Of course, a deformed face can be improved by neoplasine treatments. And a profile that shows the mouth line out of harmony, can be improved by dental treatments. But a rearrangement of the hair will do wonders in many cases.

(Copyright.)

—o—

Off Again, On Again

STRICKLAND W. GILLILAN

(Copyright.)

HEAD-ON-THE-HAND PICTURE.

When he had his picture taken with
his head upon his hand,
We were good and proud of Billy—he
was looking something grand!
He had started in to college and was
tagged for father's frat,
Or some other great achievement quite
as wonderful as that.
So we were impressed with Billy and
were proud to beat the band,
When he had his picture taken with
his head upon his hand.

That is, all we kids felt that way.
Father seemed to like it less,
For he said, "Good Lord!" when shown
it, and he seemed in deep distress.
Mother grinned a bit and giggled, and
somehow it wasn't joy
Of the kind we had expected, for the
honor of her boy.
And she said, "Remember, father?"
"Yes," he said. "I cannot stand
To recall MY picture taken with my
head upon my hand!"

* * *

About Advertising.

Advertising is what nothing was ever sold without.

If a loaf of bread is sold to a tramp who managed to glom onto a jitney, it had been advertised by the tramp's hunger and by somebody who told the "bo" where the bakery was.

Or by the window of the bakery itself.

There isn't a human being who doesn't believe in advertising.

If he really doesn't, he had better commit suicide.

And that will give him a lot of publicity that nobody can cash in on.

The man who claims not to believe in advertising is a—well, let somebody else say it.

This boob is anxious for everybody to tell other people that his place is a good one to trade.

But he won't give the advertiser anything for telling the other folks.

He is a something-for-nothing tightwad.

The man who puts on good clothes advertises his own respectability, and expects results in the shape of the respect of others.

The man who dresses poorly because of necessity or purposely, advertises his poverty and expects results in other people's help or contempt.

In fact, every honest person wants advertising.

Only dishonest people are afraid of it, and they get it anyway.

—o—

PRICILLA DEAN



Pricilla Dean, another of the popular "movie" stars, a short time ago the winner of a beauty contest conducted on the western coast, has been in the pictures but three years. She has risen steadily until today she ranks among America's leading moving picture stars.

Peanut Pete

KAYE M. GRIER



LASSA week I am mad worse as my friend Tony when he smasha hees hand weeth hammer on da section seexa years ago. I maka da mind up mebbe I shoota little hole een one guy I no lika vera mooch. I go een da store for buy da gun and da man say no can sella weethout permish.

I say "all right, I geeva you permish, how moocha ees cost?" But he say no can do data way. He say I gotta getta permish from chief poleecman and tella wot for wanta gun and wot I am gonna shot.

I tink ees too moocha red tape, chew da rag monkey beezness for shoota hole een jusa one guy. Eef was gonna shoota fiva, seeva hundreed, meebbe ees allo right for getta permish, I dunno.

But anyway I am pretty mad for dat guy I lika to shoot. I gotta acquaint weeth heem longa time ago, but I no lika hees beezness how he maka da leeving. Every day he stoppa me on da street and say, "Hello, Pietro, how you today?"

I say, "Oh, I feela greata stuff; how you feel?" Den he say, "I am alla right, Pietro, but you sure no looka well. Wot's matter, you seeck leetle bit?"

"You know every day dat son-of-a gun talka weeth me sama way. Alla time he ees try make me getta seeck, looka seeck or feela seeck, I dunno wheecha one. I no care ver mooch till other day when I learna something wat almost maka me seeck for straighta goods. I deescover dat guy ees sella coffins one mont and tombstones nexta month.

So righta way I decida eef shoota heem ees good idee. Eef I letta heem leeve mebbe someday he stoppa me and wanta talka BEEZNESS.

Wot you tink?

—o—

What the Sphinx Said.

By Newton Newkirk.



"'An apple a day keeps the doctor away,' but three little rascally green apples in one small boy's tummy have been known to bring Doc and hope."

Snakes Don't Need Drink.

The only animals living in very dry places which seem able to do entirely without drink are reptiles.

The SANDMAN STORY

MR. FOX THE WINNER

MR. BLACK FOX who has been having some interesting experiences with an old witch, in which his desire to be changed into a turkey at will got him into some bad predicaments, one of which resulted in his being changed into a frog, is happy once more now that he is a fox again. He had promised the witch to bring some stones from a pool; he forgot to make good his promises; seeing there was no other way out of the muddle he concluded it was best to do as he promised and he brought the stone to the witch, carrying it in his mouth.

The Witch smiled when she saw the stone. "This is one of many which



I want," she said. "Hop away for another if you wish your own form again."

Back and forth, back and forth each day went the poor Frog, hopping all night for a long time, and then one night just as the Frog was taking a stone from the pool up came from the bottom a terrible rumbling noise.

Up to the top of the pool went the Frog, but he held the stone, although he was badly frightened, but when he saw the head of a big Dragon, with two tongues and four eyes, loom up from the middle of the pool, "splash!" went the stone into the water, and Froggie hopped behind a stone more dead than alive.

"My son, my son," said some one, and when the Frog looked out there was the old witch holding out her long, lean arms to the Dragon, who still stood in the pool.

"Mother!" bellowed the creature. "You have saved me," and out of the pool he jumped right on the bank beside the Witch.

"Now, where is that ungrateful creature who helped me, I wonder?" said the Witch. "I promised to give him back his shape again, but, perhaps he would rather be a Frog than a Fox, so let us go home."

It did not take the Frog long to hop out and show himself, though he took good care to keep out of the Dragon's reach.

"Madam Witch, I have kept my word this time; give me back my own shape!" he pleaded.

'Oh, there you are, you miserable little cheat," said the old Witch. "You shall have your wish, for you have saved my son, who was imprisoned under the pool by an Ogre and could not be released until one by one the stones of his prison were removed.

"If you had kept your promise the first time you came to me you would have had your first request granted and been able to change yourself into a turkey and back to your own form when you wished, but you tried to deceive me and I used you then to gain my ends."

"But I was afraid of being drowned," whined the Frog. "I would have been obliged each day to dive for the stone you wanted."

"You could have asked a frog to bring it to you," said the Witch. "I could not get a real frog to do that for me, because they all are in the power of the Water Ogre, who lives down deep in the pool, but for you they would have done it and not asked questions."

"I did not think of that," was the reply.

"No, you thought only of getting something for nothing," said the Witch. "Let this be a lesson to you and do not try to be sly and deceitful with a Witch again."

She touched the Frog with her cane, and, without stopping, Black Fox, who appeared at once in place of the poor, suffering frog, ran off through the woods with leaps and bounds.

Never again did he seek out a Witch or think about the Fairies. He was satisfied with his own shape and never wished to change even for a minute.

(Copyright.)

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CROSBY'S KIDS



DREAMS

By KATHARINE A. NEWELL

(©, 1920, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

"Now then, 'Dreams,' get a hustle on you with those copies, and put the long stop on that high powered car driven by the Duke of Killicrankie. Even in these days of help shortage we want efficiency just the same." Miss Johnson's razor-like voice struck on Ann Flower's ear like ice.

A titter of amusement went around the office at the head clerk's intended witticism, and many eyes were turned for a moment to the gloomy corner where the girl had sat for two years, the target for all the teasing of the department. Somehow or other it had leaked out that Ann Flower indulged in day dreams, hence the nickname, "Dreams," and the merciless sarcasm that was her lot.

"'Dreams'—I mean Miss Flower, the 'boss' wants you in his office." Again Miss Johnson's voice smote Ann's ear like ice, and all eyes flashed to her corner.

"The boss?" repeated Ann stupidly.

"Yes, the 'boss,' and don't keep him waiting," snapped Miss Johnson.

Ann Flower stumbled to her feet. All eyes seemed to burn into her back as she passed up the room. She knew she had not done her work well during the last week, but they did not know what it was to sit up at night and finally have to see a golden haired baby die! Perhaps they did not know what it meant to leave the distracted mother sewing for a living to keep two other little towheads from hunger. Ann had not been satisfied with the doctor, and that morning had herself telephoned for another physician, not the kind that usually calls at apartment houses on the East side of the city, but there was something so insistent, so softly appealing and piteous in the girl's voice over the wire that Doctor Sunderland had promised to come.

"Good morning, Miss Flower," the "boss'" voice came to the girl's senses through waves of pain.

"This is Doctor Sunderland . . ."

"Oh, the children are not worse?" Ann interrupted the "boss'" introduction in a frightened voice.

"No, the kiddies are going to pull through in fine shape, thanks to your foresight, Miss Flower."

The "boss" cleared his throat. "Doctor Sunderland has told me, Miss Flower, that you have been sitting up at night with a sick baby for over a week, until it died; you have also been helping out the mother with two other children all this winter with your salary; you could just as well have left her and gone to more comfortable quarters."

"But I couldn't; she was good to me . . . and it was hard for her to get a boarder who liked children . . . and I did. I'm sorry if my work suffered here . . . but I couldn't leave her when the baby got ill—and died!" Ann Flower's purple blue eyes grew big and piteous.

"Honey," the voice of the "boss" was just as soft as any of her southern "mammies," and he came to her side and patted her on the shoulder. "I did not know that I had such a real, live girl in my employ! I guess my character reading expert is worth what I pay him after all, if he gets some like you, bless your heart! But Doctor Sunderland wants to have a talk with you; you've come from a home where there is a pretty sick bunch, and he's afraid that you may be in for a dose. We don't want it spread around the office, and whatever the damage is, remember, I foot the bills."

Poor little "Dreams'" head seethed in a whirl of aches and surprises after the "boss" left her in Dr. Sunderland's care.

It was a dream of wonderful peace, to find oneself in a cool, gray and white hospital room, with a pretty red-haired nurse ready to do one's bidding. But there were days when little Ann Flower did not answer to Dr. Sunderland's "dear" with a smile of shy welcome, and nights when he would come and shake his head and turn hastily from the pretty, feverflushed face and wonder why we have to find the best in our scheme of life, to lose it again. There were days too, when Miss Johnson and the department could not bear to see the patch of sunlight shine on the dust covered typewriter cover in the gloomy corner, without a catch in their throats when they remembered how they had teased dear, patient little "Dreams."

But days came when Dr. Sunderland's "dear" won the day.

"I take my vacation next week . . . and I am going south," he announced in his most professional manner one day.

The shadows got tangled up in Ann Flower's lashes. It would be so lonely without this big, dependable young northerner, who somehow could call her both "honey" and "dear," just as endearingly as they did in the south.

"This flu-monia' has left you pretty weak, and I want you to make the trip under my care," he went on calmly.

"But . . ."

"No 'buts' in this case, we are going to be married before we start, that is, if you are willing, honey, dear?"

And Ann Flower whispered happily from his arms, "They can't call me 'Dreams' again. I've realized the only 'dream' I ever had . . . just a home, and you!"

Would Please Him.

Lindsey had the little hen fast and was trying to bring her head close to the ground. "What might you be trying to do?" exclaimed her father coming upon the small girl in the yard. "I'm trying to make this hen say her prayers." "Well," said the parent sadly, "I hope she'll say: 'Now I lay me.'"

Simple Patience.

It is not necessary for all men to be great in action. The greatest and sublimest power is often simple patience.—Horace Bushnell.

OIL REFINING PROFITS

Recent advances in prices of gasoline, kerosene and other refined products **have increased** the profits in the oil refining business enormously, especially to companies having their own production, refineries, tank cars and filling stations.

Would you like to get some of these profits? Of course you would.

We believe there is no industry in the country in which the **margin of risk is so small** and the **average returns** from invested capital **so great as in the Oil Refining Business.**

Let us tell you more about the Oil Refining Business and how you can participate in its enormous profits.

Fill in your name and address and mail attached blank, and we will send you without charge or obligation a booklet regarding this industry.

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Please send booklet "O" referred to in your advertisement.
Name.....
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Send in envelope or using postal card, add "booklet "O"."

Ma Wants a Change.

"Going away this summer?"

"Guess not. Pa and ma can't agree."

"What's the matter?"

"Pa wants to go somewhere where he can play golf, and ma insists on going to a place where golf has never been played."

HOT WEATHER
Hits the Stomach Hardest

Chicago, Ill.—Hot weather upsets the strongest stomach and causes serious trouble for the weak ones, so word is now going out to thousands of eatonic users that they should, during this hot weather, be on the safe side and take one eatonic tablet about half an hour before meals, as well as after eating. Do this and keep the excess acids and poisonous gases from forming in stomach and bowels. Eatonic acts quickly; it will help the appetite and take away the hot-weather, feverish, thirsty feeling from mouth and stomach, because it takes up the excess acids, poisons and gases and carries them out of the body and, of course, when the cause of the trouble is removed, there can be no bad feeling. Eatonic is like a bit of candy, and is recommended to all as a safe, sure remedy these hot days for stomach and bodily troubles, caused from overeating and drinking cold things. Adv.

Asking Too Much.

The Director—Remember each time you appear, you must register happiness and contentment.

The Star—How can you expect me to register continual happiness and contentment on the smallest salary of any leadin' lady on the screen?

To Have a Clear Sweet Skin.

Touch pimples, redness, roughness or itching, if any, with Cuticura Ointment, then bathe with Cuticura Soap and hot water. Rinse, dry gently and dust on a little Cuticura Talcum to leave a fascinating fragrance on skin. Everywhere 25c each.—Adv.

Her Candid Friend.

Miss Passe (in Switzerland)—That handsome guide kissed me a moment ago. Do you think I ought to deduct something from his fee?

Miss Keen—I think you ought to add to it, my dear.—Boston Transcript.

Why buy many bottles of other Vermifuges, when one bottle of Dr. Peery's "Dead Shot" will act surely and promptly?—Adv.

A Foreboding.

'Henrietta and I have had some pretty warm arguments about public questions," remarked Mr. Meekton.

"Married people should not sacrifice their independence of thought."

"Of course not. But I hope they'll never revise the laws so as to grant divorces on the grounds of incompatibility of politics."

Traveled Far for Wedding.

Before the war, a couple, both hailing from Auckland, New Zealand, came to a little village church in Cumberland to be married. It was the church where the bride's parents had been married just 25 years before. The couple had come 13,000 miles to be married in that church, and they set off on their honeymoon back to Auckland.—London Tit-Bits.

Recognizing Her Likeness.

Lucy was gazing through the window of the local photographer, her eyes glued on a certain picture. It was the annual procession of school children through the village.

"Mary!" she shrieked excitedly to her friend. "Come 'ere!"

"What's the matter, Lucy?" asked the other.

"You see the photo of Annie Smith on the third row there?"

"Yes," replied Mary.

"An' you see the pair o' boots behind Annie?"

"Yes."

"Well, that's me."—Los Angeles Times.

The next time you buy calomel ask for

Calotabs

The purified and refined calomel tablets that are nauseless, safe and sure.

Medicinal virtues retained and improved. Sold only in sealed packages. Price 35c.

Liggett & Myers
KING PIN CHEWING TOBACCO
Has that good licorice taste you've been looking for.

FRECKLES POSITIVELY REMOVED by Dr. Berry's Freckle Ointment. Your druggist will, if you insist, supply you. Dr. C. N. Berry Co., 2276 Michigan Avenue, Chicago

ASKED TOO MUCH OF TIRES

Small Boy's Comment Appeared to Sum Up the Situation in a Thorough Manner.

Judging from their appearance, the two gentlemen who were visiting London from the north of England hadn't been troubled overmuch by food regulations or shortages. More, their bulk suggested profiteering in every direction.

And their wives were not much smaller. Plump didn't really describe them; they were worse than that.

Going along the Strand, the tire of the taxicab which had the job of carrying them suddenly burst with a terrific bang. Of course, the usual crowd collected like magic, and prepared to watch the free show.

At the request of the driver of the taxi, his four fares descended one by one. As they appeared, the eyes of a small newsboy began to goggle, and when the four of them stood in a row on the curbstone, he eyed them solemnly, and then exclaimed:

"And no bloomin' wonder, either!"—London Answers.

Balled Up the Barber.

Judge Blank is fond of relating how he put one over on the barber who wished to make a sale. The man had just shaved him, and wanted to sell him a lotion to use on his face when he shaved himself.

"Is that what you use on your customers?" asked the judge.

"No," replied the barber, "it's too expensive I cannot afford it."

"If you can't afford it when you get 20 cents for shaving a man," returned the judge, "how do you expect me to afford it when I shave myself for nothing?"

The barber was nonplussed and gave up trying to make the sale.—Boston Transcript.

Total Collapse.

"She dropped her eyes."

"That must have been the time her face fell."

Good Judgment

leads thousands of housewives to serve

Grape-Nuts

in place of foods that require hours of drudgery in a hot kitchen. *Needs No Sugar* Comes ready to eat from the package.

"There's a Reason" for Grape-Nuts

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