Everybody Drinks Coca-Cola

—it answers every beverage requirement—vim, vigor, refreshment, wholesomeness.

It will satisfy you.

Demand the genuine by full name—"Nickname encourages substitution."

THE COCA-COLA CO., ATLANTA, GA.

WINCHESTER

TRADE MARK

Light Weight Hammerless Repeating Shotguns

12, 16 AND 20 GAUGES, MODEL 1912

This is the lightest, strongest and handsomest repeating shotgun made. Although light, it has surpassing strength, because all the metal parts are made of Nickel steel, which is twice as strong as ordinary steel. It is simple to load and unload, easy to take down, and works with an ease and smoothness not found in repeaters of other makes. Look one of these guns over at your dealer's. They are

"THE MOST PERFECT REPEATERS."

NO DANGER OF SUNSTROKE

Man on His Way to "Get Even" With Enemy Had the Thing All Planned Out.

You'd have known he was a medical man by his looks and by the medicine case he carried, but the man who bumped into him on the street was too excited about something else.

"Here, sir, what are you doing?" exclaimed the doctor as he recovered from the collision.

"Going to lick a man!" was the reply.

"But wait. Don't you know it's 90 degrees in the sun?"

"I don't care a darn!"

"And that fighting will raise your temperature to 140?"

"What of it?"

"A temperature of 139 means sunstroke and death!"

"Are you a doctor?" asked the man.

"I am."

"Then you are way off your base. The man I'm going to lick works in an ice house, where the temperature is only 60 above, and oh, joswax, I will make him holler!"

"But—"

"Oh, I brought along my overcoat so I shouldn't take cold doing it! Thanks, doc—I'm all right!"

His Private Stock.

A few years ago, after an unusually pleasant evening, John Thornton, the vaudeville comedian, found himself at 5 a. m. lounging against a wall in Central Park, New York. In a few minutes a policeman came along and asked:

"What are you doing here?"

"Just watching the animals," said Thornton; "nothing more."

"Nonsense," said the officer, "the zoo where the animals are is several blocks from here."

"Not my kind," said the actor, slowly walking away.

"I'm open for conviction," said one lady. She liked her regular soap and washing powder. She tried RUB-NO-MORE *just to see.* Now *you* ought to see how easily she keeps house dirt-free with this "workless" dirt remover.

RUB-NO-MORE WASHING POWDER is a sudless dirt remover for clothes. It cleans your dishes, sinks, toilets and cleans and sweetens your milk crocks. It kills germs. It does *not* need hot water.

RUB-NO-MORE Washing Powder

RUB-NO-MORE Carbo Naptha Soap

Five Cents—All Grocers

The Rub-No-More Co., Ft. Wayne, Ind.

CIDER MAKING

Can be made profitable if the right kind of machinery is used. WE MAKE THE RIGHT KIND. Send for catalogue. Established 1872.

BOOSER & BOSCHERT PRESS CO., 339 West Water St., Syracuse, N. Y.

BLACKS PODIAS

ESTB. 1850 - DETROIT

OPTICIANS

156 WOODWARD AVE.

Then He Told Her.

Pat, who was in lodgings, was greatly annoyed by the landlady's helping herself to his provisions. She began by taking a piece of his butter, and when Pat came home she said:

"Pat, I am taking a little of your butter, but I'm not like other landladies—I'm telling you."

Next day it was an egg, and so on. Every day there was something taken and put off with the same remark:

"I'm not like other landladies—I'm telling you."

Of course there was never any reduction in Pat's bill. One Saturday his bill came to a larger amount than usual. Pat looked at it, bundled up a few things in his handkerchief, walked to the door and said:

"Landlady, I'm sloping. I'm not like other lodgers—I'm telling you!"—London Tit-Bits.

UNSIGHTLY PIMPLES ON FACE

New Sharon, Iowa.—"Two or three years ago pimples began to come on my face and I had dandruff. The pimples made a very unsightly appearance. They were red and numerous, some came to a head and festered and the itching caused me to scratch them. The dandruff on my head could be plainly seen.

"I tried several remedies but they only temporarily relieved me. I had been bothered with the trouble two or three years when I decided to try Cuticura Soap and Ointment. So I sent for a free sample and I noticed relief from them, and I bought more. I used two cakes of Cuticura Soap and two boxes of Cuticura Ointment and am now free from pimples and dandruff." (Signed) Clyde Firebaugh, May 11, '14.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Sample of each free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address postcard "Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston."—Adv.

Gallant Mayor.

From a small provincial town in the north of Italy comes an amusing little story. Queen Helena was visiting the town, to attend the unveiling of a statue of Victor Emanuel.

After the mayor of the town had made an elaborate speech of welcome, he handed the queen a glass of champagne, and asked to be allowed to drink her health. As their glasses clinked, a drop of champagne fell upon the queen's gown. She opened her pocketbook to take out her handkerchief, but the gallant mayor was not to be caught on any point of etiquette.

"Your majesty," he exclaimed, grandly, "there is no need of that! Everything is already paid for."—Youth's Companion.

Red Cross Ball Blue, much better, goes farther than liquid blue. Get from any grocer. Adv.

False Alarm.

Just outside Stockport on the Great Central railway, England, is a station named Hyde.

The other day an Irishman was somewhat startled on arriving at this station by hearing the guard shout "Hyde!" The stationmaster, in a raucous voice, also shouted "Hyde!" and several porters took up the refrain, "Hyde! Hyde!"

Wondering what could be the matter, but thinking discretion the better part of valor, Pat immediately got under the seat, and it was there the ticket collector found him when the train reached Stockport.

On Principle.

Stude—Don't you ever sweep under the carpet?

Janitor—Yes suh; I always sweeps everything under the carpet.—Yale Record.

When a business is run down may be the time to wind it up.

THE HOTEL GOSSIPS

By MARGARET McDOUGALL.

"Know Madam Ricardo?" inquired one of the group on the hotel porch. "Well, I should smile at that! I know her intimately—intimately!" And Mrs. Bellowes tossed her head and smiled at the naivete of the question.

"They say there was a dreadful scandal about her last summer, wasn't there?" inquired little Miss Jones. "Not that I want to hear it if it is true, you know."

Miss Jones played a part not unknown at summer hotels. Posing as a hater of scandal, she liked to draw out the worst of everybody, and then, having revelled in what she heard, assume indignant virtue.

Mrs. Bellowes and Miss Jones were the leaders at the hotel. Nobody had made them so, but they had assumed that role. There was plenty of gossiping on the veranda, while the needles clacked. The only woman who did not join in it was the shy, quiet little woman of thirty or so, who sat alone and unfriended at the other end of the porch.

Nobody had ever troubled to take any interest in dowdy little Miss Wentworth, and nobody was likely to. What aroused the antagonism of Mrs. Bellowes and the rest was that she didn't seem to mind being ostracized. In fact, she had been overheard to say that she had come to The Pines for a long rest.

"Well, to begin, Ricardo isn't her name," said Mrs. Bellowes. "She's some common American woman masquerading under an Italian name, they say. And it wasn't a scandal. No, no, I could hardly say that."

"I am so relieved to hear you say so, Mrs. Bellowes," said little Miss Jones.

"It was about young Alpenstock, the millionaire's son, you know," Mrs. Bellowes pursued. "He wanted to marry

"They Say There Was a Dreadful Scandal About Her."

her. Of course his father got furious, and threatened to cut him off. The end was that the woman disappeared—bought off, I suppose. Those stage women are clever at getting hold of money."

"Indeed they are," replied Miss Jones. "But still, we mustn't say unkind things, you know. She may have left him of her own accord, for just a trifle."

"My dears, you are all hopelessly at sea," purred Mrs. Higginson, the pork-contractor's relict. "Now I happen to know the whole story. That Ricardo woman was already married. That's how she got her name. Ricardo was some player in a cheap theater, an Italian, of course. When she discovered that she had a voice she paid him to go away. The Alpenstock affair was only one of numerous ones. She has entangled more young men than—"

"O dear! I hate to hear this talk," said little Miss Jones. "Wasn't there something said about some jewels or something?"

"O, you mean that diamond tiara young Alpenstock gave her! Yes, his father made no end of a fuss about it, according to the society sections of the Sunday papers; but the creature refused to give it up, and so he simply had to let her keep it to avoid scandal."

"Well," said Mrs. Tearle, "they said something about singing tonight, so let us go in and see if they are ready."

"Well, what do you think!" gasped Mrs. Bellowes. "That Miss Wentworth is actually down for a song!"

"Poor little thing," said Miss Jones softly. "Don't let us fail to applaud her, my dear. It wouldn't be nice to hurt her feelings. I should say she could sing about as well as a cat."

Despite this prognostication, however, Miss Wentworth acquitted herself really quite well. Even the most prejudiced were forced to admit that she had a passable soprano voice—nothing to boast about, of course, but still, not bad. They congratulated her with distant enthusiasm, but Miss Wentworth, after quietly acknowledging their plaudits, retired to a distant corner.

About the middle of the concert a carriage drove up to the hotel. There was a rush to the windows to get a glimpse of the newcomers. Mrs. Bellowes was the first to break the news.

"It's Cyrus Alpenstock!" she gasped. "And his wife! And his son, Claude. Now is the opportunity to find out just what happened in that wretched scandal. How fagged poor Mr. Alpenstock looks! No wonder, after all that he has been through!"

The Alpenstocks were evidently fatigued from their journey, for they retired to their room, and the hotel knew them not during the remainder of the evening. The next morning they went away in their automobile for an all-day trip. The group upon the piazza was lamenting their absence.

"Started at six, before anybody was up, to see the country," said Mrs. Bellowes. "Isn't that queer! But of course, when one is a millionaire, he can do what he likes. By the way, has anybody seen that Wentworth person about this morning?"

Nobody seemed to have seen her, and the group, always interested in the doings of the other guests, questioned one another. When lunch came, and she was still absent, the curiosity became overwhelming.

"Do you suppose she has skipped out without paying her bill?" suggested Mrs. Higginson.

"She brought a good-sized trunk with her," answered Mrs. Bellowes.

"It might have contained bricks," suggested little Miss Jones. "Although, of course, it isn't exactly right to think such things. Still, there was something queer about her, wasn't there?"

"It's my belief," said Mrs. Bellowes with conviction, "that we have seen the last of that person. Anybody could tell that there was something wrong about her. What was she? A school teacher masquerading as a lady, I should say!"

But they were destined to see Miss Wentworth again, and that very evening, for she came back in the Alpenstocks' car about six o'clock. And the group on the piazza, seeing the young man help her to the steps, stared in bewilderment.

It was Mrs. Bellowes who broke the ice.

"How do you do, Mr. Alpenstock!" she said, advancing with outstretched hand. "Don't you remember me? I met you here three summers ago."

"Can't say I do," growled the millionaire, but I'm glad to know you. What's your name?"

"Er—Mrs. James Bellowes," faltered the lady.

"My dear, this is Mrs. James Bellowes," said Cyrus Alpenstock to his wife. "Mrs. James Bellowes—my son. Mrs. James Bellowes, my son's fiancee, Madame Ricardo."

"Eh?" stammered Mrs. James Bellowes, staring into the face of the famous singer.

"Mr. Alpenstock and I have been engaged to be married quite some time," said the singer. "I must apologize for having been known to you under my maiden name. You see, the court gave it back to me when I had to divorce Mr. Ricardo. But I didn't pay him anything to leave me—he went away with another woman. And that story about Mr. Alpenstock wasn't quite true. In fact, Mr. Alpenstock seemed quite pleased with his son's engagement."

"Katie, you're the best thing that ever happened to the boy," growled the millionaire with conviction in his voice.

"And Mr. Alpenstock has given me a pearl tiara—not diamond, Mrs. Bellowes. "But I didn't ask for it, and there wasn't any trouble. I just wanted to set you right, you know—for the sake of Miss Jones."

The party entered the hotel, leaving the group on the piazza looking with amused interest at Mrs. James Bellowes.

"In my opinion it's all a pack of lies," snapped Mrs. James Bellowes wrathfully.

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DISCUSSING THE WORKMEN

Contractor Declares the Town Men Won't Work Regularly, and They Shirk Heavy Work.

A down-town contractor was discussing the labor problem as it came under his personal observation. "I don't know what is the matter with town men," he said. "They won't work regularly and they shirk when there is any heavy work to be done. This is especially true of the men who have entered the ranks of the wage earners during the past ten years."

One wonders how general this complaint is. Are city men unequal to hard labor? Have modern urban conditions weakened the stock to the extent indicated?

There is a good deal more to the problem of unemployment, as it exists at all times, than the mere malingness on the part of some to perform hard labor. Some are unemployed because unemployable. That is the more serious aspect of the matter.

It would be an unfortunate situation if what the down-town contractor says of city workmen were true of any considerable number of them. One prefers to believe that this particular man's experience was unfavorable, and that what he says applies to no large proportion of those who must labor with their hands for their own and their families' support. There is opportunity, however, for an interesting inquiry into the relative stamina of city and country workmen.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Eggs From China.

The important egg-producing district of China comprises the Yellow river and the Yangtze river provinces. The season of greatest production is February to May. Eggs are either sold in open market or collected by interior agents and delivered to the factory or to the exporter. There is a local dealer who had a passable soprano voice—nothing to boast about, of course, but still, not bad. They congratulated her with distant enthusiasm, but Miss Wentworth, after quietly acknowledging their plaudits, retired to a distant corner.

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Exact Copy of Wrapper.

Children Cry For Fletcher's CASTORIA

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. For more than thirty years it has been in constant use for the relief of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic, all Teething Troubles and Diarrhoea. It regulates the Stomach and Bowels, assimilates the Food, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher

In Use For Over 30 Years

The Kind You Have Always Bought

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

READER ALLOWED ONE GUESS

Did This Pleasant Little Conversation Take Place During or After the Honeymoon?

He threw down his paper.

"I wonder if the colonel really means to try it again?"

"What did you say, dear?"

"If you'd been listening you wouldn't ask me."

"If you had said anything worth hearing I'd be glad to listen."

"How do you know you would?"

"Try it."

He glares at her and wisely says nothing. She picks up the paper.

"Dear me," she says, "I wish they'd settle it."

"Settle what?"

"The length of next fall's skirts."

He snorts.

"Is that all you can find in the paper?"

"I guess it's a good deal more important than the stuff you find."

"Do you mean to compare a paltry skirt to the stupendous living issues of the hour?"

"Oh, go jump into the River of Doubt!"

"What do you know about the River of Doubt?"

"As much as anybody knows. Bah!"

"Bah yourself!"

Whereupon he rises angrily and goes out on the porch and calms himself with a pipe.—Cleveland Plain-dealer.

Avoiding the Commonplace.

It was a gray winter afternoon; in fact, the street lamps were being lighted—the time known as entre chien et loup, when colors are undistinguishable. The hurried customer rushed into the ready-made clothing establishment and explained to the obliging proprietor that he wished to hire a black suit to wear at a funeral on the morrow. The next morning the mourner brought back the suit with maledictions on his lips. "I hired this suit for a black one last night," he cried, "and when I got it into the daylight, blessed if it wasn't a blue one! And I told you I wanted it for a funeral, too!" "Well, sir," said the philosophic and Semitic proprietor, "don't you know that there's nothing so ordinary at a funeral as black?"

Partnership.

When two of the neighbors' children are in a fight you know which one is right simply by finding out whose children they are.

NEW IDEA

Helped Wisconsin Couple.

It doesn't pay to stick too closely to old notions of things. New ideas often lead to better health, success and happiness.

A Wis. couple examined an idea new to them and stepped up several rounds on the health ladder. The husband writes:

"Several years ago we suffered from coffee drinking, were sleepless, nervous, sallow, weak and irritable. My wife and I both loved coffee and thought it was a bracer." (Delusion.)

"Finally, after years of suffering, we read of Postum and the harmfulness of coffee, and believing that to grow we should give some attention to new ideas, we decided to test Postum.

"When we made it right we liked it and were free of ills caused by coffee. Our friends noticed the change—fresher skin, sturdier nerves, better temper, etc.

"These changes were not sudden, but increased as we continued to drink and enjoy Postum, and we lost the desire for coffee.

"Many of our friends did not like Postum at first, because they did not make it right. But when they made Postum according to directions on pkg., they liked it better than coffee and were benefited by the change."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Postum now comes in two forms:

Regular Postum—must be well boiled. 15c and 25c packages.

Instant Postum—is a soluble powder. Made in the cup with hot water—no boiling. 30c and 50c tins.

The cost per cup of both kinds is about the same.

"There's a Reason" for Postum.

—sold by Grocers.

The Woman Who Takes

the proper help to keep her digestion right and her system free from poisonous accumulations, is not troubled with headaches, backache, languid feelings, unnatural sufferings. All women who have tried

BEECHAM'S PILLS

know this famous remedy to be the proper help for them. A few doses will make immediate difference and occasional use will cause a permanent improvement in health and strength. They cleanse the system and purify the blood and every woman who relies on Beecham's Pills, not only enjoys better physical condition, with quieter nerves and brighter spirits, but she

Enjoys A Clear Complexion

Directions of Special Value to Women with Every Box. Sold everywhere. In boxes, 10c., 25c.

Maybe It Happened.

A shabby-looking man and a thin little shaver of a boy were standing with their backs against a wall along the public way. The man had a shade over his eyes and a card hung in front of him, bearing the legend, "Blind and Deaf."

The boy had a smile on his face as he listened to the street organ over the way playing "Everybody's Doing It," and then started involuntarily to whistle the chorus.

The man turned savagely to him and hissed:

"Shut that warble off and slide that grin off your face, yer little monkey! D'yer want people ter think we're happy?"

Smile on wash day. That's when you use Red Cross Ball Blue. Clothes whiter than snow. All grocers. Adv.

New Use for Germs.

An army officer may have to quit the service because he carries deadly germs, to which he is himself immune. It might be a good idea to keep him and let him be captured by the enemy the next time we have a war.

We can't all be happy or even allowed to choose our own way of being unhappy.

Cobbling is the latest course to be introduced in the Oakland (Cal.) public schools.

An Ounce of Prevention

Most people who enjoy a frequent drink of beer or liquor fail to realize it's weakening effect on the kidneys.

Kidney weakness sets up backache, headache, rheumatic pain, nervousness, and disorders of the urine and if neglected leads to dropsy, gravel, and Bright's disease.

In the early stages kidney weakness can be corrected. Doan's Kidney Pills tone and strengthen weak kidneys and are used with success all over the civilized world. There's no other kidney remedy so well recommended.

A Michigan Case

Peter Loucks, retired farmer, Ionia-nard St., Frankfort, Mich., says: "Hard work and exposure brought on backache and gravel and for months I was miserable. Mornings, I was so lame and tired, I could hardly get up and I had to use an instrument to help me pass the kidney secretions. My back ached terribly and so did my head. Doan's Kidney Pills helped me as soon as I took them and six boxes cured me."

"Every Picture Tells a Story"

Get Doan's at Any Store, 50c a Box

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

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

The Army of Constipation

Is Growing Smaller Every Day.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are responsible—they not only give relief—they permanently cure Constipation. Millions use them for Biliousness, Indigestion, Sick Headache, Sallow Skin.

SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE.

Genuine must bear Signature

Brent Good

DR. J. D. KELLOGG'S ASTHMA

Remedy for the prompt relief of Asthma and Hay Fever. Ask Your druggist for It. Write for FREE SAMPLE.

NORTHROP & LYMAN CO., Ltd., BUFFALO, N. Y.

SPECIAL TO WOMEN

The most economical, cleansing and germicidal of all antiseptics is

Paxtine

A soluble Antiseptic Powder to be dissolved in water as needed.

As a medicinal antiseptic for douches in treating catarrh, inflammation or ulceration of nose, throat, and that caused by feminine ills it has no equal. For ten years the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. has recommended Paxtine in their private correspondence with women, which proves its superiority. Women who have been cured say it is "worth its weight in gold." At druggists, 50c. large box, or by mail. The Paxton Toilet Co., Boston, Mass.

You Can't Cut Out A BOG SPAVIN, FUFF or THOROUGHPIN, but

ABSORBINE TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

will clean them off permanently, and you work the horse same time. Does not blister or remove the hair. $2.00 per bottle, delivered. Will tell you more if you write. Book 4 K free. ABSORBINE, JR., the antiseptic liniment for mankind, reduces Varicose Veins, Ruptured Muscles or Ligaments, Enlarged Glands, Goitre, Wens, Cysts. Allays pain quickly. Price $1.00 and $2.00 a bottle at druggists or delivered. Manufactured only by W.F. YOUNG, P. D. F., 310 Temple St., Springfield, Mass.

DAISY FLY KILLER

Placed anywhere, absorbs and kills all flies. Ornamental, convenient, cheap. Lasts all season. Made of metal, can't spill or tip over; will not soil or injure anything; guaranteed effective. Prepaid by dealer or sent express paid for $1.00. HAROLD SOMERS, 150 DeKalb Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

PATENTS Watson E. Coleman, Washington, D. C. Books free. Highest references. Best results.

FOR SALE 40-acre farm in Wexford Co., Mich. Will sell at a bargain price and easy payments. Inquire of owner, FRED GOTTSCHALK, 47 Jackson, Flint

Religious Scruples.

A soldier is allowed to "change his religion," as the saying is, if he can convince his commanding officer that he has good reasons. On one occasion a man intimated his desire.

"Now," said the colonel, "what are your reasons? Have you conscientious convictions in regard to the matter?"

The man intimated that he had.

"And," continued the colonel, "to what denomination do you wish to be transferred?"

Said the ease-seeking Tommy: "I dis-remember the name, sir, but it's them as parades for church half an hour later than the others."

YOUR OWN DRUGGIST WILL TELL YOU Dr. Marten Itch Remedy for Red, Watery Eyes and Granulated Eyelids; No Smarting like Eye Coughs. Write for book of the Eye by mail Free. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.

Industrial accidents in this country each year make 15,000 widows and 45,000 orphans.

Umbrellas are in great demand in the Netherlands, where light rains are frequent.