IN ALL OUR NEIGHBORHOOD

There Is Hardly A Woman Who Does Not Rely Upon Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Princeton, Ill.—"I had inflammation, hard headaches in the back of my neck and a weakness all caused by female trouble, and I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound with such excellent results that I am now feeling fine. I recommend the Compound and praise it to all. I shall be glad to have you publish my letter. There is scarcely a neighbor around me who does not use your medicine."—Mrs. J. F. JOHNSON, R. No. 4, Box 30, Princeton, Illinois.

Experience of a Nurse.

Poland, N.Y.—"In my experience as a nurse I certainly think Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is a great medicine. I wish all women with female troubles would take it. I took it when passing through the Change of Life with great results and I always recommend the Compound to all my patients if I know of their condition in time. I will gladly do all I can to help others to know of this great medicine."—Mrs. HORACE NEWMAN, Poland, Herkimer Co., N. Y.

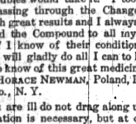
If you are ill do not drag along until an operation is necessary, but at once take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

If you want special advice write Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., (confidential) Lynn, Mass.

Constipation Vanishes Forever

Prompt Relief—Permanent Cure

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS never fail. Purely vegetable — act surely but gently on the liver. Stop after dinner distress—cure indigestion, improve the complexion, brighten the eyes.



SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE.

Genuine must bear Signature

Brent Good

Why the Applause.

The amateur theatrical performance was being discussed.

"You know that part of the new play where the man seizes the woman, forces her into the cupboard, and turns the key on her?"

"Yes."

"Well, last night a fellow in the audience applauded it so much that they had to put him out."

"I don't think there is anything to applaud about it.

"Yes, there was. It turned out that the fellow was the husband of the actress, and it was the first time he had ever seen anybody shut her up," was the cool reply.

Always the Red Cross Ball Blue. Delights the laundress. At all good grocers. Adv.

Electricity on Farms.

Rural distribution of electric current has made great advances in the last two years. In some communities the farmers have financed local distribution systems, taking current from the nearest cross-country transmission line at one point and retailing it among themselves. In other communities individual farmers find it desirable to pay for lines directly from the power plant to the farm. Other electric companies install the connection and require a yearly minimum use proportionate to the investment in the line extension.

Why Not?

"There goes young Richfeller again scooting around in his automobile. I wonder what would become of the boy if his father should suddenly lose all his money?"

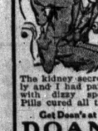
"Well, he might drive a jitney bus."

Backache is Discouraging

Nothing is more discouraging than a constant backache. Lame when you awaken, pains pierce you when you bend or lift. It's hard to work or to rest. Backache often indicates bad kidneys. If the urine is disordered, passages too frequent or scanty, there is further proof. Delay is dangerous. Prompt use of Doan's Kidney Pills now may spare you serious trouble later. Doan's is the world's best-recommended kidney remedy.

A Michigan Case

"Every Picture Tells a Story"



Bert Lamb, 321 Marquette Ave., Bay City, Mich., says: "A cold on my kidneys caused me back to ache. Mornings I could hardly get up and every time I tried to move, a sharp pain darted through my back and I had pains in my head, along with dizzy spells.—Doan's Kidney Pills cured all these ailments."

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

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

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

Good Spirits

can only be enjoyed by those whose digestive organs work naturally and regularly. The best corrective and preventive yet discovered for irregular or faulty action of stomach, liver or bowels, is known the world over to be

BEECHAM'S PILLS

Sold everywhere. In boxes, 10c., 25c.

CZAR AND CZAREVITCH IN UNIFORM

New photograph of the czar of Russia and his heir, the czarevitch, garbed in the uniform of officers of the Russian army. The young man seems to have outgrown his invalidism.

FIGHT LIKE DEMONS

Bernhard Kellermann Describes Trench War at Souchez.

Roads and Paths for Miles Around Under Fearful Fire—Little Hamlet Now Is Marked for All Time.

By BERNHARD KELLERMANN.
(International News Service.)

On the Western German Front.—I have seen them and talked to them, the men fighting out there in the trenches of Souchez. Just now they are resting, but tonight they will be fighting again like demons. The roads and paths for miles around are under a fearful fire. Almost every second a shell bursts with a deafening roar. Through this inferno they must pass. Then they will be in Souchez.

What is Souchez? A small village which nobody knew a few months ago and which now will never be forgotten again. The little hamlet is marked for all time, like Gravelotte and Woerth. If hell keeps books the name of Souchez must be entered in large letters.

There is nothing left of the village but a heap of ruins. The trenches are a few hundred yards from the village, behind a curtain of fire. Through this curtain our boys in gray must pass. There are no communicating passages—the French artillery on the heights of Loretto does not permit them. The trenches can only be reached over the open field, through the unceasing hail of French shells.

But our men are fearless. Their uniforms were all field-gray at one time, but nobody is able to distinguish their color now. Only the first sergeant looks as if he just came from the tailor shop. His uniform is spotless and his hands are carefully manicured.

With the long nails of his little finger he traces the position on the map. Before the war he was a high school professor, but now he is a soldier every inch of him.

"This is our trench," he said, explaining the map to me. "Over there on the heights the artillery of the enemy stands.

"Yesterday we were under heavy fire from seven o'clock in the morning till nine o'clock at night. The trench was destroyed and we were buried.

"About nine o'clock in the evening the shells began to fly over us. The enemy was trying to drive back a relief column and to storm what was left of our trench. Our lieutenant shouted a command and in a moment our trench resembled an ant-heap. We dug ourselves out. Most of our guns had become useless, but we had handgrenades.

"The French swooped down upon us, but we sent a couple of dozens of grenades into their ranks. The smoke was so thick that we could not see each other.

"For a moment the enemy recoiled, but then believing us finished, he advanced again, as he had received reinforcements; yelling, singing and laughing we threw still more grenades.

"At the same moment we noticed that the Frenchmen were also beginning to attack from one of their trenches at our right, in the direction of the sugar refinery. Like peas from a barrel they came pouring out of the smoke. The lieutenant shouted: 'One man to the front with grenades!' A single soldier advanced and started to throw bombs. Who was it?"

"I did it," answered one of the men, a farmer from Silesia. "I took an armful of grenades and fired away at random, but the bombs hit their mark. The Frenchmen fell back. When they advanced again I had no more grenades and had to run. They sent volleys after me, but I safely reached our trench again and jumped into one of the craters."

Then the noncommissioned officer continued:

"The Frenchmen believed themselves sure of their success, but our lieutenant was ready for them. He sent eight men ahead into the craters and the fire of this little detachment mowed the enemy down when he came on in close formation. In the meantime our machine guns had been brought into action and the French were driven back in front and at our flank.

"But the section of the trench for which we fought had become useless to us. We gave it up and slowly retreated, keeping the enemy at a respectful distance by a heavy rifle fire.

"For a short while the enemy took possession of our destroyed ditch, but he could not hold it. When we retook it by a counter-attack we found it filled with the bodies of dead French soldiers. We quickly dug ourselves in again, but tomorrow the repaired trench may be in the hands of the enemy once more. Then we will have to retake it again, and so it goes on."

QUEEN OF BULGARIA

The most recent photograph of Eleanore, queen of Bulgaria, which was made on the porch outside the royal palace at Sophia, shows her wearing the simple native costume of her subjects. The queen before her marriage to the Bulgarian king was the Princess Eleanore of Reuss-Kostritz, a favorite at the Russian court. She is distinguished for her work in the Red Cross field, having been head of one of the largest Red Cross hospitals during the Russian-Japanese war. She may be called upon soon, should her country be drawn into the present war, to again do the effective Red Cross work for which she is noted.

Confederate Twins.

Pittsboro, N. C.—Messrs. James and John Burns of this county are twins and are probably the oldest twins in this state, being over seventy-seven years old. They recently had their photographs taken together for the first time in their long lives. They were both Confederate soldiers.

CHIVALRY NOT DEAD

Old Spirit of Knighthood Maintained Among Aviators.

British and German Air Raiders Notify Enemy of Fate of Rival Aviators—Flyers Are Type With Marked Characteristics.

By FREDERICK PALMER.
(International News Service.)

British Headquarters, France.—Though it has been repeatedly stated that chivalry does not exist in this war," said a British aviator, "this does not apply to the British and German aviation branches. Whether it is the individualism of our work and its novelty, or whatever it is that is responsible, something of the old spirit of knighthood maintains among the flyers of the air. When a British aviator has to descend in the German lines, whether from engine trouble or because his engine or his plane has been damaged by antiaircraft gunfire, the next day the Germans report to us his name and whether he survived, and if so, whether he is wounded. We always do the same. It has come to be a custom."

The reports are made in a manner worthy of airmen and they are the only communications that ever pass between the two foes, which watch for heads to snipe at from their trenches. What is called a "message bag" is dropped over the British lines by a German or over the German lines by a British aviator—sometimes when he is in the midst of bursting shells from the antiaircraft guns. Long streamers are attached to the little cloth bag. These, as they pirouette down to the earth from a height of seven or eight thousand feet attract the attention of soldiers in the neighborhood and they run out to get the prize when it lands.

It is taken to battalion headquarters, which wires the fact on to the aviation headquarters, where the fate of a comrade may be known a few hours after he has left his home aerodrome; and, in another few hours someone in England may know the fate of a relative.

"That is one of the advantages of belonging to the flying corps," say the British aviators. "It may be weeks before his relatives and comrades know whether a man who is missing after a trench attack or counter-attack is a prisoner or dead. Such little kindnesses as this don't interfere with you fighting your best for your cause; at the same time they take a little of the savagery out of war. Of course, the rule could not apply to prisoners taken in trench fighting—only to airmen. There are relatively few airmen on either side and only an occasional one ever comes down to the enemy's lines."

With the first flush of dawn the British planes rise from the aviation grounds. All day they are coming and going, and in the dusk of evening they appear out of the vague distances of the heavens returning home to roost.

The flyers become a type with certain marked characteristics. No nervous man is wanted; and it is time for any man who shows any sign of nerves to take a rest. They seem shy, diffident, men of the kind given to observation rather than talking; men who are used to using their eyes rather than their hands. It is a little difficult to realize that some quiet young fellow who is pointed out has had so many hairbreadth escapes. What tales worthy of "Arabian Nights" heroes who were borne away on magic carpets they bring home, relating them as matter-of-factly as if they had broken a shoe lace. Up in their seats, a whirr of the motor, and they are away on another adventure. They shy at the mention of their names in print; for that is not considered good for the spirit of this, the newest branch of the service of war. Anonymity is absolute. Everything is done by the corps for the corps. Some members have luck, as they put it, and some do not. L—'s name may not be given, but his is the most dramatic of recent experiences.

He was a pilot flying in Belgium, far away from the British lines, when an antiaircraft shell, mashed his leg, which was hit by fifty bullets and fragments, the doctor estimated, as the story was told to the correspondent. He collapsed in his seat unconscious. His machine dropped at right angles to the line of flight, with the concussion. The observer who was with him managed to hold on by clutching at the machine gun.

They were careening down to the earth, with the observer helpless from his position to do anything, when L—— recovered consciousness and mustered strength and presence of mind enough to right the machine and to turn it round in the midst of a cloud of shrapnel smoke. He was not going to be taken prisoner, despite his shattered leg, when he found that the shell which had so nearly done for him had not injured the engine or the plane. So he made for the nearest aerodrome.

There he managed to land safely. But, as he said, he did not dare to get out of his seat until the doctor came, for fear that his leg would fall off. He will get well.

Saw Far Ahead.

Wichita, Kan.—Mrs. Clara Fay, seventy-seven years old, who died here recently, had prepared for her demise, leaving nothing undone in funeral or burial arrangements.

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 Diarrhœa. 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.

THOUGHT BOSS WAS RIGHT

And Many People, When They Read This Tale, Will Agree With Plain Opinion Expressed.

A young real estate man met an acquaintance of his wife who was in the lumber business the other afternoon. After greetings and a trifling invitation extended and accepted, the real estater said to the wood salesman—just to make conversation: "Well, how's the lumber business?"

"I don't know. The fact is I resigned from my job last Saturday."

"Is that so? Didn't you like the work?"

"Well, I liked it pretty well."

"Wasn't the salary big enough?"

"Well, it was a pretty good salary But the boss insulted me."

"Huh! How did he insult you?"

"He said I was a fool."

"And you quit just for that? Didn't get fired or requested to resign? The boss called you a fool and you up and left a good job?"

"Yes."

"Well, by gosh, the boss was right." Cleveland Plain Dealer.

NEGLECT YOUR SCALP

And Lose Your Hair. Cuticura Prevents It. Trial Free.

Cuticura Soap shampoos cleanse and purify the scalp of dandruff while the Ointment soothes and heals the irritated scalp skin. Dandruff and itching are hair destroyers. Get acquainted with these supercreamy emollients for the skin and scalp.

Sample each free by mail with Book. Address postcard, Cuticura, Dept. XY, Boston. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

GOT A LITTLE SATISFACTION

Motorist Employed Rather Neat Way of "Getting Even" After His Arrest for Speeding.

A motorist was stopped by a policeman for speeding, whereupon he became angry and called the policeman an ass. After he had paid his fine, the judge reproved him for what he had said to the officer.

"Then I mustn't call a policeman an ass?" he said.

"Certainly not," said the judge. "You must not insult the police."

"But you wouldn't mind if I called an ass a policeman, would you?"

"Why, no, if it gives you any satisfaction," answered his honor with a smile.

The motorist turned to the man who had arrested him. "Good day, policeman," he said, and immediately left the courtroom.—Boston Transcript.

Some Refreshment.

Rear Admiral Fletcher during the maneuvers off Newport told a story at a garden party.

"The navy is as abstemious from ethical reasons," he began, "as old Stingee was from miserliness."

"Old Stingee was entertaining a boyhood friend one evening at his shore cottage. After a couple of hours of dry talk, the old fellow said genially:

"'Would you like some refreshment—a cooling draft, say—George?'

"'Why, yes; I don't care if I do,' said George, and he passed his hand across his mouth and brightened up wonderfully.

"'Good!' said old Stingee. 'I'll just open up this window. There's a fine sea breeze blowing.'"—Detroit Free Press.

Most particular women use Red Cross Ball Blue. American made. Sure to please. At all good grocers. Adv.

Painful Truth.

Miss Singwell had been a member of the choral society ever since it had been in existence, and it was undoubtedly true that her first youth had waned, but the choirmaster was astounded recently by the news that she had resigned her membership.

"Resigned!" he gasped. "But what—ever for?"

"Well, I don't know exactly," said the secretary, "but it strikes me that it may have something to do with the solo we picked for her at the next performance."

"Why? What is it?"

"Don't you remember? It begins, 'I once was young, but now am old.'"

GOT OUT OF HIS DILEMMA

Truly Iceman, as He Remarked to Himself, Had Profited by Night School Education.

Fritz, the iceman, was in a perspiration (for it was the hottest four o'clock in the morning in 11 years), and a dilemma (for he only had one small block of ice left, and there were still ten customers left unserved, each of whom took a ten-cent piece).

"I know!" Fritz cried to himself. "I know a way out. I didn't go to night school for nothin'!"

And he cut the block into ten tiny pieces and put one piece in front of each of the ten gates.

Then climbing over one of the fences, and filling a bucket full of water, he poured water over each of the tiny ten, so that each was in the middle of a puddle.

Clever Fritz!

"What, you don't? Well, let him explain it himself, then:

"Haw, haw!" chuckled Fritz. "Now when they find the pieces they'll think the ice went and melted on 'em!"

Shortly afterwards ten good housewives opened their gates and got a slant at the tiny ten.

You know the rest if you never had it happen to you.—Detroit Free Press.

Girls as Grocers' Clerks.

The London municipal school, where girls may learn in six weeks to become grocers' clerks, has been successfully launched in the western part of the city, with a class of 30. The girls will be trained in all routine work of assistants in grocery and provision stores. Tuition is free, and pupils unable to support themselves during the six-weeks' course are granted $3 a week from the prince of Wales fund.

Just What She Wants.

Church—How is the table up where your wife is boarding in the country?

Gotham—Very, very poor.

"And she remains there?"

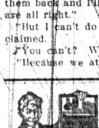
"Oh, yes; she's trying to reduce her weight."

The weeping willow, so-called (scientific name Salix babylonica), is a native of China, from which country it has been taken over most of the civilized earth.

Quite Fitting.

"What has Maude on her hands now in flirtations?"

"A pair of college kids."



No such thing as "rubber roofing"

A lot of manufacturers call their roofings "Rubberoid," "Rubberoyd," "Rubberoide" and Rubberlast. The life of all out of rubber is exposed to the sun. That's why there is no such thing as "Rubber Roofing" of any kind. There is no rubber in

Certain-teed Roofing

It is made of the very best Roofing Felt (which could be saturated in our properly blended asphalts and coated by a harder grade of asphalt which keeps the elements from within—the life of the roofing—from drying out quickly.

It is guaranteed 5, 10 or 15 years, according to whether the thickness is 1, 2 or 3 ply respectively.

Your local dealer will quote you reasonable prices on our goods.

General Roofing Manufacturing Co.

World's largest manufacturers of Roofing and Building Materials

New York City, Chicago, Philadelphia, St. Louis, Boston, Cleveland, Pittsburgh, San Francisco, Cincinnati, Minneapolis, Kansas City, Seattle, Atlanta, Houston, London, Hamburg, Sydney

DEVELOPING ANY SIZE **ROLL 10c** **BLACKS** ESKEWOOD DETROIT

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

A toilet preparation of merit. Helps to eradicate dandruff. For Restoring Color and Beauty to Gray or Faded Hair. 50c. and $1.00 at Druggists.

HELP WANTED We desire the services of a reliable person in your town to represent us; make some money; steady employment. Experience unnecessary. Address, with stamp, The Old Gristmill Co., Chicago.

W. N. U., DETROIT, NO. 37—1915.

You Owe the Folks A Rayo Lamp

Winter evenings are the time to read and study—and also for the young folks to enjoy themselves. Give them a good lamp—the cheerful, brilliant, steady light that's kind to eyes—and see how much quicker and better you'll get your reading done.

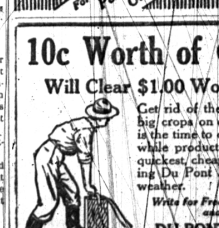
Rayo lamps are never gloomy, prevents eye-strain, keeps all the family happy and contented.

In addition to all this comfort, the RAYO is a positive economy because one lights up the entire room. Ask your dealer to show you the RAYO, or have leading merchants everywhere.

The Standard Oil Company (Indiana), Chicago, U.S.A.

For best results use Perfection Oil

10c Worth of DU PONT Will Clear $1.00 Worth of Land



Get rid of the stumps and grow big crops on cleared land. Now is the time to clean up your farm while products bring high prices. Blasting is quickest, cheapest and easiest with Low Freezing Du Pont Explosives. They work in cold weather.

Write for Free Handbook of Explosives No. 69F, and name of nearest dealer.

DU PONT POWDER COMPANY
WILMINGTON DELAWARE

FARMER FOOLS HOLD-UP MAN

Palms $80 When Ordered by North Dakota Highwayman to Hold Up Hands.

Grand Forks, N. D.—Jerry Fitzpatrick, a wealthy farmer of Euclid, Minn., palmed $80 successfully a few nights ago when accosted by a highwayman near this city.

"Hands up!" cried the thug. Out of Fitzpatrick's pockets his hands went straight over his head. The thug searched his victim and found less than one dollar.

Fitzpatrick had feared trouble and had been walking with four $20 gold pieces in his right hand, and when his hands went up the money went up with them.

20 Miles in Bathtub.

Greenville, S. C. — The three wise men who went to sea in a bowl had nothing on Arthur Warren, a well-known resident of Greenville. Mr. Warren has just completed a twenty-mile cruise in the Tar river in a bathtub. Attired in a bathing suit, he launched the tub here, after sending his clothes by express to Washington, N. C., twenty miles down the Tar river, and set forth on his long voyage, arriving safely at his destination.

Jailed for Spanking His Wife.

Logansport, Ind.—Charles Shuey will spend the next 120 days in the workhouse at Logansport because he spanked his wife with a slipper.