

SHE HAD SPENT A
SIX MONTHS
SAYS THAT NO MEDICINE EVER GAVE
HER RELIEF UNTIL SHE TOOK
TANLAC.
SUFFERED SIX YEARS

"Tanlac Certainly Has Been a Wonderful Thing for Me," Says Mrs. E. M. Moodie of Detroit.

"I spent a small fortune trying to get relief but nothing did me any good except just for the time being until I started taking Tanlac," is the statement of Mrs. E. M. Moodie, who resides at 481 Kercheval street, Detroit, Mich., a few days ago.

"I suffered with nervous stomach, trouble and indigestion for six years," she continued. "My food would not digest but would just lay in my stomach and sour and the gas formed by it would crowd around my heart so at times that I could hardly breathe. I had intense burning pains in my stomach and was very nervous and weak and worn-out and couldn't do any housework. I dared not touch meats or vegetables and couldn't eat even eggs without suffering torture. I was in an awful condition and only those suffering from the same trouble can realize what I went through."

"I am just now half through with my third bottle of Tanlac and honestly it has done me more good than all the other medicines I have ever used. I don't have to live on milk and state bread any more. The fact is I can eat meats, fruits, vegetables and anything I want and it all agrees with me. I am simply feeling like a new woman and my work is now a pleasure. Instead of a burden as it was before, Tanlac certainly has been a wonderful thing for me."

There is a Tanlac dealer in your town.—Advt.

USES TURF INSTEAD OF COAL

Switzerland, on Account of the War, Is Forced to Fall Back on Peat as Fuel

According to a report to the department of commerce from Wilhelm P. Keen, consul at Bern, Switzerland, the exigencies of war, and the inability to import coal in quantities sufficient to meet the needs of the population have induced the Swiss government, through a semi-official organization, known as the Science Co-operative Swiss de la Tourbe, whose address is Bern, to resort to the use of turf or peat as a substitute or to supplement the insufficient supply of coal.

The association is in the market for the purchase of improved machinery for cutting, raising, drying, and compressing turf. Turf or peat as fuel is not a satisfactory and complete substitute for coal, on account of its low calorific properties, particularly for steam generation, but in those portions of the United States where it abounds it may be used to advantage for domestic consumption by admixture with coal, not only to reduce the cost of distant transportation of coal, but producing sufficient heat at a much reduced cost.

CUTICURA KILLS DANDRUFF

The Cause of Dry, Thin and Falling Hair and Does It Quickly—Trifling Free.

Analyst speaks of dandruff, itching and irritation with Cuticura Ointment. Follow at once by a hot shampoo with Cuticura Soap if a man and with Cuticura for a woman. Use Cuticura Soap daily for the toilet.

Free sample each by mail with Book. Address postcard, Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston. Sold everywhere.—Advt.

When Sister Found the Man

Some time ago a young woman was bequeathed a beautiful old andiron, and during the next few weeks she received many little gifts in the same manner. Falling in this and knowing that one andiron is just about as many as a man can use, she quietly disposed of it to a pawnshop and "Oh, Besse," enthusiastically exclaimed the young woman's sister, "I'm sure he'll be back with a package a few days later. I have found a mate for your andiron! It is too perfectly lovely for anything!"

"You have?" eagerly responded Besse. "Let me see it! Where did you get it? How much?"

"Here it is," said sister, undoing the package. "I was passing a pawnshop the other day and saw it in the window. I knew it was just like—why, how is the matter? Are you going to rat?"

"No, dear," answered Besse, with a smiling grin. "I will try to be brave. I will try to be strong. But it is something of a trick on you that I backed the same poor old andiron that I backed a week ago."—Philadelphia Record.

Awful Thought

"Cousin—I understand if the sun were made of solid coal, it would burn out in less than five thousand years and then—yes, and think what we do have to pay for sunlight!"

"OUR GROCER TOLD ME"

—Bobby

They don't like common cake

THE TAUNTS OF A HIGH-SPIRITED YOUNG WOMAN CAUSE SMITH TO MAKE AN IMPORTANT DECISION— THE PLOT AGAINST COL. BALDWIN IS AT WORK

Synopsis.—J. Montague Smith, cashier of the Lawrenceville Bank and Trust company, and bachelor society leader engaged to marry Verda Richlander, heiress, is wrongfully accused of dishonesty by Mrs. E. M. Moodie, a wealthy social leader, and urged by her to disappear. Smith strikes Dunham, leaves him for dead, flees the state and weeks later turns up as a hobo at an irrigation dam construction camp in the Rocky mountains, where he meets John Smith. His evidence of superior intelligence soon attracts attention from the boss, and after a short time he is asked to join the official staff of the ditch company, which is in financial straits. Smith declines because he doesn't want his past in the public eye, but the company's boss, Colonel Baldwin, urgently seeks the ex-hobo's aid. Smith saves Minnie Corona Baldwin's life and drives some claim jumpers off company's land.

CHAPTER VII.—Continued.

If Smith hesitated, it was only partly on his own account. He was thinking with an air of refinement which was reflected in every interior detail of her house.

The dinner was strictly a family meal, with the great mahogany table shortened to meet the convenience of the day. There were cut glass and silver and snowy napery. Out of the past a thousand tentatives were reaching up to drag Smith back into the life of conversation. When the table-talk became general, he found himself joining in, and almost upon the lighter side. He found himself drawn more and more to the calm-eyed, well-bred woman who had given a pliant Corona to an otherwise commonplace world.

Mrs. Baldwin saw nothing of the rude fighter of battles her daughter had drawn for her, and wondered a little, she knew Corona's feelings, and was not without an amused impression that Corona would not find this later Southwestern phase altogether her liking.

Smith got what he had earned, good measure, pressed down, shaken together and running over, a few minutes after the sun had left him to finish his clear under the pillared portico with Corona to keep him company. He never knew just what started him to eat, but he was sitting in a chair for the young woman and his differential—and perfectly natural—presence, standing, until she was dead.

"But it's John," he said heartily, "Nobody in the neighborhood is going to pry into me an inch farther than you care to let 'em; and if you get into trouble by helping us, you can get out as fast as you want to." Baldwin was too slow to try to push his advantage when he was so securely backed by the young man's distressed end was as good as half attained. And it was a purely mental prompting that made him get up to thrust out his hand to the young fellow who was trying to be as frank as he dared to be.

"It's not you, John," he said heartily, "Nobody in the neighborhood is going to pry into me an inch farther than you care to let 'em; and if you get into trouble by helping us, you can get out as fast as you want to." Baldwin was too slow to try to push his advantage when he was so securely backed by the young man's distressed end was as good as half attained. And it was a purely mental prompting that made him get up to thrust out his hand to the young fellow who was trying to be as frank as he dared to be.

Given his choice between the two, Smith would cheerfully have faced another hand, but he would not claim jumpers in preference to evap so a little dip into the former things as the dinner at Hillcrest freshened his mind, and he was glad to be away from the bridge, and out to the win ranch, Smith's humor was frankly sardonic. He cherished a small hope that Mrs. Baldwin might be shocked at the soft shirt and the khaki. It would serve her right for taking a man from his job.

At the stone-pillared gate he got out to open the gate. Down the road a horse was coming at a smart gallop, the rider, Corona Baldwin, smooth and spurred and riding a man's saddle.

Smith let the gray car go on its way to the drive without a word.

"Undoubtedly," he thought, "I'm disappointed in you," said Miss Baldwin's greeting. "You've made me lose my bet with Colonel-daddy. I said you wouldn't come."

"I had no business to come," he answered morosely. "But your father wouldn't let me off."

"Not because he doesn't; daddy never lets anybody off, unless they owe him money. Where are your evening clothes?"

"I'll let the lever of moroseness slip back to the grinning snarl. They are about two thousand miles away, and probably in some second-hand shop by this time. What makes you think I ever wore a dress suit?"

"He had closed the gates and was walking beside her horse up the driveway."

"Oh, but you're not dressed for a lady, and if you'll hold your breath, I'll guess again."

"Don't," he laughed.

"At the great negro stableboy was waiting to take Miss Baldwin's horse, Smith knew how to help a woman down from a side-saddle; but the two stammered the stammered him. The young woman laughed as she swung out of her saddle to stand beside him.

"I'm sorry for them," she scoffed. And then she looked at her watch. "You look as if you were dressed."

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don't like to admit that the race is going down."

By this time the sardonic humor was once more in full possession, and he was enjoying her keenly.

"Go on," he said. "This is my night off."

"The said enough; too much, perhaps. But when you were walking with mamma, you reminded me so forcibly of a man whom I met just for a part of one evening about a year ago in a small town in the middle West. He was one of them. He wore a dark suit, a high-collared shirt, and gave me fully an hour of his valuable time. He made me perfectly furious."

"Poor you!" laughed Smith; but he was thankful that the camp sunburn and his four weeks' beard were safeguarding his identity. "But why the fury in his case in particular?"

"Just because, I suppose. I remember he told me he was a bank cashier and that he thought he would just as well be a clerk. He was a hopeless, of course. Without being what you would call connected, you could see that the crust was so thick that nothing short of an earthquake would ever break it."

"But the earthquake does come, once in a while now," he said, still stalling. "It's not that I'm afraid of earthquakes, but I'm afraid of men who are not trying to tell me that they object to decent clothes and good manners per se, are you?"

"The wind was blowing out, so you told me," said the young man. "He went up to Red Butte and he said he was not going to tell me that they object to decent clothes and good manners per se, are you?"

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low Smith? Who is he, and where did he come from?"

Lantery told all that was known of Smith, and had no difficulty in compressing it into a single sentence; Stanton leaned back in his chair and the lids of the fifty eyes narrowed thoughtfully.

"There's a lot more to it than that," he said. "The man is a first-class ruffian, a ruffian of the reflective paste. Then he added a curt order: 'Make it your job to find out.'"

Lantery moved unobscured in his false seat, but before he could speak his employer went on again, changing the topic abruptly, but still keeping within the confining boundaries.

"What sort of a screw has gone loose in your deal with the railroad men? Williams got two cars of cement and one of steel the day before yesterday three hours after the stuff came in from the East."

Smith Lantery tried to explain. He took the bank roll I slipped him, all right enough, and promised to help out. But he's scared of Maxwell."

"He's scared of a 'dick-headed ass' exploded the faultfinder: 'His entire railroad outfit, from President Brewster down, is lined up on the other side of the fence. But go on with your dicker. Jerk Dougherty into line. Now go out and find Shaw. I want him and I want him right now.'"

The hard-faced man who looked as if he might be a brook-down gambler, unjoined his leg behind upon the tiled floor and set out a footstool. A quarter of another Stanton's pay-roll drifted in. He was a young fellow with sleepy eyes and cigarette stains on his fingers, and he would have passed for a railroad clerk out of a job, which was what he really was.

"Well," snapped Stanton when the first of the men had taken their seats. "The hard-faced man who looked as if he might be a brook-down gambler, unjoined his leg behind upon the tiled floor and set out a footstool. A quarter of another Stanton's pay-roll drifted in. He was a young fellow with sleepy eyes and cigarette stains on his fingers, and he would have passed for a railroad clerk out of a job, which was what he really was."

"Nary," said the spy nonchalantly. "The hard-faced man who looked as if he might be a brook-down gambler, unjoined his leg behind upon the tiled floor and set out a footstool. A quarter of another Stanton's pay-roll drifted in. He was a young fellow with sleepy eyes and cigarette stains on his fingers, and he would have passed for a railroad clerk out of a job, which was what he really was."

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"What's in a name?"

"Well, I know a man who has never anything in his wife's name."

A friend who is never in need is most unusual.

Everywhere.

Heard the Hostilities.

"Everybody wants peace."

"Yes, but everybody wants to die the first terms."

In a State of Suspense

Helen—To tell the truth, I don't know whether I'm engaged to Jack or not.

Billy—The ideal!

Helen—Just night at the Pop concert, while the orchestra was playing Wagner, Jack was saying something to me, I couldn't hear what it was, I nodded, and he's been unusually affectionate since then.

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Honest Advertising

THIS is a topic we all hear now-a-days because so many people are inclined to exaggerate. Yet has any physician told you that we have unlimited unreasonable remedial properties for Fletcher's Castoria? Just ask them. We won't answer it ourselves, we know what the answer will be.

That it has all the virtues to-day that was claimed for it in its early days is to be found in its increased use, the recommendation by prominent physicians, and our assurance that its standard will be maintained.

Imitations are to be feared. It is not the genuine Castoria that we guarantee, but Mr. Fletcher's Castoria. But it is not the genuine Castoria that Mr. Fletcher honestly advertised, honestly placed before the public, and from which he honestly expects to receive his reward.

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Women who feel weak, languid and depressed—who look pale and dull-eyed, and have lost appetite and fresh looks—need a tonic that will purify the blood, help the organs of digestion, regulate the liver and bowels, and strengthen the system. It long has been known that

Beecham's Pills

are a blessing to weak women, for they quickly correct various ailments, improve the appetite, purify the blood and re-establish healthy conditions. They are safe to take as they are purely vegetable and without any harmful drug. A few doses will bring better spirits, improved health, a feeling of fitness and

Give Renewed Strength

Directions of Special Value to Women are with Every Box Sold by druggists throughout the world. In boxes, 10c, 25c.

An Ideal Resort.

Duck—Come here if there is no restaurant down the street where they have files in the stew.

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NOTRE DAME, INDIANA

Offers Complete Course in Agriculture

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Raise High Priced Wheat on Fertile Canadian Soil

Canada extends to you a hearty invitation to settle on her FREE Homestead lands of 160 acres each or secure some of the low priced lands in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta. This year's crop of wheat in Canada has averaged 20 to 45 bushels of wheat to the acre. Think of the money you can make with wheat grown on a bushel and a half of seed. The yield also of Oats, Barley and Flax. Mixed farming in Western Canada is so profitable an industry as grain growing.

60 ACRE FARMS WESTERN CANADA FREE

Skateboard your way to a better life. Canada land just as cheap, so the opportunity is more attractive than ever. Canada wants you to help feed the world. This year's crop of wheat in Canada has averaged 20 to 45 bushels of wheat to the acre. Think of the money you can make with wheat grown on a bushel and a half of seed. The yield also of Oats, Barley and Flax. Mixed farming in Western Canada is so profitable an industry as grain growing.

The Real Difference.

"I can't see why that man is boss over me. I do most of the work and he gets the credit of it."

"I guess that is so."

"It is. I know more about the business than he does. Whenever he wants to know anything about it, he comes to me to find out."

"That's usually the way."

"In the fellow that ought to be the boss."

DR. R. SCHIFFMANN'S ASTHMADOR

ASTHMADOR CIGARETTES

DRUGGISTS

DR. R. SCHIFFMANN'S ASTHMADOR CIGARETTES

DRUGGISTS

TRY A MEDICINE THAT PROVES ITS VALUE

During the entire period of time that I have been using Dr. R. Schiffmann's Asthador, I have never heard a single complaint. My customers are generally pleased, and I am sure you will be pleased for the merits of the preparation.

W. L. SCHIFFMANN, Druggist, 1011 N. 1st St., St. Paul, Minn.

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Parline

ANTISEPTIC POWDER FOR PERSONAL HYGIENE

Disinfects your face for dandruff, keeps your skin clear, sweet and healthy. It is the most perfect and most reliable of all skin preparations. It is the most perfect and most reliable of all skin preparations. It is the most perfect and most reliable of all skin preparations.

After the Movie is Tired Eye

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