

FRUIT LAXATIVE FOR SICK CHILD

"California Syrup of Figs" can't
harm tender stomach,
liver and bowels.

Every mother realizes, after giving her children "California Syrup of Figs" that this is their ideal laxative, because they love its pleasant taste and it thoroughly cleanses the tender little stomach, liver and bowels without griping.

When cross, irritable, terrierish, or breath is bad, stomach sour, look at the tongue, mother! If coated, give a teaspoonful of this harmless "fruit laxative," and in a few hours all the foul, constipated waste, sour bile and undigested food passes out of the bowels, and you have a well, playful child again. When its little system is full of cold, throat sore, has stomach-ache, diarrhoea, indigestion, colic—remember, a good "fruit laxative" should always be the first treatment given.

Millions of mothers keep "California Syrup of Figs" handy; they know a teaspoonful today saves a sick child tomorrow. Ask at the store for a 5-cent bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," which has directions for babies, children of all ages and grown-ups printed on the bottle. Adv.

France and Colonel Cody.

Parisian journals, in noting the death of Col. William F. Cody, are deeply sympathetic and recognize him the picturesque American product that he was. This famous frontiersman, who was known in France as well as Buffalo Bill, on his arrival on the continent at the close of the last century was the sensation not of the hour but of the year, and his wide gray felt hat, with its narrow band of leather, was the fashion not alone in male headgear, but in female attire also. "Thanks to him," says a French journal, "Paris was made acquainted with the many diverse races of the new world—redskins, negroes of Virginia, Cherokees and others of multiple origin without counting East Indians, Chinese, Arabs and Cossacks of the Don. The youth of that day revered Colonel William Cody. Some time later they preferred Sherlock Holmes or Arsène Lupin."

A MINISTER'S CONFESSION

Rev. W. H. Warner, Myersville, Md., writes: "My trouble was colic. My back was affected and took the form of lumbago. I also had neuralgia, cramps in my muscles, pressure or sharp pains at the top of my head and nervous dizziness. I had other symptoms showing my system was at fault, so I took Doan's Kidney Pills. They were the means of saving my life. I write to say that your medicine restored me to perfect health. Be sure and get DOAN'S, the one with the three red heads on the label. The others are cheap, diseased, disordered, damaged kidneys; just as Rev. Warner did, no similarly named article will do. Adv."

Oil From Fruit Stone Kernels.

Germany is preparing to take steps toward relieving her shortage of oil and fats by extracting an oil from the kernels of fruit stones and the pits of the plum and the cherry, both of which grow freely there. The pits are boiled in a calcium chloride solution, which separates the kernel from its shell. The oil is separated from the kernel. The chief difficulty lies in the fact that the kernels of such fruits, especially the peach, contain minute quantities of hydrocyanic acid, some of which is bitter almond oil. This is extremely poisonous, but special methods have resulted in its presence being reduced to a mere negligible trace, according to the reports.

PETERSON'S OINTMENT BEST FOR ECZEMA

First Application Stops Itching of
Eczema, Salt Rheum and Piles.

"Life and let live is my motto," says Peterson. "Druggists everywhere sell PETERSON'S OINTMENT for 25 cents a large box and I say to them, 'Druggist, if anyone buys my ointment for any of the diseases or ailments for which it is made, send me a box of it, and I will send them their money back.'"

"I've got a safe lot of thankful letters testifying to the mighty healing power of Peterson's Ointment for all skin and running sores, eczema, salt rheum, itching scalp, dandruff, blind, bleeding and itchy piles."

John Scott, 23 Virginia St., Buffalo, writes: "Peterson's Ointment is simply wonderful. It cured me of eczema and salt rheum, and did it so quickly that I was astonished." Adv.

Education Finished.

Wieg—The young men have learned to know her like a book.

Wagg—Yes, and now she's on the shelf, so far as they're concerned.—Town Topics.

Asure cure Backache, Lumbago, Rheumatism. Send for Dr. J. M. Peterson, Buffalo, N. Y., for large trial package. Adv.

After marriage has opened a blind lover's eyes he is entitled to sympathy.

Garfield Tea, by purifying the blood, eradicates rheumatism, dyspepsia and many chronic ailments. Adv.

How the average man dislikes another who is smarter than he!

THE DESTROYING ANGEL

By Louis Joseph Vance

CHAPTER XVIII.—Continued.

She panted again, but still he was mute as a statue.

"So now you know me—what I am. No other man has ever known or even felt. But I had to tell you the truth. It seems that the only thing my career had left unachieved was my fundamental sense of honesty. So I had to come and tell you."

And still he held silence, attentive, but with a face that betrayed nothing of the storm of his thoughts.

Almost timidly, but nervously fumbling fingers she extracted from her pocketbook a small ticket envelope.

"Max was afraid you might upset the balance of your life by coming to my last appearance, Hugh," she said; "I assured him it was just the shock of recognizing you that bowled me over. So I brought you a box for tomorrow night. What you do to use it—you and Mr. Embler."

He broke in with a curt monosyllable: "What?"

"Why—because—because I want you—myself—perhaps you'll find a little less lively toward me if you see that I am really a great actress, that I give you for something bigger than the usual suspected of me."

"What role?" he said with an odd, short laugh. "Besides, I harbor no sentiment."

She stared, losing a little color, eyes darkening with apprehension.

"I did hope you'd come," she murmured.

"Oh, I'll come," he said with spirit. "Wild horses couldn't keep me away."

"Really, Hugh? And you don't mind?"

"I'm a gladiator," he said with a slight smile. "I really don't mind," he assured her with a strange smile. "But would you mind excusing me one moment? I've forgotten something very important."

"What, certainly?"

He was already at the telephone in the hallway, just beyond the living-room door. It was impossible to escape overhearing his words. The woman listened, her face pale, in the beginning, a little visible wonder, then with astonishment, ultimately with a contentment that shook her with violent tremblings.

"Hello," said Whitaker; "get me Hector two-two-hundred."

"Hello? Hector two-two-hundred? North Rectory Lloyd?" This is Mr. H. M. Whitaker. I telephoned you fifteen minutes ago about restoration on the George Washington, calling Saturday. Yes. Yes. Yes. Yes. Yes. I promised to call for the ticket before noon, but now I don't think I'm able to go. Will you be kind enough to cancel it, if you please. Yes. Thank you. Goodbye.

But when he turned back into the living room he found awaiting him a pale, excited woman.

"Why did you do that?" she asked evenly.

"Because," said Whitaker, "I had my eyes opened. I've been watching the finest living actress you've ever fully rehearsed role, one that she had given long study and all heart to her; but her interpretation didn't ring true. Mary, I admit, she's a great actress, but only my mind believed it; it has always known better, all through this wretched time of doubt and misery and repugnance you subjected us both to. And that was why I couldn't trust myself to answer you; for if I had, I should have betrayed the voice of my own soul. I've been waiting for you to say 'yes' to me, and I can't live in love. You betray yourself in every word that would be heartless, in every admission that would send me mad. I've known better always. Of course I shall be in that box tomorrow night; of course I shall be there to witness your triumph! And after you've won it, dear, I shall carry you off with me."

He opened his arms wide, but with a smothered cry she backed away, placing the table between them.

"No," she protested; and the words were almost sobbing.

"Yes!" he exclaimed exultantly. "Yes! A thousand times yes! It must be so!"

With a swift movement she seized her mother's hand from his chair and turned her face white and blazing.

"It is not true!" she cried. "You are mistaken. Do you hear that? You are utterly wrong. I am not in love with you. You are mad to think it. I have just told you I don't love you. I am afraid of you; I don't say with you for fear of you. I—I—despise you!"

"It doesn't believe it!" he cried, advancing.

But she was gone. The hall door slammed before he could reach it.

CHAPTER XIX.

One Way Out.

Toward eight in the evening, after a day-long search through all his accustomed haunts, Colonel Max Whitaker came to the dining room of the Piccadilly. The young man, alone at table, was in the act of topping off an excellent dinner with a still finer excellent cordial and a superb excellent glass.

He wore rough tweeds, and they were damp and baggy; his boots were muddy; his hair was a little disorderly.

The ensemble made a figure wildly incongruous to the soberly splendid and stately dignified of the Crimondale club, with its sparse patronage of members in evening dress.

Embler, himself, as severely beautiful in black and white as the ceremonial liveries of to-day permits a man to be, was wonder-struck at sight of Whitaker in such unconventional guise, at such a time, in such a place. With neither invitation nor salutation, he slipped into a chair on the other side of the table, and stared.

Whitaker smiled benignantly upon him, and called a waiter.

Embler, always abstemious, lifted his hand and smiled a negative smile. Whitaker dismissed the waiter.

"Well . . . ?" he inquired cheerfully.

"What right have you got to look like that?" Embler demanded.

"The right of every free-born American citizen to make an ass of himself according to the dictates of his conscience. I've been exploring the dark backward and abysm of the Bronx-study. Got caught in the rain on the way home. Was late getting back, and dropped in here to celebrate."

"I've been looking for you every where, since morning."

"What would you would be. That's why I'm waiting—to be lonesome like that?" Embler demanded.

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it's simplicity itself; I'm going to buy him."

"Buy Max?"

"Body—artistic soul—and breeches," Whitaker affirmed confidently.

"Impossible!"

"You forget how well sized I am. What's the use of my own suit half the gold in New Guinea if it won't buy me what I already own by every moral and legal right?"

"He won't listen to you; you don't know him."

"I'm willing to lay you a small bet that there will be no first performance at the Theater Max tomorrow night."

"You'll never persuade him."

"I'll buy the show outright, and my wife's freedom to go or else Max will begin to accompany the local color of a hospital ward."

Embler smiled grimly. "You're bragging to convince even me. When I ask, do you propose to pull off this sporting proposition?"

"Do you know where Max can be found tonight?"

"At the theater."

"When the matter will be arranged at the theater between this hour and midnight."

"I doubt if you succeed in getting the ear of the great man before midnight; however, I'm not disposed to quibble about a few hours."

"But why shouldn't I?"

"Because Max is going to be the busiest young person in town tonight. And that is why I've been looking for you."

"Conforming to his custom, he's been giving an advance glimpse of the production to the critics and a few friends in the form of a dress rehearsal tonight. Again, in conformance with his custom, he has honored me with a bid. I've been chasing you all day to find out if you cared to go."

"Eight o'clock and a bit after."

Whitaker interrupted briskly, consulting his watch. "Here, boy," he hailed a passage page; "call a taxicab for me; I've got to hustle home; and make myself look respectable enough for the occasion; but at that, with luck, I fancy I'll be there before the first curtain."

This mood of faith, of self-reliance and aloof optimism held unaltered throughout the dash homeward, his hurried change of clothing and the ride to the theater. Nothing that Embler, purposely pessimistic, could say or do availed to diminish the high buoyancy of his humor. He maintained a serene faith in his star, a spirited temper that refused to recognize obstacles in the way of his desire.

In the taxicab, en route to the Theater Max, he contrived even to distill a good omen from the driving autumnal downpour itself.

"Such a day as this," he told his dozing friend, "if you hear me on such a day I shall win my answer, finally and for all time!"

From Broadway to Sixth avenue, Fifth street street was bright with the yellow glare of the huge signs in front of the Theater Max. But this night, unlike that other night when he'd approached the stage of his wife's triumph, there was no such thing as a cab, no eager and curious press of people in the street; but few vehicles disputed their way; otherwise the rain and the hurrying, rain-coated wayfarers seemed thoughtful to them themselves.

"And even this be chose to consider a favorable omen; there was not now a public to come between him and his love—only Max and his frightened friend."

The man at the door recognized Embler with a cheerful nod; Whitaker he did not know.

"Just in time, Mr. Embler; curtain's been up about ten minutes."

CHAPTER XX.

Black Out.

The auditorium was in almost total darkness. A single voice was audible from the stage that confronted it like some tremendous, moonlight canvas in a huge frame of tarnished gold. They stood silently round the orchestra seats to the stage-box—the same box that Whitaker had on the former occasion occupied in company with his wife. They succeeded in taking possession without attracting attention, either from the owners of that scanty scattering of first bosoms in the orchestra or the other patrons of the theater.

The first glimpse of the manager to the first glimpse of his new revelation in stagecraft—or from those occupying the stage.

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INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

By B. O. SELLERS, Acting Director of
Sunday School Course of Moody Bible
Institute, 1917, Western Newspaper Union.

LESSON FOR FEBRUARY 25

JESUS AT POOL OF BETHESDA.

LESSON TEXT—John 5:1-15.

GOLDEN TEXT—It was Jesus which had made him whole.—John 5:15.

Following the events of last Sunday's lesson, Jesus went to Jerusalem to attend the feast (v. 1). He went up according to the requirements of the Jewish law (Ex. 34:23; see Gal. 4:4), but he was not satisfied with the conventional fulfilling of the duties for that occasion, nor was he occupied with social and commercial functions, but in "going about doing good." The feast was an occasion of joy and mirth on every hand, but in the midst of it is this great need so graphically pictured in this lesson. How true this is to the daily experience. Teachers should appeal to the imagination of their scholars and describe as vividly as possible this pool, let them depict a room, in the hour of which it is a pool; in one corner if the room a stairway leading up to the ceiling; surrounding the room, at the top of the wall all broad walk; on the wall, looking down toward the pool is "a multitude of that were blind, halt and withered." These were the wretched ones who sought the pool, and evidently Jesus sought the most wretched of this company.

I Jesus went where there was need (v. 6). In the midst of this company Jesus "saw" this man. He had been there often (v. 7), and his case seemed to be beyond all hope, but there is nothing too hard for God (Gen. 18:14; Jer. 32:17).

II. Jesus thrusts the responsibility upon the man (v. 6). Jesus had eyes not only to see need, but he also saw the man's own personal power to relieve the need. The question is, what do we see as we journey through life?

III. Jesus was moved with compassion (Matt. 14:14). He always has that feeling when he looks upon suffering and the misfortunes of men (Heb. 13:8; 4:35-16; Isa. 63:9). Jesus does not do for the man what the man can do for himself; so he makes his first appeal to the man's desire, and through his desire to the man's will. "Will you be made whole?" The fact that he has been long time in his predicament, or the fact that a sinner has been a long time in an error, is no reason for supposing that Jesus will not take interest in him or that he cannot save him and help and heal him (Matt. 9:21; Luke 8:43; Acts 3:2). His question then was not, "Can you walk?" but "Will you be made whole?"

IV. Jesus commands the impossible. The man thought the only way he could be made whole was through the efficacy of the waters in this pool, but Jesus, by speaking a word, had the power that would heal him (Ps. 107:29); so today it is the power of the word of Christ that can save all who believe on him (Rom. 1:16). All we have to do to live is to hear and believe (John 5:24). With the command of Christ, "Rise, take up thy bed and walk," the man was made whole, not only completely, but it was instantaneous (Acts 3:7-8).

V. He worked a complete cure. He was made whole even according to the Jewish law (John 5:17-23). The man at once began to use this Christ-given strength by taking up his bed, and doing exactly as he was commanded (John 5:24). Jesus then charged him with the sin of "standing" (v. 6). He also likes those that are the results of sin, for that was his work in the world (v. 14; Matt. 1:21).

VI. Objection and danger (v. 10-15). The objection raised was that Jesus had transgressed the Jewish law. The man's answer to this was, "He hath made me whole." The word of God our law (Matt. 17:23). The strength that Jesus gives us is to be used in obedience to him in glorifying his name. The man did not tell the Jews who it was that made him whole, because he did not know, himself; but as he found out who it was he told them without fear or hesitancy. He did not even wait for them to ask him, but sought an opportunity for testifying (v. 8). Any man who truly saved will once give his witness to others. The admonition which Jesus gave to this man (v. 14) still holds good. How many men we have seen who have been freed from the drink habit or some other evil in life, and who have grown indifferent or careless and returned to their sin only to have "a worse thing come unto them." It is interesting to notice that Jesus performed this miracle in the face of great opposition and danger.

Summary: (1) Jesus cures the sick, not by what he does to them, but what he does in them.

(2) Christianity is the gospel for the body as well as for souls of men.

(3) The gospel of Jesus is the beginning of a new life for every man who accepts it.

(4) Sickness and trouble are frequently the instruments of God's providence, bringing men to realize their sin and their need.

(5) No matter how great the progress of modern medicine or the skill of physicians, there is always the need of the Great Physician.

Perseus a running depends on irrigation.

Perseus a running depends on irrigation.

"CASCARETS" ACT ON LIVER; BOWELS

No sick headache, biliousness,
bad taste or constipation
by morning.

Get a 10-cent box. Are you keeping your bowels, liver, and stomach clean, pure and fresh with Cascarets, or merely forcing a passage every few days with Salts, Cathartic Pills, Castor Oil or "Purgative Waters?"

Stop having a bowel "wash-day." Let Cascarets thoroughly cleanse and regulate the stomach, remove the sour and fermenting food and foul gases, take the excess bile from the liver and carry out of the system all the constipated waste matter and poisons in the bowels.

A Cascaret tonight will make you feel great by morning. They work while you sleep—never gripe, sicken or cause any inconvenience, and cost only 10 cents a box from your store. Millions of men and women take a Cascaret now and then and never have headache, biliousness, coated tongue, indigestion, Sour Stomach or Constipation. Adv.

He Got the Apple.

"Once upon a time," began the teacher, "two little brothers started to Sunday school one Sunday morning. Their way led past a fine orchard, where the trees were bending down with ripe, luscious apples. One of the brothers proposed going into the orchard and getting some fruit, but the other refused and sped away, leaving his companion greedily devouring the apples."

Now, it happened that the owner of the orchard saw them, and the next day rewarded the good boy who refused to steal his apples by giving him a shilling. He got a shilling for his honesty, and what do you suppose the other boy got for his dishonesty?"

"He got the apples!" yelled every member of the class.—Kansas City Star.

DEAD ON HIS FEET

GOLD MEDAL. Harnden Oil Capsules will bring new life, and quickly relieve that stupefied congested feeling. They will thoroughly cleanse and wash out the kidneys and bladder and gently carry off the ill effects of excesses of all kinds. The healing, soothing oil seals right into the walls and lining of the kidneys and expels the poisons in your system. Keep your kidneys in good shape by daily use of GOLD MEDAL Harnden Oil Capsules and you will have good health. Use your druggist at once and secure a package of this time-honored, world-wide remedy. It is not a "patent medicine." It is passed upon by U. S. Army, Navy, chemists and declared pure before coming into this country. GOLD MEDAL is the pure, original Harnden Oil Capsules from the ancient laboratories in Holland, where it is the National Household Remedy of the sturdy Dutch. Look for the name GOLD MEDAL on every box. Accept no substitute. Your druggist will gladly refund your money if not as represented. Adv.

Real Experience.

"Yes," said a traveling man, "I was once out of sight of land on the Atlantic ocean twenty-one days."

Another man spoke up: "On the Pacific ocean one time I didn't see land for twenty-one days."

A bald man knelt the astes from his chair and continued to look at Topeka in a stiff neck," he said, "and was out of sight of land before I reached the other side."

"What?" demanded the man who had spun the yarn. "The 'Kaw' is not more than three hundred feet wide at Topeka."

"Quite true," said the bald man quickly. "The stiff turned over and I sank twice."

SKIN TORTURES

That Itch, Burn and Scale Quickly Relieved by Cuticura—Trial Free.

It takes about ten minutes to prove that a hot bath with Cuticura Soap followed by gentle application of Cuticura Ointment will afford relief and point to speedy healing of eczema, itchings and irritations. They are ideal for all toilet purposes.

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

Dose of His Own Medicine.

"You are both complaining that prescription as I would," remarked a stranger who had dropped in. "Dumb in a little of this and a pinch of that."

"What do you mean? Are you a druggist?"

"Nope."

"Then what do you mean by telling me how to run my business?"

"Oh, I'm the manager of the ball team. I notice you in the bleachers occasionally handing me unsolicited advice."

The Outline That Does Not Affect The Head Because of Its Pure and Natural Ingredients. Genuine Quinine can be taken by anyone without danger. It is not a "patent medicine." It is called "Genuine Quinine" in all countries. Adv.

It's a fortunate thing for one-half the world that the other half doesn't know how to live—or why.

As we grow more sensible, we refuse drugs and take instead Nature's herb cure, Garfield Tea. Adv.

Although the average man may know when to stop, he seldom does it.

Some people tell the truth only when a lie won't answer the purpose.