

RESULTS REMARKABLE SAYS NEW YORK MAN

Prominent Rochester Citizen Tried Ten Years to Get Relief, But Tanlac Is Only Thing That Helped Him.

One of the latest to testify regarding the powers of Tanlac, the celebrated medicine which has been accomplishing such remarkable results, is James J. Beasley, 100, Chatham Avenue, Rochester, New York. Mr. Beasley has been chief record keeper for the Department of Water Works, city of Rochester, for thirty years and is a well known and highly respected citizen. In referring to the remarkable recovery of his health by the use of Tanlac, Mr. Beasley said:

"I have been trying for ten years to find relief from a case of dyspepsia. Nothing ever helped me in amount to anything until I got Tanlac. This is saying a great deal, for I did everything it seems that a man could do to find relief. Of course, I was hardly ever sick enough to go to bed and was most always able to keep going, but I just never felt right. At times during those ten years, my stomach would become sour like vinegar. I would have an uncomfortable bloated up feeling after eating that would last for hours. I suffered a great deal from nausea. At times my heart would flutter and palpitate and I would become alarmed over my condition. My line was never on edge all the time, and I became irritable, nervous and restless. I had no strength or energy to do anything. In fact I wasn't like myself at all. Even a walk or two on the street was an effort for me to get out of my chair and I felt as stiff and clumsy as an



JAMES J. BEASLEY
Of Rochester, New York.

everyday man. It is really remarkable what Tanlac has accomplished in my case. It has relieved me entirely of indigestion. I never have that distressing feeling any more after eating, and I feel perfectly fine in every way. I will always feel grateful for what this wonderful medicine has done for me and I am only too glad to give it to my friends. Tanlac is sold by leading druggists and I felt as stiff and clumsy as an

"Beauty is
Only
Skin Deep"



but a beautiful skin is possible only when the liver and kidneys are active, and the bowels functionate properly. The secret of beauty as well as of health is to maintain perfect digestion and elimination.

BEECHAM'S PILLS

help to preserve beauty and maintain health, because they influence liver, kidneys, skin and stomach to functionate in harmony and efficiently.

Sold by druggists throughout the world. In boxes, 10c, 25c.

Lies often tread on the toes of the unsold truth.

Important to Mothers
Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, that famous old remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Williams*. In Use for Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria.



A Wonderful Portable Phonograph
Excellent Tones, Plays All Records. This is with you. MUSIC WHEN YOU WANT IT. In two sizes. 10" and 12".
Live agents wanted in every town. No money. No experience. At the beginning of the year. MELODY NATIONAL SALES CO., Chicago, Ill. 190 N. State St.

**All Run Down
Now Feels Fine**

**Eaton's Ended
His Troubles**

"Eaton's is the only thing I have found to stop my heartburn. I think it has been a great help in nervous spells," writes G. C. Johnson. An upset stomach may cause loss of suffering all over the body. Eaton's helps in such cases by removing the cause of the misery, because it takes up and carries out the excess acid and gases and keeps the digestive organs in natural working order. A tablet after meals is all you need. Each box costs only a trifle with druggists' guarantee.

Advice for Mothers

"Lending, Mich." "After motherhood I became so weak it seemed impossible for me to regain my strength. I took Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and the first bottle benefited me wonderfully. I took five bottles and by that time I was in perfect health. I can say enough in praise of the Favorite Prescription as a tonic and stimulant for the young mother, not judging by my own experience only but by my daughter's as well. GABRIEL RUSSELL, 212 Anderson St. Send 10 cents to Dr. Pierce's Invalids' Hotel in Buffalo, N. Y., for a full package of the tablets."

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It cures all eye troubles. It is a perfect eye medicine. It is sold by all druggists. Write for Free Eye Book. *Nurse Eye Book*, 5, Chicago.

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Asthma
Remedy**

for the prompt relief of Asthma and Hay Fever. Ask your druggist for it. 25 cents and one dollar. Write for FREE SAMPLE.
Northrop & Lyman Co., Inc., Buffalo, N. Y.

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Night and Morning. Have Strong, Healthy Eyes. If they are Itchy, Smart or Burn, or Sore, Irritated, Inflamed, or Granulated, use Murine often. Soothes, Refreshes. Safe for Infant or Adult. At all Druggists. Write for Free Eye Book. *Nurse Eye Book*, 5, Chicago.

The Shadow of the Sheltering Pines

A New Romance of the Storm Country

By GRACE MILLER WHITE

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TONY—ANOTHER TESS.

"Lean against me, dear," murmured Philip. "And this time—oh, Tony, don't leave me today without telling me you love me a lot."

Tony glanced him with one little upward glance, her eyes were star-bright.

"I love you more'n the whole world," she trembled. "More'n I know how to tell."

This confession of love comes right in the middle of this fascinating story; there's a lot of exciting action ahead of it and still more after it before Tonnell Pendelhaven gets everything the world can give to one little girl.

This is another of her thrilling stories by Grace Miller White of the "Storm Country" of New York state. It is "Tess of the Storm Country" that made Mary Pickford famous and Tony is another Tess. Over 1,000,000 copies of the author's romance have been sold in book form and motion pictures have made her name a household word.

CHAPTER I

"Tony"—for Sam.

Another winter had flitted its fingers from the Storm Country and the snows and the ice had brought from the South the red-breasted robins and the blue jays to build their homes in the Forest City, as Ithaca, N. Y., is called, for to the south of the city, the woods, and even to the north where the lake cut sharply around a corner, broad forests stretched their rugged heights of leaf and bough on infinite mountains.

One evening on the western side of the railroad tracks, a girl stood near a small building over which, like ropes of green, draped the branches of a weeping willow tree. This building was different from any of the other habitations near it in that it was well painted, and the door stood open all day.

"Was a strange little girl that gazed up with searching eagerness at the two lighted signs that had arrested her attention. In her arms she held a diminutive quinea pig, and the way she looked at it, demonstrated her love for it."

"THE SALVATION ARMY," she spelled out and thoughtfully considered it.

"Everything is welcome here," she read slowly. That meant that anyone could enter if he wanted to, she decided, and as Tonnell Devon did want to go in, she softly tiptoed up the steps and opened the door.

As there was nobody in sight, she slipped in and looked about.

"Welcome" was carved in letters of red above the table, and the silent young stranger smiled. She couldn't understand how a girl could be really welcome anywhere. Of course her mother liked her and missed her when she was away, but Tony knew no other place where she was really wanted, but the small, built, called Mary and Dirty Mary for short, which had been her home ever since she could remember.

"I wish to be God in the highest," singing in letters of gold across the right wall, and to the left, "Stand Still and See the Salvation of the Lord," kept her attention a little longer. She knew what they meant, but the varied colors shining brilliant in the bright light calmed her turbulent spirit and made her happy. She hugged the pig closer, bent her head and kissed the top of its ear.

"I guess we're in a church, Gusie," she said aloud, "and you mustn't grunt or squeal like you do on the Dirty Mary. It's awful nice and quiet, isn't it, honey?"

"Were you speaking to me?" said a voice from near the door.

Tonnell Devon struggled to her feet, turned around and saw a young man leaning at her. A flame of red rushed over the tanned skin, but she was smiling and kindly, she smiled back a dimpling smile to life at each corner of her mouth in confusion. "I was talking to Gusie—piglet here, Mobbie here and me—didn't ought to be here. You can kick us out if you want."

Philip MacCauley, the captain of the Salvation Army in Ithaca, bowed, and then he laughed.

"Every one is welcome here," he quoted fondly forward. "Wherever you come from? I've never seen you before."

"I'm staying up Hodgeville way," replied Tony. "I wasn't around around here. This is an awful nice room, isn't it, huh?"

"Yes, very. We like it," replied the young man. "Sit down to be in a hurry. I want to talk to you."

Tonnell did sit down but not very

comfortably. She was embarrassed in the presence of this handsome young stranger, dressed in the uniform of his uniform, and all the beauty of him.

With hushed admiration he was contemplating the sparkle of her gray eyes, shaded by long lashes as ebony black as her hair which hung in ringlets to her waist. He decided that she was very pretty, and that he liked to have her in the Salvation Army quarters.

"What do you say for meeting this evening?" he asked, politely. "We have singing here."

Tony's eyes deepened almost to brown black.

"Oh, I'd love that!" Then she shook her head. "Nope," she went on, "I don't go home to my mother. She's all alone! Mobbie when my daddy goes back, I'll come some time and sit clean through the night."

For an instant the smile stilled about the boy's lips, then gravity settled once more over his earnest young face.

"What's done in this place?" she questioned after a while.

"Oh, we sing and read and pray," replied the boy. "We do everything we can to help people. There's such a lot of misery in the world."

"That's as true's you're born," came back promptly from the purred lips. "I know that because my mother is sick every day, and she tries on. That's misery, isn't it?"

Captain MacCauley was used to tales of woe, but he knew a panacea for them. "Yes, it is so," he said. "Perhaps you could get her to come here some evening? Do you think you could?"

"I wouldn't let her," was the reply, and she lifted untouchable saddened gray eyes to his. "You see when a man comes a woman, and she don't do the things he tells her to do, he beats her, huh?"

There was mute pleading in her expression as she drew back on the bench a little farther away from him.



Side by Side They Sat Together on the Bench.

Ab! He might have known that she had been swept along by the relentless tide of brutality. He sighed a little. He had seen enough of ignorant men with their supreme ignorance to know she told the truth.

"Your father is—is—dead?" he asked, then he faltered.

She remained in deep thought for the space of a few seconds.

"A sweet or two, maybe more, isn't a killing thing to women folks," was the response she made coarsely at length.

So unusual had been her answer that Philip MacCauley gazed at her in amazement.

"Have you ever heard of—or God?" he asked finally, his own coarser appearance in the stumble of his tongue.

Tonnell laughed.

"I hear God do a more'n a hundred times a day," she replied. "Is that what you mean?"

"Not quite," answered Philip, startled. "No! Not that."

"Then what?" demanded Tony. "What kind of a God do you mean?"

"One that is good," explained Philip. "One that isn't any God but the one who helps."

"My mummy?" breathed the girl, misty tears shadowing her eyes.

"Yes."

"Where is he, then?" The words shot forth with such insistence that something within Philip MacCauley rose to its demand.

"Some one's got to be good to my mother," the girl ran on before he could speak. "She's sick—and lonely. I've got to do something for her. Where's your helpin' God, mister?"

"Right here in this place," said Philip, in a voice eddying swaying over him. "In fact, there isn't any place where God is not."

"He wouldn't be in a dirty cantal boat, would he?" demanded Tony, hotly.

Astonished at such crudeness, Captain MacCauley shifted himself about so he faced her squarely. Was it pretended ignorance or innocence in the searching gray eyes? That he decided

that truth was stamped on every line of the upturned face.

"Of course, everywhere," he exclaimed broadly. "Why, dear child—"

Tony Devon interrupted him swiftly. "Tell me how to manage it," she pleaded. "How can I wheedle your God to the Dirty Mary?"

"To the what?" was the question the boy asked in shocked swiftness.

"The Dirty Mary," repeated Tony. "My mummy and the live on a cantal boat. Once she was just called 'Mary.' But she's so d-d nasty, she calls her the Dirty Mary. She's a nice boat just the same as long as my mummy's there. But I can't see how a clean God could come on 'er. . . . I guess you're foolin' me, mister."

Philip swallowed hard. Then slowly and gently he talked to her, trying to make her understand as best he could what he meant by Lord, Spirit.

"And you can help your mother, little—what's your name?"

"Tony, just Tonnell," she murmured. Then her voice rose and she uttered sharply, "Now tell me how to help my mother."

Philip went to the altar and sorted out a small card.

"This," he said, coming back to her, "has happy, loving thoughts written on it. If you think these things all the time—oh, how they will help both you and your mother."

Wonderingly she took it in her fingers. The first thing that met her eyes was a beautiful uplifted face of a man and in his arms was a little lamb. Underneath the picture was printed, "Feed my sheep," and directly under that were the words, "Stand still and see the salvation of the Lord."

Once more her eyes sought the face above, a face wherein lay all the pity and love in the world.

Tony Devon caught a glimpse of the lesson he was trying to teach, and when she went out of the Salvation Army hall she held within the depths of her a wonderfully new and utterly strange conviction.

She was panting for breath when she ran up the gangplank of the cantal boat.

A woman was busy brewing tea when the girl slipped down the steps of the cabin.

"You been gone a long time, Tony," murmured Mrs. Devon. "Did you see anything of your daddy?"

"Nope, and I squinted in every beer hole in Ithaca," Tony replied. "But—but I found out something for you. Listen! There's somebody on this boat besides me, and you—and Gusie."

"Who?" came sharply from the woman.

She shivered, fearing that the law lay in wait for her absent husband.

"Who, brat?" she repeated impudently.

Tonnell bent over and looked straight into the said, was face.

"God, just a plain lovin' God," she replied, her countenance expressing unusual exaltation. "Sit a minute while the tea's makin' good, and I'll tell you."

"And mummy," the girl continued, leaning her head against her mother's arm. "Darling mummy, that beautiful man said, 'Love'd make crooked things straight, and—and it's so.'"

A look of belief came over Edith Devon's face.

"Edith," she said in a disgusted voice. "Tony, you ain't a brain in your bean."

"I don't need any brains as long as I got this 'God,'" the girl replied, lifting the card she held. "Come on, let's say these things over. Here's one that'll keep—well, I'll help keep daddy from beatin' you."

Mrs. Devon grasped the girl's arm in sudden frenzy.

"You told some one Uriah beatin' me?" she demanded sharply.

"Mebbe I did, and mebbe I didn't," answered Tony, dilly. "But these words about standin' still and watchin' Salvation slam good all about will keep pap-pap's fists up his sleeves. Say it, Edie," she entreated.

"I won't," said Edith, getting up swiftly. "If there's anything in it, Tony, you can show me by gettin' your daddy back home. Mebbe he's in jail."

"Even if he was," retorted the girl, with a wise shake of her head. "You'd hard could make the coop-doo-flop wide open, and daddy'd flop out like a dogfish flops into the lake. I'm goin' to find out more some of these days, and then I'll tell you all about it, Edie."

"Yes," muttered Edith. "But I'm getting a guess out of the days I spent on this boat that God, or whoever you're talkin' about, isn't botherin' his head over the Dirty Mary, no, no, no."

"Uriah, if you go on with this, I'll tell 'er all I know."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Promises may make friends, but it takes performances to keep them.

WOMEN WHO CANNOT WORK

Read Mrs. Corley's Letter and Benefit by Her Experience

Edmund, S. C.—"I was run down with nervousness and female trouble and suffered every month. I was not able to do any work and tried a lot of medicine, but I got no relief. I saw your medicine advertised in a little book that was thrown in my door, and I had not taken two bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound before I could see it was helping me. I am keeping house now and am able to do all of my work. I cannot say enough for your medicine. It has done more for me than any doctor. I have not paper enough to tell you how much it has done for me and for my friends. You may print this letter if you wish."—ELIZABETH C. CORLEY, care of A. Corley, Edmund, S. C.



Ability to stand the strain of work is the privilege of the strong and healthy, but now our health is weak for the weak and sickly women struggling with their daily rounds of household duties, with backaches, headaches, nervousness and almost every movement brings new pain. Why will not the mass of letters from women all over this country, which we have been publishing, convince such women that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will help them just as surely as it did Mrs. Corley?

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Side or Knife Double Box

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The Fox Garment Co.
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IS IDEAL
For the Hands

Soap 25c, Ointment 25c and 50c, Tubes 25c.

Boys and Dogs Work Together.
Small boys and big dogs supply the same power for the distribution of food from the central kitchen in Dresden to the outlying feeding centers. This work is conducted by the Society of Friends, and in all there are about 8,000 feeding centers in 130 different cities.

ASPIRIN

Name "Bayer" on Genuine



Beware! Unless you see the name "Bayer" on package or on tablets you are not getting genuine Aspirin prescribed by physicians for twenty-one years and proved safe by millions. Take Aspirin only as told in the Bayer package for Colds, Headache, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Earache, Toothache, Lumbago, and for Pain. Easily fit boxes of twelve Bayer Tablets of Aspirin cost few cents. Druggists also sell larger packages. Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monacatechlester of Saltscheid, Adr.

But no married man can understand why a bachelor should have need of a rest cure.

Feel All Worn Out?

Has a cold, grip, or other infectious disease sapped your strength? Do you suffer backache, lack ambition, feel dull and depressed? Look to your kidneys! Physicians agree that kidney trouble often results from infectious disease. Too often kidneys are neglected because the sufferer doesn't realize they have broken down under the strain of filtering disease-causing poison from the blood. If your back is bad, your kidneys are breaking down, and you feel all run down, use Doan's Kidney Pills. Doan's have helped thousands. Ask your neighbor!

A Michigan Case

Phillip Kuntz, 68, 611 E. 1st St., Alpena, Mich., says: "There was dull aching pain in my back and it was lame. I was getting old and weak, and I made a mistake. I bought a bottle of Doan's Kidney Pills and bought a few boxes, which I took. I feel good now."

Get Doan's at Any Store, 60c a Box.

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