

Hall's Catarrh Medicine

will do what we claim for it—
it cures Catarrh of the Bladder
caused by Catarrh.

Sold by druggists for over 40 years

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Ohio



Inferrance

Visitor—"Listen, Jimmie, I hear a
cuckoo." Jimmie—"Gee, it must have
escaped from a clock."—From Life.

Children Cry for Fletcher's CASTORIA



MOTHER—Fletcher's Castoria is a pleasant, harmless Substi-
tute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Teething Drops and Soothing
Syrups, prepared for Infants in arms and Children all ages.

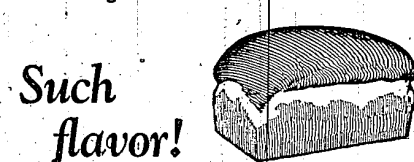
To avoid imitations, always look for the signature of *Dr. J. C. Fletcher*
Proven directions on each package. Physicians everywhere recommend it.

Wise Enough

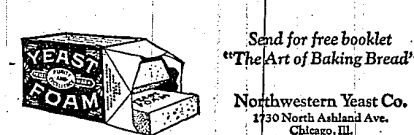
Friend—Why do you have such mis-
spelled and ungrammatical signs in
your window?

Sharp Merchant—People think I'm
a dunce and come in to swindle me.
Trade's just booming.—The Progress-
ive Grocer

Be sure of a light sweet dough: use Yeast Foam



No wonder people eat twice as much
bread when it's made from Yeast Foam



Send for free booklet
"The Art of Baking Bread"

Northwestern Yeast Co.
1730 North Ashland Ave.
Chicago, Ill.

"Top Prices" and the Concrete Storage Cellar

When you dump your crops
on the market while everyone
else is doing the same thing, you
are throwing away money.

Only by waiting until the
market is no longer glutted with
apples, potatoes and the other
produce you raise can you get
"top prices."

Here's where the concrete
storage cellar comes in. Many a
man who has lost one can tell you
that its total cost was returned
to him the first year by enabling
him to hold his crops until
prices were right.

Write us today about your fruit and vegetable
storage problem. We have some valuable in-
formation which is yours for the asking.

PORTLAND CEMENT ASSOCIATION

Dime Bank Building
DETROIT, MICH.
A National Organization
to Improve and Extend the Uses of Concrete
Offices in 29 Cities

Giant Police Officer

Springdale, Pa., claims the biggest
of all policemen in George Klingens-
mith, who is six feet six inches tall
and tips the scales at exactly one-
eighth of a ton—not any of it fat.
Klingensmith is too heavy for a light-
weight motorcycle bought for him, and
the borough council was forced to re-
turn the machine.

Bakery Does Big Business

One bakery in this country uses 60,
000 cases of blackberries, cherries,
blueberries, pineapples, strawberries
and raspberries every year in making
pies.

It is easy to pick the fellow whose
father jerked a forelock. He is ar-
rogant and overbearing.

The Mystery Road

By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM

Copyright by Little, Brown & Co.

"I LOVE GERALD"

SYNOPSIS—Fiering from a
brutal stepfather, an unhappy
girl, and a hapless husband
she detests, Myrtle, young
French girl, stands in a country
road on the verge of despair.
Halted by an exploded tire, two
young Englishmen, Lord Gerald
Donkey and Christopher Bent,
are attracted by the girl's dis-
tracted appearance. She begs
them to take her away from her
misery. In a spirit of adventure
they do so, conveying her to
Monte Carlo and leaving her with
Myrtle. Myrtle accepts English
life, her mother having been an edu-
cated woman. Gerald, a
beautiful young woman, is the
gambling room, and is ha-
nated, but can only learn, that
she is called Pauline de Fiere
and is with her aunt. He is un-
able to secure an introduction.
Christopher and Gerald decide
Myrtle shall not go back to her
home. Lady Mary, Gerald's sis-
ter, secretly in love with Chris-
topher, disapproves of the young
men's guardianship of Myrtle.
Lord Donkey makes the ac-
quaintance of Pauline. He is
attracted by the ease of money and
concomitant surrounding her.

CHAPTER V—Continued

"I don't know that I am very differ-
ent from the others," he said. "Tell
me, what is your nationality?"

"Why should I tell you anything
about myself?" she asked, a little
coldly.

"It appeared to me that it might—
er—help our acquaintance."

"Have I acknowledged the acquaint-
ance?"

"Well, you are talking to me, any-
how," he pointed out, with a slight
twinkle in his eyes.

"I scarcely see how I could help it,"
she replied. "If you are really curious
about my nationality, I will tell you
that I have some French blood in my
veins. France, however, is not my na-
tive country."

"And you live—where?"

"Nowhere," she answered, a little
slyly. "At present we are wanderers—
what you call in England adventures."
Gerald raised his eyebrows.

"That is scarcely the word," he mur-
mured.

"My aunt has a curious objection to
meeting people upon our travels,"
Pauline continued. "I myself find her
aloofness sometimes a little tedious."

"That is why I am misbehaving to the
extent of letting you talk to me. As
a matter of course, you certainly ought
to leave me at once. As a mat-
ter of fact, I was about to propose
something else."

"Let me hear it, at any rate," he in-
sisted.

"I watched you drive up to your
father's villa in your car. Will you
take me a little way in it?"

"Rather," he assented eagerly.
"Where shall I pick you up?"

"Outside the villa gates," she re-
plied. "My aunt is absolutely certain
to sleep for two hours. It is the only
liberty I have during the day. Please
go at once and fetch the car."

"She dismissed him with an impera-
tive wave of the hand. As soon as he
was out of sight she jumped down
from the rock, crossed the little strip
of sand, and commenced her leisurely
ascent to the villa. Once or twice she
laughed softly to herself.

It was an excursion which Gerald
pondered on many times afterward.
Pauline had settled down in the low
bucket seat by his side with an air of
back with an air of absolute content.
She had, in fact, the appearance of
one enjoying a rare pleasure. As soon
as Gerald slackened speed, however,
the idea of entering into conver-
sation, she became curt and uncon-
siderate, and his proposition that they
might take the higher road and have
tea at Nice she promptly negatived.

"When, after an absence of about an
hour and a half, they drew up at the
gates of the villa, she left him with
the merest nod of farewell.

"You will come for another ride
soon—perhaps tomorrow?" he asked
anxiously.

She shook her head.

"I can make no plans," she replied.
"I should think it very improbable. I
thank you so much for your kindness.
Your car is quite wonderful."

She walked away with the air of one
who has conferred a great favor. Ger-
ald drove slowly back to the Villa
d'Ancien and joined his sister on the
terrace.

"Do you know anything about the
two women at the next villa Mary?"
he asked.

"One never knows one's neighbors
here," she answered. "I saw them
driving the other day—a strange-
looking old lady and a very good-look-
ing girl. Isn't there something queer
about them, or is it my fancy?"

"There is something queer," Ger-
ald replied. "They seem curiously in-
disposed to forming acquaintances,
which is odd in a place like this. I
happened to be talking to the younger
woman for a few minutes. She gave
me the impression, somehow, that they
were people of greater consequence
than their manner of living here would
indicate."

"I expect I am uncharitable," Mary
observed. "An elderly lady with no

friends, who takes a rather beautiful
young woman about with her to public
places, does certainly invite comment.
doesn't she? Tell me about your little
protégée."

"We lunched with her, Chris and I,"
Gerald replied.

"Goodness gracious! Where?"

"At Ciro's. We bought her some
clothes at Lenoir's this morning."

"Lady Mary lit a cigarette and threw
down her book.

"I am not the guardian of your moral-
ity, Gerald," she observed dryly; "a
girl, nowadays, has all she can do to
keep after her own—but I honestly
think you ought to send that child
back to her people."

"Two brutal," he replied. "They
wanted to marry her to some horrible
old man."

"Whatever the position was, your
interference was most uncalled for,"
his sister declared. "As for Chris-
topher, I am really surprised at him.
I think you two young men ought to be
thoroughly ashamed of yourselves for
what you are doing, and I shall just
look forward to an opportunity of tel-
ling Christopher so."

Gerald glanced at his sister's profile
and chuckled.

"Good old Chris!" he murmured.
"I'll just let him know what's coming
to him!"

Chapter VI

Myrtle was suddenly tired. She
seated herself upon the trunk of a tree
and Christopher followed her example.
Between them stretched the motley pan-
orama of Monte Carlo, the wide bay
and the glittering sea.

"Do you know," she said, "that I
have not seen Monsieur Gerald for
three days?"

"He has been busy," Christopher an-
swered shortly. "He plays golf and
tennis every day. Then his father and
sister take up a good deal of his time."

"You always find time to come and
see me every morning," she said. "Be-
sides—it was not his sister with whom
I saw him motoring yesterday."

Christopher braced himself for an
effort.

"Myrtle," he began, "you know that
I am fond of you."

"You have been very kind," she an-
swered listlessly.

"Because I want to be kind. I am
going to say things that may sound
harsh," he went on. "You are a very
foolish girl to waste your time think-

ing about me."

"But Gerald," she said, suddenly
slipping her arm through his, "I think
you want to be kind to me. I believe
that you are very good—perhaps you
are better than Gerald. But so long
as Gerald treats me near, I shall stay.
Even if he goes about with other
people, he thinks of me. He has told
me so, and he has promised to take me
to one of his supper parties this week.
I am looking forward to it more than
to anything else in the world."

Christopher's face hardened.

"You will not go to one of those sup-
per parties, Myrtle," he insisted.
"I would rather take you back to the
farm."

She turned her head and looked at
him. There was something in her eyes
from which he shrank—something very
much like hate.

She saw the pain in his face and she
was suddenly remorseful. She clung
to his arm again. Her cheek almost
touched his.

"Christopher—dear Christopher,"
she pleaded, "I did not mean to hurt
you. I know how good you are, but
just think how wonderful it would be
for me to go with Gerald, to meet other
girls, to laugh and talk, to sit by his
side, his guest, to dance, perhaps—oh,
it would be paradise! Everybody else
goes to parties, Christopher."

"I will take you to the opera," he
groaned.

Her eyes glowed.

Evidently Myrtle is going to be
the cause of a considerable
number of complications. Can
you guess them?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Got His Answer

An Irish politician was delivering a
passionate speech to a mixed crowd.
He had captured badly by the hands of
one particular heckler, but at last his
chance came.

"You think you are smart, don't you?"
sneered the heckler. "Well, just tell
us how many toes a pig has got."

"Take your boots off, and count!"
was the lightning reply.

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Over 100,000 people have
testified that TAN-LAC
has relieved them of:

Stomach Trouble,
Rheumatism,
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OVER 41 MILLION BOTTLES
BOLD

For Sale by All Good Druggists

Wanted to Spare His Feelings

"Uncle—Vot are you huggin' about
the size of your bill for—are you goin'
to pay it?"

Barber—Oh, yes! But, dammit,
man, I have a conscience, and want
you to lose as little as possible.—Sym-
on (Aust.) Bulletin.

Thousands Have Kidney Trouble and Never Suspect It

Applicants for Insurance Should
Use Swamp-Root

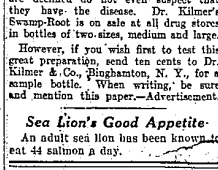
Judging from reports from druggists
who are constantly in direct touch with
the public, there is one preparation that
has been very successful in eradicating
these "conditions." The mild and healing
influence of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root is
soon realized. It stands the highest for
its remarkable record of success.

An examining physician for one of the
prominent Life Insurance Companies, in
an interview of the subject, made the as-
tonishing statement that one reason why
so many applicants for insurance are re-
jected is because kidney trouble is so
common to the American people, and the
large majority of those whose applications
are declined do not even suspect that
they have the disease. Dr. Kilmer's
Swamp-Root is on sale at all drug stores
in bottles of two sizes, small and large.

However, if you wish first to test this
great preparation, send ten cents to Dr.
Kilmer & Co., Poughkeepsie, N. Y., for
a sample bottle. When writing, be sure
and mention this paper.—Advertisement.

Sea Lion's Good Appetite

An adult sea lion has been known to
eat 44 salmon a day.



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Say "Bayer Aspirin"

INSIST! Unless you see the
"Bayer Cross" on tablets you
are not getting the genuine
Bayer Aspirin proved safe by
millions and prescribed by phys-
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Safe Accept only a Bayer package

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Also bottles of 24 and 100—Druggists
Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manu-
facture of Monacalindlar of Germany

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Prudence is not only the first in
rank of the virtues, political and moral,
but she is the director and regu-
lator, the standard of them all.—Burke.

Customarily, "tributes" to anybody
are not as refreshingly read as wallops.

Sure Relief FOR INDIGESTION

BELLANS
INDIGESTION
TO CURE

6 BELLANS
Hot water
Sure Relief

25¢ AND 75¢ PACKAGES EVERYWHERE

The New Freely-Lathering Cuticura Shaving Stick

For Tender Faces
ENJOINED MEDICAL ANTISEPTIC

CLEAR UP YOUR COMPLEXION

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