THICK, GLOSSY HAIR FREE FROM DANDRUFF

Girls! Try it! Hair gets soft, fluffy and beautiful—Get a 25 cent bottle of Danderine.

If you care for heavy hair that glistens with beauty and is radiant with life; has an incomparable softness and is fluffy and lustrous, try Danderine.

Just one application doubles the beauty of your hair, besides it immediately dissolves every particle of dandruff. You can not have nice heavy, healthy hair if you have dandruff. This destructive scurf robs the hair of its lustre, its strength and its very life, and if not overcome it produces a feverishness and itching of the scalp; the hair roots famish, loosen and die; then the hair falls out fast. Surely get a 25-cent bottle of Knowlton's Danderine from any drug store and just try it.

When a man is sick he sends for a doctor, when he is ill he summons a physician.—Chicago News.

SOUR, ACID STOMACHS, GASES OR INDIGESTION

Each "Pape's Diapepsin" Digests 3000 grains food, ending all stomach misery in five minutes.

Time it! In five minutes all stomach distress will go. No indigestion, heartburn, sourness or belching of gas, acid, or eructations of undigested food, no dizziness, bloating, foul breath or headache.

Pape's Diapepsin is noted for its speed in regulating upset stomachs. It is the surest, quickest stomach remedy in the whole world and besides it is harmless. Put an end to stomach trouble forever by getting a large fifty-cent case of Pape's Diapepsin from any drug store. You realize in five minutes how needless it is to suffer from indigestion, dyspepsia or any stomach disorder. It's the quickest, surest and most harmless stomach doctor in the world.

Peril in "White" Australia.

Colonization offers serious problems for the advocates of a "white Australia." North Queensland is within that boundary of 20 degrees north and south of the equator in which white men may live, but they cannot take their wives there and found families. So the doctor says. And the doctor has noted that whereas the first generation of whites does well, the second and the third lead down to the failure of the fourth.—London Standard.

Bad Bachelor Hippos.

Sir John Kirk and Livingstone were attacked by a hippopotamus that was, no doubt, a "bachelor." Speaking of the hippopotami of the Chobe, Livingstone says that "as certain elderly males are expelled from the herd they become soured in their temper and so misanthropic as to attack every canoe that comes near them. The herd is never dangerous except when a canoe passes into the midst of it when all are asleep, and some of them may strike the canoe in terror. As a rule, these animals flee the approach of man. The 'solitaires,' however, frequent certain localities well known to the inhabitants on the banks and, like the rogue elephants, are extremely dangerous." Livingstone learned that when attacked by one you should dive to the bottom and keep there a few seconds, since the hippi soon moves off if he finds nobody on the surface. —London Sphere.

Work and the Weather.

The restless days are here. All outdoors invites us and our work becomes a conscious effort and a bore. It is the time when we are most in sympathy with Jerome K. Jerome in his confession, as follows: "I like work; it fascinates me. I can sit and look at it for hours. I love to keep it by me; the idea of getting rid of it nearly breaks my heart."—Boston Transcript.

Egypt's public debt now amounts to $430,534,014, almost entirely foreign held.

EASIER TO WRITE IT

YOUNG SUITOR EVIDENTLY A LITTLE EMBARRASSED.

Ordeal of "Asking Papa" Was Too Much for Him, but There Have Been Many Others in Just the Same Fix.

Prior to the epoch-making moment when his love triumphed over his native bashfulness young Mr. Askam would have maintained against any odds that the hardest thing in life was to propose to the girl you worshiped. Afterwards, however, he decided that the proposal was simply child's play compared to asking the consent of his father-in-law elect, although that estimable old gentleman was a great friend.

Flushed with success with the daughter, he felt filled with the spirit of a hundred conquerors, and recklessly insisted upon seeing the father at once. But upon reaching the library the spirit of the hundred conquerors suddenly evaporated and left him with pale face and trembling knees and chaotic mind.

"I—er—er—" he stammered insufficiently.

"Indeed!" observed the old gentleman, chuckling. "Then you're no more than human."

"Ah, ha!" gasped Mr. Askam, hysterically, pretending a hilarity he was far, far from feeling.

"How is your mother?" asked the old gentleman, after an awkward pause, with the kindly intention of setting his caller at rest.

"I love her. I—I passionately adore her. She—she has promised to marry me if you consent," announced Mr. Askam, in a wild burst of eloquence.

"What! Your mother?" cried the old gentleman, aghast.

"No, no," explained the thoroughly confused Mr. Askam. "Yours."

"My mother! Are you crazy?" demanded the old gentleman, excitedly.

"I shall be in a minute," moaned the wretched Mr. Askam. "Sir," he continued, the words falling slowly and cautiously from his agitated lips. "I—came—here—to ask—your—consent—to marry—me."

"Eh?" cried the old gentleman.

"I'll—I'll write it!!" shouted the unhappy Mr. Askam, struck by a happy thought as he burst madly out of the room. And in that way matters were at last straightened to everyone's satisfaction.

Hamlet.

At the first performance of Hamlet upon any stage the applause was very slight, and with it had been mingled a few hisses. There was no call for the author from applauders or hissers, and Burbage was in a terrible fury.

Hunting up the crestfallen author of the play, he roared:

"Shakespeare, this Hamlet of yours is rotten! There isn't an epigram from one end to the other, and no society play can hope to succeed without 'em. Queen Elizabeth is asleep in her box, and Sir Walter Raleigh has just kicked a hound into the street to relieve his feelings! You've got to insert a couple of dozen of of glittering epigrams into it by tomorrow's rehearsal or I'll turn it into a musical comedy by introducing a ballet and making the grave diggers Yiddish comedians!"

Next morning the trembling author handed in a sheaf of Pineroesque sentences that embraced the following:

"Brevity is the soul of wit."

"Conscience doth make cowards of us all."

"Frailty, thy name is woman."

"'Tis true, 'tis pity, and pity 'tis 'tis true."

Evidently they added the touch that playgoers wanted, for Hamlet is running still.—Pulitzer's Magazine.

Depending on Their Enemies.

An interesting story comes from a district in Asiatic Turkey. The American consul was investigating the effects of the Balkan wars on this region and found that the most constant and universal complaint was the loss of banking facilities. This seemed a rather strange result of war, but further inquiry made the matter clear.

The only bank in that district was managed by Greeks, as a branch of the Bank of Athens. Naturally, this was closed when war broke out, for foreign cash is not very safe when within reach of a needy Turkish government. As a consequence, a considerable district, peopled almost wholly by Mohammedans, was deprived of money to move its crops, carry on its trade and conduct its business, because the "enemies" and "Christian dogs" who formerly performed these services were gone.

The story illustrates at once the interlocking of national interests in modern times and the peculiar dependence of Turkey on Christians in general and Greeks in particular for the conveniences of civilization.

A Valuable Suggestion.

"We must do something," said the president of the great railroad system, "to increase our revenues. Can you suggest anything?"

"I don't know of any way," replied the treasurer, "unless you and the chairman of the board are willing to go into vaudeville or report the world's championship games and turn your salaries in as gross earnings."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Can't Escape Him.

On a recent examination paper in civics was this question: "If the president, vice-president and all the members of the cabinet should die, who would officiate?"

Robert, a boy of 12, thought for some time, trying in vain to recall who came next in succession. At last a happy inspiration came to him and he answered: "The undertaker."—Chicago Daily News.

In New Zealand every man out of work has the right to demand employment on work of public improvement at the prevailing rate of wages.

Was a "Ringer" at Last Election.

It is not clear whether Mr. Sulzer is a full member of the Bull Moose party or only on the waiting list.—Washington Post.

The Imperator on a recent trip brought safely across the Atlantic 4981 persons—the greatest human cargo ever carried by any seagoing vessel. Of these 3649 were passengers and 1332 were crew.

A famous optical works in Austria is using ultra-violet rays produced by arc lights, the carbons of which are impregnated with the salts of iron, for examining the purity of materials with which it deals.

Young Women Join Sodality.

A class of young women were received into the young ladies' sodality of Our Lady of Lourdes Catholic church last night and the feast of the immaculate conception will be observed in the church today. Masses will be celebrated at 6, 7 and 8 a. m., with solemn high mass at 9 a. m. The Very Rev. A. Verhagen will be celebrant, the Rev. Robert Armstrong, deacon, and the Rev. J. Cronin, subdeacon.

Newfoundland is now regarded as one of the most promising future sources of supply of petroleum within the British empire. There are oil indications for 200 miles along the west coast.

10 CENT "CASCARETS" IF BILIOUS OR COSTIVE

For Sick Headache, Sour Stomach, Sluggish Liver and Bowels—They work while you sleep.

Furred Tongue, Bad Taste, Indigestion, Sallow Skin and Miserable Headaches come from a torpid liver and clogged bowels, which cause your stomach to become filled with undigested food, which sours and ferments like garbage in a swill barrel. That's the first step to untold misery—indigestion, foul gases, bad breath, yellow skin, mental fears, everything that is horrible and nauseating. A Cascaret tonight will give your constipated bowels a thorough cleansing and straighten you out by morning. They work while you sleep—a 10-cent box from your druggist will keep you feeling good for months.

The £12,000,000 worth of linen which is the average yearly output of the United Kingdom would wrap the earth at the equator seven times.

The California oil product in 1912 was 87,000,000 barrels, which was 6,000,000 barrels more than the previous year.

GIVE "SYRUP OF FIGS" TO CONSTIPATED CHILD

Delicious "Fruit Laxative" can't harm tender little Stomach, liver and bowels.

Look at the tongue, mother! If coated, your little one's stomach, liver and bowels need cleansing at once. When peevish, cross, listless, doesn't sleep, eat or act naturally, or is feverish, stomach sour, breath bad; has sore throat, diarrhoea, full of cold, give a teaspoonful of "California Syrup of Figs," and in a few hours all the foul, constipated waste, undigested food and sour bile gently moves out of its little bowels without griping, and you have a well, playful child again. Ask your druggist for a 50-cent bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," which contains full directions for babies, children of all ages and for grown-ups.

Mr. Gompers Sticks.

Whatever may be said or thought of the Hon. Samuel Gompers, he knows how to hold his job as well as any man on record.—New York World.

This year there are 3213 young women enrolled at the German universities; 2900 of them are German young women.