

WOMEN OF MIDDLE AGE

Praise Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Mrs. Annie Kwinski of 226 1st Ave. Milwaukee, Wis., writes that she became so weak and run-down that she was not able to do her housework...

Mrs. Mattie Adams, who lives in Downing Street, Brewton, Ala., writes as follows: "A friend recommended Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and since taking it I feel like a different woman."

With her children grown up, the middle-aged woman finds time to do the things she never had time to do before—read the new books, see the new plays, enjoy her grandchildren, take an active part in church and civic affairs.

Thousands of women past fifty, say they owe their vigor and health to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and are recommending it to their friends and neighbors.

FOR OVER 200 YEARS

haarem oil has been a world-wide remedy for kidney, liver and bladder disorders, rheumatism, lumbago and uric acid conditions.

GOLD MEDAL HAAREM OIL CAPSULES

correct internal troubles, stimulate vital organs. Three sizes. All druggists. Insist on the original Gineco Gold Medal.

Stationary Engine Operators

If you operate a cement-mixer, a compressor, or any type of stationary engine-driven equipment just install a set of Champions if you want dependability, the efficiency and economy that makes Champion the better spark plug.

Champion is the better spark plug because of its double-ribbed silicon nitride core—its two-piece construction and its special anti-oxidation electrodes.

CHAMPION Spark Plugs TOLEDO, OHIO

For your protection be sure the Champion you buy are in the original Champion cartons. W. N. U., PORTLAND, NO. 31-1927.

Advertisement for FLIT insecticide. Includes illustration of a woman and a child, and text: "Ma Buzz went to the country, hooray! FLIT spray clears your home of flies and mosquitoes. It also kills bed bugs, roaches, ants, and their eggs."

Advertisement for CUTICURA. Includes illustration of a woman and text: "Helps Business Girls to Look Their Best. The regular use of Cuticura Soap, assisted by touches of Cuticura Ointment when required, keeps the complexion fresh and free from blemishes."

Oh, Dear, No!

"Do not write for money," a famous literary man advises. However, it's no use showing this to our wives who are going away for the summer—Boston Transcript.

Warren—What's Levinson's business? Sidney—He ran a junk shop until three years ago, when it became a "second-hand furniture store." Now he's a dealer in antiques.

Preserving Hailstones Two hailstones, each about an inch and a half in diameter, which fell at Elizabethtown, Pa., during a severe hailstorm in July, 1926, are still preserved by H. T. Horst. He is keeping the bits of ice in his refrigerating plant.

Money Back If Emerald Oil Doesn't Do Away With All Soreness, Swelling and Distress in 24 Hours. One Bottle Proves It.

Aching, Swollen Feet

No sensible person will continue to suffer from those intense agonizing throbbing foot pains when every well stocked drug store has Moore's Emerald Oil and sells it with an absolute guarantee of satisfaction or money back.

Your feet may be so swollen and inflamed that you think you can't go another step. Your shoes may be as if they are cutting right into the flesh. You feel sick all over with the pain and torture and pray for quick relief. What's to be done?

Two or three applications of Moore's Emerald Oil and in fifteen minutes the pain and soreness disappears. A few more applications at regular intervals and the "swelling" reduces.

And best of all—any offensive odor is gone for good—it's a wonderful formula—this combination of essential oils with camphor and other antiseptics so marvelous that thousands of bottles are sold annually for reducing varicose or swollen veins.

Bible 1,000 Years Old

Parts of a hand-written Hebrew Bible said to be more than 1,000 years old have been discovered in the Jewish synagogue of Buchara, a town in the Russian province of Georgia, according to reports from Leningrad.

A New Way to Make Jellies

Without Staining Fingers—Without Long Hours of Boiling—Without Depending Upon Berries or Fruit Being in Season.

One of the most interesting and yet one of the simplest new products in the food field is called minute jelly. It is pure fruit or berry juice already boiled down and concentrated.

To make the jelly take the little bottle of concentrated juice, pour in a sauce pan, add water and sugar according to directions on the bottle and boil a few minutes. Then pour into jelly glasses and when it has become cold you have the most delicious pure fruit jelly you ever tasted.

A few bottles kept on hand, selected according to your taste for jellies, and you can make up a few glasses just as you want it. One small bottle makes two glasses of jelly. If you wish to try two bottles send us twenty-five cents and we will give you your choice of grape, mint, pineapple, orange, raspberry, strawberry or blackberry. Or four bottles—all different—for fifty cents. Address Department WU, General Packing Corp., Cranford, New Jersey.—Adv.

Thankful for Seeing Them

"What a lot of automobiles one sees nowadays," remarked the tall man. "Yes, thank heaven!" returned his friend. "It's the ones we don't see that send us to the hospital."

Men Marooned

By George Marsh Copyright by The Penn Publishing Co. WNU Service.

"You believe that story?" scoffed the man of science. The eyes of the girl hardened.

"Well, Mr. Grundy, it's none of your business or mine, is it?" "I should distinctly say it was my business—to have my sister, without so much as an apology to me, sharing his house with his—squad," protested Quarrier in tones of outraged dignity.

"Very well. How would you like to have me sleep with you and the men in the trade-house? He's given me his room. What more could he do? And I'd advise you as a guest of Mr. Guthrie to be careful what you say. Did you notice his face?"

"You mean the scar?" "No, I mean the mouth and the eye."

"What about them?" "Just this, blind man. I'd feel very sorry for the person who was the cause of Mr. Guthrie losing his temper. Whether it's pity or affection, I don't know, but rather than have the last hours of this poor child disturbed, and the girl throwing up the rest of us with you."

"Nonsense. I'll report him to his superiors at Albany if he comes any high-handed business with me."

"Arch," she taunted, "you know that you're really a bit timid, underneath." The man flushed angrily and started to reply, but the girl stopped him with her raised hand. "You were pretty scared when that blow struck us—rather lost your head, brother."

Then she said, soberly: "I advise you to be very careful how you bluster to the factor of Elkwan."

Guthrie appeared at the door of his house and called them in to supper. As Dr. Archibald Quarrier followed his sister into the living room where the table had been set for three, little in its meager furnishings escaped his roving eyes.

"We are very primitive here, you see," Guthrie said as he watched the geologist's minute inspection of his quarters, which terminated at the bookshelves. "And I cannot guarantee Anne's bread, it varies, but her carbon stew and broiled whitefish I hope you will like."

"My brother, as a scientist, Mr. Guthrie, is nothing if not thorough in his inspections," apologized Joan Quarrier with a grimace which failed to conceal from her host her embarrassment. "And I shall revel in your whitefish."

Quarrier turned petulantly. "There you go again, Joan, always making remarks at my expense, then addressing Guthrie. 'I see from your books that you are not interested in science.'"

With a significant glance at the girl, Guthrie soberly answered: "No, I fear I haven't the scientific mind. I waste my time up here reading fiction and history—poetry, too."

"Poetry?" With silent deprecation, Quarrier shook his head as he took the chair Gordon offered at the table. Old Anne shuffled in with the steaming stew and crisp whitefish, her wide, wrinkled face alight with pride in the dignity of her office. Quarrier was deep in the narrative of his summer voyage to the east coast of Hudson's bay in the interest of a Toronto syndicate, which had been formed to explore the region and to exploit, if commercially practicable, the copper and iron deposits known to exist, when the sound of coughing from an inner room brought Guthrie to his feet.

"Pardon me," he said, and left them. Quarrier's thick eyebrows knotted. "He's paying the piper now. How an educated man, as he seems to be, can come up here in this Godforsaken country in the first place, and then take up with a squaw—Pah!"

The girl he addressed sat tense, with chin up, listening, as though she had not heard. In a moment Guthrie opened the door, his face gray with anxiety.

"Could you come a moment?" he asked the girl who had risen from the table. "You said you could help—she's pretty bad?"

Joan Quarrier hurried to her medicine kit in Gordon's room, emerged, and followed him. There, to the annoyance of the man who ate heavily of Anne's cooking, they stayed until he had finished. At length, when the oplate had brought respite to the sufferer, Joan and Guthrie returned to the living room.

"I'm sorry, sir," said Guthrie, "that you should be disturbed—that I should need the services of your sister, but she's been a godsend."

Quarrier nodded stolidly, without removing his pipe from his mouth. Then, as if spurred by a sense of duty to the performance of a task not too disagreeable, cleared his throat and began:

"Mr. Guthrie, may I ask how you, a man of education and family, find yourself in a—how position, so to speak, with the Hudson's Bay company?"

A corner of Guthrie's mouth lifted. His rather deep-set eyes shifted from the questioner to meet the glance of the girl, half amused at the abrupt question, half wondering at his answer.

"Your question is a fair one," he replied. "I came here for my health. I came back from overseas with gassed lungs."

"You mean the scar?" "No, I mean the mouth and the eye."

"What about them?" "Just this, blind man. I'd feel very sorry for the person who was the cause of Mr. Guthrie losing his temper. Whether it's pity or affection, I don't know, but rather than have the last hours of this poor child disturbed, and the girl throwing up the rest of us with you."

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"Your question is a fair one," he replied. "I came here for my health. I came back from overseas with gassed lungs."

"Ah, I see. Where was your home, may I ask?" "Montreal."

"You—you can't be a relative of Charles Guthrie?" demanded the other, his interest suddenly aroused. "Brother."

"You, a brother of Charles Guthrie?" Quarrier's prominent eyes bulged in amazement at the factor of Elkwan.

"But you're not staying in this country—this business, since you've regained your health?" "I don't know. I rather like the life."

"Charles Guthrie is a member of the syndicate which sent me to the east coast to examine those iron and copper deposits. He'll be interested to hear from you at first hand."

Again the firm mouth of Guthrie shaped a faint smile. "I'm not so sure of that. He's rather given me up as a black sheep, you know."

"For staying up here, I presume?" "Yes, for not coming home—this summer."

Guthrie rose, and lighting a candle, for the September night had fallen, carried it to the sick room, where old Anne was on guard. Returning, he lit the small living-room lamp. And in the mind of the woman who watched, surmise followed surmise concerning the factor of Elkwan, for in the room he had given up to her were three autographed likenesses of a beautiful girl.

Then Quarrier described in detail the accident to his power schooner off Cape Jones, the wild night on the bay with an improvised and useless rudder, and the stranding on the beach of Akimiski Island.

"It was the next morning that this red-headed pirate, McDonald, discovered us and sent a boat ashore."

"You say he took some of your stuff?" asked Guthrie. "Yes, he said he needed flour and gasoline."

"And he got it?" suggested the other, with a laugh. "Yes, but instead of paying what it's worth here, on the bay, he paid me St. John's prices."

"Well, for a pirate, he was rather liberal, wasn't he? He hails from St. John's, they say. Has been up here two summers, but always went back in the autumn. This year he told some of the Indians that he would winter in a cove at the south end of the island. Akimiski is famous for silver and black fox."

"I can't understand why the company doesn't run him out of the bay if he's hurting their business."

Guthrie laughed. "Why, man, he has as much right here as we, or the Revillon Freres. And as to running him out, I'm inclined to think that McDonald would take a lot of running. Did you happen to go aboard his schooner?"

"Yes, I went aboard to get my money."

"You didn't notice a machine gun or two lying around?" "No."

"Well, the Crees say he has them. Evidently, he has come to stay."

"So you're going to sit calmly here and let him get the fur?" snorted Quarrier, contemptuously. "That's it," agreed Guthrie. "You see, we're a bit afraid of this wild man with the scarred face. The rumor has drifted up here that he had an impressive war record."

The irony was lost on the geologist. "Afraid to fight for your rights, eh?" he ridiculed, oblivious of the bullet-furrowed cheek of the man who faced him.

At the reproach, the face of Guthrie lit with amusement, but a glint in the half-closed eyes prompted Joan Quarrier, mortified by her brother's gauderie, to intervene.

"To a Canadian veteran, that remark is positively insulting. I fall to recall anything of a warlike nature in your manner with our pirate, Arch. As a matter of fact, you seemed quite overawed."

"Overawed? Ridiculous!" snapped Guthrie. "I was glad to sell flour and gas we couldn't take with us."

Guthrie's twinkling eyes met those of the girl. "They say his scarred mouth is rather awe-inspiring. Possibly scars are repulsive to your brother," he suggested. "They are—to some people."

The tone of the last—the sudden tightening of the face muscles—the swift sobering of the eyes, spurred the quick intuition of the girl to pierce the armor of his gallantry, to surmise what the scarred cheek of the speaker might have brought to him of bitterness, and pain. But why? she wondered. The red line from eye to ear only lent dignity—distinction, to the cleanly modeled features. Why should this badge of service be the source of secret humiliation? But she was confident that it was.

Quarrier changed the subject. "By the way, Mr. Guthrie, when can you send for the stuff I left on the beach and take it to Albany? I can pick it up next spring when I return to the bay."

Advertisement for car trade-in. Includes text: "If you are planning to trade-in your present car for a new car, remember these facts: 1. When you trade-in your used car for a new car, you are after all making a purchase, not a sale. You are simply applying your present car as a credit toward the purchase price of the new car."

- 1 When you trade-in your used car for a new car, you are after all making a purchase, not a sale. You are simply applying your present car as a credit toward the purchase price of the new car. 2 Your used car has only one fundamental basis of value; i. e., what the dealer who accepts it in trade can get for it in the used car market. 3 Your used car has seemingly different values because competitive dealers are bidding to sell you a new car. 4 The largest allowance is not necessarily the best deal for you. Sometimes it is; sometimes it is not. 5 An excessive allowance may mean that you are paying an excessive price for the new car in comparison with its real value. 6 First judge the merits of the new car in comparison with its price, including all delivery and finance charges. Then weigh any difference in allowance offered on your used car.

Advertisement for GENERAL MOTORS. Includes text: "A car for every purse and purpose". CHEVROLET - PONTIAC - OLDSMOBILE - OAKLAND. BUCK - LASALLE - CADILLAC. GENERAL MOTORS TRUCKS - YELLOW CABS AND COACHES. FRIGIDAIRE—The electric refrigerator.

Advertisement for HANFORD'S Balm of Myrrh. For Poisoned Wounds as Rusty Nail Wounds, Ivy Poisoning, etc.

Advertisement for PARKER'S HAIR BALM. Removes Dandruff, Stops Hair Falling, Restores Color and Beauty to Gray and Faded Hair.

Advertisement for CARBOIL. There's quick, positive relief in CARBOIL. Kill All Flies! DIESEAD DISEASE.

Advertisement for DON'T NEGLECT. Inflamed eyelids or other eye irritations. You will find a soothing and safe remedy in MITCHELL EYE SALVE.

Advertisement for Home Variety Modern Idea. There are scores of excavated homes in Pompeii, varying somewhat in size, but almost identical in the arrangement of rooms and courtyards.

Advertisement for Bugville's Richest Citizen. But Flyosan will get him too!

Advertisement for Bugville's Richest Citizen. Here is the right insecticide for each insect: FLYOSAN, Liquid Spray—kills flies and mosquitoes. PETERMAN'S ANT FOOD—exterminates ants. PETERMAN'S DISCOVERY, Liquid—exterminates bedbugs. PETERMAN'S ROACH FOOD—exterminates that cockroach army. PETERMAN'S MOTH FOOD—protects against moths.

Advertisement for Peterman's. You must have a specific insecticide for each insect. No single insecticide will exterminate them all. We have had nearly 50 years' experience. We know that is true. Peterman's 200 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C.