Drink Water to Help Wash Out Kidney Poison

If Your Back Hurts or Bladder Bothers You, Begin Taking Salts

When your kidneys hurt and your back feels sore don't get scared and proceed to load your stomach with a lot of drugs that excite the kidneys and irritate the entire urinary tract. Keep your kidneys clean like you keep your bowels clean, by flushing them with a mild, harmless salts which helps to remove the body's urinous waste and stimulates them to their normal activity. The function of the kidneys is to filter the blood. In 24 hours they strain from it 500 grains of acid and waste, so we can readily understand the vital importance of keeping the kidneys active.

Drink lots of good water—you can't drink too much; also get from any pharmacist about four ounces of Jad Salts; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast each morning for a few days and your kidneys may then act fine. This famous salts is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for years to help clean and stimulate clogged kidneys; also to neutralize the acids in the system so they are no longer a source of irritation, thus often relieving bladder weakness.

Jad Salts is inexpensive, cannot injure; makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water drink, which everyone should take now and then to help keep their kidneys clean and active. Try this; also keep up the water drinking, and no doubt you will wonder what became of your kidney trouble and backache.

These Modern Maids

"Darn it," said the irrepressible flapper, "mother thinks that the minute the clock strikes eleven the immorality busts loose."—Woman's Home Companion.

All In

"Are the returns all in?" asked the nervous candidate on election night.

"Not quite," replied his faithful henchman grimly, "but enough to show that you are."—Boston Transcript

Overnight End COLDS

Stop a cold before it stops you. Take HILL'S Cascara-Bromide-Quinine. Stops the cold, checks the fever, opens the bowels, tones the system. Insist on HILL'S. Red box, 30c. All druggists.

HILL'S
Cascara - Bromide - Quinine

Don't Argue

Men who argue expect to end where they began. The avowed purpose of such is to defend with logic or insult the convictions he now holds. He will deny truth and deride it if it threatens his position.—American Magazine.

Modern Fire Fighting

Reporter—How did you ever manage to put out that fire?

Fire Chief—All I did was to throw grapefruit in each window.

At Blowing Rock, high in the North Carolina mountains, a hat sailed out over the chasm below will be caught by the wind and returned to its owner.

The most tireless followers of fortune are a man's creditors.

How's Your Stomach?

Fresno, Calif.—"Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery gave me entire satisfaction as a blood enricher and stomach tonic, and I am only too glad of this opportunity to recommend it. It is my candid opinion that there is nothing better for a general debilitated condition of health than the 'Golden Medical Discovery,' and I do not object to publication of this statement."—R. W. McLaren, 517 S. Angus St.

Obtain the "Discovery" in tablets or liquid from your dealer, or, send 10c for trial pkg. to Dr. Pierce's Invalids' Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y., and write for free medical advice.

Ever tried Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets to regulate bowels? 60 Pellets, 30 cents.

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There's quick, positive, relief in
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GENEROUS 50¢ BOX.
At All Druggists — Moneyback Guarantee
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OLIVE TAR
Inhale Olive Tar and relieve CROUP, sore throat, colds, bronchitis. Checks influenza. Rub on chest to remove congestion. Relieves neuralgia and rheumatism.
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for Epilepsy Nervousness & Sleeplessness
PRICE $1.50 AT YOUR DRUG STORE
Ask for Sample
KOENIG MEDICINE CO.
1045 N WELLS ST. CHICAGO, ILL

IDLE ISLAND

By **ETHEL HUESTON**

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WNU Service

STORY FROM THE START

On the verge of nervous collapse, due to overwork, Gay Delane, successful New York artist, seeks rest at Idle Island. She rents a cottage, the "Lone Pine," from an Island character, the "Captain," and his sister, Alice Andover, "administrator." Gay finds the cottage is tenanted by an elderly lady, "Auntalmiry," who consents to move to another abode, the "Apple Tree." Awaking from sleep, Gay imagines she sees the face of a Chinaman peering in the window. She settles down in her new home, anticipating months of well-earned rest and recuperation. On an exploration of the Island Gay, standing on the seashore, is horrified by the appearance of the drifting body of a drowned man, which she nerves herself to bring to the shore. A bullet wound in the temple shows the man to have been murdered. Gay makes her way to the "Captain" with the story. Returning with him to the shore, they find no body there, and Gay's story of the incident is set down to an attack of "nerves."

CHAPTER IV—Continued

—5—

"Is this the quiet good little place they brag about?" she asked herself. "Where they come and—steal dead bodies—from under your very eyes?" Both tears and laughter came at the whimsical notion. But in spite of her attempt to be facetious and unconcerned, she was highly nervous and quite unstrung. A sudden clear call, "Hallo there," from behind, startled her into a frightened scream and she sprang to her feet. Quite beyond power of reason as she was, the call had seemed to come from the valley of death.

Glancing up, she saw on the piazza of the Little club a man who leaned out over the railing and beckoned to her. He was a stranger, she knew at once, one of the summer people, no native son.

"I beg your pardon," he called pleasantly, "but will you kindly show me the way down? I cannot find the path."

"There is no path. There is no way down."

"But—I beg your pardon—you are down, are you not?"

Gay smiled up at him. "Yes, but I slid right down those steep rocks, and it is hard sliding, I assure you. I am coming up. I will show you the way through the woods and the lane will lead you direct to the landing. I go that way. Wait for me."

He crossed from the piazza to the top of the rocky cliff and waited to assist her, descending with difficulty a few steps to give her a hand when she had gained that height.

"Nice little shack," he said, tapping the corner of the Little club as they passed. "Were you sketching it?"

"No, I was sketching— Oh, listen!" Gay stopped short, and turned toward him eagerly. A sudden longing for sympathy, for understanding, the reaction of one of her own kind in her emotional strain, overwhelmed her. In a torrent of words, staring darkly into his interested eyes, Gay told him the whole story: of the body that had come to her on the waves, the wound in the temple, the fine white hands; how she had gone for help, and returned to find it—gone.

"By George, what a story," he said thoughtfully. "I suppose the tide carried it out while you were away."

"Well, you see," she admitted fairly, "the tide really couldn't. I pulled the body above the water line. The tide didn't reach him. That's the strangest thing about it."

He put out his hand, deeply interested, for the sketch, and she showed it eagerly, her eyes still fixed upon his sympathetic face.

"Oh, by George, that is fine work," he said warmly. "What a hand! What a face!—oh, nonsense, you could never make up such a figure, of course you saw it. What are you going to do with this?"

"I shall send it to the police department, I think. That boy belongs to somebody. Perhaps the police can trace him. Perhaps it will relieve some anxious hearts—though a sad relief it will be."

They walked on together, slowly, the stranger still carrying the sketch, glancing at it often with interested wondering eyes.

"Don't you rather hate to get mixed up in such an affair? There will be an inquest—at least an inquiry, and you will be called as a witness and—"

"Oh, there will be no trouble about it. It is obviously suicide—"

"It is obviously murder," he corrected gently. "The poor chap might have shot himself, or might have drowned himself. Not both."

Gay stopped suddenly, shivering again. "True," she said faintly. "I know it. I tried so hard not even to think—of murder."

Her face was white.

"I wish you would give this to me," he said persuasively. "Or sell it to me, rather, for I can see that your pencil is your profession. I should be glad to buy it. I can make a ripping story of it. I am in newspaper work, and I can do wonders with this. I will have it photographed, if you like, and send a copy to the police."

Gay reached out, quickly, and took the pad. "I cannot do that," she said firmly. "I feel responsible for the thing. I feel as though I were led down that hard and painful path on purpose to receive it—the poor body—swept to my very feet. It seems to make me—his avenger, don't you see? I dare say you think me very childish, but I feel that this has been sent straight to me, and I cannot evade it. I am sorry. But I must do it myself."

Suddenly they had cleared the forest and stood on the brow of the hill. The Lone Pine was directly at hand.

"This is my cottage," she said. "Just cross right down the slope to the lane and follow it down to the pier. I am sorry about the drawing, but you see how it is."

"Oh, you are quite right, of course. It has been very fascinating—meeting you like this. I wish there was some place we could go for tea—"

"There is a place. There are lots of places. The island is full of tea. But I shan't go, thanks. Marching off to tea with a Perfect Stranger in the Good Little Island would be even more damning than the discovery of a nonexistent corpse. Even worse, I think, than living alone, which seems the very height of depravity here. It a'n't accordin' to natur'—it makes women queer. They think that's what is wrong with me, living alone."

"What do they advise? An orphan for adoption, or a husband for attachment?"

"Heaven knows. But anyhow I shouldn't live alone." She laughed pleasantly. "Good-by. I say it with sorrow, for you seem almost one of my own."

He held out his hand, and Gay dropped hers in it.

"Good-by. The best of luck to you. For myself I wish no better luck than the joy of seeing you again."

"Now, now," she reproved him, smiling. "Don't flatter. Consider the stately pines, the rugged coast and the surging surf. Flattery doesn't go with the Good Little Island."

"It doesn't go with you, either. I assure you I mean every word of it. Come soon, good luck. Good-by."

Gay walked toward the Lone Pine smiling. He was pleasant. It had been nice, the momentary contact with one of her own kind. But the smiles died on her lips as she turned the door of the Lone Pine. The house seemed still, big, empty. Very still. The stillness was like death. Gay thought of the sea-washed body with palely gleaming hands flung out beneath the waves, and shuddered. She did not look at the drawing on the first page of her sketch book, but thrust the pad quickly into the drawer of the desk and closed it tight.

She grew increasingly ill at ease as dusk descended, and on a sudden impulse, at last went out, quickly, ran down the hill and called to Auntalmiry.

"Won't you keep a poor timid nervous old maid all night?" she asked pleadingly. "I don't want to stay alone. I've got the—you know—heebee jeebees! My house is haunted. I'm afraid of ghosts, and things. Do you think it was just a ghost, Auntalmiry?"

Auntalmiry gave her a cozy chair and made her a cup of tea. That was Auntalmiry's unfailing resource in case of nerves.

"Now drink your tea, dearie, and don't say a word about it. We'll have a nice cozy evening, just like a party."

She was evidently determined to soothe Gay, determined to humor her, keep her quiet. She petted her, talked pleasantly of inane and pleasant things.

When at last they made ready to retire for the night, she said Gay should have the solitary bed, and she herself would sleep on the couch.

"She's afraid of me, I do believe," Gay thought to herself. "She wants the room between us, in case I turn violent." Her lips twitched with amusement at the thought as she crept between the white covers.

Auntalmiry turned out the lights, and went about the room from window to window raising the blinds. When she came to the window that showed the Lone Pine at the top of the hill she gave a sudden little exclamation.

"Did you leave a light on?" she asked.

"No!" With a bound Gay was out of bed and at her side by the window, both staring up the hill at the cottage. From the wide window of the living room there showed a round circle of misty light, pale, wavering and uncertain, but a light.

"It's no earthly light," Gay said moodily. "It's a ghost, I tell you, Auntalmiry, the spirits are abroad this night. Say what you like, queer things are going on. I feel it. I am all creepy, and—oh, look! Oh, it is the hand! Oh!"

Her voice sank away breathlessly. Watching, suddenly outlined in the misty orb of light had been the reflection of a hand, reaching out, slim, shadowy and ghastly."

"Oh," Gay murmured sickly, "oh, it is his hand!"

Auntalmiry was shaken. Her arm beneath Gay's hand trembled. But she was firm. She did not believe in ghosts.

"I saw it," she said weakly. "It was just the reflection of a leaf or a spray of twigs, moving in the wind. Look, it is gone. There is no light, there is no hand. It was the light from a boat reflecting against the leaves. Just a reflection, dearie. They often fool me."

"Have it your own way," Gay said moodily. "Call it a leaf if you like. I call it a hand, his hand."

"I think—maybe—I will sleep with you," Auntalmiry said faintly.

Gay laughed then, and squeezed the little figure gayly as she clambered into bed beside her.

"You'd rather take a chance on me turning violent, than be by yourself when the spirits walk, wouldn't you?" she teased.

"You shouldn't say such things. 'Tisn't reverent."

They arose early, and after a quiet breakfast Gay kissed Auntalmiry, thanked her and set out for home. Auntalmiry offered to go with her, but she refused, bravely smiling.

"Oh, no. I am not afraid now it is daylight. Spirits are all nicely back in their snug little graves again."

She went up to the cottage, unlocked the door and entered the room. Over it lay the quiet little hush that broods in an empty house. But she was not afraid. Even when she saw that the window shades in the living room were lowered to the bottom, she was not afraid.

"I didn't pull them down," she said, aloud, "because I went out before dark. Oh, well! Perhaps I did it from habit, without thinking. Heaven knows I had other things on my mind."

She sat down at once to her desk. It was her plan to go to the city on the first boat, to relieve herself of all responsibility in the matter. And then, suddenly, she decided that she would not go at all, but write instead. She would describe the entire incident to the last detail, enclose her sketch, and that would be an end of it. She reached into the drawer and pulled out paper, envelopes and her sketching pad. To measure for the size of envelope, she opened the pad to remove the drawing. The page that met her eyes was virginal and white, no pencil line to mar its purity. Gay turned the pad about in her hand, studying it slowly, and then she turned every page, one after the other, and examined every one.

The page had been neatly extracted from the book, and her penciled sketch of the scene in the cove was not there.

Its disappearance settled the affair of the Little Club cove as far as Gay was concerned. With nothing to substantiate her seemingly wild story, she felt the less said of it the better. Gay knew, however, that she was the subject of endless discussion, endless neighborhood wit, in her absence, and for a few days she confined herself as largely as possible to the seclusion of her cottage.

One afternoon, perhaps a week after her discovery and betrayal in the cove, tiring suddenly of her work, she shoved the easel into the corner and decided to clean house. Hastily she bundled her slim knickered figure into a great bungalow apron that made a fat and stodgy housewife of her, twisted a bright silken scarf turbanwise about her small head and fell to work. She dusted, she swept, she rearranged. With brush and pan in hand, she was on her knees at the fireplace, coughing distastefully with the dust of ashes as she cleared out the cinders of last night's driftwood, when suddenly a hand slipped beneath her chin from behind, tilting her head backward, while two firm lips pressed down on hers from above, pressed firmly, warmly, for one long breathless moment.

And then a tremendous, electrifying silence. Gay dropped pan and brush among the ashes and stood up, very tall, very businesslike even with the huge apron bulkily enveloping her, deeply outraged. The man who stood before her, in a silence as great, an amazement as profound as her own, was one she had never seen before, nor seen his like before, she knew at once. Travel-worn boots he wore, travel-worn knickers. Bareheaded, his blond hair, a little tousled, showed sunburn. But in that first glance it was really his eyes she saw, eyes dark and gray, with little mocking glints that shone through his amazement, gray eyes beneath black lashes, thick and long, that curled upward, veiling the gray with black.

Amusement soon supplanted the astonishment in his face, amusement and interest. His sang froid was perfect.

"Pleased to meet you," he said, with a mockingly deferential inclination of the bare and sunburned head.

"So it seems." Gay's voice and eyes were frigid.

"Who art thou, pretty maiden, and where, may one inquire, is the revered and venerable Auntalmiry who one time made this hut her home?" There was laughter in his eyes now, the gayer for her coldness.

"Oh, you wish to see Auntalmiry," she said still with some stiffness, self-consciously, though melting surely beneath the warmth of the gray eyes. "She lives in the Apple Tree now. I live here. Will you sit down?" she asked very formally, and took off the great bungalow apron.

The daring gray eyes explored the revelation of her, slim and straight in the stout shoes, the smart knickers, and the silken blouse; came to rest, contentedly, on the sleek, dark, proud little head.

"You don't live alone, do you?" he asked with interest.

"Yes, I do." Gay's voice was curt with the defiance she felt in defense of her lone estate. "I live alone, and I like it, and I am not afraid. I know it makes women folks queer, and it's not accordin' to natur', but I do, and if it suits me, there's an end of it."

"My esteemed female relatives wished me to sit and hear the report of the island," he said thoughtfully, "and I put them off. I should have waited. I fancy they had news of vast import."

"Yes, they did. And most of it is about me. I know who you are," she said, smilingly. "You are Rand. Are you not?" Her smile was very warm indeed in joy of her discovery.

He shivered slightly, covered the dark eyes with his hand. "Danger. My prophetic sense says danger," he whispered.

"Every one has been saying, 'When Rand comes home,' and now you have come. The boys wanted the old pier to make a float for swimming, and the island wouldn't give it to them, and they said, 'When Rand comes home, he'll dynamite it, and we'll salvage the remains.' And when the summer people wanted to tear down the old fishing shack to make a place to launch their boats, the natives frowned upon them, but everybody said to everybody else, 'Wait till Rand comes, he'll burn it down.'"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Earliest City Subways

The first Boston subway was begun in 1894. It was an underground tunnel for the surface electric lines entering the business district of the city of Boston. The original New York subway, as contracted for in 1899, comprised some 20½ miles of line, three-quarters of which is in tunnel.

THE KITCHEN CABINET

(©, 1928, Western Newspaper Union.)

Beauty mingled with invention, founded on the observation of nature, is the mainspring of decorative design. If it is not beautiful, it has no right to exist; if not founded on the observation of nature, it can hardly be either beautiful or inventive. It is apt to become merely strange and monstrous when it departs from nature.—William Morris.

APPROPRIATE GOOD THINGS

When serving fish a nice croquette which will add to the course is:

Hominy and Horseradish.—Take one-fourth of a cupful of macaroni, steam it until tender, add one-half teaspoonful of salt, three-fourths of a cupful of scalded milk and cook until it is absorbed. Add two tablespoonfuls of butter, three and one-half teaspoonfuls of grated horseradish root. Mix well and put away to cool. Shape as desired and dip into crumbs—egg and crumbs again. Fry in deep fat, drain on brown paper.

A nice sandwich to serve with fish for luncheon or a supper dish is prepared thus: Cut the crusts from bread and spread with horseradish butter. To make this, cream six tablespoonfuls of butter and add gradually four tablespoonfuls of grated horseradish, one teaspoonful of lemon juice and salt and cayenne to taste.

Indian Tapioca Pudding.—Soak five tablespoonfuls of pearl tapioca two hours in cold water to cover. Pour four cupfuls of scalded milk over four tablespoonfuls of cornmeal and cook in a double boiler until the mixture thickens. Add the tapioca drained, and three-fourths of a cupful of molasses, three tablespoonfuls of butter, one and one-half teaspoonfuls of salt. Turn into a buttered dish and cover with one cupful of cold milk. Do not stir. Bake one and one-fourth hours in a moderate oven.

Baked Crumbed Potatoes.—Force hot boiled potatoes through a ricer; to three and one-half cupfuls of potatoes add three tablespoonfuls of butter, one and one-half teaspoonfuls of salt and one-fourth teaspoonful of pepper. Add two-thirds of a cupful of hot milk and beat the potatoes vigorously. Turn into a buttered baking dish, pour over one-half cupful of heavy cream, sprinkle with well buttered crumbs and bake until brown.

Rhubarb Raisin Pudding.—The fresh or canned rhubarb may be used for this recipe: Sprinkle with sugar to sweeten and let stand an hour or so if the fresh rhubarb is used. Mix one pint of crumbs with two tablespoonfuls of melted butter and one cupful of chopped raisins. Put into the pudding dish in layers of rhubarb, raisins and crumbs; finish the top with buttered crumbs. Serve with a hard or liquid sauce, using some of the fruit juice if desired.

Foods for Occasions.

A delightful little dainty which may be served as a luncheon dish is:

Ham Canape.—Mix one-fourth cupful of deviled ham or chopped boiled ham seasoned with mustard, tabasco, kitchen bouquet, and a little tomato sauce. Spread the mixture on diamonds of hot buttered toast, cover with grated cheese, then with buttered crumbs; brown in a hot oven and serve hot.

Liver Canape.—Simmer half a pound of liver until tender enough to be pierced with a straw. Put it through the meat chopper twice, rejecting all the stringy portions. Rub to a paste with a fork, season with one-fourth teaspoonful of salt, a tablespoonful of melted butter and pepper and celery salt to taste. Add enough seasoned tomato sauce to make of the consistency of mayonnaise. Spread on finger strips of rye bread sauted in butter and garnish with sliced stuffed olives.

Honey Sandwiches.—Remove the brown skin from brazil nuts and chop them as fine as possible, adding a few grains of salt; mix to a paste with honey. Spread on rounds of buttered bread, cover with a slice from which a small round or star-shaped center is removed. Garnish each center with a maraschino cherry.

Peanut Sandwiches.—Crush freshly roasted peanuts with a rolling pin, salt lightly and mix to a paste with whipped cream. Spread on buttered whole wheat bread and garnish with three steamed raisins, arranged in the form of a three-leaf clover. The raisins are steamed by putting them in a sieve over the top of the teakettle, covering the strainer with the teakettle cover.

Mexican Melange.—Cook one chopped sweet pepper in two tablespoonfuls of fat left from salt pork or sausages. When well cooked add one pint of canned tomatoes, one pint of canned corn, one teaspoonful of salt, the same of grated onion and a generous dash of cayenne pepper. Simmer eight minutes and thicken slightly with a tablespoonful of flour mixed with a little water. Serve with sausage or bacon.

With all kinds of fruit, jellies, preserves, pickles and conserves which the farm wife delights to put up there will always be the dainty accessories which add much to the table, and also variety.

Nellie Maxwell

Supply of Castor Oil

Vast fields of castor oil plants grow wild in Mexico, it is reported. There are two varieties, one of woody growth, whose seeds yield about 30 per cent of oil, and the other of herbaceous habit, with seeds yielding about 50 per cent of oil.

Watering Flowers

Ferns and other plants in window boxes are often ruined by watering too much. They should be watered regularly but not excessively.

ASPIRIN

The whole world knows Aspirin as an effective antidote for pain. *But it's just as important to know that there is only one genuine Bayer Aspirin.* The name Bayer is on every tablet, and on the box. If it says Bayer, it's genuine; and if it doesn't, it is not! Headaches are dispelled by Bayer Aspirin. So are colds, and the pain that goes with them; even neuralgia, neuritis, and rheumatism promptly relieved. Get Bayer—at any drugstore—with proven directions.

Physicians prescribe Bayer Aspirin; it does NOT affect the heart

Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid

New York Short of Equestrian Statues

A Gothamite who has been on tour with a number of summer visitors finds New York to be exceedingly short on equestrian statues. Having dwelt for many years in Washington, where the horse plays such a conspicuous part in memorials, he has noted the death of bronze chargers in the home town. Evidently the sculptors who designed the statues that adorn New York's parks and streets were not as horse-minded as their fellows at the capital. Some humorist once remarked that every one who owned a horse had a statue erected to his memory in Washington. The equestrian statues in Manhattan are few and far between. There is one of Washington in Union square, one of General Sherman at Fifth avenue and Fifty-ninth street, and two on Riverside drive. The drive statues commemorate Gen. Franz Sigel and Joan of Arc.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Paid for His Neglect to See Fire Was Out

That it pays to "be sure the camp fire is out," was brought home with unusual force, says the forest service of the United States Department of Agricultural to a Mr. Jones of Price, Utah, a recent national forest visitor. Mr. Jones and his wife camped at Cottonwood lake on the Wasatch national forest. Departing on a hiking trip to a near-by summit, they left a spark of the camp fire burning. On their return that evening they were were met near the camp site by a group of smoke-faced sawmill men, who directed them to where a new and expensive auto had stood when they left. Nothing remained of an exceptionally complete camp outfit and the car but a pile of ashes and a smoldering wreck. No damage was done to the forest, but the campers' loss was fully $2,500.

Not According to Hoyle

While telling a long story of falling out of a boat in the middle of the lake and his struggles in the water, Jenkins stopped abruptly.

"And how did you finally get out?" asked a listener.

"Well," the narrator replied, "after I had come up the second time and was preparing to go down for the third and last time, I happened to think all my past hadn't risen before me like a dream, as it was supposed to do, and so I gave up the whole business and swam ashore."

For Colds, Grip or Influenza

and as a Preventive, take Laxative BROMO QUININE Tablets. A Safe and Proven Remedy. The box bears the signature of E. W. Grove. 30c.—Adv.

Man Is Whole Band

Twenty-two musical instruments have been assembled so that most of them can be played at one time by one man. The inventor alone has mastered the aggregation and he is Albert Nelson of Minneapolis, Minn. The product sounds a great deal like a brass band. In the rendition of his "solos" the artist makes use of his lungs, legs, arms and an electric motor.

Depends

"Are you going to build your house of brick?"

"Yes—if we can interest any bricklayers."—Kansas City Times.

For Women, who need effective douche powder, use Wo-Ness—astringent, soothing, safe. Send for circular. $1 box. C. O. D. Wo-Ness Labor., Box 908, Sta. "C," Los Angeles, Calif.

OIL ROYALTY ACREAGE Heart Kevin-Sunburst field Montana, terms $10 cash each $100 purchased, balance $ $14 installments payable each completion producing paying well. Address A. H. Campbell, Gilmont, Mont.

INFLAMED EYES DISFIGURE YOUR LOOKS! Don't experiment on them, use MITCHELL EYE SALVE for speedy relief. Absolutely safe. 25¢ at all druggists. HALL & RUCKEL, New York City

Boschee's Syrup
has been relieving coughs due to colds for sixty-one years.
Soothes the Throat
loosens the phlegm, promotes expectoration, gives a good night's rest free from coughing. 30c and 90c bottles. Buy it at your drug store. G. G. Green, Inc., Woodbury, N. J.

Bunions
Quick relief from pain. Prevent shoe pressure.
At all drug and shoe stores
Dr Scholl's Zino-pads
Put one on—the pain is gone

Men and Homemade Bread

It is frequently said men "run their homes. How about homemade bread, then, asks Ed Howe, who doesn't believe they do. "I scarcely know a man who does not want homemade bread," he adds, "and cannot get it; the bakers have persuaded the women that bakery bread is better, as barbers have persuaded them about bobbed hair. And look at the clothes the men milliners have persuaded the women to wear. . . . "Well, look at them. They are more comfortable and sanitary than men's wear. Women don't run around in warm weather wearing enough woolen goods to cook a goose.—Capper's Weekly.

Hanford's Balsam of Myrrh
Since 1846 Has Healed Wounds and Sores on Man and Beast
Money back for first bottle if not suited. All dealers.

Garfield Tea
Was Your Grandmother's Remedy

For every stomach and intestinal ill. This good old-fashioned herb home remedy for constipation, stomach ills and other derangements of the system so prevalent these days is in even greater favor as a family medicine than in your grandmother's day.

W. N. U., PORTLAND, NO. 1-1928.

Safety on Air Liners

Nine men jumped out of a big airplane in 18 seconds and all landed safely. Air liners will have to carry parachutes for passengers just as ocean liners carry life preservers. It won't be exactly pleasant to jump out of an airship at an altitude of 1,000 feet and trust to get safely to earth, but then, it isn't pleasant to jump off an ocean liner in midocean and trust to a life preserver or a rubber raft to get you safely to shore.—Capper's Weekly.

Feel Stiff and Achy?
To Be Well the Kidneys Must Thoroughly Eliminate Waste Poisons from the Blood.

DOES every day find you lame, stiff and achy? Do you feel tired and drowsy—suffer nagging backache, headache and dizzy spells? Are the kidney secretions scanty and burning in passage?

Sluggish kidneys allow poisons to remain in the blood and upset the whole system.

Doan's Pills, a stimulant diuretic, increase the secretion of the kidneys and thus aid in the elimination of waste impurities. *Doan's* have established a nation-wide reputation. *Ask your neighbor!*

Doan's Pills
A Stimulant Diuretic to the Kidneys
At all dealers, 60c a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Mfg. Chemists, Buffalo, N. Y.