

SHE WENT FROM BAD TO WORSE

Down to 98 Pounds—Finally Restored to Health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Cleveland, Ohio.—"After having my first baby, I lost weight, no matter what I did. Then a doctor told me I would be better if I had another baby, which I did. But I got worse, was always sickly and went down to 98 pounds. My neighbor told me about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, as it helped her very much, so I tried it. After taking four bottles, I weigh 116 pounds. It has just done wonders for me and I can do my housework now without one bit of trouble."
—Mrs. M. Rzesutka, 10004 Nelson Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.

If some good fairy should appear, and offer to grant your heart's desire, what would you choose? Wealth? Happiness? Health? That's the best gift. Health is riches that gold cannot buy and surely health is cause enough for happiness.
Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound may be the good fairy who offers you better health.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SYRUP
The Infants' and Children's Remedy
Children grow healthy and free from colic, diarrhoea, flatulency, constipation and other troubles if given it at feeding time.
Taste pleasant—always brings remarkable and gratifying results.
At All Druggists



Credit to Motorists?

The automobile has been responsible for the development of a sturdier and incidentally a smarter race of roosters and chickens, according to Richard C. Haldeman, president of the Pennsylvania Motor federation. Haldeman asserts that the large number of chickens killed on the roads during the early days of the automobile age wedged out "mentally unfit roosters and hens." He asserts that instead of being blamed for the chickens which are still killed the motorists should be thanked, for they are aiding the farmer in developing a better grade of fowls.

The bureau of public roads has developed an instrument that determines accurately the relative smoothness of a highway.



Feel Tired and Languid?

ALWAYS tired and achy? Sure your kidneys are working right! Sluggish kidneys allow waste poisons to remain in the blood and make one dull and languid, with often nagging backache, drowsy headaches and dizziness. A common warning is scanty or burning secretions.

Use Doan's Pills. Doan's, a stimulant diuretic, increase the secretion of the kidneys and aid in the elimination of waste impurities. They are praised the world over. Ask your neighbor!

DOAN'S PILLS
60c
STIMULANT DIURETIC FOR KIDNEYS
Boster-Millman Co. Mfg. Chem. Buffalo, N.Y.

CORNS



Ends pain at once!

In one minute pain from corns is ended. Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads do this safely by removing the cause—pressing and rubbing of shoes. They are thin, medicated, anesthetic, healing. At all drug and shoe stores. Cost but a trifle.

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads
Put one on—the pain is gone!

OLIVE TAR
FOR COLDS
Applied externally, relieves congestion, soothes, loosens, and usually soothes in- flamed membranes, stops coughing, and whooping cough, croup, influenza.



ALABASTER LAMPS

by Margaret Turnbull.

CHAPTER XII—Continued

"That's it. Just at this minute Polly leaves me cold and I wouldn't look at her tonight, not so long as I had you to myself."

"Father, that can't be true. It must not be. Because I've set my heart on making Mother—look at you."

Claude Dabbs laughed, and put his big hand over Mary's little one. "Just you listen to me, my Mary, and let Polly alone. The devil himself couldn't make Polly look at me."

"Wait and see. Maybe what the devil can't do, Mary can."

But Claude was saying: "I'm to have you for tonight, daughter, and tomorrow, if there's anything to be done, toward making Polly look at me." He changed the subject, keeping Mary busy teaching him Italian words to say to the waiters and the gondoliers.

Ned, not for a moment suggesting a grocery background, was waiting at the landing. His eyes made Mary happy, furious and shy. It was ridiculous, but she could not seem to help it.

The dinner, whether owing to Ned or Claude—Mary could not really tell which, they both seemed so eminently competent—was delicious. Their table was decorated with flowers, which always seem doubly rare and precious in Venice. Her two men, Mary felt, were the most distinguished in the room. The two men were equally sure that she was the most attractive girl in the world.

After dinner, and coffee in the lounge, they went up to Claude's sitting room to talk and smoke. It was a happy evening. In the presence of his daughter, Claude was at his best. Ned, reveling in the fact that Mary was noting every shade of her father's feeling for him, drew Claude out for his daughter's sake.

When "the loveliest evening," as Mary told her father, was over and Cinderella-Mary must fly home, Ned remembered that Claude had never once called him Rangeley that evening! What a night and a moon to explain under!

He hinted, eagerly, that he was ready to take upon his shoulders the duty of seeing Mary home, suggesting that it would be safer for both Mary and Claude. Mary simply slipped her hand into her father's and looked at him. Ned's arguments were as nothing.

"I guess we'll risk that, my boy, if Mary wants me," said Claude. Ned stood on the landing steps and watched them move away. Mary had agreed to meet Claude at the Accademia at three the next afternoon. As Claude turned to direct the gondolier, Ned had whispered: "Come twenty minutes earlier—for me."

But as the gondola floated away, he wasn't sure that Mary had heard him. When she had said good night, at the doorway of the Royal Danelli, Mary found it was later than she thought and with a little apprehensive feeling went directly to her own room.

There was a light still burning in Polly's room, and reluctantly Mary opened the door between their rooms and looked in.

"Come in, Mary," called her mother. Polly was sitting up in bed, reading, or pretending to read, and before Mary could scold her for reading after a headache, Polly began:

"To save trouble, Mary, and to avoid unnecessary conversation, you were not with the Farleys tonight. They all went to bed an hour ago, and in the hall I heard young Farley asking his mother where you were and why you did not dine with them tonight."

Mary looked at her mother, for half a second without speaking. She had not expected to be caught quite so soon.

"I went to Father's hotel, and dined with him and Mr. Carter." The whole truth seemed what the situation called for.

Polly Johnston gasped and leaned forward. She had gotten more than she bargained for. "Your father! Claude Dabbs?"

"Yes," said Mary demurely. "I like him tremendously, Mother."

"How long have you known him—to like tremendously?"

"Since the day before we left New York. I met him in the druggist's and went to his hotel there, the Langdon."

"Mary! Was it Claude who told you to keep me in ignorance?"

"Oh no, Mother. I thought you

might not like my knowing him. But I stupidly had to. Father doesn't like secrecy a bit. He wants to take care of us both."

"How like Claude," Polly sneered. "Take care of us both behind the grocery shop, I suppose."

"Oh Mother! How can you? He seems perfectly capable of taking care of any number of people. I trust him."

"I do not," her mother snapped. "We'll leave tomorrow."

Mary came to the bed and looked at her mother. To Polly Johnston, Mary seemed suddenly older, and different. Who shall say how little, or how much, a kiss may alter a maiden's character and outlook on life?

"Mother, I won't run away again. If you can't stay and face facts—and Father, you will have to leave me behind to do it."

There was a long look between those who had been mother and daughter only a moment ago, and were now two women of different ages measuring each other like opponents.

It was Polly who spoke first, and though her voice was not raised, Mary shivered, for never had her mother



"Mary, Was It Claude Who Told You to Keep Me in Ignorance?"

spoken like that before. "Very well then, we stay. You can see all you want of your father, openly."

"And you?"

Polly Johnston laughed. "You are not the only one who can keep a secret." She pushed the canopy aside and reached for a telegraph blank and her fountain pen on the table beside her bed. "I shall wire Loren Rangeley in Paris, tonight."

"Loren Rangeley in Paris?" Mary went white, started to speak again and turned away.

Polly Johnston, beginning to write her message, looked up eagerly to see if the girl would weaken. It was the first time they had ever pitted their wills against each other, and it was distinctly unpleasant. She wished to Heaven they had not started this, or that the child would give in, instead of standing there white and desperate.

"Mother," Mary was facing her, and though there were tears behind her eyes, her voice was steady. "You know I hate Loren Rangeley. He's the coldest, hardest man I know, and if you—if you divorce my father—to marry him, for his money—I'll try to

Poetic Imagery That Fixes Idea of Places

A memorial to Milton has been unveiled in the place which he made famous by his words "Thick as autumn leaves that strew the brooks in Vallombrosa."

Today the trees of Vallombrosa are mainly pines, and the "autumnal leaves" that fall from the few beeches and chestnuts scarcely seem sufficient to carry out the Miltonic idea of multitude. But the quotation is not likely to become any less popular on that account, and in the minds of all lovers of poetry the woods of Vallombrosa will remain thick-carpeted with leaves. It would also be of interest to trace the influence of the poets on our ideas of places. Thanks to Byron, Chillon is forever associated with a dungeon and a famous sonnet of Keats hunkered Darien with a sea view from a mountain. "Maxwellton braes" will always be bonnie, and the name of

feel the same toward you, Mother, but I never will!"
She was gone. The door closed behind her before Polly could get to her feet. She started to follow her, and then stood still, breathing fast. What could she do? If she refused Loren Rangeley and his money, what had she to fall back on but C. M. Dabbs? That night Mary cried herself to sleep.

CHAPTER XIII

In the morning, having breakfasted in their respective rooms, as was their custom, Mary, dressed for the street came to her mother's door.

At the sight of Mary's pale face, Polly's heart misgave her. She knew that her own face was pale, but she was able to say, in the chilliest of tones: "If you have made any plan to meet your father this morning, I will not interfere."

"No," Mary answered in a tone equally lifeless. "We do not meet until three o'clock, at the Accademia."

"In that case, suppose we go to the church of San Zaccaria this morning. I want to see the Gellini Madonna there, and we can walk."

It had all the appearance of a pleasant idle morning. Though Polly held her head high, she was suffering. The Polly Johnston, who smiled faintly at any remark and stared unflinchingly into the fierce Italian sunlight, was a woman fighting desperately against a terrified realization of what loneliness might mean to a middle-aged woman who had not looked ahead or contemplated it. A hundred times that morning Polly was ready to cry quarter; ready for any compromise that would leave her her Mary.

Claude Dabbs might have guessed something of Polly's plight and been sorry. He had fought his own fight, and come through it whole, like the sturdy soul he was. Had Polly but known it, here, in Venice, was a Claude who was actuated by so small, revengeful feelings, but moved only by a real and very friendly desire to help, and also to share Mary. But Polly, shuddering at the thought of lonely years without Mary's companionship, turned away with equal dis- taste from the thought of sharing Mary, and the grocery shop, with Claude.

How could Mary conceive that her mother, so long distrustful and scornful of any emotion save the maternal, could turn with relief to the thought of cold, circumspect Loren Rangeley, as contrasted with the Claude she remembered. Claude represented to Polly all the primitive emotions, with the disagreeable background of a shop. Not having seen Claude for twenty-odd years, she created an image of a fat, middle-aged grocer with the uncontrolled emotions of a young man. Always there was that shep in the background, and the image caused her to shudder.

"If you wish to dine with your father tonight, I shall not mind," she said to Mary as they turned toward the hotel and luncheon.

"Be reasonable, Mother," Mary pleaded. "Don't make me feel I've lost my mother because I've found my father."

Having made up her mind, Polly was one to carry things through gaily. "I'm afraid it will work out that way, but, of course, I've nothing to do with it."

"You have everything!" protested Mary vehemently. "It's all in your hands. Don't you see that Father—well, he just can't—unless you give some sign."

Polly's laugh did not ring pleasantly in her daughter's ears. "Claude Dabbs has been stating his case rather cleverly, I see."

Mary stood still on the bridge leading to their hotel, regardless of the crowd of chattering, staring Italians who were passing by. "Oh Mother, you don't get Father at all. He doesn't think he has any case. He thinks he must leave it to you. He feels he can't bring himself to your attention. Mother, it's awfully delicate of him. You must see that."

"I only see that he is taking you from me, and I can see neither delicacy, nor any other evidence of good feeling in the process. Since it has to be endured, I'll endure, but I'm not kissing the hand that deals the blow. You will please discontinue the discussion, as long as you are in public, unless you can control yourself."

For the hundredth time that day, poor Mary wondered why it was that those who loved one most, could, and did, so surely wound one. "I wasn't really going to cry, but if you will pretend to look at the boats for a moment, I'll pull myself together."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



ASPIRIN

SAY "BAYER ASPIRIN" and INSIST!

Proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians for

- Colds Headache Neuritis Lumbago
- Pain Neuralgia Toothache Rheumatism

DOES NOT AFFECT THE HEART

Safe Accept only "Bayer" package which contains proven directions. Handy "Bayer" boxes of 12 tablets. Also bottles of 24 and 100—Druggists.

Do His Looks Betray Him? Mrs. Hoyle—"Your husband is a bright-looking man." Mrs. Doyle—"Yes, that's the way he looks."

Clean Kidneys By Drinking Lots of Water
Take Salts to Flush Kidneys if Bladder Bothers or Back Hurts

Eating too much rich food may produce kidney trouble in some form, says a well-known authority, because the acids created excite the kidneys. Then they become overworked, get sluggish, clog up and cause all sorts of distress, particularly backache and misery in the kidney region, rheumatic twinges, severe headaches, acid stomach, constipation, torpid liver, sleeplessness, bladder and urinary irritation.

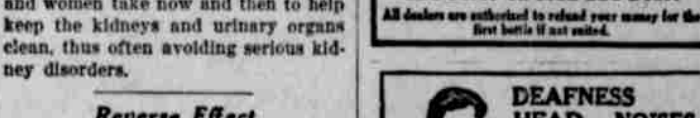
The moment your back hurts or kidneys aren't acting right, or if bladder bothers you, begin drinking lots of good water and also get about four ounces of Jad Salts from any good pharmacy; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast for a few days and your kidneys may then act fine. This famous salt is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for years to flush clogged kidneys and stimulate them to activity; also to neutralize the acids in the system so that they no longer irritate, thus often relieving bladder disorders.

Jad Salts cannot injure anyone; makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water drink which millions of men and women take now and then to help keep the kidneys and urinary organs clean, thus often avoiding serious kidney disorders.

A paradox pointed out by the Arkansas Gazette is that a woman can defeat a man by blowing him up.

Reverse Effect
A paradox pointed out by the Arkansas Gazette is that a woman can defeat a man by blowing him up.

Cheery News for Mothers
Oakland, Calif.—"I married very young and my children came very close together. During my first expectant period a friend told me of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. I have had seven children—all very strong and healthy—and I took the 'Favorite Prescription' each time except the last, and that was my hardest ordeal. I never had any trouble with any of the others, always felt well, was able to do all my own work right up to the last, never suffered very long with any except the last one, and I am sure that would not have been had I taken the 'Prescription' as before."—Mrs. Benita Strohallen, 877 36th St. All dealers. Tablets or liquid.



The world knows nothing of its greatest men.—Taylor.

GUARD YOUR KIDNEYS NOW!
Rid yourself of "creeping" ill. Put your body in trim by cleaning up your blood from the slow down poisons poured into it by inactive kidneys, liver and bowels. You may rely upon the famous old Dutch National Household Remedy—in use since 1695. The original and genuine.

DEAFNESS HEAD NOISES
Relieved by **LEONARD EAR OIL**
"Rub Back of Ears" INSERT IN NOSTRIL
At All Druggists. Price \$1
Folder about "DEAFNESS" on request.
L. & L. LEONARD, Inc., 70 5th Ave., New York

Lost Anyway
"I had my cashier watched by a detective to see that he didn't abscond with the money."
"Was that worth while?"
"No; I still have the cashier, but the detective absconded with the money."—Flegende Blaetter, Munich.

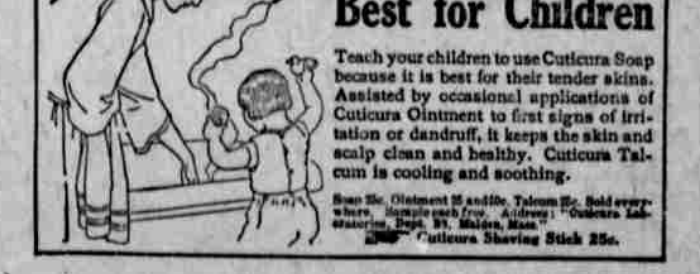
Stop Coughing
The more you cough the worse you feel, and the more inflamed your throat and lungs become. Give them a chance to heal.

Boschee's Syrup
has been giving relief for sixty-one years. Try it. 20c and 50c bottles. Buy it at your drug store. G. G. Green, Inc., Woodbury, N. J.

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GUARD YOUR KIDNEYS NOW!
GOLD MEDAL HAARLEM OIL CAPSULES
Accept no imitations. All Druggists. Three Sizes.

Cuticura Baths Best for Children



Teach your children to use Cuticura Soap because it is best for their tender skins. Assisted by occasional applications of Cuticura Ointment to first signs of irritation or dandruff, it keeps the skin and scalp clean and healthy. Cuticura Talcum is cooling and soothing.