Winter's Colds and Chills

Throw Heavy Burdens on the Kidneys.

COLDS put extra burdens on our kidneys. When the kidneys slow up, impurities remain in the blood and are apt to make one tired and achy with headaches, dizziness and often nagging backache. A common warning is scanty or burning secretions.

Doan's Pills, a stimulant diuretic, increase the secretion of the kidneys and aid in the elimination of waste impurities. Are endorsed by users everywhere. *Ask your neighbor!*

DOAN'S PILLS 60c
A STIMULANT DIURETIC FOR KIDNEYS
Foster-Milburn Co. Mfg Chem. Buffalo, N.Y.

Coughs and Colds

are not only annoying, but dangerous. If not attended to at once they may develop into serious ailment.

Boschee's Syrup

is soothing and healing in such cases, and has been used for sixty-one years. 30c and 90c bottles. Buy it at your drug store. G. G. Green, Inc., Woodbury, N. J.

PISO'S for coughs
Quick Relief! A pleasant, effective syrup—35c and 60c sizes. And externally, use PISO'S Throat and Chest Salve, 35c.

Callouses

Quick, safe, sure relief from painful callouses on the foot.
At all drug and shoe stores

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

New Center for Sydney

Sydney, N. S. W., plans one of the finest civic centers in the world. The buildings will surround a city square which will be made into a park. The city railway will erect an ornamental two-level station, capable of accommodating 200 trains an hour, and landing visitors for a pleasant first-view of the city. A large war memorial building, ornamental in design and to be used for national festivals, will be erected. Municipal buildings and a bridge over the river will harmonize with the general architectural scheme.

Personal Comment by Mrs. G. E. Tower

San Francisco, Calif.—"For the past seven or eight years I have taken Dr. Pierce's remedies off and on, that is, the 'Favorite Prescription,' and the 'Golden Medical Discovery.' I began with these when I was about grown. The 'Favorite Prescription' is the best medicine any woman ever took. The 'Golden Medical Discovery' is fine for the stomach—excellent for a person who is rundown in health."—Mrs. G. E. Tower, 1106 Laguna St.

Obtain now from your druggist, Dr. Pierce's famous remedies.

Write Dr. Pierce, President Invalids' Hotel in Buffalo, N. Y., for free confidential medical advice.

Obliging Papa

Angelina—I couldn't decide among my suitors, so I told them all to see papa.

Alice—Well?

"Now I'm worse off than ever; papa gave his consent to every one of them."—Pittsburgh Sunday Telegraph.

Her Preference

He—Do you read love stories?

She—No; I like to have them told to me.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Perhaps love is blind, but it manages to find its way to the ministers.

Flu May Start with a COLD

So-called "common" colds are dangerous. Grippe or Flu may result. Check the cold promptly. HILL'S Cascara-Bromide-Quinine tablets stop a cold in one day. Drive out the poisons. Play safe! Insist on HILL'S, in the red box. 30 cents at all druggists.

HILL'S
Cascara - Bromide - Quinine

PASTOR KOENIG'S NERVINE
for Epilepsy Nervousness & Sleeplessness
PRICE $1.50 AT YOUR DRUG STORE
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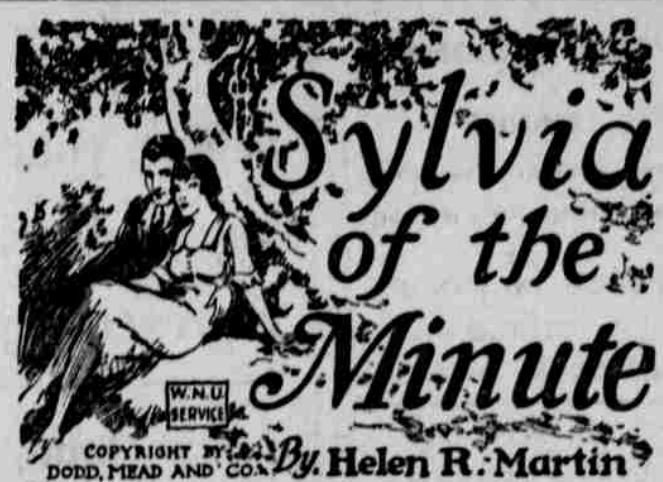

By Helen R. Martin

STORY FROM THE START

Handsome, fastidious and wealthy—young St. Croix Creighton awaits his sweetheart at their trysting place. She is late, this ordinary little Pennsylvania Dutch girl, Meely Schwenckton, but he awaits her eagerly. She is so demurely beautiful, he thinks, but so out of his "class." Despite her seeming innocence and ignorance, she succeeds in keeping him at a distance, to his chagrin. Meely, in the Schwenckton home, where she is boarding, is altogether unlike the girl who meets St. Croix clandestinely. She is the teacher in the neighborhood school, of which Marvin Creighton, St. Croix' brother, is superintendent. Due to family differences, Marvin Creighton boards in town, near Meely. Meely learns that Marvin was to have married his cousin, a titled English lady, but, believing she was attracted by the Creighton wealth, had refused the alliance. It is the rumor that St. Croix is to take Marvin's place and marry the English girl.

CHAPTER III—Continued

—6—

"But," said Mr. Schwenckton, puzzled, "you must know how to schoolteach when you're a grad-yate of Kutztown Normal yet! Well, I guess anyhow! Us we don't elec' no teacher to our William Penn that ain't got her Normal school diarploma."

"Oh, yes—well, but—yes, of course," Meely concluded in some confusion. She glanced surreptitiously at Aunt Rosy—and found, to her discomfort, that she was being regarded with a look of cunning suspicion.

"Say!" suddenly spoke up Rosy. "Have you got such a Kutztown Normal school diarploma?"

"Why—why, of course—why, of course I have."

"Mister," she demanded of her brother-in-law, "did you ever see her diarploma?"

"Ach, Rosy, what's over you? To be sure, she had to send her diarploma along with her application and her photygraft when she wrote for the job here at our William Penn. Your photygraft," he said to Meely, "don't favor you much. You're a lot prettier than that there photygraft."

"It's funny," answered Meely, "how my photographs never look like—never do me justice," she amended her remark.

Again she found Aunt Rosy's little cunning eyes boring like gimlets into hers.

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Meely Schwenckton seemed to herself, these days, to be ever walking in fear. Yet never in all her young life had she found existence so exhilarating, so tense with interesting suspense. It was not really fear, she decided, only a thrilling apprehension that hung over her every minute of the day and night; an apprehension which even if realized could not really bring harm to her, only awkward embarrassment.

"But somebody else would feel more awkward and embarrassed!" she smiled to herself.

However, this apprehension, following her ceaselessly, was a bit nerve-racking; and the startling knowledge just acquired that Marvin Creighton (her "Steady Date's" brother!) stood over her as the school superintendent and was therefore bound to make her acquaintance very soon, greatly augmented her sense of the danger of her situation—a situation brought about less by her own plotting than by a succession of fortuitous and unforeseen circumstances. Never would she have had either the audacity or the ingenuity to have arranged such an extraordinary chain of circumstances.

"Up to now, I've always held fiction to be stranger than truth—but never again! If I were a novelist I'd never have the cheek to make up such a lurid and improbable yarn as I'm living!" she amazedly told herself. "If I offered it to the movies I'm sure they'd consider it too true to life to be convincing."

If either of the Creighton brothers should ever see her in the other's company! Or if St. Croix discovered she was the district teacher, instead of the ignorant cow she feigned to be! Or if any of the Schwenckton family discovered her meeting with St. Croix or any of the other things about her which they were congenitally incapable of suspecting!

It was just three days after her last rendezvous with St. Croix that one afternoon at a quarter past four, school having been dismissed and her plain tailored school dress having been changed right here in her empty schoolroom for the fancy, cheap finery in which she always disguised herself to meet her "Date," that she came out of the schoolhouse and after locking the door and hiding the key under a stone, glanced cautiously up and down the road before starting for the distant hilltop where St. Croix would be waiting for her. For she intended again today to keep him waiting.

Last Monday she really had been at their meeting place long ahead of the appointed time and, having been curious as to how he would treat her tardiness, she had, on his appearing in the distance, hidden in a clump of bushes and watched him; his restless impatience, the eager light in his eyes when once he thought he heard her coming; and then his childish maneuvers to deceive her—his descending the hill, skirting the base and climbing up again on the other side in all that mud! How she had enjoyed herself watching him!

Evidently Marvin was not such an ass as St. Croix. "From all accounts he sounds like the Noble Army-of-Martyrs-Praise-Thee! Which is worse, I wonder—to be a bounder or to be so uncomfortably noble?" It certainly did sound uncomfortably noble to be willing to live at Absalom Punts' when you could live in the much more comfortable home of the Creightons.

For Aunt Rosy's investigations had proven Mr. Schwenckton's surmise correct—Marvin Creighton was boarding, for the time being, at Absalom's cottage on the Schwenckton's farm, which fact added considerably to Meely's uneasy apprehensions.

As she strolled on her way to her meeting with St. Croix, in the lovely October sunlight, she wondered whether she should amuse herself with "luring" Marvin as she was "working" St. Croix (for other reasons than her amusement). Marvin might not be such easy game; they said he despised girls—

"Probably he's afraid of them! Or he doesn't know any nice ones of the Noble-Army-of-Martyrs style. Could I work the noble stunt, I wonder? Risky! Might get my two roles mixed up! Better keep off Marvin!"

It was just as she came to this conclusion that suddenly, with a jump of her heart, she saw him emerge from a lane on the road ahead of her and, turning in her direction, come straight toward her on the highway in a long swinging stride. She recognized him by that stride, for she had seen him that morning going across the Schwenkton's orchard to Absalom's cottage. That strong, free gait of his would have arrested attention anywhere. How different from St. Croix' dapple prancing.

Suddenly she realized that she dared not let him recognize her in this ridiculously festive frock she was wearing, for as he was bound to meet her soon in her school room dressed in her own character, the contrast would make him suspicious. But how to elude him? The highway offered no escape. She wore no hat that she could pull down over her face. And he was almost up with her!

In desperation, as they were about to pass, she raised both her arms to fuss at her hair and thus conceal her face.

But through the crook of her left arm she saw that she might have spared herself the trouble, for he never so much as glanced at her; apparently so engrossed in his own thoughts that he remained quite unaware of the passing of a pretty girl!

"Well!" she breathed in mingled surprise and pique, for she was used to young men's looking at her as they passed. "Never batted an eyelash at me!"

She had caught a glimpse of his face and the rest of her walk to the hilltop seemed all too short for the interesting reflections aroused thereby. For she had perceived the remarkable fact that Marvin and St. Croix Creighton looked extremely alike, yet totally unlike; alike in feature and coloring and unlike in countenance. St. Croix' smugness was here replaced by a rather wistful melancholy; St. Croix' cynicism by an expression of grave kindliness; St. Croix' scornful pride by a look of genial humor; St. Croix' keenness by a reflective, inquiring expression touched by bewilderment. Of course all this was not revealed in a passing glimpse. But a great deal of it unfolded to her consciousness as, while she walked, she continued to gaze on the mental image she had caught, of a face so arresting as to make that of his brother, whom she was going to meet, seem by comparison insignificant.

So absorbed had she been, as she loitered along, that she forgot all about St. Croix' annoyance if he were kept waiting for her. So that, when turning a curve in the path up the hill, she suddenly saw him standing there above her, looking coldly offended at her tardiness, it brought her up with a sharp start. The expression of his face made her feel more like turning tail and going back than going on to the top.

"Just imagine," she thought as she toiled up the rest of the slope, "being married to such a disposition!—to a man who'd take it out of you so whenever things didn't suit him exactly!"

She smiled inwardly as she thought that if she were a girl whom he wanted to marry, he would surely never so reveal himself to her.

"He'd surely have the sense to hide, not flaunt, his selfishness and egotism and show me a better side of himself; for of course he must have a better side." Probably with his own class of people, his own family, he was quite different; she had surmised from things he had unconsciously betrayed that he adored his mother and would die before he would hurt her; that he greatly honored his father; and that though he almost hated his elder brother, he respected him.

"So you're actually here, are you?" he ironically greeted her as she stood before him, looking like Magdalene, the Penitent.

"Oh, but, Mr. Creighton," she pleaded, "my stepmom's so bad, she can't set and she can't lay! This here wasn't no gay-low day for me, now mind I'm tellin' you, with Susie so poorly and all! I near broke my neck gettin' here!"

"I suppose you mean gala day? Don't, my child, use words you're not sure of. Well," he added, grinning appreciatively, "if Susie can't even cackle, maybe she'll soon be croaking."

She did not laugh this time, but gazed at him blankly. "And I was up so late last night," she continued her excuses, "that I was near too tired to come this here three miles this after."

"You poor child! You mean you were sitting up with your sick stepmother?"

"No. Widower Holzapple he's settin' up with me Thursdays."

"What? Holzapple? Who's he?"

"Ach, such a old man, as old as Pop yet, with three full-growed childern. Pop's awful pleased, for Hi Holzapple he's well fixed and owns his own place clear. But, you see," said Meely in an injured tone, her eyes anxious, "he never says straight out he wants to marry me, he just insinyates that way. He'll set for an hour without passin' a remark—just set—and me tryin' to keep awake. And then all of a suddint he'll shoot off a remark—'My childern says, now Pop'll never be lonesome no more.' Or he'll hitch his chair closer to me and say, 'My childern are pleased.' Or if he sees my head noddin', I'm that sleepy, he'll wake me with the remark, 'Charlie will give us a weddin' dinner over at his place.' But, you see, Mr. Creighton," she complained, "it never leads up to nothin'! He never gets furder'n insin-yations. He never yet held my hand oncet nor even tol' me my eyes were pretty."

"But how could you marry an old man with grown children?" asked St. Croix disgustedly, taking his usual seat on the broad, flat stone and motioning her to hers a few feet away.

"Look here, you're not seriously thinking of marrying that old man—what's his name? Holzapple? Are you?" he demanded.

"I gotta marry somebody. What difference is it?—seein' I can't marry the one I like!" she mourned.

He hastened to divert her from this dangerous snag. "Come here to me."

She obeyed him eagerly.

"See what I've brought you." He produced two packages from behind the stone.

With childish acquisitiveness and a touch of Pennsylvania Dutch acquisitiveness, she opened the box of a dozen ornate handkerchiefs (so ornate she had to check a laugh at sight of them; he had evidently judged her taste from her blue voile frock trimmed with artificial flowers; she would keep one for a souvenir and give the rest to Lizzie—how Lizzie would adore them!). But her pleasure in his other offering, a five-pound box of candied fruits, was not assumed.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Häve Kidneys Examined By Your Doctor

Take Salts to Wash Kidneys If Back Pains You or Bladder Bothers

Flush your kidneys by drinking a quart of water each day, also take salts occasionally, says a noted authority, who tells us that too much rich food forms acids which almost paralyze the kidneys in their efforts to expel it from the blood. They become sluggish and weaken; then you may suffer with a dull misery in the kidney region, sharp pains in the back or sick headache, dizziness, your stomach sours, tongue is coated, and when the weather is bad you have rheumatic twinges. The urine gets cloudy, full of sediment, the channels often get sore and irritated, obliging you to seek relief two or three times during the night.

To help neutralize these irritating acids, to help cleanse the kidneys and flush off the body's urinous waste, get four ounces of Jad Salts from any pharmacy here; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast 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 flush and stimulate sluggish kidneys; also to neutralize the acids in the system so they no longer irritate, thus often relieving bladder weakness.

Jad Salts is inexpensive, cannot injure and makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water drink.

Carp Broke Window

When two policemen of Wilmington, Del., heard the crash of falling glass they expected to find an intruder in a fish store there, but when they arrived on the scene they saw nothing but shattered plate glass and a nine-pound carp lying on the pavement. Ben Weintraut, the owner of the store, explained the mishap by saying that he had taken the carp from a tank and was awaiting the arrival of a rabbi to kill the fish, when the carp, frantic in its struggles to seek water, gave a mighty flap of its tail and broke the window.

Much Alike

"Sometimes I get to thinking about the folks in other towns where I have been," said old Riley Rezzidew. "They just putter around at their tasks, bragging how they put it all over so-and-so, relating their symptoms, trying to get ahead of the other feller, etc. Here in Petunia we are arresting and getting arrested, setting out in the public square, cussing the legislature, and the like, just about like all other towns, big and little. But of course Petunia is the biggest little town anywheres around."—Kansas City Star.

When You Feel a Cold Coming On, Take Laxative BROMO QUININE Tablets to work off the Cold and to fortify the system against an attack of Grip or Influenza. 30c.—Adv.

Not His Fault

Mother—Never let me catch you at the jam again, Willie.

Willie—I—tried not to let you catch me this time.—Stray Stories.

All things may be possible, but how can a bald-headed suitor tell a girl he would dye for her?

The BABY

No mother in this enlightened age would give her baby something she did not know was perfectly harmless, especially when a few drops of plain Castoria will right a baby's stomach and end almost any little ill. Fretfulness and fever, too; it seems no time until everything is serene.

That's the beauty of Castoria; its gentle influence seems just what is needed. It does all that castor oil might accomplish, without shock to the system. Without the evil taste. It's delicious! Being purely vegetable, you can give it as often as there's a sign of colic; constipation; diarrhea; or need to aid sound, natural sleep.

Just one warning: It is genuine Fletcher's Castoria that physicians recommend. Other preparations may be just as free from all doubtful drugs, but no child of this writer's is going to test them! Besides, the book on care and feeding of babies that comes with Fletcher's Castoria is worth its weight in gold.

Children Cry for Fletcher's CASTORIA

DON'T RUB!

INFLAMED LIDS

It increases the irritation. Use MITCHELL EYE SALVE, a simple, dependable, safe remedy. 35c at all druggists. Hall & Ruckel, New York City

Storm-Damaged Autos

A number of automobiles caught on the Meridan (Kan.) road during a wind and sand storm were badly damaged. The wind hurled sand and gravel against the windshields, cutting so many tiny nicks on them that it was impossible for the drivers to see. At the same time the sand cut much of the paint from the cars.

Change of Viewpoint

"You used to be an altruistic idealist."

"Life looks all different. I have been serving on the grand jury for a couple of weeks."—Washington Star.

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

Napoleon and Lincoln Among the Henpecked

The henpecked man can scarcely be classed as a product of modern times. Historians relate that many of the world's most famous men, including Napoleon, Lincoln and Socrates, were henpecked. One of the letters written by Napoleon to his wife, Josephine, ends with the postscript:

"A thousand kisses—as burning as yours are frosty."

Lincoln, it is said, was henpecked because he was too shy. Count Montgeles, the German biographer of Lincoln, declares that Lincoln's wife loved him superficially, her own selfish ambitions predominating, adding that she constantly pecked at him and almost drove him mad.

The duke of Marlborough, one of Winston Churchill's ancestors, and acclaimed as one of the greatest warriors of his day, was madly in love with his wife, who, however, nagged him all the time. In 1704 he wrote to his wife on the eve of a battle:

"I'm not nearly as much afraid of my 60,000 foes as I am of you when you are mad at me." Next day, with Prince Eugene of Savoy, he won a big victory over the forces of Louis XIV of France.—New York Evening World.

The Dashed-Off Effect

Nothing that sounds dashed off is if it is any good.—Ohio State Journal.