

# HATE

By ARTHUR D. HOWDEN SMITH

WNU Service

Copyright 1924  
ARTHUR D. HOWDEN SMITH

## CHAPTER XI—Continued

"Oh, forget what I said," she cried, distressed. "Yet I meant well. 'Tis my fault that you have singled out James. Deny it not. Your ship was equipped to fight the Badger."

"Sure, ma'am." Again a complexity of passions tormented Fellowes. He wanted to be kind. He wanted to be cruel. He wanted to help. He wanted to hurt. The sweat stood in beads on his forehead, clammy as the sea mist that dripped from the spars. If he might take her in his arms, and comfort her! But no, cruelty would be more kind. "If I sink the Badger, I do a service for my country, which should be your country. If I happen to kill Captain Collishawe"—he made a pretense at a shrug—"why, I shall remove a dangerous enemy of my country—and the man who flogged me."

She regarded him with that small mournful look, her lips curved in pity. "And I have done this to you!" she said. "I should remember. But each time it hurts the same. I am so sorry, so very sorry! I've turned love into hate, and ruined two men's lives. Ah, and brought my father to the gallows! Isn't that sufficient? Oh, well, then, we'll go below. Anywhere! What does it matter? A few hours, a few days, a few months!"

Her father led her away, mumbling fustily, and Fellowes hurried forward to inspect Noggie's drag—anything to occupy him, to aid him to forget her. She was in love with Collishawe, of course. The letter—everything—her words, her humors, her palpable anxiety—proved it. D—n the Britisher, he must have swept her off her feet! But when? Before—that night? Or after?

He turned to Cuffee, his brain working simultaneously along parallel lines, to caution the negro to reduce his powder charges when the brig lost headway.

"I don't want to reach him yet. No use in telling him we have a twenty-four-pounder. Just tickle him up, Cuffee. Keep him hot after us."

And Cuffee laughed uproariously. "Yah, yah, yah, Mar's! Fellowes! Dat big fun. Oh, we fool him Collishawe plenty too much."

Back on the poop straining anxiously through the mist, Fellowes recalled that last night on the True Bounty, a swish of skirts, a warm, pliant body pressed to his, the touch of soft lips

## CHAPTER XII

### Battle

Long before evening the two vessels were visible to each other, the Centurion blocked clearly against the fading light in the east, the Badger a blurred tower of canvas in the radiance of the sunset.

The Badger gained slowly on the Centurion, and under cover of darkness the privateer cut herself free of the drag, shortening sail to maintain her position just out of range of Collishawe's twelve-pounders. The men of watch were sent to their hammocks, and those on duty bidden to lie down beside the guns. Fellowes himself, endeavored to set an example by curbing his excitement, and toward midnight snatched a nap in one of the wardroom bunks.

An hour before sunrise Fellowes was awakened by a messenger from Breed, who had the watch. He came on deck to find the crew astir, the galley smoking busily. Cuffee was crowding over the Big Sarpent, removing yesterday's powder stains from his shiny barrel with a rag and polish.

Fellowes' first thought was to see to the feeding of his men. They were to have a hot meal and a special issue of grog. "And don't forget the prisoners, Mr. Breed. We may be hours at this job. Give them the same meal as the crew, and then stow them in the cabletters." Himself, he attended O'Shaughnessy to the cockpit. Cara opened the door in response to his knock.

"I am loath to disturb you, ma'am," he said; "but the doctor will be requiring his quarters soon, and I'd place you out of reach of shot."

She regarded him with the same plying expression which had irked him the day before.

"Thank you," she answered quietly, "but if we may, sir, we'll stay here. Doctor O'Shaughnessy will require assistance."

"But you don't realize! Round-shot wounds are hideous. And grape!"

"I'd rather see the worst things than crouch below and imagine them. And I'm not one to faint and stew. Captain Fellowes."

"There's Mr. Inglepin," Fellowes suggested, "and your attendant?"

"I may be a fool," Ben Inglepin retorted tartly, "but I can wind a bandage or hold a basin—and I prefer anything to the darkness and stench of the orlop, which, I suppose, is where you'd put us."

"'Tis safe, at least," asserted Fellowes, puzzled.

"Why, sir, if we must believe you, we are 'y no means safe, wherever we are."

Fellowes looked at the duenna, dark, fat, immutable, jetty eyes squinting from the folds of her mantilla.

Cara said quickly: "The senora can help, too. She will be much better for having something to do. Come, sir, do not sentence us to the hold! Your wounded will be more comfortable for what assistance we can render." She appealed to O'Shaughnessy. "You'll confirm me, won't you, doctor?"

The Irishman supported her gallantly.

"'Tis short-handed we are, captain, and with none but the stewards for dressers I'll be in a bad way."

It was a good argument, Fellowes admitted to himself. He owed his men every chance for life, and three extra helpers might turn the scale for the poor devils, whose bodies were maimed by the Badger's cannonades.

"Very well," he agreed. "If you are certain 'twill not distress you. Once we are in action, you must remain here."

"You speak of being in action, Captain," the girl exclaimed. "How soon—will it be?"

"Within the hour," he answered curtly, and withdrew.

Ascending to the deck, he rehearsed in his memory the fearful expectation mirrored in her face. She knew what



The Centurion Wore Handsomely.

he planned for Collishawe, and dreaded it. Well, he'd give her ample to weep over. When he'd finished with the Englishman—

The Centurion, at Fellowes' direction, wore handsomely, and stood nor'-east-by-nor' on the la'b'd tack. The Badger, apprehending the maneuver indicated the Yankee brig intended to come to close quarters, commenced to take in her mains'l and clew up her after canvas.

Fellowes studied their progress, as the interval of blue water diminished with the persistent attempt of the Badger to point up higher than the Centurion, and when he thought the range was right for the twenty-four-pounder he hailed Cuffee!

"Ahoy, gunner! We'll try the Long Tom."

Cuffee's first shot skipped the waves in front of the sloop-of-war's bow. The next ricocheted over the enemy, but the third was a clean hit for'ard of amidships, and the Centurion's company raised a lusty cheer. Collishawe, undaunted, yawned to bring his chasers to bear, the twelve-pounder shot splashing up the water perhaps a quarter of a mile short of the target.

Cuffee fired a fourth time, and scored a hit in the waist.

"Come, come, lad, 'tis a spar I want," Fellowes called impatiently.

The next shot was an over, clean betwixt main and mizzenmasts, and Collishawe, apparently appreciating the weight of metal against him, came about once more, and stood down be-

fore the wind, bow-on, in an effort to close, so that his heavy broadside batteries could come into play. But Fellowes was alert.

"Steady all," the order came from the speaking trumpet. "Rake him, Cuffee, Mr. Spencer, hold your fire until I bid you loose."

Working with frenzied speed, Cuffee had the Long Tom loaded and fired almost before Fellowes had finished speaking. The shot struck the Badger on a level with the cat-heads. A second shot drilled the hull under the sta'b'd fore-chains, tossing a shower of splinters in air.

"Now, then, Mr. Spencer," Fellowes hailed the first Lieutenant.

And the la'b'd twelve-pounders roared as one. All but two or three missed, but Fellowes was sure one shot had whistled through the fore-stays and a second hit the hull. He was satisfied.

"We'll go about, Mr. Noggie," he bade the sailing master. "On the sta'b'd tack."

It was time. As the Centurion wore, the Badger's chase guns dinged their shot into the privateer's bulwarks with telling effect. When the confusion had abated Fellowes saw one man dead on his deck, and two others wounded. The Badger had teeth, and knew how to use them.

"Carry those men below," he ordered. "Bosun, where are your sand buckets?"

The Badger pegged away with her chasers, but the Centurion ran out of range quite easily and wore ship to give the Long Tom another chance. And an exultant yell greeted Cuffee's next performance—the main topmast of the sloop-of-war tumbled slowly from the fidds in a sprawling litter of spars and canvas. Momentarily helpless the Badger flapped up into the wind and Fellowes swooped nearer for the benefit of his twelve-pounders. The broadsides roared as fast as the gun crews could swab, load and fire.

But Collishawe was a seaman. Before the privateer could smash another stick, he had the wreckage cleared from his deck, and the Badger man ageable—and Fellowes must sheer off to avoid those hard-battering cannonades that would rend the brig to matchwood at close quarters.

A half-dozen more shots from the Long Tom, and the Badger's foremast probably weakened by the hit in the chains, went overside in a clutter that dragged the sloop-of-war down by the head. Fellowes stood on, making use of the predicament to gain a position astern of her, but by some incredible effort, Collishawe was able to run both his long twelves aft, and in the face of a scorching fire from the Centurion's sta'b'd battery, actually succeeded in shooting away the brig's fore-mast, blighting the Big Sarpent, killing one of Cuffee's gun crew and drowning a pair of Sopher's marines.

Fellowes, coolly determined to take no unnecessary risks, promptly retired out of range, cleared the wreckage from his fo'c's'le, and again ordered Cuffee to resume sharp shooting. The negro had warmed to his work, and the Long Tom hurled its shot into the crippled sloop-of-war with appalling regularity.

Fellowes called to Cuffee: "Take your time, gunner; but I want you to knock over another stick."

Cuffee's response was a clean hit in the Badger's mizzenmast, which broke midway to the top, and swamped the whole waist with its debris. The sloop-of-war broached to, all but helpless, while the Centurion leaped across her bows, broadside batteries flaming as she tacked back and forth, back and forth, the Long Tom adding its resonant voice to the sharper detonations of the twelve-pounders. The smoke was banked so densely around the privateer that the enemy was practically invisible; but an answering broadside roared from the sloop-of-war, and the Centurion quivered under the impact of the cannonades' eighteen-pounder shot.

"Sta'b'd your helm, Mr. Noggie," hailed Fellowes. "He's swung his head around."

fore the wind, bow-on, in an effort to close, so that his heavy broadside batteries could come into play. But Fellowes was alert.

"Steady all," the order came from the speaking trumpet. "Rake him, Cuffee, Mr. Spencer, hold your fire until I bid you loose."

Working with frenzied speed, Cuffee had the Long Tom loaded and fired almost before Fellowes had finished speaking. The shot struck the Badger on a level with the cat-heads. A second shot drilled the hull under the sta'b'd fore-chains, tossing a shower of splinters in air.

"Now, then, Mr. Spencer," Fellowes hailed the first Lieutenant.

And the la'b'd twelve-pounders roared as one. All but two or three missed, but Fellowes was sure one shot had whistled through the fore-stays and a second hit the hull. He was satisfied.

"We'll go about, Mr. Noggie," he bade the sailing master. "On the sta'b'd tack."

It was time. As the Centurion wore, the Badger's chase guns dinged their shot into the privateer's bulwarks with telling effect. When the confusion had abated Fellowes saw one man dead on his deck, and two others wounded. The Badger had teeth, and knew how to use them.

"Carry those men below," he ordered. "Bosun, where are your sand buckets?"

The Badger pegged away with her chasers, but the Centurion ran out of range quite easily and wore ship to give the Long Tom another chance. And an exultant yell greeted Cuffee's next performance—the main topmast of the sloop-of-war tumbled slowly from the fidds in a sprawling litter of spars and canvas. Momentarily helpless the Badger flapped up into the wind and Fellowes swooped nearer for the benefit of his twelve-pounders. The broadsides roared as fast as the gun crews could swab, load and fire.

But Collishawe was a seaman. Before the privateer could smash another stick, he had the wreckage cleared from his deck, and the Badger man ageable—and Fellowes must sheer off to avoid those hard-battering cannonades that would rend the brig to matchwood at close quarters.

A half-dozen more shots from the Long Tom, and the Badger's foremast probably weakened by the hit in the chains, went overside in a clutter that dragged the sloop-of-war down by the head. Fellowes stood on, making use of the predicament to gain a position astern of her, but by some incredible effort, Collishawe was able to run both his long twelves aft, and in the face of a scorching fire from the Centurion's sta'b'd battery, actually succeeded in shooting away the brig's fore-mast, blighting the Big Sarpent, killing one of Cuffee's gun crew and drowning a pair of Sopher's marines.

Fellowes, coolly determined to take no unnecessary risks, promptly retired out of range, cleared the wreckage from his fo'c's'le, and again ordered Cuffee to resume sharp shooting. The negro had warmed to his work, and the Long Tom hurled its shot into the crippled sloop-of-war with appalling regularity.

Fellowes called to Cuffee: "Take your time, gunner; but I want you to knock over another stick."

Cuffee's response was a clean hit in the Badger's mizzenmast, which broke midway to the top, and swamped the whole waist with its debris. The sloop-of-war broached to, all but helpless, while the Centurion leaped across her bows, broadside batteries flaming as she tacked back and forth, back and forth, the Long Tom adding its resonant voice to the sharper detonations of the twelve-pounders. The smoke was banked so densely around the privateer that the enemy was practically invisible; but an answering broadside roared from the sloop-of-war, and the Centurion quivered under the impact of the cannonades' eighteen-pounder shot.

"Sta'b'd your helm, Mr. Noggie," hailed Fellowes. "He's swung his head around."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

## Methods of Escaping From Tornado's Grasp

The old time "cyclone cellar" or outdoor cave has probably been the means of saving more lives from tornadoes than anything else and is still one of the best places of refuge ever contrived. The southwest corner of the basement of a frame house is almost as safe, especially if a person crouches close against the wall. Tornadoes nearly always approach from the south or west and flying debris or perhaps the house itself will be carried away, from the southwest corner.

The basement of a brick or stone house is liable to be a death trap in a tornado, as brick or masonry walls are liable to collapse and tumble down anywhere.

A person caught in the open when a tornado approaches has a choice of lying down flat in a depression or of flight. Tornadoes travel across

the country at a rate of thirty to sixty miles per hour, usually, and escape for a person in an automobile is simple if there are highways open. A person on foot directly in the path of such a storm should run toward the northwest, which is at right angles to the storm path and toward the side where the winds are least violent.—Kansas City Times.

### Long Speakership Terms

Henry Clay was speaker of the house of representatives longer than any other man. He was elected six different times, although he did not serve out six full terms or congresses. He resigned the speakership twice. Joseph G. Cannon and Champ Clark each served as speaker of the house eight years.

## COOK TO BE PAROLED



Dr. Frederick A. Cook.

Washington.—The federal parole board has recommended that Dr. Frederick A. Cook, Arctic explorer, now serving a 15-year sentence, be released from Leavenworth penitentiary on parole.

## VOTES TO TRANSFER PROHIBITION BUREAU

### House Takes Action on First Wickersham Proposition.

Washington.—Transfer of the prohibition bureau from the Treasury to the Department of Justice, the first of the legislative measures of the Wickersham commission and President Hoover for tightening dry law enforcement, was approved by the house.

The bill, as reported from the committee on expenditures in executive departments, was passed by a viva voce vote. Only a few dissenting votes were heard, no serious opposition to the measure as a whole being advanced although many of its supporters, drys as well as wets, were skeptical as to whether the shift would mean any real difference in enforcement conditions.

Administration forces proved to be in complete command of the situation, defeating the proposal of alcohol using industries for retention of entire authority over industrial alcohol in the Treasury department and also defeating the proposal of a minority of the expenditures committee for vesting complete alcohol powers in the attorney general.

Under the bill as passed the attorney general will have jurisdiction over law enforcement activities, but the treasury will continue to have supervision over the issue of industrial alcohol. The attorney general is given joint control with the secretary of the treasury over the alcohol regulations and also is given a veto power over issuance of permits.

The minority amendment which also met defeat, would not have taken the authority over issuance of permits from the secretary of the treasury, but would have forced him to administer the law under regulations formulated entirely by the attorney general.

The bill will now go to the senate, where action will be delayed until after the tariff bill is out of the way. The industrial alcohol interests are expected to make an effort to amend the bill in the senate judiciary committee. It is thought likely that the bill will be passed by the senate before congress adjourns.

The other Wickersham bills may not fare so well. While the house may pass some of these measures, which include bills increasing powers of commissioners of federal courts in dealing with prohibition cases, defining minor offenses under the Jones law, tightening padlock provisions of the Volstead act and providing for a uniform border patrol, there is little likelihood that the senate will reach action on any of them before next winter.

## WASHINGTON BRIEFS

President Hoover will give a radio address to the Boy Scouts of America at the twenty-fifth birthday party of the organization on March 10.

The house passed the oleomargarine bill providing for a tax of 10 cents a pound on cooking compounds made and colored in imitation of butter.

An appropriation of \$50,000 was voted by the house to cover expenses of the commission named by President Hoover to study conditions in Haiti.

The ways and means committee of the house approved a bill authorizing payment of approximately \$2,500,000 to German owners of patents seized and sold during the war to the Chemical foundation and leased by it to the United States government without cost.

Colorado Fears Smallpox  
Denver, Colo.—The state board of health has advised its 250 health officers throughout Colorado that "the entire state is threatened with an epidemic of small pox" and has called upon them to urge vaccination immediately in their communities.

Wills Harvard \$5,000,000  
Philadelphia, Pa.—Harvard university will receive nearly \$5,000,000 under the will of Stuart Wyeth, Philadelphia chemical manufacturer.

## GRAIN CORPORATION BUYS IN 6 CENTERS

### New Stabilization Agency Begins Operations.

Chicago.—The Grain Stabilization corporation, newly created agency of the Farmers National Grain corporation the past week made its first move in its announced program to steady wheat prices in the United States.

According to W. G. Kellogg, president of the stabilization corporation and general manager of the grain corporation, the stabilization corporation made substantial purchases of wheat in the open market in Chicago, Minneapolis, Duluth, Kansas City, Omaha and Hutchinson, Kan. The wheat will be stored, processed or merchandized at the discretion of officers of the stabilization corporation, it was announced.

In Washington it was announced that the federal farm board had granted the stabilization corporation an initial credit of \$10,000,000 with which to purchase wheat. The corporation is not limited as are other corporations, formed under the agricultural marketing act, as to its dealings in grain to nonmembers, it was pointed out. It may buy from or sell to any one, there being no restriction to membership business.

The corporation, however, is a nonprofit, nonstock corporation and its membership will be limited to co-operative associations, which are engaged in the marketing of grain. The stabilization organization is clothed with wide powers and it is indicated that it will have abundant financial resources at its command.

With the advent of the stabilization corporation, the wheat farmers of the country now have two agencies at their disposal for the purchase of wheat. The other agency is the Rural Grain corporation, a subsidiary of the Farmers' National Grain corporation. This organization has several times entered the markets in the past in an effort to improve the tone of cash grains.

As one of the agreed policies of the new corporation, it was announced that it would enter the market and purchase grain for the grain corporation when there was a possibility of the assumption of a risk in the transactions. When there is slight possibility of such risk the purchase will be made through the Rural Grain corporation, it was stated.

It was also announced that the new stabilization corporation might be utilized as a nucleus for stabilization agencies for other crops, such as wool, cotton and coarse grains, should the farmers' advisory committees of the government co-operative societies recommend their establishment.

Mr. Kellogg stated that the stabilization corporation might eventually sell its holdings to the miller or the exporter, that it had already provided storage facilities for quite a large amount of wheat and that addition facilities would be arranged when the necessity demanded. Most of the storage facilities are in the central grain terminals, it was said.

Headquarters of the stabilization corporation is in Chicago. Establishment of branches in foreign countries may be considered in the future, it was said.

## Russ to Have 17,000,000 in Air and Gas Defense

Moscow.—Under a special five-year plan adopted by the Soviet Volunteer Society for Aerial and Chemical Defense, which is a powerful civilian arm of the regular Red army, navy and aviation forces, Soviet Russia will have 17,000,000 persons in various branches of air and gas defense by 1934. There are now 5,000,000 so engaged.

In unfolding the plan Alexander Malinovsky, undersecretary of the society, said the authorities would increase the number of aviation schools from four to 25 and train thousands of pilots.

The number of aviation groups will be increased from 500 to 2,500. Volunteer detachments numbering 31,000 and embracing 6,000,000 members will be engaged in the protection of habitations from gas attack.

## Senate's Vote of 52-26 O. K.'s Hughes as Justice

Washington.—Charles Evans Hughes was confirmed by the senate by a vote of 52 to 26 for chief justice of the Supreme court of the United States. It is expected that Mr. Hughes will take his seat as chief justice on February 24, when the Supreme court reconvenes.

Previously a motion to send the nomination back to the judiciary committee lost by a vote of 31 to 49.

Voting for confirmation were 35 Republicans and 14 Democrats, while in the negative were 11 Republicans and 15 Democrats.

## Italian Unemployed Reach 462,948

Rome.—The number of unemployed in Italy on January 31 totaled 462,948, showing a normal seasonal increase, comparing with 461,899 on the same date a year ago. The January figure was an increase of 59,200 over December.

Parrot Fever Kills Doctor  
Baltimore, Md.—Dr. William Royal Stokes, director of the city health department's bureau of bacteriology, died here of psittacosis, or parrot fever.

# DAIRY

TRUST NO BULL, ADVISES HOPPER

## Handle Animal Firmly and Keep Him Subdued.

Any effort to make a pet of a bull is bound to be followed by trouble, says Prof. H. A. Hopper of the New York State College of Agriculture. Confidence in bulls is always misplaced; not one is safe.

According to Professor Hopper the young bull should be firmly handled from calfhood and should be taught to recognize man as his master. He should be halter broken and when about one year old a strong ring should be inserted in his nose. By keeping him in a well-built stall and using only strong, properly fitted ties he can be prevented from learning his tremendous strength. All bulls more than a year old should be regarded with suspicion and taught to know their place.

The horns of a bull may be removed at an early age or late if desired. With the young calf the use of caustic potash before the horns have started growing is the most humane method to follow. Some stockmen prefer to delay the removal until the bull has reached maturity, when the ordeal of removal and the loss of the horns will tend to "take the conceit out of him." While the dehorned bull is still dangerous, much would be gained if all bulls were dehorned early in life.

With proper arrangements of stall and yard, a dehorned bull handled by a staff attached to a ring in his nose should cause no trouble. However, much will depend on his early training and the courage of his caretaker.

Those who wish to know more about the feeding and care of the dairy bull may obtain a free bulletin on the subject by writing to the publications office in Roberts hall, College of Agriculture, Ithaca, New York, and asking for E-614.

## Spring Freshening Cows Have Little Advantage

Although spring freshening cows have the advantage of starting their milking year under ideal feed conditions provided by an abundance of luxuriant, nutritious pasture, the cheapest and best of all feeds, such a favorable environment is short lived. A few weeks later the heat of summer is upon them. Good pasture is less abundant. Pressing work in the field does not permit the farmer to give his cows the attention they require. Flies add to the discomfort of the cows, their milkers and the calves. As a result, cows go down in production and stay down. No methods of feeding have yet been found which will bring them back to good production after they have once been permitted to go down. Furthermore, butterfat prices are generally lower in spring and summer than at any other time of the year.

## Before Breeding, Heifers Should Be Carefully Fed

Up to the time that heifers are bred dairy animals should not be overfed. It is well to keep them in good growing condition, but too much fat is to be avoided. Excessive fattening at this time is apt to stunt growth by rushing maturity and producing a "pony" type of animal. After the heifer is bred, however, feeding can be much more liberal. There are then extra demands on the heifer and it is desirable that she have a good store of nutrients against the first lactation period. If these heifers are on really good pasture they are not suffering, although a little grain now will prove profitable later. Fall freshening heifers that are on poor pasture should be fed well, green feed if possible and certainly grain—three to five pounds per head daily.

## Underfeeding Wipes Out Profits in Dairy Herd

Underfeeding, or feeding of an incomplete ration, keeps down or wipes out profits in many a dairy herd. One reader goes so far as to say that dairy cows are now better bred than fed; that starved purebreds are no better than starved scrubs. There is still room for improvement along both lines.

The point is, every dairy cow should be fed a complete ration, and as much of it as she will turn into profit. It is the wrong way to feed as little as the cow will get along on and still show a profit or just break even.

Cow testing records prove that liberal feeding is not an expense, but an investment.

## Ration for Winter

A feeding program suited to either the man with three to five cows or the specialized dairyman is suggested by E. C. Elting of the Missouri Agricultural college. Because corn is our cheapest feed, he recommends that ground corn or corn and cobmeal form the basis of most rations. Some bulk and variety is desirable, and may be furnished by wheat bran, ground oats or both. Bran is also rich in minerals, especially lime. It is advisable to feed some protein concentrate.

## Drugs Excite the Kidneys, Drink Water

Take Salts at First Sign of Bladder Irritation or Backache

The American men and women must guard constantly against kidney trouble because we often eat too much rich food. Our blood is filled with acids which the kidneys strive to filter out; they weaken from overwork, become sluggish, the eliminative tissues clog and the result is kidney trouble, bladder weakness and a general decline in health.

When your kidneys feel like lumps of lead; your back hurts or the urine is cloudy, full of sediment, or you are obliged to seek relief two or three times during the night; if you suffer with sick headache, or dizzy, nervous spells, acid stomach, or if you have rheumatism when the weather is bad, begin drinking lots of good water and get from your pharmacist about four ounces of Jad Salts. 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 help flush and stimulate clogged kidneys, to neutralize the acids in the system so they no longer are a source of irritation, thus often relieving bladder disorders.

Jad Salts is inexpensive, cannot injure, makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water drink and belongs in every home, because nobody can make a mistake by having a good kidney flushing any time.



## SUFFERING ELIMINATED

15 years success in treating Rectal and Colon troubles by the Dr. C. J. Dean NON-SURGICAL method enables us to give WRITTEN GUARANTEE OF PILES ELIM