

"HEALTH"
The Watchword

This Really Means
PERFECT DIGESTION AND
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LIVER ACTIVITY
BOWEL REGULARITY
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Stomach Bitters

When weakness is manifested in the
Stomach, Liver, or Bowels.

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**BEST FOR LIVER,
BOWELS, STOMACH
HEADACHE, COLDS**

THEY LIVE THE LIVER AND
BOWELS AND STRAIGHTEN
YOU RIGHT UP.

DON'T BE BILIOUS, CONSTIPATED,
SICK, WITH BRUATH BAD AND
STOMACH SOUR.



WORK WHILE YOU SLEEP

Take Cascarets and
enjoy the nicest, gentlest liver and
bowel cleansing you ever experienced.
Wake up with your head clear, stomach
sweet, breath right and feeling fine.
Get rid of sick headache, biliousness,
constipation, furred tongue, sour
stomach, bad colds. Clear your skin,
brighten your eyes, quicken your
step and feel like doing a day's work.
Cascarets are better than salts, pills
or calomel because they don't shock
the liver or gripe the bowels or cause
inconvenience all the next day.
Mothers should give cross, sick, bilious,
feverish children a whole Cascarets
anytime as they cannot injure
the thirty feet of tender bowels.

**DIED WITH FEW
HOURS OF EACH OTHER**

Mrs. C. B. Clough of This City Receives Word of Death of Uncle and Aunt in Epna, Mo.

Mrs. C. B. Clough of 1108 Exchange street, received a telegram on Friday night, announcing that her aged uncle, David Morrison, had passed away in Epna, Mo., on that afternoon. And on the morning following, she received another message telling of the death of her aunt, Mrs. David Morrison, who had survived her husband but a few hours. Mr. Morrison was 87 years old and his wife, 84. Both recently suffered an attack of grippe and this, combined with old age, proved fatal. Both have been in Keokuk in past years and will be remembered by many here.

The deaths occurred at the home of Mrs. Feltman, a daughter of the Morrises. Two other daughters and three sons survive. They are: Mrs. Guy, St. Louis; Mrs. Hambrick, Kirksville, Mo.; William Morrison, Washington state; Edwin Morrison and James Morrison of Lunny, Mo.

Real Forebodings.
Boy Builder: "My son," said the father, impressively, "suppose I should be taken away suddenly, what would become of you?"
"Why," said the son irreverently, "I'd stay here; the question is, what would become of you?"

**FRANK STANNUS
DIED AT QUINCY**

Body of Former Well Known Keokuk Business Man to be Brought Here for Burial on Monday.

END CAME ON FRIDAY

Decedent Had Been in Poor Health for Some Time—Was Born in Keokuk in Year 1859.

Frank E. Stannus of Quincy, a former well known resident of Keokuk, passed away in a hospital in the former city on Friday afternoon. The body will be brought to Keokuk on Monday and burial will be made here. The Quincy Herald of Friday evening contains the following account of Mr. Stannus' life.

Frank E. Stannus, proprietor of the Quincy Rug and Carpet company at Tenth and Maine streets, died at 1 o'clock Friday afternoon at St. Mary's hospital. Mr. Stannus had been ill for the past four or five weeks and a week ago Tuesday an operation became necessary. Complications of liver and kidney trouble developed and meningitis resulted, causing his death. Mr. Stannus' condition had been critical for several days and when death came his entire family was at his bedside. With them were Mrs. C. Stannus, of Warsaw, sister of Mrs. Stannus, and Mr. and Mrs. Harvey J. Bonham of Keokuk, lifelong friends of Mr. Stannus, who came down on the morning train for a visit with him.

Born in Keokuk.

Frank E. Stannus was born in Keokuk, Iowa, fifty-seven years ago and resided there up to ten years ago, when he came to Quincy. For a number of years he was engaged in the oil business and then went into the rug and carpet business in Keokuk, coming to Quincy ten years ago, where he has been engaged in this line of business since.

In Keokuk Mr. Stannus was prominent in Odd Fellow circles and during the years of his residence here, was one of the leading workers in the fraternal order of Eagles of this state. He was a past president of the Quincy circle and was deputy grand worshipful state president of Illinois. He was also a member of North Star camp No. 4474, Modern Woodmen. He was a member of the United Presbyterian church at Keokuk, but had never transferred his membership to Quincy. Through his business connections and through his work in the fraternal orders, in which he was prominent, Mr. Stannus had acquired a wide acquaintance and both in the city and throughout the state he enjoyed the highest regard of all who had dealings with him.

Survivors.

His wife and two children survive Mr. Stannus. The children are Miss Etta Stannus, teacher at Dewey school, and Dr. E. F. Stannus, well known physician. There are also two brothers and two sisters of the decedent surviving him, William, Stannus of Spearfish, S. D.; Lincoln Stannus of Deadwood, S. D.; Mrs. Emma Brown of Spearfish, S. D.; and Mrs. Mattie Clemens of Denver, Colo.

Mrs. Stannus has had an exceptional share of sorrow. Yesterday she attended the funeral of her father, John Young, who died in Keokuk and was buried at Warsaw, while today she is called upon to mourn her husband.

Frank E. Stannus was a good man. He lived in his every day life the principles of the fraternal orders in which he took so much active interest. He will be laid to his final rest in the family lot in a cemetery at Keokuk.

Funeral on Monday.

Mr. Stannus was a member of the old Keokuk volunteer fire department, Kolla station.

Funeral services will be conducted by the Odd Fellows on Monday afternoon at 2 o'clock from the I. S. Ackley funeral parlors.

**OTTUMWA MAN'S
STOMACH TROUBLE
QUICKLY RELIEVED**

T. H. Lewis Tells How He Was Quickly Restored by a Single Bottle.

Thomas H. Lewis of 1102 West Second Street, Ottumwa, Ia., was a sufferer from stomach ailments. He took Mayr's Wonderful Remedy and got quick relief.

The very first dose convinced him. Mr. Lewis wrote:

"I received your remedy and wish to state that it is wonderful. The first bottle made me feel better than I have felt in years. Would be glad to recommend it to anybody who needs a stomach remedy."

Mayr's Wonderful Remedy gives permanent results for stomach, liver and intestinal ailments. Eat as much and whatever you like. No more distress after eating, pressure of gas in the stomach and around the heart. Get one bottle of your druggist now and try it on an absolute guarantee—if not satisfied factory money will be returned.

**Letters Received Here
From Trenches in Belgium**

**Canadian Captain Gives
Intimate Account
of Fighting.**

Probably the most intimate touches of the great European war are gained through letters home from the trenches. This missive, written at first hand, usually come nearer to telling of the tragedies and comedies of a warrior's life than the reports of the war offices or the more studied descriptions of the war correspondents.

There are some Keokuk people who receive letters from the trenches and they are always prized possessions. One family in particular has been receiving regularly, some singularly intimate accounts of the war from a relative who is a medical officer in the Canadian expeditionary force who has been in the British army "somewhere in Belgium," for three months.

The Gate City has been able to secure some interesting extracts from this valuable correspondence, which are given below. The writer sailed from Canada with the Canadian volunteers last June, and was sent to the battle front in October. He has been in Belgium since that time. He is a medical officer with the rank of captain, and although not stationed in the first line trenches, is directly to the rear of them. The wounded from the first line are brought back to these stations for their first treatments.

With each battalion, which is composed of 1,000 men, there is a medical officer. Letters are received here weekly from the captain at the front. In them one gets a good idea of the English Tommy's life. The soldiers serve eighteen days at a stretch, six on the firing line, six on the second line, and six in the reserve force. After the eighteen days comes a week's rest in the rear where he receives a hot bath and a change of clothes, for the first time in his eighteen days.

Story of Bombardment.

Here is a letter dated from the trenches, December 19, 1915, telling of a bombardment:

This is rather an interesting day I think—it is Sunday. We were waked up early this morning by the most terrific bombardment I have yet heard. It was one continual roar without any cessation at all. So I jumped out of a bed and went upstairs to a hole in the roof from which we can see the German lines. It was dark and there was a continual flash from the guns around Ypres. Over the German lines I could see the shells bursting. Farther back I could see the flash of the German guns. The prettiest part of all was the storm of star shells which were being fired. These go up between the lines, hover in the air and burst into a very bright light which lights up things for almost a mile around. We never had anything like them in any of our fire works. I could see the whole country side many where I was, there were so many of them. But what I missed, being up so high, was the fact that the Germans were using gas. We only got on the edge of it but it was strong enough to make our eyes smart and the tears flow and to give us rotten headaches. The main attack was north of here. Our artillery pounded them so that I think they did not follow it up, but news is not certain yet.

We had quite a bad casualty list last night—a corporal shot through the chest. I hope he pulls through all right. The ride in the ambulance is so rough that it shakes them up pretty badly and often starts hemorrhage.

One of my men, who had a very close call the other day—a bullet just clipping his cheek.

**MANY TROUBLES DUE
TO WEAK KIDNEYS**

"It is no use advertising a medicine unless the medicine itself is good enough to back up the claims you make for it," said Wilkinson & Co., the popular druggists, to a Gate City man. "On the other hand it is a pleasure to sell a medicine when our customers come in afterward and tell us how much good it has done them. And that is why we like to sell and recommend Solvax, the great kidney remedy. Ever since we first introduced Solvax in Keokuk, our clerks have been so busy selling it that we have a hard time keeping a sufficient stock on hand. We have so much faith in this article that we are going to guarantee it in the future and will return the money to any purchaser of Solvax whom it does not help. This may seem rash, but our customers have said so many good words in its favor that we do not expect to have many packages returned."

This shows great faith in Solvax. It really is a most unusual medicine because it overcomes the worst cases of kidney complaint by removing the cause. It goes straight to the seat of the trouble. It soaks right in and cleans out the kidneys and makes them pass off all the uric acid and poisonous waste matter that lodges in the joints and muscles, causing rheumatic pains; soothes and heals the bladder and quickly ends all such troubles.

Nothing is more uncomfortable or hurts a person's perfect enjoyment of life more than troublesome kidneys and their attending evils. Use Solvax and get your full measure of benefit out of life.

has just brought me a letter for me to censor. He is not a very literary man, but is a true Irishman for he says, "It would disappoint me terrible to get killed without seeing you once more." He is writing to one of his beloved, of course.

I was up to the trenches yesterday. In fact, I had lunch up there—mulligan, tomatoes, asparagus and fried cheese. Some lunch!

The bombardment is commencing once more. And here we sit, listening to the dulcet strains of Tales of Hoffman on the gramophone, while the pup and kitten, Sniper and Betty by name, peacefully at rest, as if nothing were going on.

There was quite an aeroplane bombardment above us this morning. There were about seven of our planes hovering around. Then the Germans started to shoot at them. It is wonderful how they escape some times. One of them seems to be completely surrounded by bursting shells. But he ducked and curved and twisted and rose again, went around in circles, rose higher and higher and then suddenly shot down to a lower level and sailed away as calm as you please with a few shells bursting spitefully away behind him. It is very pretty and very exciting.

The trenches are getting somewhat better, though they are still much exposed. But you can go along without disappearing in the mud, and that is something.

Description of Funeral.

Following is an extract from a letter dated Sunday, November 25, 1915, and written 600 yards back of the firing line of a funeral in the fighting zone:

Today has been very quiet and the afternoon rather sad, it is cold and sharp like a Canadian winter afternoon. We had a funeral today of our first officer, killed, and seven men, they all got it. The Roman priest over one grave and our padre, Capt. Kidg (and he's some kid, too) took the other seven; one service for all. The bodies are all taken to the dressing station where Ken is, and here they are wrapped in a blanket and as the cemetery is one-quarter of a mile from the dressing station, there is a track of wooden rails on which trucks are run. A truck for each body made a weird procession, four pals of each man pushing the truck. A bottle by the side of each body with a record in it is buried also.

Landscape and Soldiers.

The following extract comes from "Somewhere in Belgium" and is dated the twelfth of last month. This gives an excellent description of the landscape, soldiers and their habits and daily life:

I had no casualties in my company in the last four or five days, and naturally I was greatly relieved.

The trees are bare now and we have some weird sunsets. The evenings close in early and the nights are very black. In France and Belgium, in the rural parts, the trees are very tall and the branches in clusters at the top and are planted in rows. The country round about here is generally flat, a few small hills on which as a rule are the quaint old wooden windmills—very queer mechanical contrivances they are, but the country is dotted with them and they are mostly working. Of course everywhere for miles around wherever I have happened to be one sees military activity. It is infantry, it's artillery or engineers or army service corps—long trains of transport horses, mules, automobiles, Red Cross cars, London busses coming and going all the time, brigades moving from one part of the line to another. You can generally tell at a glance whether they are line regiments or Kitchener's army or new battalions just come over. Here you will see a battalion out for rest, and a few fellows at play—football in the mud with a drizzling rain or if you had come round this afternoon, you would have seen my boys at tug-of-war, platoon pitted against platoon, N. Co.'s against N. Co.'s—a hot bean supper held up in view of the winners. I provide same when we go to the trenches, and after the tug of war was over, games which made everybody laugh and kept them warm. Another group pouring boiling water through their rifles to clean them. A few yards away some peasants gathering turnips in the fields—a regiment of Gordon Highlanders going by on the road, their bare knees showing red under their kilts, their pipe band bravely playing them along their weary way. Our battalion bombers a few fields away, throwing live bombs in training trenches, getting familiar with them. A few fields off a big gun that jumps off the ground and out of its skin and rocks backwards and forwards with satisfaction after hustling a 180 pound shell 3 1/2 or 4 miles towards Fritz.

A Funny Story.

Here is an interesting story from the trenches:

I heard a funny story the other day, a true one; I may have written some other member of the family about it. No. 4 company who have just come out of the trenches, have an Irishman with a terrible thirst which he vainly tries to satisfy. He picked up a bottle the other day which he thought contained something

worth drinking, possibly rum or Scotch. He took a big drink and behold it was a liquid used to keep fresh our respirators or gas helmets, and has in it, I fancy, ammonia—at any rate, his eyes fairly stuck out of his head and he coughed and showed other signs of distress. Someone holled for mustard, they brought it, the patient drank deeply, and well, and Oh! wasn't he sick? I should say so—but it wasn't mustard—they had made a mistake, it was insect powder, Lord, I laughed when I heard that yarn, and he didn't go off duty, refused to. When asked how he felt, simply that "his stomach felt a bit gurgley."

The following from Belgium on December 3, describes a sight-seeing tour to Ypres, a town that has been mentioned many times in the war dispatches. Some of the hardest fighting of the war has been around Ypres:

Yesterday several of us traveled to Ypres, via the Cafe Pige, and by means of a motor ambulance under the guidance of Ronald Scott of Perth. We entered the poor old town at the railway station, where we got some tickets to various places as well as some freight bills, of which I sent you some samples today. From there we proceeded along one of the main streets, peering here and there into the houses, which are nearly all battered up. No one, of course, is living there. One house we went into was a beautiful place, the walls were marble faced and the fire places beautifully tiled. Then we went on to the cathedral which is a mass of ruins with only the tower left standing. As we were standing gazing and marveling at the results of German shots, we heard the song of a shell coming through the air. It got louder and louder. Well, sir, it was very laughable to see the way we ducked. We all prostrated ourselves to such an extent and in such haste that I nearly rolled into a shell hole full of water. It struck close enough to throw a shower of dirt and bricks all around us. We suddenly decided that cathedrals weren't in our line and beat it in a hurry as fast as we could for laughing.

Sick Parade.

Sick parade are carried on as usual. Each morning at 9:30 a. m. the hilarious and joyful sick appear at our door. They are a happy crowd—for are they not missing a morning's fatigue work by reporting sick? Who would not be happy under such conditions. They pass in front of the M. O. and the following conversation ensues: "What is the matter with you?" "Doctor, I have awful pains in my back, I haven't slept for four nights. Everything that I eat, comes back on me" or this, "I have an awful cold on my chest. I cough so much at night that I haven't slept for a week. The pain goes through into my back and every time I cough I feel as if the top of my head were coming off." The poor M. O. thinks that here is a real case at last, so he gives him light duty, but when the door closes on him, the rest of the sick and afflicted crowd around and say, "What did he give you?" and the sick man dances for joy to think he has put one over on the M. O. So the next time he brings his pitiful tale, the M. O. smells a rat, gives him a good big dose of castor oil and sends him back to work—a sadder and a wiser man.

**FIRE DISCOVERED
IN ACKLEY HOME**

Overheated Furnace Cause of Alarm Yesterday Afternoon From Residence.

The fire department was called to residence of I. S. Ackley, 1019 Blondeau street yesterday afternoon at 2 o'clock. An overheated furnace was the cause of the alarm. Mrs. Ackley was conversing with a friend when it was noticed that there was smoke in the room. The two went down stairs and found the floor of the room was smoldering, and had caught from an overheated furnace. Mr. Ackley picked up a small hose attached to a hot water boiler, and sprayed the floor, putting out the fire. There was no damage except from smoke.

**To Have Perfect Skin
Throughout the Winter**

These days the face and hands need special care and attention. Strong winds, quick changes of temperature from indoors to outdoors, are severe on the skin. Their despoiling effects are best overcome by the application of pure merozolized wax. This keeps skin and pores in a cleanly condition, the complexion beautifully white and spotless. Chapped, reddened, blotchy and roughened cuticle are actually absorbed by it. One ounce of merozolized wax, obtainable at any drug store, is sufficient to completely renovate a weather-beaten complexion. It is used like cold cream, allowed to remain on over night, and washed off in the morning.

As the skin tends to expand in a warm atmosphere, cheeks and chin to sag and wrinkles to form, a good astringent lotion should be used by the woman who keeps pretty much indoors these days. Dissolve one ounce powdered saxolite in one-half pint witch hazel. Bathe the face in this morning or before going out for theatre or social affair. It is a remarkable skin tightener and wrinkle eraser.

**DODGE BROTHERS
ROADSTER**

Spoken advertising is by far the most powerful factor in the extraordinary demand for this car.

Unsolicited letters of enthusiastic approval continue to pour in from every state in the union.

The motor is 30-35 Horsepower.
The price of the Roadster or Touring car Complete is \$785. (f. o. b. Detroit)
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All carefully selected because of their peculiar fitness, are employed by the Burlington Route as Special Tourist Conductors. These men travel constantly between Chicago, St. Louis, Omaha, Lincoln, Kansas City and St. Joseph, and Denver, Salt Lake, San Francisco and Los Angeles. Their sole duty is to point out and explain the scenic attractions enroute, furnish any necessary information incident to the trip, pay particular attention to women, children and elderly folks traveling alone, make everybody feel at home and your trip a genuine pleasure from start to finish.

There is no extra charge for this service. These added comforts are free—just a part of Burlington Service. When you are ready to start on your trip, come in or call up and I'll be glad to arrange for your reservations and tickets through to destination.



C. F. Conradt, City Ticket Agent
Fifth and Johnson Sts. Phone 976.

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Sole Agent for "Tom Boy" Hosiery. New York Prices Duplicated.

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