URIC ACID IN MEAT CLOGS THE KIDNEYS

Take a glass of Salts if your Back hurts or Bladder bothers you—Drink more water.

If you must have your meat every day, eat it, but flush your kidneys with salts occasionally, says a noted authority who tells us that meat forms uric acid which almost paralyzes the kidneys in their efforts to expel it from the blood. They become sluggish and weaken, then you 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 time during the night.

To neutralize these irritating acids, to 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 will then act fine. This famous salts is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for generations to flush and stimulate sluggish kidneys, also to neutralize the acids in urine, so it no longer irritates, thus ending bladder weakness.

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

DARKEN GRAY HAIR, LOOK YOUNG, PRETTY

Sage Tea and Sulphur Darkens So Naturally that Nobody can tell.

Hair that loses its color and lustre, or when it fades, turns gray, dull and lifeless, is caused by a lack of sulphur in the hair. Our grandmother made up a mixture of Sage Tea and Sulphur to keep her locks dark and beautiful, and thousands of women and men who value that even color, that beautiful dark shade of hair which is so attractive, use only this old-time recipe.

Nowadays we get this famous mixture improved by the addition of other ingredients by asking at any drug store for a bottle of "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound," which darkens the hair so naturally, so evenly, that nobody can possibly tell it has been applied. You just dampen a sponge or soft brush with it and draw this through your hair, taking one small strand at a time. By morning the gray hair disappears; but what delights the ladies with Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound is that, besides beautifully darkening the hair after a few applications, it also brings back the gloss and lustre and gives it an appearance of abundance.

Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound is a delightful toilet requisite to impart color and a youthful appearance to the hair. It is not intended for the cure, mitigation or prevention of disease.

OLD-TIME COLD CURE—DRINK HOT-TEA!

Get a small package of Hamburg Breast Tea at any pharmacy. Take a tablespoonful of the tea, put a cup of boiling water upon it, pour through a sieve and drink a teacup full at any time during the day or before retiring. It is the most effective way to break a cold and cure grip, as it opens the pores of the skin, relieving congestion. Also loosens the bowels, thus breaking up a cold.

Try it the next time you suffer from a cold or the grip. It is inexpensive and entirely vegetable, therefore safe and harmless.

RHEUMATISM FROM ACHING JOINTS

Rub Soreness from joints and muscles with a small trial bottle of old St. Jacobs Liniment

Stop "dosing" Rheumatism.

It's pain only; not one case in fifty requires internal treatment. Rub soothing, penetrating "St. Jacobs Liniment" right on the "tender spot," and by the time you say Jack Robinson—out comes the rheumatic pain. "St. Jacob's Liniment" is a harmless rheumatism cure which never disappoints and doesn't burn the skin. It takes pain, soreness and stiffness from aching joints, muscles and bones; stops sciatica, lumbago, backache, neuralgia.

Limber up! Get a 30 cent bottle of old-time, honest "St. Jacobs Liniment" from any drug store, and in a moment you'll be free from pains, aches and stiffness. Don't suffer! Rub rheumatism away.

That Mother-in-Law.

He was deep and profound and unmarried. She was a widow, coy and shallow, but rich. He was susceptible, but shy. The inevitable happened at a picnic. Together they sat on a mossy bank.

"So," said she, "you always take the comic side of life?"

He nodded.

"Ridicule everyone," she persisted; "even mothers-in-law?"

He smiled and then murmured:

"Why do you ask?"

"I shall never have another mother-in-law. One was enough," she declared.

A pause.

"My mother died when I was but a babe," he said softly.

She laughed outright. He seized his opportunity like a poet and a man.

"Am I eligible?" he asked tenderly.

"Yes," she murmured, with a delicious blush.

Then he kissed her. And that is the whole story.

Strange, but True.

Now, here's a truth, though doubtless
It seems quite odd to say it;
One has to lose one's temper,
Before one can display it.

Sayings by the Soho Philosopher.

About the time a fellow begins to enjoy himself at a picnic the park policeman takes a hand.

Nevertheless, plodders sometimes pass the graves of those who start out to set the pace.

Also, the man who keeps up with the times has to leave yesterday to history and the oldest resident.

Furthermore, the chap who starts out leaving the bulk of the work to the other fellow eventually has to submit to seeing him get the bulk of the profits, too.

A sure preventive of the "swelled head" is to hear what your enemies have to say about it first; later what your frineds say will be sympathy, not flattery.

HEAD STUFFED FROM CATARRH OR A COLD

Says Cream Applied in Nostrils Opens Air Passages Right Up.

Instant relief—no waiting. Your clogged nostrils open right up; the air passages of your head clear and you can breathe freely. No more hawking, snuffling, blowing, headache, dryness. No struggling for breath at night; your cold or catarrh disappears.

Get a small bottle of Ely's Cream Balm from your druggist now. Apply a little of this fragrant, antiseptic, healing cream in your nostrils. It penetrates through every air passage of the head, soothes the inflamed or swollen mucous membrane and relief comes instantly.

It's just fine. Don't stay stuffed-up with a cold or nasty catarrh.

FIERY, ITCHY ECZEMA IS HEALED RIGHT UP WITH THIS SULPHUR

Any breaking out of the skin, even fiery, itching eczema, can be quickly overcome by applying a little Mentho-Sulphur, says a noted skin specialist. Because of its germ destroying properties, this sulphur preparation instantly brings ease from skin irritation, soothes and heals the eczema right up and leaves the skin clear and smooth.

It never fails to relieve the torment and disfigurement. Sufferers from skin trouble should get a little jar of Mentho-Sulphur from any good druggist and use it like a cold cream.

Like Being Hit By Rattle Snake

Says that every time you cut or pick at a corn you invite lockjaw

You reckless men and women who are pestered with corns and who have at least once a week invited an awful death from lockjaw or blood poison are now told by a Cincinnati authority to use a drug called freezone, which the moment a few drops are applied to any corn, the soreness is relieved and soon the entire corn, root and all, lifts right out with the fingers, without one particle of pain.

This freezone is a sticky substance which dries the moment it is applied and just loosens the corn without inflaming or even irritating the surrounding tissue or skin. He says a quarter of an ounce of freezone will cost very little at any of the drug stores, but this is sufficient to rid one's feet of every hard or soft corn or callus.

You are positively warned that cutting or picking at a corn is a suicidal habit.

HIGH COST OF FLIRTING

Woman Coppers Make Men Smart When They Get Bit Too Fresh

WASHINGTON—The high cost of living in the national capital is nothing compared with the high cost of promiscuous flirting. A simple flirtation, unless carefully restricted, may cost as much as $100 cash and six months' involuntary confinement.

Or, in the case of an indiscreet army officer, it may cost a courtmartial here, a dishonorable discharge, and any number of months in a military prison.

Flirting, especially with female war workers, is now ranked with the most hazardous employments in Washington. One of Washington's 30 or more "skirted cops" will get you if you don't watch out. In fact, they have already landed several masculine flirters who were watching out and employing the utmost care and circumspection.

Mrs. Van Winkle, formerly of Newark, N. J., is in charge of the capital city's woman police corps. She is the embodiment of relentless vigilance. She has the rank and pay of a regular detective sergeant. She and her staff of picked plain clothes women are constantly on the trail of the luckless male flirters.

They haunt the Union station, they mix in the throngs at the dance halls, they spy in the parks and they keep an eagle eye on the hotel corridors and lobbies.

Recently they raided a suite of rooms in one of Washington's most fashionable hotels with the result that three army officers—one a major—were trapped in the company of three susceptible young war workers. Courtmartials were promptly arranged for the officers and the girls were sent to their homes in distant cities.

Dance hall victims of female police activity are frequent. A male worker seeking frivolous relaxation must discriminate with great caution or he may pick for a partner one of Mrs. Van Winkle's dainty and decolette cops who may suddenly flash a badge, tell him he's gone too far, and call the wagon.

Several of Mrs. Van Winkle's staff are college graduates, many have had social settlement work, two or three of them are said to beat Theda Bara in the art of vamping, and one who specializes on parks is the relative of a member of cogress.

Just now Mrs. Van Winkle and her force are under fire by one of Washington's newspapers. The charge is that while the Washington police force under Major Raymond Pullman, a former newspaper man, is spending its energies and the public funds to eliminate comparatively harmless offenses, crimes of violence have increased and multiplied, criminals run at large uncaught, and the nation's capital has been disgraced by one of the bloodiest race riots that ever occurred in the United States.

But for all that Mrs. Van Winkle goes serenely on. She is a woman of independent means and is not dependent on this job for a living. She is zealous, incessant and remorseless. Her private motor car and chauffeur are always at the service of the police department. Crime or no crime, flirting must be abolished in Washington.

MONUMENT TO AN APPLE.

The Rome Beauty Is To Be Honored By Ohio Horticulturists. The Original Tree

COLUMBUS, O.—One hundred and two years ago a small boy with faith in nature planted an apple tree on the bank of the Ohio River in Lawrence County. This tree was one in which the graft had failed to grow and a sprout came up from below the point of union. The boy's father, thinking it worthless, threw it to him, saying:

"Here's a Democrat, you may have that."

The sprout became the original tree of the Rome Beauty variety. Thus a merest chance, an accident, gave to Ohio the tree which was to bring it its greatest fame as an apple producing State.

In appreciation of the many excellent qualities of the apple and of the great influence it has had in Ohio's fruit growing industry the Ohio State Horticultural Society will place a stone and tablet as a memorial. If there was no other instance this one would prove that fruit growers are able to mix sentiment with their work, to love their industry and to show it to the world.

The original Rome Beauty tree stood on the bank of the Ohio River about two miles from Proctorville. It disappeared into the river in a landslide some years ago. The memorial will be placed in an appropriate spot where it can be seen and appreciated. The original orchard is off the main travelled roads. The memorial site is yerhaps a little more than a quarter of a mile from the spot where grew the original tree.

DOG A FIRE HERO

CLEVELAND, O.—A dog saved the sleeping family of its master from five recently by opening a door arousing the slumberers.

The dog is "Baby," a pet. Louis J. Pagani, his wife and three relatives, who were visiting them, believe they owe their lives to the dog.

"Baby" had learned a trick of opening the back door when it wanted to get into the house. It had been taught never to do this at night, but to stay in its kennel in the yard.

"Baby" disobeyed orders, opened the door and ran upstairs. Outside Pagani's bedroom he dog barktd until Pagani was aroused. He found the bathroom adjoining his room in flames.

Pagani aroused the household and turned on the alarm. Firemen confined the blaze to the bathroom which was wrecked, with damage of about $300.

NO OCCASION FOR HILARITY.

As the Matter Was Weighed by the Pessimistic Father.

"George," exclaimed Mrs. Younghusband, with a radiant smile, "baby has a tooth!"

"Has he?" was the response, in a tone which betrayed no emotion.

"You don't seem surprised."

"I'm not surprised. All babies have first teeth. If ours didn't have any I'd manage to work up some excitement, maybe."

"I thought you'd be ever so pleased and happy about it."

"No; I don't see that it's any occasion for especial congratulation. The baby has my deepest sympathy."

"What for?"

"For having his first tooth. He has just struck the opening chapter of a long story of trouble. Pretty soon he'll have other teeth."

"Of course he will!"

"Every one he cuts will hurt him. Then his second teeth will come along and push these out. That will hurt again. Some of the new ones will grow crooked, as likely as not, and he will have to go to the dentist and have a block and tackle adjusted to them to haul them into line. Then he'll cut his wisdom teeth. They will hurt a lot. After that he'll have to go to the dentist and let him drill holes and hammer until his face feels like a great palpitating stone quarry. I shouldn't like him to go through life without teeth. But I must say that I don't see any occasion for the customary hilarity over an event that means so much in the way of sorrow and humiliation."

The Lesser Evil.

He—I don't see how she could possibly be sillier. She giggles so constantly.

She—Well, if she didn't giggle all the time she might talk and perhaps that would be worse.—Catholic Standard.

The Shoe Pinched Him.

"At a banquet the late Senator Gorman," said a newspaper correspondent "was once rated passionately by a western drover who thought himself accused of corruption, when as a matter of fact he had not been accused at all.'

"Senator Gorman got up and explained that he had made no accusation against the other.

"'Why,' he went on, with a loud laugh, 'you remind me, friend, of old Harry Dorsay of Sassafras.'

"Then he explained that Harry Dorsay, at the age of seventy-two, married a young wife. A Sunday or two after the wedding a widower asked the minister to pray for him, as his own wife had just died. The minister in his prayer, therefore, did not fail to remember 'our aged and grieving brother, upon whom the heavy hand of sore affliction has so lately fallen.'

"At these words old Harry Dorsay, red and snorting with rage, rose from beside his girl wife.

"'It may be a sore affliction,' he growled audibly, as he left the church, 'but I'll be hanged if any man going to pray for me in public that way."

A Substitute.

Little Helen, aged four, was in a frightful predicament. The nurse, carrying the cherished two-weeks-old baby up and down before the house, had paused to show the new infant to the bishop, who had asked to look at it. And then the tall, grave bishop, of whom Helen stood greatly in awe had unexpectedly asked the little girl to give him the baby.

How in the world to refuse a request made by such an awe-inspiring person as the bishop the child did not know. But presently she wrinkled her small countenance shrewdly, moved closer to the petitioner, and said, ingratiatingly, "I'll let you have the next."—Harper's Weekly.

Now the Answer.

A barrister, well known and rather a bore, although he had a fair practice, contracted a curious habit of beginning his questions in cross-examination of a witness with the words:—

"Now, sir, I am going to put a question to you, and I don't care which way you answer it."

Mr. Justice Maule grew to hate this formula so much that, meeting the barrister on his way to court, the learned judge accosted him in this wise:—

"Now, Jones, I am going to put a question to you, and I don't care a twopenny-bit which way you answer it. How are you?"

Word From Br'er Williams.

"Some er de preachers is tryin' ter preach hell out de Bible; but you better be on yo' guard an' see whar de lightn'."

Read the Courier.