

Cure that cold - Do it today.



The old family remedy - in tablet form - safe, sure, easy to take.

No Precedent.

Little Thomas, aged four, has a will of his own which doesn't unbend easily.

One day it took about five minutes of argument and appliance of the rod by his mother before he was finally induced to obey in a small matter.

"I'll do it this time," he informed her with a torrid air, "but I won't do it next time!"

COVETED BY ALL.

but possessed by few a beautiful head of hair. If yours is streaked with gray, or is harsh and stiff, you can restore it to its former beauty and luster by using "La Creole" Hair Dressing.

Roundabout Way.

"I see where an aviator contrived to have the last word with his wife." "How on earth did he do it?" "He didn't exactly do it on earth."

AN APPRECIATIVE LETTER.

Mr. M. A. Page, Osceola, Wis., under date of Feb. 16, 1916, writes: Some years ago I was troubled with my kidneys and was advised to try Dodd's Kidney Pills.

It is now three years since I finished taking these pills and I have had no trouble with my kidneys since.

"I was pretty bad for ten or twelve years prior to taking your treatment and will say that I have been in good health since and able to do considerable work."

"I am glad you induced me to continue their use at the time, as I am cured."

Dodd's Kidney Pills, 50c per box at your dealer or Dodd's Medicine Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Natural Tendency.

"I see soft coal is going up." "What did you suppose it was going to do when it is put on a fire?"

"THIS IS THE AGE OF YOUTH." You will look ten years younger if you darken your ugly, grizzly, gray hairs by using "La Creole" Hair Dressing.

Way of Mothers.

Mothers have memories of only the good in their children—they always forget the bad.

Like Attracting Like.

"Your wife is looking at us with a great deal of fire in her eye." "I guess she saw us smoking."

If some men would work more and hope less they would get along better.

Green's August Flower. A blessing to those with weak stomachs, constipation, nervous indigestion and similar disorders.

Every Woman Wants PASTINE ANTISEPTIC POWDER FOR PERSONAL HYGIENE.

ECZEMA! "Eczema" is an annoying itchy skin disease that is often very painful.

PARKER'S HAIR BALM. A toilet preparation of purest oils to condition the hair.

TYPHOID. It is no more necessary than Sarsaparilla to cure typhoid fever.

ROUGH ON RATS. Kills rats, mice, fleas, ticks, and all other vermin.

After the Years

By Frances Elizabeth Lanyon

"Gone!" uttered Alton Merrill, and his heart sank within him.

"Yes, sir, a week ago. It was strange, inexplicable. For a day Miss Harraden moped around the house, looking stricken like a woman as though she had received bad news that had crushed her."

"Give it to me, quick!" ordered the young man breathlessly. "My wife has it. I'll get it for you, Mr. Merrill."

"The caller tore open the letter addressed to him in feverish haste. He staggered at the perusal of the inclosure like a strong man under a heavy blow."

"It's impossible—incredible!" he gasped, and went from the spot bewildered, dazed, heart sick.

"Mr. Merrill," so the letter ran, "I have discovered your cruel and wicked duplicity. You will never see me again."

"ESTELLE HARRADEN." Alton Merrill had in his pocket the ring provided for his marriage. He had more than that. He had a pretty cottage furnished with every comfort and ornament at the edge of the town.

For a year he had courted the pretty schoolteacher. The appointed wedding day was less than forty-eight hours ahead. What misadventure had suddenly, mysteriously blighted his fond dream of happiness?

He could not tell and did not find out—just then. He recalled a rival in the past, Bruce Wyant, but he had not been seen in Brocton in six months.

He expended time and money in searching for his missing love. It was in vain. Estelle Harraden had disappeared as effectually as though the earth had opened and had swallowed her up.

So Alton Merrill, when he came to the sad conclusion that Estelle Harraden, from freak, fancy or plotting, was beyond recall, accepted his cross

silently. He could never forget, never cease to love this woman. He kept the wedding ring in a little packet next to his heart.

"I have Suffered Deeply for My Wicked Action." He could never forget, never cease to love this woman. He kept the wedding ring in a little packet next to his heart.

Then, with a heavy heart, Merrill started out once more on his wandering role of a traveling salesman. He applied himself to it and made money.

One day, while seated in a railway station a haggard, shabbily dressed woman seated opposite to him came over to him. Her face bore the traces of former beauty, her manner showed a certain refinement.

"You are Mr. Alton Merrill," she spoke. "Am I right?" "That is my name," assented Merrill.

"I saw you four years ago in Brocton and remembered you. Mr. Merrill, because it lies heavy on my conscience, because you are too good a man to go through the world saddened by the mystery of the disappearance of the woman you loved, I am about to make a confession. I was the cause of Miss Estelle Harraden leaving Brocton and you."

"You!" exclaimed Merrill. Incredulously. "At the behest of another, Bruce Wyant. That other was the man who swore that you should never wed the woman he coveted. He led me to pose as one you had already married and deserted. He furnished me with forged proofs to sustain the fiction. I did my work because he claimed he sought only revenge, because he promised to make me his wife, if I would. He followed Miss Harraden, but she ignored him with scorn. He failed in his promise to me. He was killed in a quarrel in a gambling den and I—she uttered a low plaintive moan—"I have suffered deeply for my wicked action."

"You have no idea where Estelle—Miss Harraden went to?" eagerly inquired Merrill.

"None," was the depressing reply. "You will curse me, but I had to relieve my mind," and, despite his gentle words of forgiveness, his profers of money aid, the poor creature vanished in the throng.

It was then that Merrill renewed his quest for Estelle. He advertised in the papers, he even employed detectives, but no trace was found of missing or hidden Estelle Harraden. His grief was the more poignant, however, now that he knew that a plot,

he had driven from his side the lovely girl and probably destroyed her faith in all mankind.

He had a miraculous escape in a railroad wreck at a little town in Iowa and was compelled to remain there owing to a bruised limb for several days. It was the first day he had been able to walk readily since the accident, and he was turning a corner when an automobile came whizzing around the corner. A little child passed directly in its path. Merrill sprang forward. He drew the child aside in safety and held her in his arms as she sobbed with fright.

"Don't cry, dearie," spoke Merrill soothingly. "But my books, look! they are all to the mud."

"We will soon fix all that," promised Merrill encouragingly and he gathered up two books held by a strap, unloosened them and with his handkerchief rubbed off the damp dirt that had gathered on them.

"You see, Miss Bartlett gave me the books," explained the little one. "She's taught me the alphabet and soon I can read words I'm to go to the school."

"Here they are, all nice and clean," said Merrill, but in handing the books back to the child one of them chanced to come open. Merrill started, stared, his breath came quickly, for across the fly leaf was written in a dear familiar hand the name: "Estelle Harraden," and after it the date of the year she had disappeared.

"Child! child!" he uttered eagerly, "you say a lady gave you the books. Where, who is she?"

"Miss Bartlett? Oh, everyone knows her," rattled the little one. "She is a music teacher."

"Yes! yes!" "She lives with the school principal's family in that gray house—see it, just beyond the church."

Alton Merrill tried to control himself. A clue at last—oh, surely! for Estelle had been a musician along with her other accomplishments. So abruptly did he leave the little child that she stood staring wonderingly after him.

Merrill approached the gray house beyond the church. Could he be mistaken—was he cherishing false hopes? Oh, surely not! for as he approached the front steps of the house, sweet, mellow, reminiscent, the notes of a piano sent out an old song Estelle had often sung to him.

The strains drew him up to the screen door. His range of vision took in a neat little parlor. At the instrument sat a girlish form. Her face was half turned towards him. His famished eyes feasted upon its rare beauty.

"Estelle!" he spoke simply. She turned, her being a thrill. Her hand sought her throbbing breast as she recognized him.

"I have found you after the years, and oh, heaven has opened to me," he uttered in a joyful, thrilling tone. She came slowly towards the door. Her eyes scanned his face. Truth, love, were there. Oh, she could not mistake it!

Her eager hearing drew in the rapid word, he spoke, a voice as from a lost paradise. It was she who pushed open the screen door. It was she who reached forth her arms towards him with the weary, yet heartsome cry.

"Oh, why did I ever doubt you?" "It matters not," he spoke, for love, happiness have come back to us—after the years!"

Smithsonian Institution. The first great scientific institute in America, the Smithsonian Institution in Washington, was founded 70 years ago, James Lewis Macie Smithson, who bequeathed the funds for the founding of the institution, was a natural son of the third duke of Northumberland.

He was a distinguished scientist and freethinking philosopher, and on his death in 1829 left his fortune of about \$500,000 to his nephew, with the proviso that if his heir died without issue the money was to go to the United States government and to be used in establishing an institution for the increase and diffusion of knowledge.

His nephew died in 1835 without heirs, and the property accordingly came into possession of the government. The institution was formally organized on August 8, 1846, and placed under the control of a board of trustees, consisting of the president and vice president of the United States, the cabinet members, the chief justice of the Supreme court, and other officials.

The Smithsonian institution has played an important part in the scientific researches of the last half century, and its publications have added vastly to human knowledge. The remains of James Smithson, buried at Genoa, were brought to America in 1904 and buried on the institution's grounds.

Women's Speeches. I have never heard a woman make a really bad speech; on the other hand, when I think of the men I have heard of at platforms, at dinner tables in the pulpit a dumb feeling of despair overtakes me, especially when I think of the sermons that are listened to every Sunday—which, indeed, the majority of our population refuses nowadays to listen to. Something like 100,000 men preach every Sunday. Many of them ought never to speak in public at all. There are not, in fact, enough men to go around. We compel tens of thousands of men, devoid of the gift of eloquence, to pour themselves out two or three times a week to the huge detriment of religion, because we will not allow an equal number of women to use their beautiful gifts—and woman's gift of speech has a peculiar quality and power, a special grace, and a point of view different from a man's. It is as if we refused to have any but bass and tenor voices in the church music and filled our choirs up with men who could not sing in tune rather than use the loveliest soprano voice—Manchester (England) Guardian.

Polite Boy. "I wonder which of us will die first!" said a little boy pensively to his sister. "You will," said the little girl briskly, "as you are the eldest."

"No," answered her brother, not anxious for the privilege. "Ladies first!" —London Answers.

In Woman's Realm

That the One-Piece Frock Has Attracted Popularity Is Evident—Has Been Well Named the "Dressmakers' Dress"—With Proper Accessories It Is Appropriate for Any Occasion—Bags of Every Form and Material Are in Order.

The one-piece frock gains steadily in importance and threatens to displace the formal tailored suit in fashionable wardrobes. This is the day of the dressmakers' dress, and every establishment of authority is designing models for morning as well as afternoon wear. Perhaps all the tailors who devoted time to women's suits in Paris are on the fighting line, and the mak-



DRESSMAKERS' DRESS, WITH ACCESSORIES.

ing of clothes falls to the lot of women, and therefore the dressmakers' dress has become the vogue.

In climates that permit, it is worn with fur neckpiece and muff for the street. Where the weather is colder a separate coat, long and warm, covers the one-piece frock.

An afternoon gown of exceptional beauty and elegance is shown here. It is a combination of chiffon velvet, georgette crepe, and satin. The skirt has an overskirt and is set on to a deep plaited yoke of the crepe.

A hand-embroidered pattern in leaves is applied to the velvet and crepe where they are joined. The bodice and sleeves of crepe are posed over a sleeveless

shopping bags, with black velvet far in the lead. All are decorated with steel beads, and prices ascend as the beadwork grows elaborate. They range between five and twenty-five dollars for really handsome bags, but those entirely of colored beadwork mount on up to a hundred dollars.

There are less expensive bags made of tulle or faille silk and decorated with narrow plaidings of the silk. These are usually in colors and changeable effects. But the handsomest bags are conceded to be those of velvet wrought with steel beads and having bead fringes or tassels. Many women make them for themselves, and they are not in the least difficult for



BAGS FOR SHOPPING AND OTHER PURPOSES

under-bodice of satin. The fullness in the sleeves is gathered into a band of velvet about the wrist, to which embroidery is applied. This forms a soft fall about the hands. The embroidery appears again across the crepe bodice, and it is the touch of distinction which places this gown in the front rank of things fashionable. It is done with heavy silk thread in long stitches, and is like the gown in color.

A frock of this kind, worn with a fur neckpiece and smart velvet hat, is equal to the requirements of any afternoon function. It may be made of blue velvet and worn over a gray undershirt. In the costume pictured the shoes are black with gray tops.

There are bags for everything, but principally there is the fancy bag of silk or velvet for shopping. Besides these kinds, the shovier bags of beadwork and those crocheted with heavy silk thread and decorated with beads are elegant luxuries for those who have time and money to put into the making of them.

Shopping bags are of moderate size the average needlewoman. With the price of handwork eliminated, they come within reach of the limited income.

Bags make an easy solution of the holiday gift problem. They are the one safest choice.

Colored Vests With Suits. The long undervest of a bright contrasting color and material to the tailored suit is seen in the new winter models from several of the Paris houses. This vest shows when the coat is opened. When the coat is closed the suit looks like a morning or afternoon simple tailored suit. When it is opened one glimpses the bright color of the satin, which is often adorned with embroidery. These vests are copied after Louis XV and Louis XVI models generally.

Most Fashionable Color. A group of young girls went up to a Frenchman who has been lecturing on fashion recently in New York. He had invited women to ask questions and offered to give advice in regard to dress and style. One of the young girls eagerly demanded, "What is the fashionable color, monsieur, this winter?" "The fashionable color, madam?" repeated the man with a blank expression. "Yes, I want to dress in the most fashionable color." A smile overspread his face and he hastened to say, "For you, madam, I would suggest the fashionable color is blue; it will always be blue for you until your hair is silver, and then it will be mauve. The only fashionable color for any woman is the color which best becomes her—is it not so?"

New Marabou Muffs. Melon muffs of marabou are very much used now. In one of the New York shops they come in shaded smoke tones and in Virginia brown, the price is \$4.98. Neckpieces, made like capes, are \$6.98.

SWAMP-ROOT FOR KIDNEY DISEASES

There is only one medicine that really stands out pre-eminent as a remedy for diseases of the kidneys, liver and bladder.

Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root stands the highest for the reason that it has proven to be just the remedy needed in thousands upon thousands of even the most distressing cases. Swamp-Root, a physician's prescription for special diseases, makes friends quickly because its mild and immediate effect is soon realized in most cases. It is a gentle, healing vegetable compound.

Start treatment at once. Sold at all drug stores in bottles of two sizes—fifty cents and one dollar.

However, if you wish first to test this great preparation send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle. When writing be sure and mention this paper.—Adv.

Not as Advertised. An English lord was visiting friends in Scotland. One evening while attending a dinner given in his honor he met the little daughter of his host, who, though too well-bred to stare, eyed him, covertly as the occasion presented itself, finally venturing a remark:

"And you are really and truly an English Lord?" "Yes," he answered pleasantly, "really and truly."

"I have often thought I would like to see an English lord," she went on, "and—and—"

"And now you are satisfied," he interrupted, laughing. "No," the little miss replied truthfully, "I'm not satisfied. I'm a good deal disappointed.—Country Gentleman."

IMITATION IS SINCEREST FLATTERY but like counterfeit money the imitation has not the worth of the original. Insist on "La Creole" Hair Dressing—it's the original. Darkens your hair in the natural way, but contains no dye. Price \$1.00.—Adv.

Hard to Explain. "Mother, how do they hang people?" asked Wallace. "I don't know, dear, and I should not tell you if I did know. Don't let your thoughts run on such awful things."

"But, mother, the boys say that Sheriff Jackson does it, and he's a real nice man. I was going to ask him to let me see him do it some day."

"Oh, these terrible man-children," said mother, as she put her fingers in her ears.

HEAL SKIN TROUBLES That Itch, Burn and Disfigure by Using Cuticura. Trial Free.

The Soap to cleanse and purify, the Ointment to soothe and heal. Rash, eczema, pimples, dandruff and sore hands yield to treatment with Cuticura. Soap and Ointment. Relief is immediate and permanent. Free sample each by mail with Book. Address postcard, Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

Mother Wanted the Pleasure. "Molly, love," said Molly's smart mother. "I do hope, when we're at Mrs. Jimson's this afternoon, that you won't think of letting out that terrible story about the poor dear vicar's wife that we heard yesterday."

"Oh, of course not, mother! It would be so wicked, as well as ungenerous. I shouldn't dream of speaking evil of anyone."

"Quite right, my dear—quite right! You always have such nice feelings about everything! Besides, I want to tell Mrs. Jimson myself!"

To Drive Out Malaria And Build Up The System Take The Old Standard GROVE'S TASTELESS chill TONIC. You know what you are taking, as the formula is printed on every label, showing it is Quinine and Iron in a tasteless form. The Quinine drives out malaria, the Iron builds up the system. 50 cents.

Movable Birthday. Eugene was not quite four, but his mother's habit of deferring pleasures he wanted to enjoy immediately was inclining him to pessimism.

"When are you going to the movie show?" he was asked. "I am going on my birthday," he returned promptly and decidedly. "but I suppose they'll keep putting that off." —Christian Herald.

WOMAN'S CROWNING GLORY is her hair. If yours is streaked with ugly, grizzly, gray hairs, use "La Creole" Hair Dressing and change it in the natural way. Price \$1.00.—Adv.

Business and Pleasure. He is a wise man who does not let his business interfere with his pleasure at all times!

A woman's idea of a secret is something worth telling.

Ordinarily a young man takes a girl's hand before asking for it.

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Now 25 CENTS SOLD IN 1-POUND CANS ONLY Ask Your Grocer

Too Great a Change. "How did you enjoy those two weeks on your farm in the country?" "Not as well as I expected. I suffered from a lack of my accustomed exercise."

"Your accustomed exercise?" "Certainly; dodging delivery wagons, street cars, and automobiles, and jumping over holes in the street."

To keep clean and healthy take Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. They regulate liver, bowels and stomach.—Adv.

Knows Her Own Wants. "Mother, may I have some more pie?" said Lucy. "No, dear, you have had one piece, and that is enough."

"Now, mother, you think you know all about my stomach, and you don't at all, for it wants another piece of pie."

We read of the seven ages of man, but one age is ample for the average woman.

Practice makes perfect—at least piano practice makes perfect martyrs of the neighbors.

Would Seem So. Madeline—Was Jack's sickness fatal? Kathleen—I guess so, he died.—Orange Peel.

Money talks, and usually it's in a hurry to say good-by!

THAT PIECE OF LAND YOU WANT Getting it simply means to work a little harder—bargain a little closer and save for it. Systematic saving is an easy habit to get into and the only way to get ahead—

Save by Mail Put your savings where your money not only will be 100% safe but where it will draw interest—compounded semi-annually. One dollar opens an account.

Write us—tell us what lump sum you want to save up and we will write you what you should save each month to get that sum in a given time.

Send for Booklet—"Banking by Mail" telling all about easy saving. Ask for Booklet 31c.

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W. N. U., ST. LOUIS, MO. 47-1916.

Bumper Grain Crops

Good Markets—High Prices—Prizes Awarded to Western Canada for Wheat, Oats, Barley, Alfalfa and Grasses—

The winnings of Western Canada at the Soil Products Exposition at Denver were easily made. The list comprised Wheat, Oats, Barley and Grasses, the most important being the prizes for Wheat and Oats and sheep stake on Alfalfa.

No less important than the splendid quality of Western Canada's wheat and other grains, is the excellence of the cattle fed and fattened on the grasses of that country. A recent shipment of cattle to Chicago topped the market in that city for quality and price.

Western Canada produced in 1915 one-third as much wheat as all of the United States, or over 300,000,000 bushels.

Canada in proportion to population has a greater exportable surplus of wheat this year than any country in the world, and at present prices you can figure out the revenue for the producer. In Western Canada you will find good markets, splendid schools, exceptional social conditions, perfect climate and other great attractions. There is no war tax on land and no conscription.

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