

"CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP" IS CHILD'S LAXATIVE

Look at tongue! Remove poisons from stomach, liver and bowels.



Accept "California" Syrup of Figs only—look for the name California on the package, then you are sure your child is having the best and most harmless laxative or physic for the little stomach, liver and bowels.

—Mother! You must say "California." —Adv.

Our idea of a great talker is a woman who has enough sense to know her limit.

GET READY FOR "FLU"

Keep Your Liver Active, Your System Purified and Free From Colds by Taking Calotabs, the Nauseless Calomel Tablets, that are Delightful, Safe and Sure.

Physicians and Druggists are advising their friends to keep their systems purified and their organs in perfect working order as a protection against the return of influenza.

To cut short a cold overnight and to prevent serious complications take one Calotab at bedtime with a swallow of water—that's all. No salts, no nausea, no griping, no sickening after effects.

A man may be fast asleep and too slow to get out of his own way when awake.

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.

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

Watch your thoughts as well as your step.

WHAT NEIGHBORS SAY

Houston, Texas.—"Dr. Pierce's medicine has given me such wonderful relief that I am glad to give this recommendation, telling just what it has done for me."

Every woman who has reason to believe that backache, headache, unnatural pains, low spirits, sleepless nights, irregularities or a catarrhal condition is caused by a derangement of the womanly functions, owes it to herself and dear ones to speedily overcome the trouble before a general breakdown causes permanent prostration.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a non-alcoholic remedy that any ailing woman can safely take, because it is prepared from roots and herbs containing tonic properties of the most pronounced character.

Beaumont, Texas.—"It is a pleasure to me to recommend a medicine that has given me the comfort and relief that I have derived from the use of Dr. Pierce's Anuric Tablets."

Get Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription today, either in liquid or tablet form, or send Dr. Pierce's Invalids' Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y., 10 cents for large trial package.

Mitchell Eye Salve For SORE EYES

The Cow Puncher

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"MY NAME IS CONWARD." Stopped, David Ellen, son of a drunken, shiftless ranchman, almost a maverick of the frontier, in breaking bottles with his pistol from the running cayuse when the first automobile he has ever seen arrives and tips over, breathing the leg of Doctor Hardy but not changing his haughty, snobbish front.

CHAPTER III. Dave's opportunity came sooner than he had expected. After the departure of the Hardy things at the old ranch were as both father and son had predicted, very different. They found themselves on a sort of good behavior—a behavior which, unhappily, excited in each other grave suspicions as to purpose.

For several weeks the old man remained entirely sober, but the call of the appetite in him grew more and more insistent as the days went by, and at last came the morning when Dave awoke to find him gone. He needed no second guess; the craving had become irresistible and his father had ridden to town for the means to satisfy it.

He hoped around the ranch buildings, sat moodily by the little stream, casting pebbles in the water, or rode over the old trails on which she had so often been his companion. Then the old man's horse came home. Dave saw it coming up the trail, not running wildly but with nervous gallop and many sidelong turnings of the head.

After the last rites had been paid to the old rancher, Dave set about at once to wind up his affairs, and it was not until then that he discovered how deeply his father had been involved. The selling of the cattle and the various effects realized only enough to discharge the liabilities, and when this had been done Dave found himself with a considerable area of unmarketable land, a considerable bundle of paid bills and his horse, saddle and revolver.

He sold horse and saddle for sixty dollars and took a room at a cheap hotel until he should find work and still cheaper lodgings. In the evening he walked through the streets of the little cow town. It snubbed him with its indifference.

He became aware that he was very lonely. He realized that he had but one friend in the world; but one, and of her he knew not so much as her address. He began to wonder whether he really had a friend at all; whether the girl would not discard him when he was of no further use, just as he had discarded his faithful old horse.

"You Ain't Playin'," said the Dealer, "You Ain't In on This." You couldn't help glancing at the jay getting out his money, and it was in that instant the trick was done. He's too quick for the eye, but that's how he does it.

Dave became interested. He saw two or three others lose five and ten. It was plain his companion's tip was straight. There was just one way to beat this game, but it was simple enough when you knew how. He sidled close to the table, making great pretense of indifference, but watching the cards closely with his keen black eyes.

The dealer showed his hand, made a few quick passes, and the black card flew out to the right. This was Dave's chance. He pounced on it with his left hand, while his other plunged into his pocket. "Sixty dollars on this one," he cried, and there was the triumphant note in his voice of the man who knows he has beaten the other at his own game.

"Smooth guy, that," said someone at his side. The remark was evidently intended for Dave, and he turned toward the speaker. He was a man somewhat smaller than Dave, two or three years older, well-dressed in town clothes, with a rather puffy face and a gold-filled tooth from which a corner had been broken as though to accommodate the cigarette which hung there.

PROBLEMS FACING STRICKEN WORLD

Shall Chaos or Reconstruction in Europe Follow the Great World War?

IMPERATIVE NEED FOR ACTION

Twelve Months Since the Signing of the Armistice Practically Wasted —Call for Aid From America Must Be Heeded.

Article V.

By FRANK CONEFORD. The signing of the armistice ended the fighting. The signing of the peace treaty brought peace, but neither of these acts restored devastated Europe. The great job ahead is the work of reconstruction, and when I write the word "reconstruction" I have not in mind the mere rebuilding of the war-stricken areas of France, Belgium, Italy, Poland and Russia.

Belgium was literally looted, pillaged and ravaged. Almost the entire state was violated. Nearly one-eighth of France, her industrial section, was crushed. Railroads were destroyed, factories dismantled. Sixty thousand square miles in Poland were laid waste. Italy suffered terribly. The ground is filled with high explosives, undischarged mines and shells. Every day since the work of recovery and restoration began men working in this zone have been blown to pieces.

Cities and villages are jungles of twisted, broken, torn wood, iron, brick and stone. I have walked through these villages and have stood stunned by the completeness of the destruction. The streets are uneven and lumpy with brick and stone and plaster and glass, shingles of wreckage. Roofless houses with walls gutted and torn, beams and piles of broken building material; jagged, ragged chimneys, masses of debris meet the eye. Had I not known of the war and come upon one of these unsightly, shapeless masses of material, I should have thought nature had entered into a mad conspiracy, combining and concentrating all the powers of a cyclone, a tornado and an earthquake, and spilled their fury on these mangled, dead villages.

Picture the refugees returning to these villages—coming back home. What the sight must have meant to them, I have seen them, their faces gray as the gray ruins, standing in the midst of their destroyed homes. I have seen them picking their way over piles of stone and brick through great openings made in the broken walls. I saw in their eyes homesickness, a hurt of heart I never shall forget. Old men and old women and little bare-legged children; now and again a boy with a worn, soiled uniform, some limping on crutches, others wearing an empty sleeve. One thought surged through my mind until it almost sickened me—War. The land of the war zone must be reclaimed. These acres are needed now more than they were before the war.

One great misfortune is that although 12 months have come and gone since the signing of the armistice, no general comprehensive plan of reconstruction has been started. Here and there small sections of the devastated regions are being partly reconstructed. Temporary provision is being made for the homeless. This is all well and good, but intelligent, economical, efficient and speedy reconstruction demands a general plan and an organization big enough to put it over. The doing of this work requires vision and capacity for doing big things well. If the physical reconstruction is left to Europe it will not be finished in 50 years. Here is a chance for America. We have a faculty of doing things on a big scale and in a short period of time. Europe needs our help. If we are to give it eventually, why not now?

The difference between training and education was well expressed by Dr. C. Stuart Gager in his address to the graduating class of the school of horticulture for women, when he said: "Cloth would be spun on hand looms today had no other factor been introduced into spinning than the instruction of daughters by mothers. This kind of instruction does not make for progress; it can never convert a trade into a profession. The spinning Jenny was not invented by a spinner, nor the wireless telegraph by a telegraph operator, nor the science of agronomy by practical farmers."

"Progress depends upon a fullness of preparation exceeding the limits of anticipated requirement in practice. That is why I have never liked the phrase 'teachers' training class.' Horses may be trained, and a well-trained horse may be depended on to do accurately and promptly the tricks that are taught him. But place him in a new situation or confront him with a new problem or an old one somewhat altered—and you may then learn clearly and easily the difference between training and education."—Montreal Herald.

Medicine From Horns. In China a large trade exists in deer, reindeer and wild sheep horns for use in medicines, and Hongkong, as the chief center of trade in Chinese medicines in South China, imports a considerable quantity of such goods annually.

HAD LOST HOPE

But Doan's Filtered Kidney Pills Recovered After Other Remedies Failed. Now in Good Health.

Doan's Filtered Kidney Pills. I was a very weak and nervous, had lost all my appetite and had become in such a bad physical condition that at times I could not walk. I saw your advertisement in Rich-Tone and am now taking it. I feel so much better that I take pleasure in recommending Rich-Tone to all my friends as the very best tonic in the world.

"I Was So Weak That I Could Not Walk" Rich-Tone is Making Me Strong and Healthy. —Says F. Maese.

Only Cure Is in Work. There is a cure; the prescription can be written in a single word. Every one knows that word, but knowing the word and adopting the word are different matters. Before we can get back to normal life this word must find root in the consciousness of the people.

Take RICH-TONE and gain new energy. Rich-Tone makes more red corpuscles, enriching and purifying the blood. It contains all of the elements that are needed most in maintaining strength and vigor.

Women Made Young

Bright eyes, a clear skin and a body full of youth and health may be yours if you will keep your system in order by regularly taking GOLD MEDAL HARLEM OIL CAPSULES.

The world's standard remedy for kidney, liver, bladder and uric acid troubles, the enemies of life and looks. In use since 1896. All druggists, three sizes. Look for the name Gold Medal on every box and accept no imitation.

HUNT'S LIGHTNING OIL

Cuticura Soap Clears the Skin and Keeps it Clear. Soap 25c, Ointment 25 and 50c, Tablets 25c.

Vaseline PETROLEUM JELLY

For sores, broken blisters, burns, cuts and all skin irritations. Also innumerable toilet uses. REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

CHESEBROUGH MFG. CO. State Street New York

NEURALGIA

The powerful, healing warmth of Hunt's Lightning Oil gives instant and positive relief from throbbing, nerve-racking pains of Rheumatism, Sciatica, Neuritis, Headache, etc. At your druggist, 5c and 10c a bottle.

HUNT'S LIGHTNING OIL

LIQUOR AND TOBACCO HABITS

Old Folks' Coughs

PISOS