TAKE SALTS TO FLUSH KIDNEYS IF BACK HURTS

Says Too Much Meat Forms Uric Acid Which Clogs the Kidneys and Irritates the Bladder.

Most folks forget that the kidneys, like the bowels, get sluggish and clogged and need a flushing occasionally, else we have backache and dull misery in the kidney region, severe headaches, rheumatic twinges, torpid liver, acid stomach, sleeplessness and all sorts of bladder disorders.

You simply must keep your kidneys active and clean, and the moment you feel an ache or pain in the kidney region, get about four ounces of Jad Salts from any good drug store 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 is harmless to flush clogged kidneys and stimulate them to normal activity. It also neutralizes the acids in the urine so it no longer irritates, thus ending bladder disorders.

Jad Salts is harmless; inexpensive; makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water drink which everybody should take now and then to keep their kidneys clean, thus avoiding serious complications.

A well-known local druggist says he sells lots of Jad Salts to folks who believe in overcoming kidney trouble while it is only trouble.—Adv.

The Neglected Vocation.

"My daughter writes beautiful poetry."

"Dear me, dear me," sighed the man, "and the world so hungry for good cooks."

Dr. Pierce's Pellets are best for liver, bowels and stomach. One little Pellet for a laxative—three for a cathartic.—Adv.

A Just Tribute.

"Why did Wombat leave his money to found a home for servant girls?"

"Well, you know he was a manufacturer of fine china. And he always said the girls did a lot for his business."

Cole's Carbolisalve Quickly Relieves and heals burning, itching and torturing skin diseases. It instantly stops the pain of burns. Heals without scars. 25c and 50c by druggists. For free sample write to The J. W. Cole Co., Rockford, Ill.—Adv.

Opinions.

Rich Man—Poverty is no disgrace.

Poor Man—No, but that's about all the good you can say for it.

Truth Will Out.

Bill—She's one girl who's fond of me.

Fred—How do you know?

Bill—I saw it in—I mean on—her face.

ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE FOR THE TROOPS

Many war zone hospitals have ordered Allen's Foot-Ease, the antiseptic powder for use among the troops. Shaken into the shoes and used in the foot-bath, Allen's Foot-Ease gives rest and comfort and makes walking a delight. Sold everywhere, 25c. Try it today. Adv.

Had Nothing on Him.

An anemic elderly woman, who looked as if she might have as much maternal affection as an incubator, sized up a broad-shouldered cockney who was idly looking into a window on the Strand, and in a rasping voice said to him:

"My good man, why aren't you in the trenches? Aren't you willing to do anything for your country?"

Turning around slowly, he looked at her a second and replied contemptuously: "Move on, you slacker! Where's your war baby!"—Exchange.

FRECKLES

Now Is the Time to Get Rid of These Ugly Spots.

There's no longer the slightest need of feeling ashamed of your freckles, as the prescription othine—double strength—is guaranteed to remove these homely spots.

Simply get an ounce of othine—double strength—from your druggist, and apply a little of it night and morning and you should soon see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than one ounce is needed to completely clear the skin and gain a beautiful clear complexion.

Be sure to ask for the double strength othine, as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckles.—Adv.

Not Enough.

"How much is he making?"

"Between a motorcycle and a car."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

If your skin is scratched by a rusty nail, apply Hanford's Balsam at once. It should prevent blood poison. Adv.

Corroborative Evidence.

"History repeats itself, they say."

"Yes. These war films all look much alike to me."

Very Much So.

"Could you select something breezy for the decorations of the party?"

"Why not try windflowers?"

Johnny Reads the War News.

"What is a counter-attack, pa?"

"When your mother goes shopping, Johnny."—Judge.

For a really fine coffee at a moderate price, drink Denison's Seminole Brand, 35c the lb., in sealed cans.

Only one merchant in each town sells Seminole. If your grocer isn't the one, write the Denison Coffee Co., Chicago, for a souvenir and the name of your Seminole dealer.

Buy the 3 lb. Canister Can for $1.00.—Adv.

Most people have lost more by crowding than they would by waiting their turn.

Ghosts

By GEORGE MUNSON

(Copyright, 1916 by W. G. Chapman.)

Harry Lawson sighed and, pushing back the half-finished letter, looked drearily out of the hotel window. A carriage was driving up to the door. The sun was shining, the trees and shrubs looked their best that bright July day. And the letter was to his fiancee, May Denton.

He sighed again. They had been engaged nearly a year, and during that time there had been ample opportunity for his passion to cool. He had been a young man of many sweethearts, and he had seen many new faces since the engagement. There seemed no chance of marriage for months to come. And he had come to the conclusion that it was all a ghastly mistake.

She had ceased to show interest in him. Her kisses were perfunctory. Her letters already had the manner of the matron. All the romance, which had made her seem the most wonderful girl in the world, had gone out of their lives.

Yet he told himself that he was not to blame. He had loved her devotedly for months. It was the discovery that the freshness was worn off the engagement that started him thinking. And now—he did not know what to write about.

He had gone off to the little hotel for a three days' holiday without telling her of his plan. He wanted to think over the situation. Business cares were thickening around him, and he felt the necessity of a change of scene, of being alone even for the

Looking After Them.

week-end. Then, when he had made his decision, he would take up the burden of life again.

Of course it was unthinkable that he should jilt her. Such an idea had never entered his mind. But if she, too, had ceased to care for him—if he could come to that conclusion . . . He had hinted at it in his letter, and he had been trying to form it so that he should not hurt her feelings. He would have given anything to have discovered the state of May's feelings.

Suddenly he sat motionless, listening with amazement to two voices beneath the window. One of them sounded like May's. At last he rose and looked cautiously out. One of two women who had seated themselves on the porch beneath, was May—the other was her friend Julia Sandow, whom Harry knew slightly, and had always vaguely disliked. He had felt that Julia had taken an antipathy toward him. He had wondered whether she had anything to do with the change in May.

They had evidently just arrived, for the carriage that had brought them was driving away empty. As the young man waited he heard May speak again, and he could neither help overhearing nor move from his position. They were speaking about him.

"But you love him, May," said Julia.

"Yes, I love him," answered the girl. "I have never ceased to love him. I am not of that nature. But he—he does not care for me any more. That is what is breaking my heart."

"You are mistaken, dear. How do you know? Business men have so many worries, and they can't always keep to the rapture of the engagement."

"I know, but—it isn't that. At least, it's more than that, Julia," said the girl, half sobbing. "You know, when we were first engaged I was happier than I had ever been in my life before. He was my ideal of a man so fine in every way. And it seemed wonderful to me that Harry could love me. And for months we were very happy. But then he began to grow cool, and I just know that he is tired of me. He never tells me things now, as he used to do. And if only I were sure I—I should break the engagement But I am not sure.

"More than once I have started to write him a letter, releasing him, and then—then I have torn it up because I didn't know. How can I know? He is too honorable ever to tell me if he has ceased to care for me. How can I know?"

"I don't believe that he has ceased to care," said Julia. "Now listen to me, dear. There is all the difference in the world between being engaged and being married. When you are engaged the whole world seems new. Everything is wonderful. You think you are going to live in a paradise. But that isn't what counts at all. How many married couples do you know who live in that state of rapture?"

"But Harry and I were going to be different," sobbed the girl.

"So everyone thinks, but afterward you understand your mistake. It is the building up of the life together that counts, my dear. I know that. And long engagements are a mistake. You have simply come to take each other for granted, that's all. When you are married your real happiness will begin."

"Oh, do you believe that, dear?" asked May.

"I am sure of it," said Julia. "You and Harry ought to marry at once and then you will understand. I know he cares for you, and it is possible that he, too, has felt something of the same thing. That is the whole trouble. Well, I suppose we must have lunch if we are to catch the early train back."

They went into the hotel, while Harry waited above. So the girls had only come over for the day! They would not look at the hotel register of course. Still, he feared detection; they could not but know that he had eavesdropped.

He waited till they came out and stood on the porch together. Evidently Julia's conversation had raised May's spirits, for she looked less unhappy; but she was still a pathetic little figure as she stood there.

"Come, dear, let us be going," said Julia.

Harry watched the two women walk down the path toward the station. And, looking after them, suddenly he felt the fog lift from his heart.

Julia, with her woman's intuition, had guessed rightly. Of course he loved May, and had never ceased to love her. It was the past, the other faces he had seen, that had lifted themselves like ghosts between them. And he had not understood.

He saw now that it is only by faith and loyalty that love endures. Love must be grappled and held. Everything that he had attributed to May, the coldness, the weariness, was nothing but the reflection of his own inner heart. He saw her again as she had been on that wonderful day when she had promised to become his wife.

And his own heart was singing with happiness. He went downstairs and told the landlord that he was returning.

When he got back to the city he found that his business troubles had had the same interpretation. Nothing was wrong. A man is as he thinketh. He had thought wrong—in every way he had thought wrongly; he nearly lost the hand of happiness outstretched to him.

It was with a beating heart that he walked up the road toward his fiancee's house on the next day. But it was with a heart steeled against its weaknesses. He knew its strength beyond all doubt, its power to hold.

And, even as he held May in his arms he saw her troubled face clear and grow radiant. There was a new warmth in her kisses. She clung lovingly to him, and was again his sweetheart of old.

"Harry, do you really love me?" she whispered.

He smiled at the question. "Well enough to ask you when you are going to make me happier still," he answered.

Seize the Leisure Moment.

The capacity for understanding and loving great books and paintings and music has to grow with our own growth and cannot be postponed to another season. The average American man is supposed to have no time for these things. He has time, but he refuses to turn it into leisure—leisure which means contemplation and thoughtfulness—although he very likely knows that this has been accomplished over and over again by men who have saved out of a busy life for that purpose an hour or two of every day. One recalls Darwin's pathetic statement wherein he describes his early love for poetry and music, and the final complete loss of those faculties through neglect. "The loss of these tastes," he says, "is a loss of happiness, and may possibly be injurious to the intellect, and more probably to the moral character by enfeebling the emotional part of our nature."—Thomas Whitney Surette, in the Atlantic.

When Shared With a Friend.

The pleasure which is for myself alone satisfies me but little, and lasts but a short time. It is for myself and my friends that I read, that I reflect, that I write, that I meditate, that I listen, that I look, that I feel. I think continually of their happiness. If I am impressed by a beautiful line they shall know of it. Have I come across a lovely trait, I have promised myself to share it with them. Has some enchanting thing revealed itself to me, almost unconsciously I plan to tell them of it. I have consecrated to them the use of all my senses and all my faculties.—Diderot.

Dressy Suit in Taffeta Silk

The nearly-grown miss this year shares with her elders the charm that lies in dressy suits of taffeta silk. As befits the modes for youthful wearers, suits made for her are less elaborate than those designed for her older sisters, but they have decorations enough to be interesting.

Coats in these silk models are made in a great diversity of styles, but all of them may be classed as short. Skirts are not as full as those made for indoor wear, and depend for embellishment upon bands of tucks rather than draperies. Colors are attractive, with fairly light shades of green and blue, as well as lighter tans and grays, much in evidence.

An old fashion which has been revived appears in the full quillings of box-plaited silk with "pinked" edges that are used for trimming both skirts and coats. These quillings help out in achieving the popular flare at the bottom of coats and in supplying the banded effects and horizontal lines that place the otherwise plain skirts in the mode.

A very pretty example of the taffeta suit, as developed for a miss in the neighborhood of seventeen years, is shown here. It is simple enough to be made at home, and an ambitious girl may even undertake it for herself, by the aid of a pattern. The skirt is plain except for three tucks between the waist and knees, and is cut to flare with most of its fullness at the sides and in the back. It is shoe-top length and has a three-inch hem. There is a girdle of taffeta made of a wide bias piece at the waist, to be worn over the plain narrow belt that supports the skirt.

The straight little coat is set on to a small yoke. It is ornamented with a group of four tucks, near the bottom, also. The sleeves are cut to widen toward the hands. In many suits the widened sleeve is finished with a border of velvet, but in this model the fullness of the sleeve is confined near the hand by rows of shirrings. The shirrings form a cuff, which is headed by a band of velvet.

The neck is finished with a flaring collar and a tie of the silk. A collar of scalloped organdie overlays the silk one, both of them opening in a small V at the front and wired to stand up at the back.

Group of Modish Black Hats

Among tailored hats the always popular black has more to recommend it this season than it can usually claim. It takes high art and fine materials, as a rule, to save the black hat from being commonplace. But the present season has developed a fad for lustrous surfaces, almost everything in millinery is shiny, and black is redeemed from its somberness by its brilliance.

In hats, and in many of their trimmings, a black lacquer or varnish covers the shape and the wings or foliage that so often trim it. Even ribbons have a polished surface made by some method of treating them, and in black they are designated as "stove polish" ribbons. This matter-of-fact name is accurately descriptive of them. In keeping with the shining surfaces of things there is a corresponding finish in workmanship, characteristic of the hats of today. Perhaps these things account for the advance in prices, which the public appears to have met with great cheerfulness.

Two brimmed hats and a turban, in the picture, all boast a measure of the luster and trim finish that is demanded in street hats. The turban is made of satin straw braid sewed over a frame and trimmed with narrow taille ribbon and silk-fiber ornaments that look like feathers. Both braid and ornaments have the sheen of silk in a rich and perfect black.

At the left of the group a graceful and smart pressed shape has a surface as shiny as satin. There are two bands about the crown, one of velvet and the other of stove-polish ribbon, finished with small flat bows. A handsome ornament of goura feathers fits the snappy style of this hat to perfection.

At the right the brilliant black of the pressed shape finds its match in brilliance in a wide border of black-and-white striped satin. It is trimmed with a folded collar of stove-polish ribbon and a bead ornament in black and white applied to the crown.

Julia Bottomley

Princess Model.

In some of the new lingerie models the princess effect is adhered to. It is gained in different ways. Sometimes the fullness is held in at the waist by means of many small tucks. Sometimes the whole frock is cut in long shaped gores.

The spring turbans are not worn straight on the head, but tipped slightly to one side.

"YOU TOLD ME THE TRUTH AND I WANT THE PEOPLE TO KNOW IT"

The following unsolicited letter has been received from Mr. J. F. Ward of Donalda, Alberta. It is a plain statement of conditions as Mr. Ward has found them:

A Settler's Plain Letter.

"It is with pleasure I drop a line to you. We had a good year. Off of 65 acres, oats and wheat, I got over 2,500 bushels of wheat and oats. Oats went here from 50 to 100 bushels per acre, and wheat from 25 to 52 per acre. Just see me being here one year and have over 700 bushels of wheat. It is now over $1.00 per bushel. Oats is 42 cents, and going up. You told me the truth, and I want the people of Toledo to know it. Hogs are 8¾ cents; cattle are high. Canada is good enough for me I have 5 good horses. I sold 2 good colts, 2 cows and 18 head of hogs and killed 2. I have 6 hogs left. I got 400 bushels of potatoes off an acre and a good garden last summer, fine celery and good onions. One neighbor had over 1,200 bushels of wheat, and sold over $700 of hogs and 2,000 bushels of oats. This is a great country. If you should tell the people of Toledo of this it would get some of them thinking. The soil is a rich black loam, and a pleasure to work it.

"We have a good farm. We have a flowing well with soft water. It is the best water in the country. Some people think they got to go to war when they come out here. They need not be afraid of war. There is no war tax on land; only school tax, $12.00 on 160 acres, and road tax of two days with your team. I tell you the truth, there is no land in or around Toledo as good as our land here in Alberta. If anybody wants to write us, give them our address.

"We have had nice weather. We have had it quite cold for one week, but no rain and sleet, and the sun shines nearly every day, and it is hot in the sun. Coal is $2.25 per ton. The people are very nice and good here. We are well enjoying the West. The horses and cows are feeding on the prairies all the winter. We just have two horses in the stable to go to town with. Yours truly, (Sgd.) J. F. WARD, Donalda, Alberta, Feb. 9, 1916."

Statement of Steve Schweitzberger

"I was born in Wisconsin, but moved with my parents when a boy to Stephen Co., Iowa. I was there farming for 50 years. I sold my land there for over $200 an acre. I moved to Saskatchewan, and located near Briercrest in the spring of 1912. I bought a half section of land. I have good neighbors. I feel quite at home here the same as in Iowa. We have perfect safety and no trouble in living up to the laws in force. My taxes are about $65 a year on the half section for everything. I have had splendid crops. Wheat in 1915 yielded me over 50 bushels to the acre. That is more than I have ever had in Iowa, and yet the land there costs four times as much as it does here. The man who comes here now and buys land at $50 an acre or less gets a bargain. (Sgd.) S. Schweitzberger, February 9th, 1916." Advertisement.

Asked and Answered.

"What are the air castles we hear so much about built of?" asked the frivolous female boarder.

"Gold bricks, I believe," promptly answered the cheerful idiot.

A MEDICINE THAT OVERCOMES MOST OBSTINATE KIDNEY TROUBLES

About 1904 I was bothered about two years with a severe attack of kidney trouble. My condition was such that I was hardly able to drag around the house and do my work, I did not have any appetite and could not rest at night and I felt more tired in the morning than I did on going to bed. My doctor treated me for about one month; he said that I had kidney trouble, but he did not give me any relief. By chance one day my husband was in town and noticed Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root on a druggist's shelf and decided to bring some home for me to try; the first bottle gave such relief that I continued the use of Swamp-Root until I was restored to good health, and I have had good health for the last ten years. I cheerfully recommend Swamp-Root to others who have kidney troubles.

Yours truly,
MINNIE DOROUGH,
Antlers, Okla.

Personally appeared before me this first day of March, 1915, Minnie Dorough, who subscribed the above statement and made oath that the same is true in substance and in fact.

ED. BROWN, Notary Public,
In and for Pushmataha County and State of Okla.

Prove What Swamp-Root Will Do For You

Send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample size bottle. It will convince anyone. You will also receive a booklet of valuable information, telling about the kidneys and bladder. When writing, be sure and mention this paper. Regular fifty-cent and one-dollar size bottles for sale at all drug stores.—Adv.

A Different Bird.

"She made a goose of herself."

"How?"

"Trying to act like a chicken."

For fouls in cattle use Hanford's Balsam. Adv.

Secretary of Labor Wilson began his career in the coal mines of Pennsylvania.

A winter imperialist—Old King Coal.