Karo Premium Griddle

$2.25 SOLID ALUMINUM GRIDDLE FOR 85 CENTS IN CASH AND LABELS FROM 50 CENTS WORTH OF KARO — *GET YOUR KARO LABELS AT ONCE AND SEND FOR YOUR GRIDDLE*

EVERYBODY these days knows aluminum ware—the highest priced and the most satisfactory kitchen ware used in this country.

Here is your chance to get a 10½ inch Solid Aluminum Griddle for less than the wholesale price.

This Aluminum Griddle needs *no greasing*. It heats uniformly all over; it doesn't smoke up the house; it doesn't chip; it doesn't rust and it looks so much better and cleaner than any of the old kind of griddles.

It bakes Griddle Cakes that are really just as crisp as you want them to be. With Karo on them, they are the finest eating in the world—and so *digestible* because baked without grease that many people who haven't dared to eat griddle cakes for years, are enjoying Karo and Griddle Cakes now.

At great expense we are seeking to place a Karo Aluminum Griddle in the homes of all Karo users, so that Karo—the famous spread for griddle cakes and waffles—may be served on the most deliciously baked cakes that can be made.

Go to your grocer today and get 50 cents worth of Karo and send us the labels and 85 cents in stamps or money order at once. You'll get your Aluminum Griddle by prepaid parcel post.

You know Karo, no doubt. It is the best known and most universally liked syrup in this country. Last year 65,000,000 cans were used.

Get your Karo today—and send us the labels and 85 cents at once, so as to be sure of getting yours. We will also send you *free* the famous Corn Products Cook Book.

Corn Products Refining Co.
P. O. Box 161 New York Dept. PX

TRIBUNE SPORT COLUMN

Olivia high school defeated Windom College by a score of 56 to 4, at Olivia a week ago.

‡ ‡ ‡

Litchfield high school defeated Dassel at basket ball at Litchfield last week, the score being 47 to 17. The Dassel team were not prepared for the slippery floor at Noren's pavilion, hence they were at a great disadvantage.

‡ ‡ ‡

The New London team won their seventh straight game last Tuesday evening when they defeated Paynesville by a score of 52 to 11. Angell Hanson managed to shoot twenty-one baskets during the melee. New London has scored 242 points so far this season, to 43 for their opponents.

‡ ‡ ‡

The Willmar city basket ball team opened the season last Monday night by defeating the Maynard All-Stars by a 33 to 20 score. The game furnished good practice for the local boys, who took the lead early in the first half, and were never seriously threatened during the game. Maynard spurted strongly in the last half when they scored 14 points to Willmar's 8. However the lead of 25 to 6 enjoyed in the first period was sufficient to bring home the victory. Team work, as was expected, was absolutely lacking in the play of both teams. With the exception of Cole, center, the visitors were outclassed all the way thru. Of the twenty points scored by his team, Cole contributed eighteen. Twelve came as the result of fouls, while he secured four baskets from the field. Erickson scored the only other points for Maynard with a field basket in the last half. The visitors failed to register a field goal during the first period of play. For Willmar Obbie Nordstrom with eight baskets from the field led the scoring, Buck and Hank Johnson followed with three each, while Norling and Larson shot one apiece.

The game was the first played here under the new rules, and the main objection seems to be in regard to the boundary lines at the end of the floor. The ball is ruled as out of bounds, if it hits the wall or benches, even if it bounds back onto the playing space at once. This slowed up the game a lot Monday, but outside of that there seemed to be little difference, altho the refereeing was not rigid. Willmar was fouled no less than twenty-two times during the game, to six for Maynard. A feature of the game was the lack of kicking on decisions of the referee. This unwelcome job was handled most capably by Skogsgaard of Granite Falls. The score:

Willmar	Pos.	Maynard
Nordstrom	F	Carlson
B. Johnson	F	Erickson
Norling	C	Cole
H. Johnson	G	Ahlfs
W. Johnson	G	Johnstone

Subs: Habstree for Maynard; Larson and Alm for Willmar. Baskets: Nordstrom (8); B. Johnson (3); H. Johnson (4); Norling; Larson; Cole (4); Erickson. Fouls, Cole, 12 out of 22. Norling, 1 out of 2. Referee, Skogsgaard of Granite Falls. Umpire, Severinson, Willmar.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that Contain Mercury

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.

Sold by Druggists. Price 75c per bottle.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Record Bank Deposits.

The village of Grove City makes the record for bank deposits per capita of population. The village has a population of 351 and there is deposited in its two banks the huge sum of $869,014.31, or a total per inhabitant of $2,504.30.—Litchfield Saturday Review.

EXTRACTS FROM THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF
JANE GREY SWISSHELM
First Newspaper Woman of Minnesota.
A Remarkable Woman of Antebellum Days—1815-1865

CHAPTER IX.
Habitations of Horrid Cruelty.
—Age, 23,24.

On the 6th of June, 1838, the white frost lay on the west side of Pittsburg roofs as we steamed away from her wharf, bound for Louisville, where my husband proposed going into a business already established by his brother Samuel.

On the boat, all the way down the river, the general topic of conversation was the contrast between the desolate slave-cursed shores of Kentucky, and the smiling plenty of the opposite bank; but Louisville was largely settled by Northern people, and was to prove an oasis in the desert of slavery.

It lay at the head of the Falls of the Ohio, and the general government had lately expended large sums in building a canal around them. Henry Clay was in the zenith of his power, slavery held possession of the national resources, Louisville might count on favors, and she was to be Queen City of the West. There was an aspiring little place which fancied itself a rival, a little boat-landing, without natural advantages, called Cincinnati, where they killed hogs; but it was quite absurd to think of her competing with the great metropolis at the head of the canal.

I was quite surprised to find there were a good many houses and folks in Cincinnati; but our boat did not stop long, and we soon reached our Eldorado. Before we effected a landing at the crowded wharf, I fell to wondering if a Pittsburg drayman could take a Louisville dray, its load, its three horses and ragged driver, pile them on his dray, and with his one horse take them to their destination—and I thought he could.

Samuel met us, and as we went in a hack to the boarding place he had engaged. I wondered what had happened that so many men were off work in the middle of the forenoon. Who or what could they be, those fellows in shining black broadcloth, each with a stove-pipe hat on the side of his head, his thumbs in the armholes of a satin vest, displaying a wonderful glimmer of gold chain and diamond stud, balancing himself first on his heels and then on his toes, as he rolled a cigar from one side of his mouth to the other? How did they come to be standing around on corners and doorsteps by the hundred, like crows on a cornfield fence?

It was some time before I learned that this was the advance guard of a great army of woman-whippers, which stretched away back to the Atlantic, and around the shores of the Gulf of Mexico, and that they were out on duty as a staring brigade, whose business it was to insult every woman who ventured on the street without a male protector, by a stare so lascivious as could not be imagined on American free soil. I learned that they all lived, in whole or in part, by the sale of their own children, and the labor of the mothers extorted by the lash. I came to know one hoary-haired veteran, whose entire support came from the natural increase and wages of nineteen women, one of whom, a girl of eighteen, lived with him in a fashionable boarding-house, waited on him at table, slept in his room, and of whose yearly wages one hundred and seventy-five dollars were credited on his board bill.

I learned that none of the shapely hands displayed on the black vests, had ever used other implement of toil than a pistol, bowie-knife or slave-whip; that any other tool would ruin the reputation of the owner of the taper digits; but they did not lose caste by horse-whipping the old mammys from whose bosoms they had drawn life in infancy.

Our boarding-house was on Walnut street, one block west of the theatre, and looked toward the river. On the opposite side of the street stood a two-story brick house, always closed except when a negress opened and dusted the rooms. I never saw sadness or sorrow until I saw that face; and it did not appear except about her work, or when she emerged from a side gate to call in two mulatto children, who sometimes came out on the pavement.

This house belonged to a Northern "mudsill," who kept a grocery, and owned the woman, who was the mother of five children, of whom he was the father. The older two he had sold one at a time, as they became saleable or got in his way. On the sale of the first, the mother "took on so that he was obliged to flog her almost to death before she gave up." But he had made her understand that their children were to be sold, at his convenience, and that he "would not have more than three little niggers about the house at one time."

After that first lesson she had been "reasonable."

Our hostess, a Kentucky lady, used to lament the loss of two boys—"two of the beautifulest boys!"

They were the sons of her bachelor uncle, who had had a passion for Liza, one of his father's slaves, a tall, handsome quadroon, who rejected his suit and was in love with Jo, a fellow slave. To punish both, the young master had Jo tied up and lashed until he fainted, while Liza was held so that she must witness the torture, until insensibility came to her relief. This was done three times, when Jo was sold, and Liza herself bound to the whipping-post, and lashed until she yielded, and became the mother of those two beautiful boys.

"But," added her biographer, "she never smiled after Jo was sold, took consumption and died when her youngest boy was two months old. They were the beautifulest boys I ever laid eyes on, and uncle sot great store by them. He couldn't bear to have them out of his sight, and always said he would give them to me. He would have done it, I know, if he had made a will; but he took sick sudden, raving crazy, and never got his senses for one minute. It often took three men to hold him on the bed. He thot he saw Jo and Liza, and died cursing and raving."

She paused to wipe away a tear, and added: "The boys were sold down South. Maybe your way, up North, is best after all. I never knew a cruel master die happy. They are sure to be killed, or died dreadful!"

She had an old, rheumatic cook, Martha, who seldom left her basement kitchen, except when she went to her Baptist meeting, but for hours and hours she crooned heart-breaking melodies of that hope within her, of a better and a happier world.

She had a severe attack of acute inflammation of the eyelids, which forcibly closed her eyes, and kept them closed; then she refused to work.

Her wages, one hundred and seventy-five dollars a year, were paid to her owner, a woman, and these went on; so her employer sent for her owner, and I, as an abolitionist, was summoned to the conference, that I might learn to pity the sorrows of mistresses, and understand the deceitfulness of slaves.

The injured owner sat in the shaded parlor, in a blue-black satin dress, that might almost have stood upright without assistance from the flesh or bones inside; with the dress was combined a mass of lace and jewelry that represented a large amount of money, and the mass as it sat there, and as I recall it, has made costly attire odious.

This bedizzoned martyr, this costumer's advertisement, sat and fanned as she recounted her grievances. Her entire allowance for personal expenses, was the wages of nine women, and her husband would not give her another dollar. They, knowing her necessities, were so ungrateful!—nobody could think how ungrateful; but in all her sorrows, Martha was her crowning grief. She had had two husbands, and had behaved so badly when the first was sold. Then, every time one of her thirteen children were disposed of, she "did take on so;" nobody could imagine "how she took on!"

Once, the gentle mistress had been compelled to send her to the workhouse and have her whipped by the constable; and that cost fifty cents; but really, this martyr and her husband had grown weary of flogging Martha. One hated so to send a servant to the public whipping-post; it looked like cruelty—did cruelty lacerate the feelings of refined people, and it was so ungrateful in Martha, and all the rest of them, to torture this fine lady in this rough way.

As to Martha's ingratitude, there could be no doubt; for, to this, our hostess testified, and called me to witness, that she had sent her a cup of tea every day since she had complained of being sick; yes, "a cup of tea with sugar in it," and yet the old wretch had not gone to work.

When they had finished the recital of their grievances they came down to business. The owner would remit two weeks' wages; after that it was the business of the employer to pay them, and see that they were earned. If it were necessary now to send Martha to the whipping-post, the lady in satin would pay the fifty cents; but for any future flogging, the lady in lawn must be responsible to the City of Louisville.

We adjourned to the kitchen where old Martha stood before her judge, clutching the table with her hard hands, trembling in every limb, her eyelids swollen out like puff-balls, and offensive from neglect, her white curls making a border to her red turban, receiving her sentence without a word. As a sheep before her shearers she was dumb, opening not her mouth. Those wrinkled, old lips, from which I had heard few sounds, save those of prayer and praise, were closed by a cruelty perfectly incomprehensible in its unconscious debasement. Our hostess was a leading member of the Fourth St. M. E. church, the other feminine fiend a Presbyterian.

I promised the Lord then and there, that for life, it should be my work to bring "deliverance to the captive, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound," but all I could do for Martha, was to give her such medical treatment as would restore her sight and save her from the whipping-post, and this I did.

While I lived on that dark and bloody ground, a man was beaten to death in an open shed, on the corner of two public streets, where the sound of the blows, the curses of his two tormentors, and his shrieks and unavailing prayers for mercy were continued a whole forenoon, and sent the complaining air shuddering to the ears of thousands, not one of whom offered any help.

A brown-haired girl, Maria, the educated, refined daughter of a Kentucky farmer, was lashed by her brutal purchaser, one, and again and again for chastity, where hundreds who heard the blows and shrieks knew the cause. From that house she was taken to the work-house and scourged by the public executioner, backed by the whole force of the United States government. Oh! God! Can this nation ever, ever be forgiven for the blood of her innocent children?

Passing a crowded church on a Sabbath afternoon, I stepped in, when the preacher was descanting on the power of religion, and, in illustration, he told of two wicked young men in that state, who were drinking and gambling on Sunday morning, when one said: "I can lick the religion out of any nigger."

The other would bet one hundred dollars that he had a nigger out of whom the religion could not be licked. The bet was taken and they adjourned to a yard. This unique nigger was summoned, and proved to be a poor old man. His master informed him he had a bet on him, and the other party commanded him to "curse Jesus!" on pain of being flogged until he did. The old saint dropped on his knees before his master, and plead for mercy, saying:

"Massa! Massa! I cannot curse Jesus! Jesus die for me! He die for you, Massa! I no curse him; I no curse Jesus!"

The master began to repent. In babyhood he had ridden on those old bowed shoulders, then stalwart and firm, and he proposed to draw the bet, but the other wanted sport and would win the money. Oh! the horrible details that that preacher gave of that day's sport, of the lashings, and faintings, and revivals, with washes of strong brine, the prayers for mercy, and the recurring moan!

"I no curse Jesus, Massa! I no curse Jesus; Jesus die for me, Massa; I die for Jesus?"

As the sun went down Jesus took him, and his merciful master had sold a worthless nigger for one hundred dollars. But, the only point which the preacher made, was that one in favor of religion. When it could so support a nigger, what might it not do for one of the superior race?

For months I saw every day a boy who could not have been more than ten years old, but who seemed to be eight, and who wore an iron collar with four projections, and a hoop or bail up over his head. This had been put on him for the crime of running away; and was kept on to prevent a repetition of that crime. The master, who thus secured his property, was an Elder in the Second Presbyterian church, and led the choir.

The principal Baptist preacher owned and hired out one hundred slaves; took them himself to the public mart, and acted as auctioneer in disposing of their services. The time at which this was done, was in the Christmas holidays, or rather the last day of the year, when the slaves' annual week of respite ended.

A female member of the Fourth St. Methodist church was threatened with discipline, for nailing her cook to the fence by the ear with a ten-penny nail. The preacher in charge witnessed the punishment from a back window of his residence. Hundreds of others winessed it, called by the shrieks of the victim; and his reverence protested, on the ground that such scenes were calculated to injure the church.

HAVE YOU WEAK LUNGS?

Do colds settle on your chest or in your bronchial tubes? Do coughs hang on, or are you subject to throat troubles?

Such troubles should have immediate treatment with the strengthening powers of Scott's Emulsion to guard against consumption which so easily follows.

Scott's Emulsion contains pure cod liver oil which peculiarly strengthens the respiratory tract and improves the quality of the blood; the glycerine in it soothes and heals the tender membranes of the throat.

Scott's is prescribed by the best specialists. You can get it at any drug store.

Scott & Bowne, Bloomfield, N. J.

Anderson-Elstrom.

The marriage of Miss Esther Olive Elstrom to Mr. Robert F. Anderson of Thief River Falls was solemnized at high noon on Wednesday at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. O. Elstrom. The ceremony was performed by Rev. H. McHenry of Minneapolis in the presence of only the bride's family and the groom's father, Mr. Martin Anderson of Thief River Falls.

The bridal attendants were Miss Stella Elstrom, sister of the bride, and her brother, Mr. Edmund Elstrom of Roberts, Wis. Miss Mabel Peterson furnished the nuptial music, playing Lohengren's Wedding March as the bridal party took their place in the parlor and also sang "When Song is Sweet," after the ceremony.

The bride was attired in a gown of cream silk messaline trimmed with rosebuds and shadow lace. She carried a bouquet of cream roses and maidenhair ferns. Her bridesmaid wore Alice blue silk poplin trimmed in chiffon and white fur.

A four-course wedding dinner was served, after which the happy couple departed by auto on a brief wedding trip. They will spend Christmas here, after which they plan to leave for Thief River Falls, where they will be at home to their friends after Feb. 1.

Both the bride and groom are popular young people who have grown up in our midst and have a host of friends who extend to them hearty congratulations and who will wish them much joy and happiness as they launch out upon the matrimonial sea at this gladsome Christmas season.—Atwater Republican Press.

Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Brooks went to Willmar Tuesday to attend the wedding of their daughter, Miss Dorothy, which occurred there on Wednesday. The groom was Mr. Martin Trongaard, an employee in the G. N. yards. . . . Oscar Olson met with a deplorable accident at the town hall last Saturday while practicing for the school entertainment. He missed his footing on the highly waxed floor, falling in such a manner as to break both bones of his left arm just above the wrist. He was taken to the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. L. Olson, where both of the local physicians attended to him and Oscar is now doing as nicely as could be expected.—Atwater Press.

The Father of Pure Foods

The Better Corn Flakes

If you are acquainted with any of Dr. Price's Pure Foods, you know what Dr. Price's standards of quality and purity means.

Dr. Price has lived up to his standard in the manufacture of cereal foods. His perfected process for making crisp, flavory corn flakes is one of his master achievements in this field. Just try

DR. PRICE'S Corn Flakes THE BETTER KIND

Priceless Profit-Sharing Coupons in Every Package

—and see for yourself how different—and better—they are.

The exclusive Dr. Price Pure Food Store in your town is

DR. PRICE'S MACARONI Superior Quality

Palace Grocery Co.

OBITUARY

MRS. GULBRAND SATHER.

Once again a home has been saddened and another life has passed into the great beyond. Mrs. Gulbrand Sather passed to her eternal rest at 2:30 o'clock on Monday morning of this week. The real cause of her death was heart trouble. Mrs. Sather has been sick nearly every winter, for a number of years past, and several times had been very near death. Her condition was not realized by her neighbors as being so serious and when it became known that the end had come it was a shock to all. During the week before her death her husband had also been confined to his bed, and they had been cared for by Mrs. Ole Stene of Norway Lake, a sister of Mrs. Sather and Mrs. Kasper Aune.

The funeral will be held this afternoon. A short service will be held at the home at one o'clock, and at the Norwegian Lutheran church, at 1:30 p. m., Rev. E. M. Hanson will perform the last sad rites. Interment will be made in Oak Hill cemetery.

Ingeborg Soli Sveom Sather was born in Nordreland, Norway, June 24, 1851 and at the time of her death had reached the age of 64 years, 6 months and 6 days. She grew to womanhood in Thorpen, where she was confirmed in the Norwegian Lutheran church more than fifty years ago. On Dec. 25, 1884, she was married to Gulbrand Sather, and in 1885, emigrated to the United States, coming directly to Kandiyohi county. Since that time they have resided at Arctander, Kerkhoven and Lake Andrew, until seven years ago, when they came to New London, where they have since resided. Mrs. Sather is survived by her husband, one sister, Mrs. Ole Stene of Norway Lake, and two brothers and one sister in Norway.—New London Times.

Spicer Man Disappears.

Pierre, S. D., Dec. 10.—Special: A mysterious disappearance is being investigated here by W. M. Elsen, of Manson, Ia., who came here to look for M. Witte, his brother-in-law.

Witte was a real estate dealer working over several northwestern states, and at one time living at Howard, S. D. He came to this city November 4 and registered at the Locke Hotel, paid his bill and left the hotel, but evidently did not take his grip or overcoat with him. He was to meet a man at Huron the next day, but failed to keep the appointment. An unclaimed suitcase at the Locke, when opened was found to contain papers belonging to Witte, and an unclaimed overcoat is supposed to have been his. Evidently he walked out of the hotel and vanished, and no one has found any trace of him since he signed the hotel register over a month ago.

The above article was taken from the Sioux City Journal of Dec. 11th. Mr. Witte and family came up here from Iowa about a year ago and occupied the Swenson farm at George Lake until September when they moved to this village. He left here on Oct. 22 with his family for Manson and other points in Iowa, where they were to visit relatives for a few weeks.

E. T. Reamer received a letter from him Nov. 2 from Pierre in which he said he expected to be up here in a couple of days, accompanied by the man with whom he had made the appointment and with whom he was making a business deal. He failed to come and since that time he has not been heard from.—New London Times.

A Fine Debate.

Attorney Bengtson who was one of the judges of the debate between the Montevideo and Willmar high schools Tuesday at Montevideo, reports that it was one of the best high school debates he had heard. They were debating the question of national preparedness, Montevideo supporting the affirmative and Willmar the negative. The decision was in favor of the latter.—Granite Falls Journal.

Tribune Wan-Tads Bring Results.

NEW LONDON TIMES.
(Dec. 23.)

A. P. Reese was at Willmar on business yesterday.

J. O. Dahlberg made a trip to Willmar yesterday.

Geo. Bengtson was at Willmar on business last Friday.

Elling Larson left Tuesday for Willmar, and from there expected to go to St. Peter for a few days' visit.

Miss Anna Stene of Norway Lake went to Willmar last Saturday, for a week's visit.

Mrs. Alfred Larson was a guest of her sister, Mrs. Lane Johnson at Willmar from Thursday till Saturday.

A baby girl was born to Mr. and Mrs. Harry Fernelius last Sunday. Mother and little one are doing very well.

Miss Alice McLaughlin, who is teaching at Perham, arrived last Saturday to spend several days, the guest of Dr. and Mrs. DeMots.

Miss Anna Thorson of Lake Florida went to Willmar on Tuesday for a visit with her sister, Mrs. Ole Nickelson. Mr. Nickelson is reported to be on the sick list.

—Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Gratz visited in the cities the middle of last week.

(First publication Dec. 8-4t.)

Citation for Hearing on Petition for Administration.

Estate of Rande Knutson.

State of Minnesota, County of Kandiyohi, In Probate Court.

In the Matter of the Estate of Rande Knutson, Decedent.

The State of Minnesota to all persons interested in the granting of administratiion of the estate of said decedent.

The petition of Knut A. Botten having been filed in this Court, representing that Rande Knutson, then a resident of the County of Kandiyohi, State of Minnesota, died intestate on the 28th day of March, 1909, and praying that letters of administration of her estate be granted to Ole T. Hagen and the Court having fixed the time and place for hearing said petition.

THEREFORE, YOU, AND EACH OF YOU, are hereby cited and required to show cause, if any you have, before this Court at the Probate Court Rooms in the Court House, in the City of Willmar, in the County of Kandiyohi, State of Minnesota, on the 3rd day of January, 1916, at 2 o'clock p. m., why said petition should not be granted.

Witness, the Judge of said Court, and the Seal of said Court this 3rd day of December, 1915.

(COURT SEAL)

IDA A. SANDERSON,
Clerk of Probate Court.

CHARLES JOHNSON,
Attorney for Petitioner,
Willmar, Minn.

Unselfish Mother Love

Mother Love is one of the most sacred things in the world. It prompts the mother to give her strength—her life even—gladly—happily—that her child may be safer, happier, stronger or better in every way.

Just a food—specially prepared to aid in making red blood and strong healthy tissue—is what she needs. Then all the natural functions of the body will be easily carried on without the least sense of fatigue or drain. With plenty of red blood in her veins, mother will feel no ill effect from nursing baby.

HEMO will aid mother in supplying baby with a quantity of good quality milk and at the same time improve her general physical condition. When it is impossible to nurse the baby, secure the food most nearly like mother's milk by asking your druggist for Thompson's Food (Peptonized).

We suggest that you try a 50c package with our guarantee of satisfaction.

Carlson Bros., Druggists,
Willmar, Minnesota.

10 CENT "CASCARETS" FOR LIVER AND BOWELS

Cure Sick Headache, Constipation, Billiousness, Sour Stomach, Bad Breath—Candy Cathartic.

No odds how bad your liver, stomach or bowels; how much your head aches, how miserable you are from constipation, indigestion, billiousness and sluggish bowels—you always get relief with Cascarets. They immediately cleanse and regulate the stomach, remove the sour, fermenting food and foul gases; take the excess bile from the liver and carry off the constipated waste matter and poison from the intestines and bowels. A 10-cent box from your druggist will keep your liver and bowels clean; stomach sweet and head clear for months. They work while you sleep.

Twin City Stamp & Stencil Co. *Rubber & Metallic* **Stamps**
209 So. 3rd St. Minneapolis
Stencils :: Seals :: Checks :: Brass Dies

We believe that our 30 years of business among you (the people of Kandiyohi County) warrants in claiming that we can offer you an absolutely safe storehouse for your money. Checks on us are accepted in payment of bills at par in any part of Minnesota.

Ninety per cent of the successful business men are Bank Depositors. What better time than now to open a Check Account with us? We have unexcelled facilities for transacting all branches of banking. We have now installed a savings department. We would like to see every child in town and help them get started with a savings account.

Our Officers will be glad to extend to you every courtesy consistent with sound banking. We will keep your valuables in our fire-proof vault free of charge. We shall be pleased to have you call on us.

BANK OF WILLMAR

Capital, Surplus and Undivided Profits, $120,000.00

A. B. RICE, President — S. B. OVALE, Vice-President — P. G. HANDY, Cashier — N. S. SWENSON, Ass't Cashier

DEFECTIVE PAGE