Libby's

Tempting veal loaf

WHAT is more tempting for a summer luncheon than Libby's savory Veal Loaf! Prettily garnished it makes a dainty yet substantial dish — and one all ready to put on the table!

Order Libby's Veal Loaf today. You will want it always on your shelves—for quick luncheons—for unexpected guests.

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Paradoxical Punishment.

"Mayme says she likes to feed her mind." "I don't think she's going to do it by devouring serials."

One Kind.

"Have you grills in your house?" "Well, my wife puts me through one every time I stay out late."

SWIFT & COMPANY U.S.A.

The Farmer's Share

Live stock is marketed from farmer to consumer at a lower cost than almost any other farm product.

The United States Department of agriculture reported in 1916 that the farmer gets for his cattle "approximately **two-thirds to three-fourths**" of the final retail price paid by the consumer for the resulting beef.

Under normal conditions, the farmer's share of retail prices of various farm products is approximately as follows:

Butter	71 per cent
CATTLE	66⅔ to 75 per cent
Eggs	65 per cent
Potatoes	55 per cent
Poultry	45 per cent
Fruits	35 per cent

The difference between farmer's price and retail price represents the necessary expenses of packing, freight and wholesale and retail distribution.

Swift & Company not only performs the manufacturing operations of preparing cattle for market in its well-equipped packing plants, but it pays the freight on meat to all parts of the United States, operates 500 branch distributing houses, and in most cases even delivers to the retail butcher. All this is done at an expense of less than 2 cents per pound, and at a profit of only about ¼ of a cent per pound of beef.

Large volume of business and expert management, make possible this indispensable service to the live-stock raiser and to the consumer, and make possible the larger proportion of retail prices received by farmers.

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Scenes of Prosperity

Are Common in Western Canada

The thousands of U. S. farmers who have accepted Canada's generous offer to settle on homesteads or buy farm land in her provinces have been well repaid by bountiful crops of wheat and other grains.

Where you can buy **good farm land at $15 to $30 per acre—get $2 a bushel for wheat and raise 20 to 45 bushels to the acre** you are bound to make money—that's what you can do in Western Canada.

In the provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta you can get a

HOMESTEAD OF 160 ACRES FREE

and other land at very low prices.

During many years Canadian wheat fields have averaged 20 bushels to the acre—many yields as high as 45 bushels to the acre. Wonderful crops also of **Oats, Barley, and Flax. Mixed Farming** is as profitable an industry as grain raising. Good schools, churches; markets convenient, climate excellent. Write for literature and particulars as to reduced railway rates to Supt. of Immigration, Ottawa, Can., or to

W. S. Nethery, Room 82, Interurban Sta. Bldg., Columbus, O.; J. M. MacLachlan, 215 Traction-Terminal Bldg., Indianapolis, Ind.

Canadian Government Agents

Van Vivier's Scoop

By F. M. GILMER

(Copyright, 1918, Western Newspaper Union.)

Existence, as Philip Van Vivier planned it, was to be a very pleasant affair, though it had little enough about it of that strenuous life so ardently advocated by Mr. Roosevelt. He had youth, and health, and wealth, and he pictured the future a gay kaleidoscopic mingling of golf, and polo ponies, and grand opera, and little suppers after the play.

Then, too, to crown it all, there was Madge. Madge, tall and slight, and svelte, with the tawny gold in her hair, and the eyes that changed with every changing thought—that were as blue as summer skies when she smiled, and grew black as midnight when she thrilled to any deep emotion. Philip could hardly remember a time when he had not loved her. They had grown up, boy and girl, together, with something singularly similar in their fate. Both were orphaned children, left to the untender care of unwilling relatives, and Philip never forgot the moment of their meeting. His uncle's place adjoined that of Madge's guardian, and he had been wandering about the ground a forlorn and lonely childish figure, when he first came upon the little maid. She gave one long look at his somber face, and mourning clothes, and then with the swift and intuitive sympathy that God gives to even the youngest child, she went up to him.

"Little boy," she lisped, for she was scarcely more than a baby, "little boy, is 'oo lonesome, and doesn't nobody love 'oo?"

"No," he answered with a sob from the depths of his heart.

"Don't c'y, little boy," she comforted, slipping her hand in his. "I 'll love 'oo and 'oo won't never be lonesome any more," and, indeed, it seemed to Philip he had never been lonesome again. There was always Madge.

But who may count securely on the future? Move the kaleidoscope ever so gently, and its figures change. One turn of the hand of fate and the bright picture one's dreams painted are shattered forever. There came a day when Philip had to do, not with visions of a golden future, but with a hard and merciless present. Suddenly as an unexpected thunderbolt came the failure of the trust company in which his fortune was invested, and he awoke one morning to find himself that most pitiable of all creatures on earth—the man who needs money, and knows no way of earning it. He had taken the blow standing, with a smile on his lips, like the thoroughbred he was, and just how deep the hurt went none knew.

"Pleasant prospects," was his sole comment, with a shrug of his shoulders to those who would have condoled with him on his loss, "a beer income, and a champagne taste. Do you happen to know the best way to adjust them?"

He might meet the situation with laughter and scoffing so far as others were concerned, but when it came to Madge it was another thing. "I can't ask her to marry a beggar," he said to himself, setting his teeth, and with a face as white as death, "and I'm not poltroon enough to settle down and live on her money," and there had been a terrible scene in which he had told her this, and released her from her promise to marry him.

"Oh, Philip, Philip," she cried, clinging to him, "what good is all my money to me if I can't make things easy for you? Surely there is more than enough for us both."

Then he tried to explain to her, blunderingly and haltingly, that something that is dearer to man than even love of woman—that something which he must have, or die of self-loathing—his own self-respect.

"I couldn't live without it, darling," he said at last, passionately, "if I gave in to fate without one struggle, and was content to let you support me, I should imagine your contempt for such a weakling in every tone of your dear voice. I should see it in every glance of your dear eyes. No, no, I must make my fight and win my place in the world of men, or I will die fighting on the battlefield. If I succeed I will come back to claim my own. If I fail, a better man wins. Don't you see how it must be that way?"

And in the end Madge "saw." The sympathy that always understood others was part of her charm, and Philip went away.

At college he had rather distinguished himself by some clever skits in the college journal, and so it seemed natural to him to turn to journalism as the most available way of settling the bread and butter problem. A friend obtained a place for him on the staff of the morning Asterisk, where he began at the bottom of the reportorial ladder, and learned among other bitter pieces of knowledge that the public hungers and thirsts for gory details of murder, and has but a lukewarm interest in the higher criticism, and that on a newspaper staff a university degree is regarded with far less respect than a nose for news.

Still, the glamour stripped from journalism, Philip kept doggedly on. He acquired a reputation for being faithful and accurate. He was a gourmand for work and the city editor began to speak hopefully of him, but advancement comes slowly in a newspaper office, and to Philip Madge seemed an immeasurable distance off, when suddenly he made his great scoop. It was the merest accident—successes mostly are, if we knew the truth of them. One evening he was walking along one of the fashionable residence streets when suddenly he was startled by a scream, and looking up he saw a woman with the wild eyes and cunning of a maniac sitting on the very outer coping of the walls of a tall house, where she waved her arms gleefully, and leaned dizzily forward to peer into the street below. In an instant all the mystery of the drawn blinds, and jealously guarded doors of the mansion, at which many had marveled, was revealed. Here was one of those family tragedies, at which the world guesses—some poor crazed creature.

It had taken Philip but an instant to realize the scene, and with a sudden inspiration he dashed past the servant in the doorway, and up the stairway. The crazed woman was still young and pretty. A dainty silken robe, and a filmy lace scarf blew about her. Evidently she was a woman of fashion and society, so the thoughts flew through his mind as he dashed up the three flights of steps and through the open door in the roof through which she had evidently climbed. He knew well enough he might be going to his death, but he only smiled a little grimly, and moved on towards the pathetic figure swaying on the ledge of the wall. The woman looked up at the sound of an approaching step. She saw a handsome young man—a young man such as she vaguely remembered in that world that was not all horrible dreams and padded walls—coming toward her. When he reached her he made a courtly bow, and offered her his arm, and without one protest, mechanically, naturally, as if they had been on the ballroom floor, she arose and put her hand within it, and together they started toward the house, treading the narrow ledge, whose outer edge was death. A single push of the crazed woman's feeble hand and mutilation waited for them below, but there was not a tremble in the man's voice as he asked her:

"And what did you think of the new tenor this winter at the opera?"

In the street below the crowd stood silent, tense with excitement, until they saw Philip hand the woman, still with courtly grace, through the door in the roof, and then it broke into tumultuous cheering.

As for Philip, his one thought was to get to the office. His part in the adventure appealed to him not at all. It was what any fellow would have done, he thought, and he could leave that out, but he realized the value of the story. The secret of the darkened mansion. The closed blinds. The beautiful woman, with her wild, mad eyes—it was full of color, it was picturesque. Besides it was a scoop. No other reporter had been there, and a scoop is as dear to the newspaper heart as a first-born to a mother.

There is, perhaps, no other joy in life equal to that of the young writer who reads his own productions in type, and Philip's first conscious act the next morning was to reach for the paper. He had expected his story to be given some prominent place; perhaps to be featured. To his dismay it was not even printed. He looked the paper over twice to have suspicion deepen into certainty. It had been left out. How long he might have stared at the paper in bewilderment he never knew, but that two letters caught his eyes, as they lay upon his table. One was from the city editor of the Asterisk, and he pounced upon it for an explanation.

"Dear Van Vivier," he read, "sorry, but your scoop was scooped. The distressed damsel you rescued is old La Roux's daughter, and La Roux, as you appear not to know, is the heaviest stockholder in the Asterisk. Naturally he wanted your story killed. Virtue is rewarded, however. He suggests you for night editor in place of Clarson who has resigned. Report for duty tonight."

The other letter was from Madge. It said:

"Dear Philip: I have heard of your rescue of poor Fannie La Roux. How could you be such a hero, and such a goose as to take such a risk? You need a guardian, sir, and I am going to marry you to take care of you on this day one month. You can't refuse a lady, you know. Yours, Madge."

Philip read the letter twice, and then he bowed his head on the table, and when he raised it his eyes were very dim and tender.

GAVE HIM FOOD FOR THOUGHT

Father's Stinging Rebuke Evidently Had Good Effect on Youth, Judging by Its Results.

Delicious dock and dandelion greens, cooked with a hock of ham, brought oh's and ah's from the elders about the table. A look of disgust spread all over the face of a lad just about to enter on his teens as he listened to the enthusiastic comment on the springtime dish, to which his palate had not yet become accustomed.

"They're not fit for human beings to eat," he said, as he set down a glass of milk from which he had been drinking. "They're cow feed."

"Never mind," said his father. "You're at the milk stage yet. You'll be weaned after a while and take to grass."

The proportions of the precocious lad shrank visibly when he heard himself likened to a calf, and not another word on the fare issued from his mouth the rest of the meal. When he had recovered from the shock he introduced the European war as a table topic and made known the fact that he would like to be "in the fight."—Indianapolis News.

Great Weapon Is Laughter.

In the posthumous story, "The Mysterious Stranger," which Mark Twain did not see fit to publish during his lifetime, Twain expresses impatience with the degrading use of humor when turned toward trivial things. "Your race in its poverty," he makes Satan say, "has unquestionably one really effective weapon—laughter. Power, money, persuasion, supplication, persecution—these can lift a colossal humbug—prod it a little, weaken it a little, century by century; but only laughter can blow it to rags and atoms at a blow. Against the assault of laughter nothing can stand."

Discount All "Luck."

Luck is a myth—a dyed-in-the-wool sham, a counterfeiter through and through—and the misguided individual who banks on "luck" to assist him or her in any enterprise or undertaking is simply reaching after the impossible.

A FEW LITTLE SMILES

A MISCUE.

Sir F. E. Smith told a queue story at a Washington luncheon.

"There are so many queues in England now," he said, "that one is apt to get mixed up.

"A young American soldier passed four hours in a very long queue the other day. His spirits were superb. He amused everybody with his quips and sallies. But he uttered a low cry of dismay when his turn at last came, and a girl thrust a small greasy packet in his hand, saying:

"'No tea today, but here's a nice half-ounce of margarine.'

"'Well, I'll be jiggered!' said the American. 'Is this or ain't it the gallery entrance to the Frivolity theater?'"

Not Quite.

"It was the sure way the caveman took to secure his lady love by pursuing her and knocking her down."

"Oh, I don't know. Even then it was a case of hit and miss."

His Sort.

"Molly's husband is a fine, manly young fellow, isn't he?"

"Well, from what I have seen of him when with her, I should say he is something of a Molly coddler."

The State of the Case.

"While making these allegations the witness shed crocodile tears."

"How could that be when he was an allegator?"

Opposing Attacks.

"So Smith's friends squarely attacked him for his stand on that measure."

"Yes, and roundly denounced him."

VERY SARCASTIC.

Sunny Mike—I don't blame dat dog of yours for tryin' to bite me.

Lady—Why not?

"Because it shows his intelligence. De last time I came dis way I handed him a piece of pie you gave me."

Works Both Ways.

"The more we get," you've heard before,
"The more we want"—and yet
It often works this way: The more
We want the less we get.

Infinitesimal Capacity.

"What do you think? Jiggers is boasting of how well he can drive a car."

"Drive a car! Why, that dub can't even drive a nail."

Fortunate Man.

Weary—Soy, mister, would youse mind stakin' a pore man wot ain't got no home t' a few pennies?

Mr. Jar—Got no home? Say, old fellow, you are playing in great luck. Why, you can stay out all night any old time you want to.

Makes a Difference.

"The young man before marriage is light and gay. She's all the world to him."

"Why does he look so careworn after marriage?"

"He has the world on his shoulders then."

The Real Match.

"She's quit trying to land a rich man for a husband."

"Yes. She says she'd pass up a millionaire any time now to marry an officer in the army or the navy."

Prussian Fashions.

"The iron cross is still highly esteemed."

"I should say so. So many of them are worn now that they are a regular fad."

Between Girls.

"Young ladies in offices meet many nice men."

"I know."

"And often make happy marriages."

"That's what. I think I could get a husband myself if I could give my chaperone the slip once in a while."

Money Talks.

Bill—Do you believe that money talks?

Gill—Certainly, I do.

"Well, do you remember that $5 I borrowed from you?"

"Sure; and I happen to know it's saying 'Forget it,' all right."

Vindication.

"The English sometimes employ the letter 'h' peculiarly in their speech."

"I'm not sure they haven't got it right. We used to say 'unprepared.' Now we say, 'Hun prepared.'"

WEAK KIDNEYS MEAN A WEAK BODY

When you're fifty, your body begins to creak a little at the hinges. Motion is more slow and deliberate. "Not so young as I used to be" is a frequent and unwelcome thought. Certain bodily functions upon which good health and good spirits so much depend, are impaired. The weak spot is generally the bladder. Unpleasant symptoms show themselves. Painful and annoying complications in other organs arise. This is particularly true with elderly people. If you only know how, this trouble can be obviated.

For over 200 years GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil has been relieving the inconvenience and pain due to advancing years. It is a standard, old-time home remedy, and needs no introduction. It is now put up in odorless, tasteless capsules. These are easier and more pleasant to take than the oil in bottles.

Each capsule contains about one dose of five drops. Take them just like you would any pill, with a small swallow of water. They soak into the system and throw off the poisons which are making you old before your time. They will quickly relieve those stiffened joints, that backache, rheumatism, lumbago, sciatica, gall stones, gravel, "brick dust," etc. They are an effective remedy for all diseases of the bladder, kidney, liver, stomach and allied organs.

GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules cleanse the kidneys and purify the blood. They frequently ward off attacks of the dangerous and fatal diseases of the kidneys. They have a beneficial effect, and often completely cure the diseases of the bodily organs, allied with the bladder and kidneys.

If you are troubled with soreness across the loins or with "simple" aches and pains in the back take warning, it may be the preliminary indications of some dreadful malady which can be warded off or cured if taken in time.

Go to your druggist today and get a box of GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules. Money refunded if they do not help you. Three sizes. GOLD MEDAL are the pure, original imported Haarlem Oil Capsules. Accept No Substitutes.—Adv.

You Can Now Eat Your Favorite Food Without Any Fear

Kramer Says: "Eatonic" Rids Weak Stomachs of Acids, Gas, Heartburn, Food Repeating and Stomach Miseries

What miserable feelings are caused by an upset stomach! That dull, heavy, "bloated" sensation that follows a full meal, robs good living of half its pleasures. Is there any way out for you sufferers with stomach weakness?

Yes; H. L. Kramer, the man who originated Cascarets, has found a sure, quick, relief for indigestion, dyspepsia, "sour stomach," heart-burn, formation of painful gases, "bloating," etc., etc.

He calls his stomach relief EATONIC, and it certainly is making a wonderful record. Countless thousands of people who formerly approached their meals with dread, now eat their fill of their favorite foods without fear of the after-effects.

Mr. Kramer says: "My EATONIC tablets are the solution of the age-old problem of indigestion and all forms of stomach misery.

"EATONIC neutralizes the acids, that form the painful gases, "sweetens" the stomach, and gives the gastric juice a chance to do its work as it should.

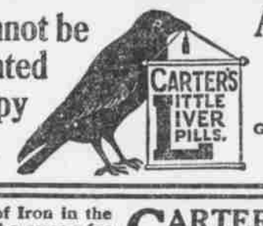
"To promote appetite and aid digestion, take EATONIC tablets—one or two after each meal. They are perfectly harmless. Eat them just like candy.

"For distress after eating; sour, "gassy," acid stomach, vertigo, nausea and belching, and that wretched, puffed-up, "lumpy" feeling, after overeating; there is nothing to compare with EATONIC Tablets."

All druggists sell EATONIC — 50c for a large box. Watch out for imitations. The genuine bears the name EATONIC on each tablet—guaranteed to do all that is claimed; or if your druggists don't carry EATONIC—send to Eatonic Remedy Co., Chicago, Ill.

Carter's Little Liver Pills

You Cannot be Constipated and Happy



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Small Pill
Small Dose
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ABSENCE of Iron in the Blood is the reason for many colorless faces but CARTER'S IRON PILLS will greatly help most pale-faced people

Careful Witness.

"You say you had no sleep," sternly asked the prosecuting attorney of the timid but careful witness; "remember you are under oath. Don't make a mistake."

"I—I that is, I had had no sleep at all, sir, unless—unless you mean the fact that my foot went asleep and—and—you count the nap of my neck."—Florida Times-Union.

Heals Running Sores and Conquers Piles.

Also Stops Itching of Eczema as Soon as Applied.

"I feel it my duty to write you a letter of thanks for your wonderful Peterson's Ointment. I had a running sore on my left leg for one year. I began to use Peterson's Ointment three weeks ago and now it is healed."—A. C. Gilbrath, 703 Reed St., Erie, Pa.

I'd rather get a letter like that, says Peterson, than have John D. Rockefeller give me a thousand dollars. It does me a lot of good to be able to be of use to my fellow men.

For years I have been selling through druggists a large box of PETERSON'S OINTMENT for a trifle. The healing power of this ointment is marvelous. Eczema goes in a few days. Old sores heal up like magic; piles that other remedies do not seem to even relieve are speedily conquered. Pimples and nasty blackheads disappear in a week. 30 cents a box.

Mail orders filled, charges prepaid by Peterson Bros., Buffalo, N. Y. Adv.

Where He Got the Idea.

"Shakespeare said that all the world was a stage."

"Um. Do you suppose the streets were filled with these chorus-girl costumes in his day?"

Important to Mothers

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, that famous old remedy for infants and children, and see that it

Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

In Use for Over 30 Years.

Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

At the Opera.

"What a powerful voice that tenor has!" "Yes; I can't hear myself talk when he's singing."

His Inventions.

"He's an inventor."

"What does he invent?"

"Excuses for not working mostly."

There's Magic, in

Red Cross Ball Blue

A hundred years ago, the magic, dazzling whiteness it gives to the coarsest as well as most delicate fabrics would have caused its user to be hailed as a witch. To-day she is the envy of her neighbors, at much less labor to herself. Makes clothes beautiful.

Buy it—try it—and you'll stick to it.

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DAISY FLY KILLER placed anywhere, attracts and kills all flies. Neat, clean, ornamental, convenient, cheap. Lasts all season. Made of metal, can't spill or slip over; will not soil or injure anything. Guaranteed effective. Sold by dealers, or 6 sent by express, prepaid, for $1.00.

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—A Clear Skin—
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