

**DON'T WHIP!**

Stop Lashing Your Bowels with Harsh Cathartics but take "Cascarets."

Everyone must occasionally give the bowels some regular help or else suffer from constipation, bilious attacks, stomach disorders, and sick headache. But do not whip the bowels into activity with harsh cathartics.

What the liver and bowels need is a gentle and natural tonic, one that can constantly be used without harm. The gentlest liver and bowel tonic is "Cascarets." They put the liver to work and cleanse the colon and bowels of all waste, toxins and poisons without griping—they never sicken or inconvenience you like Calomel, Salts, Oil or Purgatives.

Twenty-five million boxes of Cascarets are sold each year. They work while you sleep. Cascarets cost so little too.—Adv.

**Cruel Critic.**

"That's my last canvas," said D'Auber. "I started that six months ago. You see, some days I paint away feverishly, forcefully, absorbedly, while on other days I can't paint at all."

"I see," said Crittick; "you painted this on one of the other days."—London Tit-Bits.

**HOW RHEUMATISM BEGINS**

The excruciating agonies of rheumatism are usually the result of failure of the kidneys to expel poisons from the system. If the irritation of these uric acid crystals is allowed to continue, incurable bladder or kidney disease may result. Attend to it at once. Don't resort to temporary relief. The sick kidneys must be restored to health by the use of some sterling remedy which will prevent a return of the disease. Get some GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules immediately. They have brought back the joys of life to countless thousands of sufferers from rheumatism, lame back, lumbago, sciatica, gall stones, gravel and other affections of the kidneys, liver, stomach, bladder and allied organs.

They will attack the poisons at once, clear out the kidneys and urinary tract and the soothing healing oils and herbs will restore the inflamed tissues and organs to normal health.

All others are imitations. Ask for GOLD MEDAL and be sure the name GOLD MEDAL is on the box. Three sizes, at all good druggists.—Adv.

**No Exception.**

"It seems to me there is a tax on everything but talk on the League of Nations."

"Oh, no; even that is a tax on our patience."

**ASPIRIN FOR HEADACHE**

Name "Bayer" is on Genuine Aspirin—say Bayer



Insist on "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin" in a "Bayer package," containing proper directions for Headache, Colds, Pain, Neuralgia, Lumbago, and Rheumatism. Name "Bayer" means genuine Aspirin prescribed by physicians for nineteen years. Handy tin boxes of 12 tablets cost few cents. Aspirin is trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Mono-aceticacidester of Salicylicacid.—Adv.

**Affection.**

"Bliggins loves his work."  
"Yes," replied Mr. Growcher; "but chiefly as a topic of conversation."

**BOSCHEE'S SYRUP.**

A cold is probably the most common of all disorders and when neglected is apt to be most dangerous. Statistics show that more than three times as many people died from influenza last year, as were killed in the greatest war the world has ever known. For the last fifty-three years Boschee's Syrup has been used for coughs, bronchitis, colds, throat irritation and especially lung troubles. It gives the patient a good night's rest, free from coughing, with easy expectation in the morning. Made in America and used in the homes of thousands of families all over the civilized world. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

Paradoxical as it may seem, the father of one baby is usually twice as happy as the father of twins.

**The Cuticura Toilet Trio**

Having cleared your skin keep it clear by making Cuticura your every-day toilet preparations. The soap to cleanse and purify, the Ointment to soothe and heal, the Talcum to powder and perfume. No toilet table is complete without them. 25c everywhere.—Adv.

Lots of people come to grief by meeting trouble halfway.

If your eyes smart or feel scalded, Roman Eye Balsam applied upon going to bed is just the thing to relieve them. Adv.

Nature leaves a lot of work for the dressmaker to finish.

**Tommy Trot's New Year's Resolution**

By Barbara Kerr



"TOMMY-TROT," christened Thomas Trotwood Birney, sprawled on the table at his father's elbow. He was engaged in printing something which he carried about with him. "It's an awful hard job, ain't it, daddy? But I guess gentlemen has to do it anyway, don't we?"

"What's that, Sir Thomas?" asked his father, glancing up from his book.

"Why, the New Year resolution thing," answered Tommy as he laboriously put on some finishing touches. "Pretty big word, that. What about it?"

"Yep, but then I don't say it much. It's sort of like a bet. You bet you do or you bet you don't. An' I'm going to bet I do." And Tommy closed his book on a little fat finger and climbed on his father's knee.

"And what is it you're betting you'll do, Busterkins?" smiled his father, rumping up the boy's brown curls.

The child was unusually serious; he looked intently at his father. "I'm going to see about getting a lady for our home, daddy. I'm so tired being without one. I—I want a muvver, daddy—a muvver is so handy." And try as he might to make his declaration very matter of fact, Tommy-Trot's chin quivered and he hid his face on his father's shoulder.

Mr. Birney laid aside his pipe and for a full long minute said nothing.

"So that's your New Year's resolution."



Engaged in Printing Something.

Is it, old man, to get us a lady for our home? He somehow could not say the word mother lightly, though it had been five long years since Tommy's mother died. "It would be nice. Have you found any one, spoken to any one yet?"

"I'd like to have the lady with the shiny eyes that takes me to school mornings," admitted Tommy. "I asked her once was she a muvver, and she said no, just only a little boy's aunt. I s'pect she's so busy being a aunt that she wouldn't have any time to be a muvver," and the child sighed dejectedly. "I wish you'd ask her daddy. Won't you?"

"Why, I don't know Miss Woodburn, old man." The father smiled a little ruefully as he remembered that he had thought to strike up an acquaintance through the child, but Miss Woodburn had coldly repulsed him, though she had long been a fast friend of Tommy's, stopping for him to slip his hand into hers as she hurried to her school-room, which was in the same building as the kindergarten. "I think we have pretty good times together, after all. Shall daddy be the bear tonight?"

"I'm most afraid I'm sick, daddy," murmured the boy; "I s'pect I'd better go to bed."

Mr. Birney gathered Tommy-Trot up solicitously and prepared him for bed. "I wish your lap fitted me better, daddy. I'm going to get the New Year lady's lap to fit like Benny Jones' muvver's does," complained the child, drowsily.

The next morning Miss Grace Woodburn slackened her pace, expecting Tommy to come running as usual, then she retraced her steps, walking slowly past the house. The door swung open and Mr. Birney, coatless, an apron tied about his neck, frantically explained that Tommy-Trot was very sick with the croup, that the doctor was trying to get a nurse, but she feared the child would die before they could get help, as the woman who kept their cottage was away.

Fortunately Miss Woodburn had taken a first-aid course; also, in her strenuous business of being an aunt, she had helped to take little Nephew Peter through a very severe attack of croup. She knew that every minute was precious. She began drawing off her gloves and unfastening her wraps as she hastened after Mr. Birney. She telephoned her assistant to take her place till further orders, then reached out her hand for the apron. Lovingly she bent over Tommy-Trot, who held

**Hail and Farewell**

**FAREWELL TO THE OLD**  
Old Year, thy life is well-nigh spent,  
Thy feet are tottering and slow,  
Thy hoary head with age is bent,  
The time is here for thee to go;  
Already in the frozen snow  
A lonely grave is made for thee;  
The winds are chanting dirges low,  
Upon the land and on the sea.

Old Year, thou wert a friend to some—  
To some thou wert of worth untold,  
Thy days were blessings, every one,  
More precious far than shining gold;  
But unto others, thou a foe  
Did prove thyself—an enemy,  
Relentless as the chains of woe—  
As ruthless as the maddened sea.

Some will rejoice to know thee dead,  
Others will mourn thee as a friend;  
Some will look back on thee with dread,  
Others their praises to thee lend:  
I neither offer praise nor blame,  
Old Year, for what you brought to me,  
For unto me both joy and pain  
Your active hands gave lavishly.

Thy solemn death-hour draws a-nigh—  
And hark! I hear thy funeral knell  
Slow pealing through the darkened sky—  
Farewell, Old Year—farewell!

**HAIL TO THE NEW**

Hail! hail! to thee, O virgin year!  
Not yet a day's length on thy throne,  
Thou with the merry eyes and clear  
And joyous voice of dulcet tone:  
Hail! hail! to thee, thou strong of limb;  
Our praise is thine, O youthful king,  
For thou art pure of woe and sin,  
Thy young hands yet but blessings bring.

The monarch who is laid away  
Within the catacomb of years  
Was harsh and ruthless in his day—  
Seemed less to love our joys than tears;  
We look for blessings manifold,  
New Year, from thy pure sinless hand,  
We trust thy heart will ne'er grow cold  
Toward us—and our Native Land.

Bring healing to the hearts now sore  
From wounds the cruel Old Year made;  
The veil of peacefulness draw o'er  
The woes at each heart-threshold laid:  
We cannot love a tyrant king!  
Our hearts refuse to loyal be  
To one who takes delight to fling  
Upon our hearts keen misery!

Be kind to us—that we may say,  
When comes the time for thee to go;  
"O darling year, we grieve to-day,  
Because we all have loved thee so!"  
—Good Housekeeping.

out his hand to her; deftly she smoothed his pillow, asking quick questions as to doctor's orders and showing the bewildered father how to follow them, all the time talking in soothing, comforting little sentences to the child. "We're good pals, aren't we, Tommy? And we're going to have some awfully good times together, aren't we? And will you make a bargain with me? When my little Peterkins was sick he did just what I wanted him to do. Will you do that, darling? If you will you may call me Aunt Grace, just as he does. Will you, dearest?"

"Ravver call you muvver," whispered the child hoarsely.

The color flooded Miss Woodburn's face, but with a little life hanging in the balance there was no time to hesitate. "All right, little man, it's a bar-



"Ravver Call You Muvver."

gain and you'll take the bad medicine just as if it were good."

Patently she worked, sending the grateful father flying on errands, or telephoning the doctor to ask for fuller directions. No man has any conception of a woman's resourcefulness till he sees her trying to save the life of some one dangerously ill. Mr. Thomas Birney watched, fascinated, the movements of this highly competent young woman who seemed never to give him a thought except to order him about. Noon came—the afternoon was almost spent before the child was sleeping calmly in her arms, the crisis passed. "We've won!" she announced to the

**If You Need a Medicine You Should Have the Best**

Have you ever stopped to reason why it is that so many products that are extensively advertised, all at once drop out of sight and are soon forgotten? The reason is plain—the article did not fulfill the promises of the manufacturer. This applies more particularly to a medicine. A medicinal preparation that has real curative value almost sells itself, as like an endless chain system the remedy is recommended by those who have been benefited, to those who are in need of it.

A prominent druggist says "Take for example Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, a preparation I have sold for many years and never hesitate to recommend, for in almost every case it shows excellent results, as many of my customers testify. No other kidney remedy has so large a sale."

According to sworn statements and verified testimony of thousands who have used the preparation, the success of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root is due to the fact, so many people claim, that it fulfills almost every wish in overcoming kidney, liver and bladder ailments; corrects urinary troubles and neutralizes the uric acid which causes rheumatism. You may receive a sample bottle of Swamp-Root by Parcel Post. Address Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., and enclose ten cents; also mention this paper. Large and medium size bottles for sale at all drug stores.—Adv.

**Sounds Encouraging.**

Bacon—a see a Danish chemist, of Copenhagen, has sold a patent for making artificial leather to a Norwegian concern which expects to establish factories to manufacture it in several countries.

Egbert—Wonder will this reduce the cost of the sandwiches served at railroad lunchrooms?

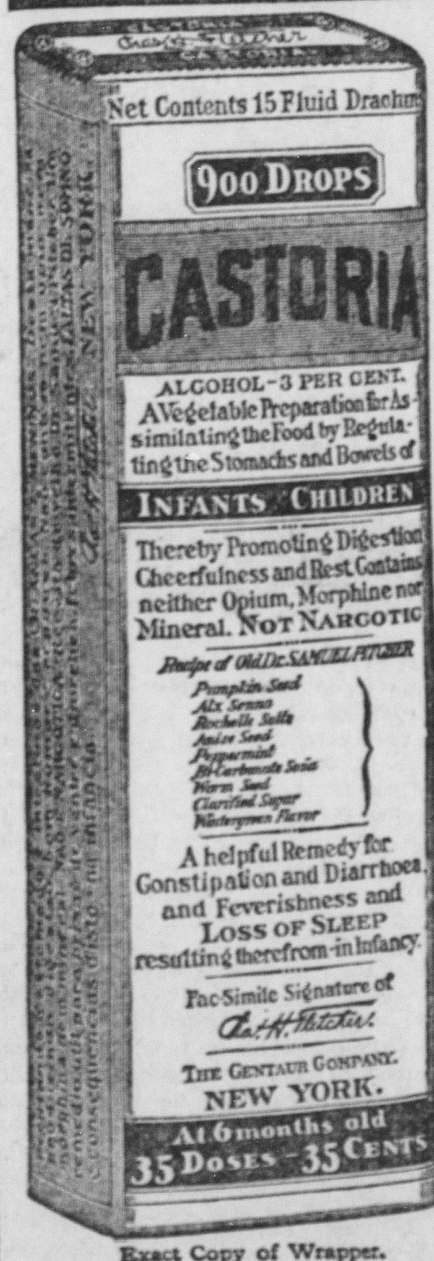
Taxes are higher and advice cheaper than ever before since Adam and Eve invented clothes.

Boarding houses drive a lot of their victims to matrimony.

**INFLUENZA starts with a Cold**  
Kill the Cold. At the first sneeze take  
**HILL'S CASCARA QUININE BROMIDE**  
Standard cold remedy for 20 years in tablet form—safe, sure, no opiates—breaks up a cold in 24 hours—relieves grip in 3 days. Money back if it fails. The genuine one with Mr. Hill's picture. At All Drug Stores

**ASTHMA**  
DR. J. D. KELLOGG'S ASTHMA REMEDY  
for the prompt relief of Asthma and Hay Fever. Ask your druggist for it, 25 CENTS and one dollar. Write for FREE SAMPLE. Northrop & Lyman Co., Inc., Buffalo, N.Y.

**DR. J. D. KELLOGG'S REMEDY**  
**PILOCURA**  
CURES PILES  
The only INTERNAL Remedy. Sent by mail prepaid, 50c and \$1.00 a box. DR. J. D. KELLOGG'S PILLOCURA COMPANY, WASHINGTON, D. C.  
IF YOU HAD A CHANCE TO TURN INTO \$500, employing hardly any capital, would you do it? Want Particulars? Hanson, 155 Stanton St., San Francisco, Cal.  
POSITIVELY CURED by Dr. Hanson, 155 Stanton St., San Francisco, Cal. 2075 Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.



Exact Copy of Wrapper.

**CASTORIA**  
For Infants and Children.  
Mothers Know That Genuine Castoria Always Bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Watson* Use For Over Thirty Years **CASTORIA**  
THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

**Polk Miller's Liver Pills**

**Pershing Decorated.**  
A young American soldier had just finished painting a door panel in one of the halls of the Hotel Crillon in Paris. With his paint can in his hand he hurried around the corner and bumped into an officer in uniform who was hurrying in an opposite direction. As the officer brushed the splashed paint from his uniform the soldier made profuse apologies.

**Famous American.**  
In 1820, on the 6th of November, Admiral Stewart, an American, who you fame in the battles against French privateers and against the British in the war of 1812, died. Admiral Stewart was the grandfather of Charles Parnell.

Indigestion produces disagreeable and sometimes alarming symptoms. Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills stimulate the digestive processes to function naturally. Adv.

It takes the grass widow to capture the "hayseed bachelor."

**MURINE** Night and Morning. Have Strong, Healthy Eyes. If they Tired, Itch, Smart or Burn, if Sore, Irritated, Inflamed or Granulated, use Murine often. Soothes, Refreshes. Safe for Infant or Adult. At All Druggists. Write for Free Eye Book. **Rubin Eye Remedy Co., Chicago**

**10c. The Good Old Kind that always do the work.**

**THE "BLUES" Caused by Acid-Stomach**

Millions of people who worry, are depressed, have spells of mental depression, feel blue and are often melancholy, believe that these conditions are due to outside influences over which they have little or no control. Nearly always, however, they can be traced to an internal source—acid-stomach. For it to be wondered at. Acid-stomach, beginning with such well defined symptoms as indigestion, belching, heartburn, bloating, will, if not checked, in time affect to some degree or other all the vital organs. The nervous system becomes deranged. Disasters suffer. The blood is impoverished. Health and strength are undermined. The victim of acid-stomach, although he may not know the cause of his ailments, feels his discouragement, ambition and energy slipping. A truly life is dark—not worth much to the man or woman who has acid-stomach! Get rid of it! Don't let acid-stomach get you back, wreck your health, make 5 days miserable, make you a victim of "the blues" and gloomy thoughts! There's a marvelous modern remedy called EATONIC that brings on such quick relief from stomach misery—sets your stomach to right—makes it strong, cool, sweet and comfortable. Helps you get back your strength, vitality, enthusiasm and good cheer. So many thousands upon thousands of sufferers have used EATONIC with such marvelous helpful results that we are sure you will feel the same way if you will just give it a trial. Get a big 50 cent box of EATONIC—the good tasting tablets that you eat like a bit of candy—from your druggist today. We will return your money if results are not even more than you expect.

**EATONIC**  
FOR YOUR ACID-STOMACH  
W. N. U., BALTIMORE, NO. 51-1800