

Sure Relief

BELLANS
FOR INDIGESTION

6 BELLANS
Hot water
Sure Relief

BELLANS
FOR INDIGESTION

"I am well!"
your chickens and stock well?

If not—
Give them

Bee Dee
Stock & Poultry
Medicine

The old reliable
BLACK-DRAUGHT
for Stock and poultry

Ask your merchant!

Merchants: ask your jobber's
salesman about Bee Dee!



Vaseline
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

PETROLEUM JELLY

For burns, cuts,
sprains and all
skin irritations.
Relieves dryness
of scalp.

REFUSE SUBSTITUTES

CHESEBROUGH MFG. CO.
State Street New York

RHEUMATISM

Mustarine Subdues the Inflammation and Eases the Soreness Quicker Than Anything Else on Earth.

Pay only 20 cents and get a big box of Berry's Mustarine, which is the original mustard plaster and is made of strong, real, yellow mustard—no substitutes are used.

It's known as the quickest pain killer on earth, for in hundreds of instances it stops headache, neuralgia, toothache, sciatica and backache in 5 minutes.

It's a sure, speedy remedy—none better for bronchitis, pleurisy, lumbago and to draw the inflammation from your sore feet there is nothing so good. You get real action with Mustarine—1 goes after the pain and kills it right at the root. Yes, it burns, but it won't blister—it doesn't give agonizing pain a slap on the wrist. It does give it a good healthy punch in the jaw—it kills pain. Ask for and get Mustarine always in the yellow box.

S. C. Wells & Co., Le Roy, N. Y.

STOPS PAIN
MUSTARINE
CANNOT BLISTER

GET HEALTH AND HAVE HAPPINESS

For your health's sake you should immediately correct any irregularity of the Bowels by taking

DR. TUTT'S LIVER PILLS.
If your Bowels are not working properly you cannot expect to keep fit. Take one or two at bedtime. Get right and keep right.

Dr. Tutt's Liver Pills

FOR THE BOOK OF
101 BEST SONGS
—containing more than 100 favorite selections for home, school and dancing. Words and music complete; heavy paper cover; postage prepaid. Send 10c, coin or stamps.

The Corley Company
Department W Richmond, Virginia
"The House That Made Richmond Musical"

Hunters—Make money and make it quick! Two hot sellers, just out. One costs 20c to manufacture, sells for 125c; other costs 40c, sells for 50c. Something new; greater demand than any other article on market. If you really want easy money don't pass this up. Formulas for manufacturing both articles sent for \$1. Satisfaction guaranteed. John Anderson, Box 12, Darion, Wis.

CASH PAID FOR NAMES
and addresses. Collect and sell your neighbors' names. Big pay, easy work. Full instructions 10c. Post P. Donaldson, K-emp, Tex.

DIRECT MAIL COURTSHIP

By FRANK H. WILLIAMS

Sam Wallace had tremendous faith in the sales powers of advertising. He believed that through advertising it is possible to do almost anything—even to the winning for himself of the girl he adored.

Sam, though holding the important position of advertising manager for the famous Gigantic Department store, was still shy and tongue-tied when it came to a question of popping the all-important question to the lady of his heart, Mary Stuart. Mary was pretty and sweet and wholly worth adoring. Many men, like Sam, felt that she would make an ideal wife; but to all of them, including Sam, Mary was impartially friendly and unselfish.

Several times Sam had endeavored to come to the point, but every time his courage had failed him. He had never yet put his fortunes to the test. Red and silent, he had let many opportunities pass, until now, with other men forging to the front in the race for Mary's hand, he felt desperate.

It was at this crucial moment in his career that Sam determined to place his dependence upon advertising.

"I can write ads," Sam told himself, "that bring women into the Gigantic store by the droves. I sure ought to be able to write an ad that will 'sell' myself to Mary. I'm going to try it, anyhow. If I don't I'll just lose out entirely, and that's all there is to it."

Having come to this conclusion, Sam began writing rapidly on a pad of paper on his desk. Every now and then he gazed upward at the ceiling while concentrating his thoughts. But for the most part he wrote swiftly, without stopping. When he had finally finished he reread his work with considerable satisfaction:

"This is what he had written: 'Marry a man who adores you! 'You will be much happier married to a man who adores you than if you marry a man who doesn't care so very deeply. There is a certain man who is wild about you and yours. Who is he? Watch for the next letter.'"

"There," said Sam to himself, when he had finished reading the sheet, "that will get her attention, and the first step in selling goods through advertising is to secure the attention of the prospective purchaser. Next comes the arousing of the interest of the prospective buyer, and, thirdly and finally, the inducing of the reader to buy. Two more letters ought to do the trick for me. I'll send this letter today, letter No. 2 tomorrow, and the third letter on the day after that."

Sam placed the sheet in an envelope and addressed it to Mary. Then he threw the envelope into the outgoing mail tray on his desk.

The next day Sam wrote the second of his series of ads. This second ad read as follows:

"The man who adores you is shy. 'It is because he's shy that he's never gotten up enough courage to tell you how much he cares for you. But he does care, deeply and sincerely, and once the ice is broken he'll tell you just how deeply and sincerely, all right. Who is this man? Perhaps your intuition has already told you. But, anyhow, watch for to-morrow's letter. His identity will be revealed in to-morrow's letter.'"

Sam did with this second ad as he had done with the first—he placed it in an envelope and, after addressing it to Mary, threw it into the outgoing mail tray.

Sam's final ad read like this:

"THE MAN WHO ADORES YOU IS SAM WALLACE.

"I've always been too shy to tell you how much I care for you. So I'm telling you about it through these little letters. If there is any chance for me, Mary, smile at me the next time you see me. If there isn't any chance, just nod to me but don't smile. That's all. You know everything now and I will know everything when I see you the next time."

It was only natural that Sam's heart should beat considerably faster than normal as he placed, this last ad in an envelope, directed it to Mary, and placed it in the outgoing mail tray.

"Gee!" he said to himself, "I'm certainly glad I've done it. It was the only thing to do. I'd never in the world have gotten up enough courage to ask her personally, and I simply couldn't keep on going without knowing how I stand. Now I wonder, will she smile or will she merely nod at me when she sees me?"

Now, Sam was not only a shy young man, but also an impulsive young man. Some weeks before he had purchased an engagement ring—a ring that was a beauty in all particulars, just the right sized stone and just the proper sort of a setting. He had thought, at the time of his purchase, that he'd make a mass attack, as it were, upon Mary.

He'd show her the stone and then, before his courage failed him, slip it on her engagement finger and trust to luck that she would allow it to stay there. But Sam had never

made this mass attack. The ring still reposed in his vest pocket. He had never found the courage to show it to Mary, let alone place it upon her finger.

"Now, I wonder," muttered Sam as, after finishing his third ad, he took the ring out and looked at it. "I wonder will Mary ever wear this ring or not?"

Sam's excitement grew during that night, and the morning of the day after he had placed his final ad in the outgoing mail tray his nerves were ragged and he simply couldn't sit still.

"By all the rules of advertising," Sam told himself, "those ads ought to do the trick. But will they? I haven't heard a word from her. I haven't seen a sign of her. Is that a good or bad sign? What am I to think about it?"

During the day Sam heard nothing from Mary nor caught any sight of her. And as the day dragged to its dreary close his spirits sank. He felt sure that directly after the receipt of the third ad Mary would certainly take pains to give him his answer as soon as possible. But she wasn't doing so. There was absolutely no word from her.

Sam dragged himself to his boarding house after the day's work with weary steps. He was worn out, his nerves were frazzled, he was greatly discouraged. He couldn't help feeling that Mary was simply letting him down easily, that her mind was made up to refuse him, and that she was trying to let him know that this was the case before she should meet him and merely nod at him, instead of smiling at him.

The next day, the second after his mailing of the final ad, Sam felt as though the world had gone to pieces about his shoulders as he slowly walked to the office. It was all over. His dream had evaporated into thin air. There was little, very little, left in life for him to live for.

It was only desultory attempts at working that Sam made during the morning. He was too blue to do any good work, anyhow, so shortly before the noon hour he left his office to make a trip through the various departments. He felt as though it would take his mind off his trouble to talk with other people.

Through the bargain basement and silks and gloves on the first floor to men's furnishings and cloaks and suits on the second floor Sam made his gloomy way. And then, in cloaks and suits, he stopped suddenly. From the other side of a rack of cloaks and suits beside which he was standing came the sound of voices. One of the voices was that of the manager of the department, while the other voice was—Mary's.

Sam, after a moment of hesitation, straightened his shoulders. He might as well get the cold nod from Mary and get it over with now as later. It had to be done some time—now was as good as any. So Sam, looking very dignified, but awkward, writhing with despair, walked around the rack and came face to face with Mary.

Mary didn't see him at first. "Good morning, Mary," he said, politely, standing rigidly like a soldier at salute.

Mary looked up surprised. Her big blue eyes met his. And then—then Sam's heart leaped. His pulses tingled, his brain whirled, Mary was actually smiling at him—a lovely, unmistakable smile.

"How are you, Sam?" she asked, and smiled again.

"S-s-say, Mary," stammered Sam, as soon as he was able to regain control of himself, "step into my office a minute, will you? It's right on this floor, just a little way from here. I've got something I want to show you."

"Why, yes," smiled Mary, "I've often thought I'd like to look at your office—to see just what sort of a place it is you work in."

Sam, hardly able to contain himself, piloted her through the door, past his secretary and into his private office. Then, after closing the door to his secretary's room, he drew the engagement ring from his pocket and without a word placed it on Mary's finger. Finally he caught Mary into his arms and kissed her again and again.

"Why, why," cried Mary at last, "I ought to be provoked and angry and all that—but I'm not! I'm glad, glad! I've cared for you so long, Sam, and I thought you'd never, never tell me that you cared, too. I knew you cared, but I thought you'd never tell me that you did!"

"Oh, sweetheart," cried Sam, "I'm so glad you smiled at me this morning."

He caught her in his arms again, and as he did so he glanced at the outgoing mail tray on his desk. The tray was full. Sam, gently releasing Mary, hurriedly pawed through the letters. All three of his ads to Mary were still there. The new mail box had neglected to take up the mail from Sam's office for nearly a week. Sam gasped, then chuckled as he took Mary into his arms again. After all, if it hadn't been for his ads he'd never have had the courage to put the ring on her finger. After all, he was satisfied—wholly satisfied.

To Be Expected.
"The young man who went on the stage as an acrobatic dancer is intoxicated with his success."
"I should think he would be, with so many kicks in it."

Pop's Guess.
"Pop!"
"Yes, my son."
"Why do they call a ship 'she'?"
"I suppose it's because she always seems to require a mate, my boy."

Fashion Sponsors Gingham

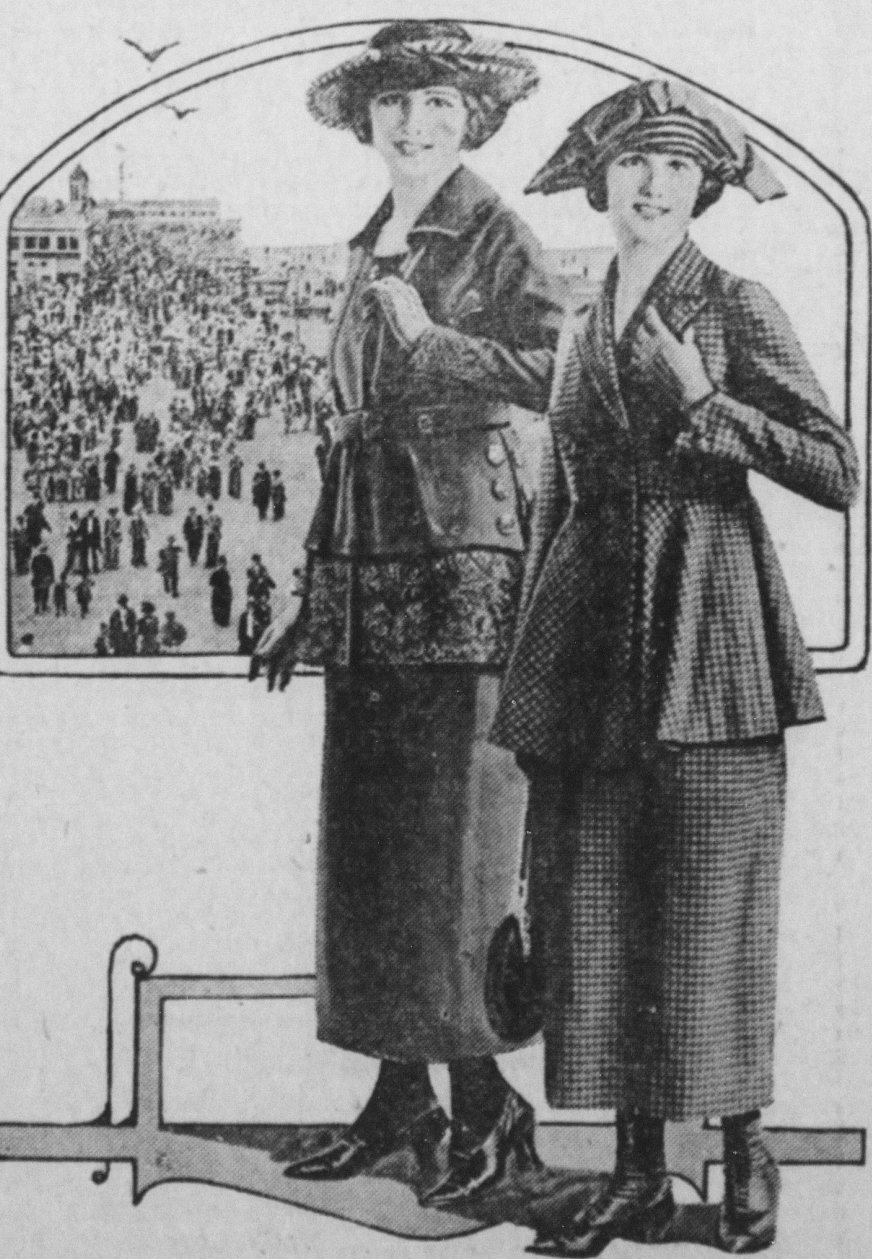


EVERY gentlewoman welcomes the return to high favor of all the old, familiar cotton materials—the gingham, chambrays, organdies, volles—that have a flavor of other days and the simple life about them. Blouses, simply designed, with every stitch of their making put in by hand, under things carefully made and daintily trimmed, with pretty stitchery for decoration, and frocks for indoor and outdoor wear, of staple, familiar cotton goods, find themselves more highly regarded just now than for many a year. It is a reaction away from ostentatious dressing and reckless spending and is sponsored by the best people in the land.

For morning wear, in or out of town, there are such altogether delightful gingham dresses as that appearing here in a yellow, black and white cross-bar. Insets of white cotton poplin at the front, on the sleeves and belt, with white pearl buttons, give a crisp, fresh touch that looks cool. The hat is made of the same materials with white poplin crown, gingham brim and band, and the flat button on the crown is covered with poplin. Finally a white parasol with wood handle softens the summer sunshine that filters through it. Either white or black footwear may be chosen for wear with a morning dress like this and the choice depends upon the demands the road to be traversed will make upon it.

Plain chambrays and gingham, with a little white organdy combined with them, make the prettiest house-dresses, while heavier white cottons are used with dresses for out of doors.

Destined for Easter Parade



IT takes a practiced eye to discern, at first glance, the points that make the new spring suits different from many of those which preceded them. The most apparent change appears in the shortening of coats. These are more or less abbreviated, some of them having no skirt at the front. The eon jacket bears them company and is a candidate for honors that seems to be finding favor in the larger cities.

Two of the new models for spring that merit consideration, are shown above. An early Easter promises to bring them out in force and compels a selection very soon. One of these suits, of wool gabardine in plain blue, is interesting because it demonstrates two of the most important of the new style features, the arrangement of fullness at the front of the coat and the introduction of an embroidered band, separate from the coat and set on at the bottom. Plain skirts, short-top length, almost go without saying. A few large, bone buttons, a narrow belt and a new style collar commend this suit to the seeker for novelties.

The other suit, in a point check, is another example in which the skirt of the coat is full at the front and rippled all around. These checked suits are at their best when they are plain and this one has only a few buttons, by way of ornament.

Julia Bottomley

COLDS breed and Spread INFLUENZA

KILL THE COLD AT ONCE WITH

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 box has a Red top with Mr. Hill's picture.

At All Drug Stores

T. B. Donaldson's

Wonderful New Life Remedy
The Great Blood Tonic

For many years successfully used in the treatment of Stomach and Liver Complaints, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Scrofula, Erysipelas, Rheumatism, Diseases of the Kidneys, Chronic Constipation and Nervous Debility.

Try a Bottle Today—\$1.00

T. B. Donaldson's
WONDER OIL

A tried and proved remedy for Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Headache, Toothache, Earache, Chills, Sore Throat, Pleurisy, Colds, Etc.

Price 50c Per Bottle

For Sale by All Leading Drug Stores, or Sent Postpaid from Laboratory: 779-781-783 S. SECOND ST., PHILADELPHIA

Be Sure the Name "T. B. Donaldson" is on Every Bottle.

To abort a cold and prevent complications, take

Calotabs

The purified and refined calomel tablets that are nameless, safe and sure. Medicinal virtues retained and improved. Sold only in sealed packages. Price 35c.

Acid-Stomach
Makes 9 Out of 10 People Suffer

Doctors declare that more than 70 non-organic diseases can be traced to Acid-Stomach. Starting with indigestion, heart-burn, belching, food-repeating, bloating, sour, gassy stomach, the entire system eventually becomes affected, every vital organ suffering in some degree or other. You see these victims of Acid-Stomach everywhere—people who are subject to nervousness, headache, insomnia, biliousness—people who suffer from rheumatism, lumbago, sciatica and aches and pains all over the body. It is safe to say that about 9 people out of 10 suffer to some extent from Acid-Stomach.

If you suffer from stomach trouble or, even if you do not feel any stomach distress, yet are weak and ailing, feel tired and drained out, lack "pop" and enthusiasm and know that something is wrong although you cannot locate the exact cause of your trouble—you naturally want to get back your grip on health as quickly as possible. Then take EATONIC, the wonderful modern remedy that brings quick relief from pains of indigestion, belching, gassy bloating, etc. Keep your stomach strong, clean and averted. See how your general health improves—how quickly the old-time vim, vigor and vitality comes back!

Get a big 50c box of EATONIC from your druggist today. It is guaranteed to please you. If you are not satisfied your druggist will refund your money.

EATONIC
FOR YOUR ACID-STOMACH

WANTED
Black Walnut Logs

We pay highest cash prices for logs 12" and up, 8 to 16 ft. long, in carload lots, f. o. b. cars at loading points.

ADDRESS
Lock Box 18, St. Bernard Branch
CINCINNATI, OHIO

ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS BUYS INTEREST in lease in Simpson County, Ky., surrounded by twenty-five all wells averaging from twenty to five hundred barrels daily. Gravity 45. Only one hundred interests, shallow hole, this year for two wells and connects with pipe line. For reference address J. F. Tarpley, Cashier, McEwen-Mcguire Bank and Trust Company, Franklin, Ky. For further particulars address C. E. Llewellyn & Company, Franklin, Kentucky.