

END OF EIGHT YEARS MISERY

Used Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Recovered.

Newark, N. J.—"The doctor said I had an organic trouble and treated me for several weeks. At times I could not walk at all and I suffered with my back and limbs so I often had to stay in bed. I suffered off and on for eight years. Finally I heard that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was a good medicine and tried it with splendid effect. I can now do my housework and my washing. I have recommended your Vegetable Compound and your Blood Medicine and three of my friends are taking them to advantage. You can use my name for a testimonial."
—Mrs. THERESA COVENTRY, 75 Burnett St., Newark, N. J.

You are invited to write for free advice. No other medicine has been so successful in relieving woman's suffering as has Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Women may receive free and helpful advice by writing the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass. Such letters are received and answered by women only and held in strict confidence.



Judicious diet and exercise will frequently improve a man's opinion of his neighbors.

CONVENIENT!

If Constipated, Bilious or Headachy, take "Cascarets."

Cascarets never gripe, sicken or inconvenience one like Salts, Oil, Calomel or harsh Pills. Feel bully! Be efficient! Don't stay sick, bilious, headachy, constipated. Remove the liver and bowel poison which is keeping your head dizzy, your tongue coated, your breath bad and stomach sour. Why not spend a few cents for a box of Cascarets and enjoy the nicest, gentlest laxative-cathartic you ever experienced? They work while you sleep. Adv.

If you would know a man study his infirmities rather than his virtues.

Since it is worth while to be well, take Garfield Tea, Nature's medicine.—Adv.

An hour lost in the morning has to be run after all day.

CAME NEAR DYING

Finally Used Doan's and Was Restored to Health. Has Been Strong and Well Since.

"Malaria fever weakened my kidneys when I was a young man," says L. W. Garrison, 23 F St., Anderson, S. C. "Finally, ten years ago, I was in such bad shape that I expected to die. Medicine wouldn't help me any more. My back pained as if it were pierced with a knife. Many times I have fallen in the street and didn't have any strength to move until the awful misery was eased up. I couldn't sleep in bed for two years. The kidney secretions passed every few minutes and scalding hot water couldn't have burned any worse. I thought I was doomed to die, but a friend pleaded with me to try Doan's Kidney Pills and I owe my life to his visit. Doan's helped me from the start and eleven boxes made a permanent cure which has lasted eight years. I have not had one sick minute since, nor missed a day from work." Sworn to before me.
H. S. Shumate, Notary Public.



Mr. Garrison

Get Doan's at Any Store, 50c a Box.
DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS
FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

Bronchial Troubles
Soothe the irritation and you relieve the distress. Do both quickly and effectively by using promptly a dependable remedy—
PISO'S

Belgium Sketches

The Voice of the Chimes

By Katharine Eggleston Roberts

(Copyright, 1920, Western Newspaper Union)

In a little town in the plain of Brabant, the summer twilight filled the winding streets with shadows. Over the cobblestones, bright-cheeked girls in wooden shoes, blue dresses, and red kerchiefs trundled their two-wheeled carts of flowers. The scented breeze was cool. Here and there lights began to gleam behind the windows of the narrow, peak-roofed houses. The tower of the cathedral rose against the sunset sky like a misty dream and yet a dream immovable. Its sculptured saints smiled on the peaceful land. All was quiet in the happy silence that ends a day well lived.

Then with the stealth of fairies the tiny notes played in the air. Softly at first, the magic music descended till, swelling like bubbles of light, it burst in a silvery shower. Everywhere green shutters opened to let in the winged notes. Pedestrians paused, then hastened their steps toward the foot of the church, there to receive the sweetest benediction of the chimes. Slowly the music faded, melted into the shadows and the perfume of the night.

The million stars, wakening from their daytime sleep, blinked till their eyes were bright, returning the twinkle of the lights within the windows. Now and then they peered into the houses. They saw a family grouped about the supper table. The father, whose bulging vest made him sit very straight and rather pompously, gazed with satisfaction at his family about the loaded cloth. The mother, a woman of complacent curves, smiled benignly at her well-scrubbed children and her contented husband.

In another part of town, a humbler part, a small square window framed



After a Visit From the Spiked Helmet Men.

another picture—a brown-walled kitchen where the copper gleamed in the rays from a lamp on the red-checked table. The old man and the old woman nodded in their chairs. His stockinged feet were stretched upon a footstool and their wooden shoes rested beside him on the floor. As her fingers loosened from the knitting needles, the half-made sock slid gently from her lap. The stars chuckled and skipped to get out of the way of the new moon who came to watch the last part of the drama in the village. And when she saw a girl, who, wide awake, dreamed of a sweetheart in a neighboring town, the moon of romance took her message to the youth. Then from the cathedral tower, the midnight melody of the carillon put the girl to sleep.

But that was long ago before the German guns roared out of the north—strong voices that chanted a fierce harmony of misery and ruin—evil voices that sent a tempest of terror into the calm minds of the people and bade them sob their everlasting farewells.

Now in the plain of Brabant lies the village, mangled and charred.

Its narrow streets find their tortuous way among the crumbling walls and summer twilight lays a gray pall over the broken homes. The flowers that gave their sweetness are faded and the tongues of their venders are dumb. Sadly the stars gaze through the night mist, tear-dimmed eyes that search the blind windows in vain. The people they knew laugh no more, for their dreams, their loves, and their lives are withered. The waning moon seeks the tower and finds but a shattered wreck, voiceless to utter the



The Voice of the Chimes Is Dead.

dirge that stirs deep in its heart. Still some of the stone saints smile, but the twist of their lips is ironic. The bells that had sung through the years, that had blessed the joy of the people, cried their last note in pain as they crashed to the foot of the belfry.

And the ruined village is mute; its tragic doom goes unknelted for the voice of the chimes is dead.

PROTECTION FOR ANIMALS.

The first official order of the new minister of arts, M. Jules Destree, was for the introduction in all the elementary schools of Belgium of courses tending to prevent cruelty to animals. The ministry circular points out that such courses are particularly necessary now as a measure to offset any tendencies toward cruelty that the war may have left. M. Destree also announces that the government will give support to all the institutions and societies established for the protection of animals.

Gods Galore.

India holds the record for images. It has been estimated that there are quite 300,000,000 images of the various gods there.

WEST FLANDERS

BY KATHARINE EGGLESTON ROBERTS

(Copyright, 1920, Western Newspaper Union)

There's a wide bare field where ghostly trees
Plead for the mercy of Heaven.
They lift their broken arms and sigh
Against the pitiless, cold, gray sky,
But their prayers are hushed in the cloudy seas,
And the crows are flying over.

In the desolate waste, the shell-pits gap;
Their wounded lips bleed poppies.
They are rimmed with rusted guns and swords,
With bits of cloth and broken boards,
And their waters mirror the broad wing-flap
Of the crows that are flying over.

O'er the battle plain, there's a fierce race
Of the death birds seeking booty.
Together they rush and dip and dart.
In the midst of the bleak field's aching heart,
There's a lonely cross that marks the place
The black crows are swooping over.

LEPERS' HARD LOT.

In the middle ages lepers were shown less consideration in Europe and the East than animals because of the fear that disaster would attend their very touch. Thus it was that the miserable sufferers were wanderers, going from place to place with their hooded gowns and their tinkling bells in hand, to warn the "clean" that something "unclean" was approaching. Time and civilization made the sad lot of the leper more endurable; no longer is he scorned and driven from place to place by those who follow the command of self-preservation. Every country has provided colonies and institutions where the victims are free to move about as they please, without bells or hoods or other distinctive marks. Humane methods have replaced the barbarous practices of other countries, and now through the application of the perfected chaulmoogra preparation there is hope held out to many who could see only hopelessness as their lot in life.

Wrong ideas die under publicity.

Had to Give It to Them

As George Washington Lee Pointed Out, the "Jumman's" Surely Gave You What You Asked.

George Washington Lee was the most boastful dandy in the regiment. All the way across on the transport he had been telling the world what he was going to do to the German army. Naturally when the outfit finally arrived in the front lines his companions looked for him to produce. But Wash appeared to be in no hurry.

"Yo' all so brave, why don' yo' go out an' git some of dem Jumman's lak yo' said?" sneered one.

"Ah's gwine. Ah's gwine. Gimme time," responded George.

He peeked cautiously over the top. Seeing no activity from the German line he crawled over and finally stood erect.

"Come on, Jumman," he quavered. Then he waited. Silence reigned supreme.

"Come on, yo' cowards!" he shouted,

feeling safe at last. "Come on out heah an' meet yo' master. Come on, show me somethin', Ah'm waitin'."

At that moment a German artilleryman dropped a shell within a dozen yards of Wash. The explosion blew him unhurt back into his own trench.

"What yo' got ter say now?" taunted a companion.

Wash considered.

"Well," he retorted, "no matter what yo' say about dem Jumman's, yo' gotta admit they suah gives yo' service when yo' ask fo' it."—The Home Sector.

Belgian Refugees Home.

Of some 250,000 Belgian refugees who fled to England during the war the ministry of health estimates that there are less than 20,000 there today, the rest having returned to their own land or France. To care for Belgian refugees has cost England by private means and government support £3,500,000.

Pneumonia often follows a Neglected Cold KILL THE COLD!

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.

BETTER DEAD

Life is a burden when the body is racked with pain. Everything worries and the victim becomes despondent and downhearted. To bring back the sunshine take

GOLD MEDAL HARLEM OIL CAPSULES

The national remedy of Holland for over 200 years; it is an enemy of all pains resulting from kidney, liver and uric acid troubles. All druggists, three sizes. Look for the name Gold Medal on every box and accept no imitation.

Pimples, Freckles and Blemishes REMOVED BY Shechter's European Facial Cream, Soap and Blood Purifier

which are proven remedies, also excellent skin food and complexion beautifiers. A trial will convince you. Satisfaction assured or money refunded. We send Facial Cream and Soap for only \$1.00. All the three for \$2.50. Send your order today, direct to the manufacturers.



SHECHTER & CO.
125 Orchard St., Dept. C., New York

OLD SORES, PILES AND ECZEMA VANISH

Good, Old, Reliable Peterson's Ointment a Favorite Remedy.

"Had 51 ulcers on my legs. Doctors wanted to cut off leg. Peterson's Ointment cured me."—Wm. J. Nichols, 40 Wilder Street, Rochester, N. Y. Get a large box for 35 cents at any druggist, says Peterson, of Buffalo, N. Y. and money back if it isn't the best you ever used. Always keep Peterson's Ointment in the house. Fine for burns, scalds, bruises, sunburn, and the surest remedy for itching eczema and piles the world has ever known.

King Pin CHEWING

The tastiest tobacco you ever tasted.

A Sign. "I understand the old lady yonder is under suspicion."

"Why so?" "Don't you see she is wearing cork-screw curls?"

GREEN'S AUGUST FLOWER.

Constipation invites other troubles which come speedily unless quickly checked and overcome by Green's August Flower which is a gentle laxative, regulates digestion both in stomach and intestines, cleans and sweetens the stomach and alimentary canal, stimulates the liver to secrete the bile and impurities from the blood. It is a sovereign remedy used in many thousands of households all over the civilized world for more than half a century by those who have suffered with indigestion, nervous dyspepsia, sluggish liver, coming up of food, palpitation, constipation and other intestinal troubles. Sold by druggists and dealers everywhere. Try a bottle take no substitute.—Adv.

Ambitious. "Making money, I see. If you keep on like this you may get into our circle."

"I have no time for circles. I propose to plug straight ahead."

MURINE YOUR EYES
Night and Morning, Have Strong, Healthy Eyes. If they Tingle, 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. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago