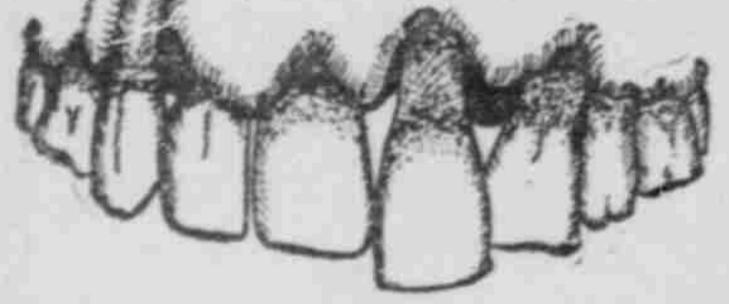


Sore Teeth Foul Breath

Discolored, Sore Teeth, Gum Disease and Foul Breath Yield Quickly to This Home Treatment

You can save the teeth nature gave you, make your mouth healthy and escape the tortures of the dental chair by following this simple Home Treatment. It is simple, easy and pleasant. Besides it is painless and cannot possibly harm you in any way.



Thousands of mouths like this are seen every day. The trouble is known as Pyrexia or Biggs' Disease. These soft, discolored, bleeding, foul-smelling and receding gums, loosened and sensitive teeth can be made firm, strong and healthy by this simple Home Method.

FREE BOOK TELLS HOW

Stop Despairing! Don't Give Up Hope of Saving Your Teeth.

A simple home treatment which we are placing before the public will bring you the relief and comfort you desire. Stop spending money with dentists who do not help you. Don't waste your money on drug store remedies that are invariably, as you know, disappointing.

Write to us today and learn more about this painless, speedy, inexpensive remedy that you can use at home, so there will be no further need for you to undergo the long, painful and expensive dental visit.

Dr. Willard's Cures and False Teeth are unobjectionable and rarely satisfactory, and through this treatment of the causes of bad and sensitive teeth, gum disease and foul breath they will be unnecessary.

If you are afflicted with Pyrexia or Biggs' Disease, gingivitis, receding gums, elongated or loose teeth; soft, discolored or spongy gums; if your breath is foul; if your teeth pain while eating; if you are subject to bad breath, then, for your own sake, send for Dr. Willard's book and learn how easy his method is—how painless and speedy—how this simple remedy quickly and permanently gives sound, healthy teeth.

Just cut down NOW and write us for this free book. A few minutes will convince you that Dr. Willard's common-sense, simple Home Remedy is what you are looking for. Don't wait. There is no gain in continuing with others. We have many scores of letters from people saying they would have given hundreds of dollars had they known of Dr. Willard's Home Treatment in time. Address Dr. F. W. WILLARD, A196, Powers Bldg., Chicago.

WILL ATTEND MEETING

Local Woodmen Will Visit Laporte on Saturday Night.

At the regular meeting of South Bend Lodge, No. 29, Woodmen of the World, held Wednesday night, it was decided that a special car will be chartered to take the members and visiting brothers to Laporte Saturday night, where the third degree is to be conferred on a number of candidates. The car will leave the corner of Main and Washington sts. at 6:30.

Keep Your Stomach and Liver Healthy
A vigorous Stomach, perfect working Liver, and regular acting Bowels are the result of Willard's New Life Pills. They insure good Digestion, correct Constipation and have an excellent tonic effect on the whole system—Purify your blood and rid you of all body poisons through the Bowels. Only 25¢ at your druggist.—Advt.

WILL AID WAR VICTIMS

Additional funds to aid the sufferers in the European war was raised at a meeting held last night at Turner hall. The meeting was held by the German-Austrian Red Cross society and the money will be sent to these countries. Previously the society had raised \$1,000.

Addresses were made by several including J. B. Stoll and Rev. M. A. Goffey. They defended Germany's attitude in the present war and denied the charge that it was the Kaiser and the German government which brought on the conflict.

GIRLS WILL ASSIST NEEDY

The Miami Campfire Girls will give a pastry sale Saturday morning in the tea room at the Y. W. C. A. for the purpose of raising funds for a Thanksgiving party planned at the last general meeting of the group to aid children who are the brothers and sisters of the campfire group is that of service and in giving the sale and party the girls hope to realize a fair sum for the use of the little ones.

**EVEN IF
YOU HAD A
NECK
AS LONG AS THIS
FELLOW AND HAD
SORE
THROAT
ALL
THE
WAY
DOWN**
TONSILINE
WOULD QUICKLY
RELIEVE IT.

A quick, safe, soothing, antiseptic relief for Sore Throat, briefly described TONSILINE. A small bottle of TONSILINE lasts longer than most any case of Sore Throat. TONSILINE comes in small bottles, sealed with Blue Ribbon. DRUGGISTS, order TONSILINE. DRAUGISTS, order TONSILINE. THE TONSILINE COMPANY, Canton, Ohio.

CHICHESTER'S PILLS
THE DIAMOND BRAND.
Send your Druggist for
Chichester's Pills. In Boxes and small
boxes, sealed with Blue Ribbon.
DRUGGISTS, order CHICHESTER'S
DIAMOND BRAND PILLS, for 25
years known as Best, Safest, Always Reliable.
SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.

THEIR MARRIED LIFE

By MABEL HERBERT URNER

WARREN'S ARROGANT UNREASONABLENESS FOR ONCE WORKS FOR HELEN'S COMFORT.

Another loud knock, and again the steward called:

"Bath ready, sir?"
Helen, who was sleeping in the upper berths, pushed back the curtain and leaned over the edge.

"It's Warren! Warren! There's the bath steward—your bath's ready!"

"Oh, all right," growled Warren, turning over to sleep again.

"Dear, you must get up! He's holding the bathroom for you. Some one else may be waiting."

"Let 'em wait!"

It was not until the steward came twice again with his insistent knock and call of, "Bath ready, sir," that he finally got Warren up.

With the steward to herself, Helen now climbed gingerly down the steep ladder which hung from the upper berths. She slipped into the blue cashmere gown she had bought for a steamer bathrobe, got out the rubber lined case that held her soap, sponge and tooth brush and was waiting when the stewardess came to call her for her bath.

There were only two names on the card which hung by the bathroom door, her own for 8:30 and a Mrs. Whiting for 9. Helen wondered why there were not more.

"Is it warm enough, m'am?" asked the stewardess, who had solicitously followed her to the door.

Helen dipped her hand in the water with a sense of unwanted luxury in having her bath prepared. A large towel was spread before the tub, another over the bench, and two others lay folded ready for use.

When Helen bolted the door and stepped into the huge tub of warm water, the discomforts of the crowded stateroom were forgotten in the real luxury of a sea bath. She did not hurry, but took the full half hour allotted to give Warren time to dress and get on deck.

With a pleasant sense of well-being and exhilaration from the salt bath Helen went back to the stateroom. To her amazement she found Warren still in his bathrobe, lying in his berth.

"Want to see it? Here, it's through this way."

Plainly the getting up and out and the exercising of his combative nature had made Warren feel better, for there was now no trace of illness in his swaggering attitude.

The stateroom was larger and much more luxuriously fitted than the other, and the tiny white bathroom was a model of convenience.

"Oh, it's wonderful!" exclaimed Helen, enthusiastically. "Dear, I think it was awfully nice of the chief steward to do this."

"Nothing more than he should do."

"But now that we're so comfortably fixed," pleadingly, "let's try not to make another complaint."

"Huh, well we'll put up a good stiff kick whenever there's anything to kick about. Come on now. I feel like breakfast."

Constant giggle like that's enough to make anybody sick," he growled.

"If we'd taken that other room we'd have been up front instead of back here over this confounded machinery. But that was an inside room, and you set up a hole about 'air'."

"Constant giggle like that's enough to make anybody sick," he growled.

"Oh, I feel rocky all over."

"Maybe if you'd get on deck—the air might help!"

"There you go again! The air! The air! It's because you've gone clean daffy on the air question that we're over these blasted engines."

Helen knew that whatever suggestion she might make would only provoke him further. He was always particularly irritable when he was ill.

"Huh, take away some of the confounded pillows, will you? They've got about a dozen in here—hard as bricks."

"Dear, don't you want the steward to bring you an orange? Perhaps if you'd eat something."

More Grumbling.

But Warren only grunted his disapproval while he pulled angrily at the covers in their sheet encasement.

"Get this thing straight here! I'm cold. Why on earth do they sew up their covers in a bag, anyhow? About as unwieldy as a board."

"That's to protect the blankets, dear," as she tucked him in. "This way you're sure of not getting next to you a blanket that's been over some one else. It's much more sanitary."

But Warren was not in a mood to argue the point. With a fretful step he turned over and demanded a drink of water.

"No, not out of that," as Helen started to take one of the water bottles from its rack in the washstand. "Thought you were so all-fired particular. You're always spouting about things being 'sanitary'. That's not fit to drink—stand there all night."

Although it had been covered with an upturned glass and was perfectly fresh, Helen rang for the steward and sent for another bottle.

"Tell him to bring me the juice of a grapefruit with cracked ice."

"Would you like a little toast, too, dear?"

"No, I wouldn't. I can ask for what I want. What I would like is for you to get dressed and out of here. I'm going to sleep again—not going to get up till I feel better."

Helen drew the curtains before Warren's berth and dressed as quickly as she could, while Warren lay there fuming at one thing after another.

"Now what're you trying to do?" he rasped irritably as she climbed up on the edge of his berth to get something from the port hole overhead.

"My veil, my dear, I put it up here last night."

"Well, hurry and get out!"

Just then the ship's band, which played every morning on deck, struck up with a deafening crash just outside their port hole.

"The devil!" roared Warren, sitting up, fuming for that he hit his head on the edge of the upper berth.

While he rubbed his head and muttered strenuous maledictions on the whole time, the steward came with the grapefruit juice.

More Trouble.

"Go out there and make that band get away from this port hole!" shouted Warren, trying to make his voice heard above the rattle-dub-dub of the bass drum. "If they've got to play make them go to the other end of the deck."

"I'm afraid I can't, sir, that's where they always play."

"Well, they're not going to play there now! I'm sick, and I'm not going to stand that infernal racket. Send the chief steward here."

But the chief steward sent back word that he could not come just then, and that it would be impossible to have the band moved, as they played there so the second-class passengers could also hear the music.

"I'll see about that! I'll take this up with the captain. I'll see if a sick man has to put up with that din."

"But, dear, they won't play long."

I wouldn't complain about it to the captain.

"Well, I would! Think I'm going to have that ear-splitting brass band right here every morning? I want to rest up on this trip. Suppose I want to sleep late. Now you get out of here while I dress. I'm going to have this thing settled right now."

"Are you sure you feel well enough?" anxiously. "Don't you want me to help get your things?"

"All I want is for you to get out!" he shouted, as the band, after a few moments' interval, struck up again.

Helen went on deck full of misgiving. She dreaded Warren's going to the captain with a complaint on the very first day of the trip. She felt it would prejudice every officer of the ship against them. On the voyage last year he was constantly embarrassing her by complaining about something. He seemed to think the whole ship should be regulated to suit his convenience.

All Right.

It was not until the steward came twice again with his insistent knock and call of, "Bath ready, sir," that he finally got Warren up.

With the steward to herself, Helen now climbed gingerly down the steep ladder which hung from the upper berths. She slipped into the blue cashmere gown she had bought for a steamer bathrobe, got out the rubber lined case that held her soap, sponge and tooth brush and was waiting when the stewardess came to call her for her bath.

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