

Health Talks
No. 17

AUTOINTOXICATION

Reduced to simple English this term means poisoning of the system by harmful putrefactive bacteria in the intestines. It is usually caused by constipation. Bilious attacks, rheumatism, nervous exhaustion and skin diseases often follow a constipated condition.

Most constipation and you lay your system open to the attack of various ailments—from "tired feeling" to anemia. Fortunately for us, constipation can be corrected by regular use of a simple remedy, like Jaques' Digestive Capsules. They invigorate the torpid bowel muscles and tone up the entire digestive tract. Jaques' Capsules enjoy the distinction of being recommended by physicians. Take them regularly and you can soon bid a "willing goodbye" to constipation. Get at all druggists or postpaid from Jaques Capsule Co., Plattsburgh, N. Y.



Baby Loves
A Bath With
Cuticura
Soap
Bland and Soothing to Tender Skin

CURES CUDS — LA GRIPPE
in 24 Hours. *Billie* on 3 Days
GASCAB QUININE

Standard cold remedy world over. Demand
box bearing Mr. Hill's portrait and signature.
At All Druggists — 30 Cents

Garfield Tea

Was Your
Grandmother's Remedy

For every stomach and intestinal ill. This good old-fashioned herb home remedy for constipation, stomach ills and other derangements of the system so prevalent these days is in even greater favor as a family medicine than in your grandmother's day.

Milk Made No Sort of
Hit With Slum Woman

Hil C. Davis, the noted reformer, said in an address in Pittsburgh:

"Politics are so rotten, it's no wonder autocrats have sprung up in Russia, Spain and Italy. An autocracy may spring up here. Our average politician understands statesmanship about as well as the slum woman understood milk."

"A model dairy, by way of an advertisement, once supplied a sample quart of rich, pure milk to a slum woman, and next morning, when the wagon stopped again, the woman said:

"Don't leave no more of yer milk here, mister. It's on the pig. I'm scared of it."

"Afraid of our milk? Why so, mudum?" said the delivery man.

"I let the sample ye give me yesterday stand for a couple of hours," she replied, "and it got a nasty, thick, yeller scum on the top of it, so I got scared and had to throw it out."

Every advertisement of housekeeping needs Red Cross Ball Blue. Equally good for kitchen towels, table linen, sheets and pillowcases, etc.—Advertisement.

Measure Lightning

Photography determines the distance of a lightning flash and hence the dimensions of any of its features. Two cameras are mounted side by side and exposed at the same time, says Nature Magazine. Objects of known distance from the point of observation are photographed along with the lightning, and a comparison of the two pictures, plus a little mathematics, gives the distance of the lightning much more exactly than the old process of counting seconds between the flash and the thunder.

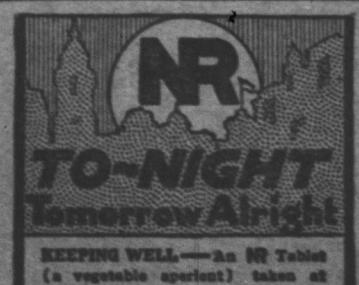
If your eyes smart or feel sealed, Banan Skin Balsam will open them by morning. Adv.

Tough Grass a Nuisance

In the Philippines there is a grass, known as "cogon," which grows as high as a man's head and has roots so tough that no ordinary animals can drag a plow through it. It has been the ruin of thousands of farmers who by the use of fertilizers and other methods have tried to keep the same fields under cultivation for periods of years.

Sure Relief
FOR INDIGESTION

BELL-ANS
6 BELL-ANS
Hot water
Sure Relief
25¢ AND 75¢ PACKAGES EVERYWHERE



NR
TO-NIGHT
KEEPING WELL

KEEPING WELL—An NR tablet (a vegetable asperient) taken at night will help keep you well, by toning and strengthening your digestion and assimilation.

Get a
box
of
NR
Jars
Claps off the Old Block
IN JUNIOR'S—Little Miss
Snatched the regular dose. Made
of the same ingredients, then candy
coated for children and adults.
TRY YOUR DRUGGIST

THE RED
GUNLINE TRAIL

By
Crittenden
Marriott
Illustrations by
Irwin Myers

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"YOUNG CARR"

SYNOPSIS.—Thrown from his auto in a New York village, a man is carried unconscious to the home of a Mr. and Mrs. Grant. A doctor discourses he has been shot fatally. Consciousness returning, he babbles of "millions." He begs that Henry Archman, millionaire resident of the village, be sent for, desirous he has been shot. Archman comes. Archman cannot be reached by phone, but word is sent that his secretary is on the way. A man announcing himself as Archman's secretary, Aklin, arrives with a package, giving to Mrs. Morbach dies. Archman's arrival, with his secretary, reveals that the man posing as Aklin is an impostor. Archman denounces Edith Grant as a girl interested in him. Archman, it appears, his millions made in Chicago, has yielded to the importunities of his family—his wife, daughters Nellie and Bessie (seventeen years old), and son Harry—of coming to New York in an endeavor to gain recognition by the Four Hundred. They have not succeeded. Mrs. Archman is bitter over her failure, particularly mourning the fact that she has not been "taken up" by society. Valuable orders Nellie to get ready for a long journey with him. He refuses to reveal their destination to his wife, declaring it is "not his secret." Nellie tells Bess she is in love with James Carr, a youth working for Archman's El Rio. She gives Bess a message for him. Archman and Nellie depart. Harry tells Bess of his determination to marry Edith Grant. Mrs. Archman receives a map, with the instruction that she return Morbach's papers and suggesting she forward it to Mr. Archman. Lord George Caruthers, traveling Englishman, arrives at the Archman home, by invitation. He makes in the stage name. And now your sister

guessed, though if you don't mind my saying so, you don't look a bit like your sister?" His face changed. "You will give me the message, won't you?" he begged. "If you knew how hard these three days have been to me you wouldn't hesitate."

Bess had been staring at him frankly. "I like you," she said suddenly. "Shake!" She held out her hand.

The young man grasped it ardently. "Thank you! Thank you!" he cried

at the chair house, madam!"

Mrs. Archman nodded and followed.

"Captain," she said, as she took her seat, "where are you to meet my husband?"

If Captain Bunker was surprised he did not show it. "I don't know, madam," he said. "I'm sailing under sealed orders."

"What does that mean?"

"I have a sealed letter, which I am not to open till I get out to sea. I can't tell you where I am going because I don't know myself."

"Then you don't know whether you are to meet him on an island? It is important that I should know."

Captain Bunker shook his head. "I know absolutely nothing," he protested.

"Very well; then listen to me." Mrs. Archman recounted the events that had started Archman southward, and told of the arrival of the map. "I'm sure this map was part of the stolen papers, and I am very anxious to get it to my husband. I came down here to ask you to take it and give it to him when you saw him. But I have changed my mind since I came."

"Yes." The captain did not know what was coming.

"Yes! For reasons of my own, I want to get my son and daughter away from New York. How many staterooms can you have ready for passengers by the time you are ready to sail?"

The captain counted up on his fingers. "Six," he said.

"That will be enough, captain. We will all go south with you."

"But—my dear madam!" Captain Bunker caught his breath. "I can't take you. I have no orders."

"I'm giving them to you now. Mr. Archman did not forbid it, did he?"

"No; but—"

"Very well, then; it's settled. I will take all the difficulties. It will really solve a lot of difficulties, captain. Besides, I'm not easy about Henry. I want to see him and give him that map myself. Yes! We'll join you, captain."

Captain Bunker shook his head. "I'd be delighted to have you, Mrs. Archman," he said. "But I can't take you without orders from the head of the firm. I can't really. If you'll telegraph to Chicago and get them to instruct me in such work."

"Very well! I'll do it. Meanwhile, get ready for us."

Captain Bunker nodded. He knew when to make a virtue of necessity, did Captain Bunker. "Of course," he agreed. "I'll be delighted to have you all on board, you know. I just couldn't take the responsibility myself."

"I understand. By the way, captain—do all the workmen on the ship go with us?"

"Oh, no! Most of them are carpenters connected with the docks. Young Carr is in charge of them."

"Who?"

"Young Carr. Yonder he is." The captain pointed. "Most of the men are in his charge. We are shipping a new crew, you know, but none of them are on board yet."

"Er—who is Mr. Carr? What do you know about him?"

Captain Bunker looked surprised. "Nothing much," he answered. "He's attached to the yards here. He seems a pleasant young fellow, though a little close-mouthed and inclined to be mysterious."

Bess faced her calmly. "I'm so glad you've come, mother," she said. "I want you to meet Mr. Carr. He's supervising the repairs on father's ship. Mr. Carr, this is my mother, and Lord George Caruthers."

Lord George nodded in friendly fashion. Mrs. Archman, however, glared icily. The temperature had dropped. "Oh, yes!" she said, with a very slight inclination of her head. "You're the carpenter, I believe, Mr. Carr." She glanced at the chips on the deck.

Carr smiled. If he was washed he did not show it. "I'm trying to be

as good as I can be on deck first."

When Mrs. Archman, Harry and Lord George had reluctantly vanished down the companionway, Bess turned and picked her way forward over the obstructed deck. Close by the cook's galley she noticed a young man who was sitting on the deck laboriously fitting a short piece of plank into a break in the rail. He was by no means an Adonis, but he seemed to possess some of the characteristics that Nellie had described, and she stopped and looked at him until he raised his eyes and saw her. Hastily he scrambled to his feet and snatched off his cap. "I beg pardon!" he exclaimed.

Bess' teeth flashed. "You needn't," she answered. "You don't know me. You're Mr. Carr, aren't you?"

The young man nodded. "I can't deny it," he laughed.

"Well, I'm little sister. Big sister gave me a message for you. And I've been wondering whether I ought to give it to you or not."

An expression of sudden intelligence swept over the young fellow's face. "Oh, you're Miss Carr, I see," he said. "I caught you in the act."

"I'm not," she said. "I caught you in the act."

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