

Clean Kidneys By Drinking Lots of Water

Take Salts to Flush Kidneys if
Bladder Bothers or
Back Hurts

Eating too much rich food may produce kidney trouble in some forms, says a well-known authority, because the acids created excite the kidneys. Then they become overworked, get sluggish, clog up and cause all sorts of distress, particularly backache and misery in the kidney region, rheumatic twinges, severe headaches, acid stomach, constipation, torpid liver, sleeplessness, bladder and urinary irritation.

The moment your back hurts or kidneys aren't acting right, or if bladder bothers you, begin drinking lots of good water and also get about four ounces of Jad Salts from any good pharmacy; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast for a few days and your kidneys may then act fine. This famous salt is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for years to flush clogged kidneys and stimulate them to activity; also to neutralize the acids in the system so that they no longer irritate, thus often relieving bladder disorders.

Jad Salts can not injure anyone; makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water drink which millions of men and women take now and then to help keep the kidneys and urinary organs clean, thus often avoiding serious kidney disorders.

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and
The Spirit
of Happiness



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For a lovely skin and a sweet
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A SAFE, DEPENDABLE LAXATIVE

HART'S ALIMENTARY ELIXIR

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Forceful Tonic

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88 years.

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Resinol

RED FOX SAVED HIS HIDE

By H. M. EGBERT

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RED FOX showed his teeth in a grin as he entered his burrow. He had had no adventures worthy of the name that afternoon, but he meant to have some that evening. That afternoon he had merely slunk through the heather investigating the food supply. Now he curled himself up snugly in his earth and prepared to sleep until nightfall.

Red Fox was a bachelor. He was a monster fox, and one of the oldest of the county. His splendid fur was known to every huntsman over a radius of leagues. He had pitted his wits against the hounds time and again, and always won.

Life was nothing without the spice of adventure. They say a fox loves the hunt as much as the men, the hounds, and the horses. Red Fox was hunted three times a week, and he knew every trick of his trade. Some day, when his strength and speed began to fall him, the inevitable end would come. The hounds would tear his slim body, his mask and pads and brush would be cut off to adorn some hall. But of that Red Fox knew nothing. He thought that he was immortal.

When night came he slunk out and was soon going at full gallop across the fields. The house that he had inspected had a new chicken yard. It was the work of a moment for Red Fox to leap from a bough to the coop and seize a fat cockerel by the neck. As he was carrying off his prey he saw the farmer come out of his house and point a gun at him.

Red Fox was immediately in the line of fire. He did not know what a gun was, but he knew that it spelled danger. He snarled and showed his teeth, and the farmer, muttering, put the gun down and let Red Fox gallop away. For nobody dares to shoot a fox in England unless he wants to bring down upon his head the wrath of a hunt-loving countryside.

Red Fox bounded away toward his burrow. But at a distance of five hundred yards some instinct caused him to stop. He smelled something. It was a man, somewhere near him, and he knew that the man was not passively hostile, as all men were, but an inveterate enemy.

Cautiously he skulked forward until he came within sight of his burrow. Then, crouching in the undergrowth, he saw the man bending over it. Red Fox skulked there until the man was gone.

When at last, by devious ways, he reached his burrow, he found it closed. The man was the earth-stopper, and he had blocked Red Fox's home so that he should not be able to evade the hounds on the morrow. It would be a chase to the death—his death!

Vaguely uneasy, Red Fox sniffed about the place, and then, warned by his same instinct, he trotted about half a mile away, into a gorse patch, where he lay down and devoured the cockerel. Afterward he went to sleep, with one ear drooping and the other alert for possible enemies.

The sun had been up some time when Red Fox lazily stretched his limbs and prepared to stir. But as he did so he scented a peculiar and hated odor, so like his own that he showed his teeth in fury. It was not that of a rival fox, however, but of the sniffing hounds that surrounded the gorse covert.

They had scented him and were on his trail. Behind them rode the master and whipper-in, and grouped in the distance was the crowd that had gathered for the hunting.

Suddenly, with a bay, the oldest hound dashed forward toward the spot where Red Fox lay. And instantly Red Fox had leaped from the covert and was racing along the ditch.

The huntsman blew a blast upon his horn. The hounds bayed, the hunters hurried up at the gallop. In an instant the whole field was on the track of the hounds, and they were pursuing the lean, lithe shadow that raced over the fields.

The huntsmen strung out in a long line. The hounds dashed forward at full speed. They saw Red Fox no longer, but his scent was plainly discernible, and though his first burst of speed was greater than theirs, it could not last. Red Fox, looking back, saw the hounds two fields away, and the horses leaping the hedges.

Red Fox had been hunted many times, and had always gone free. But now he began to be vaguely distressed. His meal had been a hearty one, and he knew that his earth was stopped. He came upon a brook, trotted down it to throw off the scent, and emerged on the same side, half doubling upon his tracks. He halted in a patch of ferns to get his wind.

He showed his teeth again, but this

time in a laugh, as he saw the hound vainly casting up and down the stream for the scent. He trotted quietly along the bank. He was rejoicing in the success of his maneuvers when with a loud bay the oldest hound took up the scent again; and once more the whole pack was after him.

Now the chase was on in earnest. Red Fox put forth all his speed, since cunning was no longer serviceable. He could still gain on the hounds, all except a few of the older ones, hardened by years of the chase. Hounds and horses were strung out over the fields behind him, but the old hound still led the remnants of the pack, doggedly and untiringly.

Glancing back over his shoulder, Red Fox saw that of all the horses, only two were near him. One carried a man in a red hunting coat, the other a woman. They were galloping side by side. It seemed to Red Fox that there was a certain hostility between them. Red Fox could scent friendship and enmity in human beings, as well as animals—that was of the essence of his life—and he noticed how, in spite of their nearness to each other, the woman kept her horse's head turned from the man's horse. Red Fox imagined, also, that there was a sort of rivalry between them for his capture.

He was frightened for almost the first time in his life. He began to dodge and double. Suddenly he remembered that the little stream which he had passed earlier that morning wound in courses not half a mile distant, in some dense fir patches. If he could make that he might throw the hounds off the scent.

They were not fifty paces away when he dashed into the firs. Before him rolled the brook, wider here, and afforded him the supreme opportunity that he required. He sprang into the water and swam hard up stream, only his whiskered face appearing above the surface.

As he swam between the overhanging branches of the leafy hazel bushes that fringed the stream he heard the baying hounds burst into the firs. He heard the leader's bay change into a whine and knew that his pursuers were at fault. Red Fox showed his teeth once more, this time in another laugh. He had baffled them, as the wise old fox had done so many times before.

The ground sloped sharply toward the brook. Red Fox, still swimming, saw the two horses stop on the verge. The man pulled back his animal, but the girl's horse, slipping on the wet bank, fell over, pinning her beneath its body.

Instantly the man leaped to the ground and holding the reins round his arm, bent over the other.

"Muriel! Are you hurt? Are you hurt, dear?" he asked in anxious tones.

But the girl did not answer him. The horse had fallen upon her arm and shoulder, bruising them badly. She had fainted from the pain.

The man knelt at her side. He sprang to his feet again, filled his hat at the stream, and, returning, began sprinkling water into her face. She sighed, and at length opened her eyes.

"Muriel! Muriel, dear! I have been a beast!" exclaimed the man. "Can you ever forgive me? I loved you all the while."

Her lips were quivering, but more from mental than from physical pain.

"You told me I was a hard, cruel woman, Arthur!" she sobbed.

"I was mad. You are an angel, Muriel. Forgive me! Say that you will forgive me!"

"Do you love me, Arthur? Do you really love me, after all?" Her voice was piteous. "Arthur, I couldn't live unless you loved me."

He had extricated her from under the animal, which now scrambled to its feet and stood looking down upon them. He raised the girl and drew her into his arms.

"I love you forever and ever, dear," he said.

She leaned her head upon his shoulder. Their lips met. The man took something from his pocket and slipped it back into its accustomed place. It encircled the girl's finger, and the diamond solitaire sparkled brightly.

Suddenly the girl pointed into the brush.

"Look! Look, Arthur!" she exclaimed.

"The little rascal! I haven't the heart to call the hounds," answered the man.

And Red Fox, still untaken, loped homeward at an easy gait. Once more he had saved that splendid fur and brush, and with his pads he delicately wiped the water from the mask which was not yet hanging in some huntsman's hall.

Controlling Climate

Climate is controlled to suit the most exacting needs in the work of the horticulturist and plant breeder in the greenhouses at the Wisconsin College of Agriculture. Many of the plants receive the light 24 hours a day, through the aid of large electric bulbs, kept burning all night. Temperature and humidity conditions are also scientifically controlled.

A Few Little Smiles



A WOMAN'S LOGIC

Mrs. Jones cast an entirely new light—and it may be, a wholly reasonable one—on the problem of woman's dress the other night. She and Mr. Jones were awaiting callers, and Mr. Jones surveyed her new gown rather critically. "Isn't it a little extreme?" he suggested. "A little short and low cut?"

"Well, I don't know," said Mrs. Jones, "they are coming to see me, aren't they—not the dress?"—Argonaut.

Sense of Superiority

"Why don't you go into politics?"

"I am in politics," answered Miss Cayenne. "I cast a vote every time I have the opportunity."

"Why don't you run for office?"

"I cling to the idea of feminine superiority. I prefer having a man requesting me to vote for him to being in a position where I would have to request him to vote for me."—Washington Star.

PREVENTIVE MEASURE



She—Why do men always try to hold girls' hands?

He (a trifle cynical)—Probably to keep the girls from putting their hands in our pockets.

Something Missing

He tried to cross the railroad track before a rushing train; They put the pieces in a sack, But couldn't find the brain.

The Wife Learns to Drive

"I asked a policeman, like you told me."

"Well?"

"He said I was on the wrong side of the street, so I left the car there and walked over."

Liars All

"So you went fishing with Brown yesterday. What did you catch?"

"Ask Brown. I've forgotten the number we agreed on."

THE CALF HAS HIS DAY



The Bull—I hear the prodigal's returned. Ain't you scared?

The Fatted Calf—Not me. The boss turned me loose and I butted the prodigal off the premises.

Die of Joy

"If ignorance is bliss," said Black To White, "well, then, my boy, You'd better get your life insured: You're apt to die of joy!"

The Truth of the Matter

"I wouldn't marry him if he were the last man in the world."

"If he were the last, you'd be killed in the rush, dear."

Remembered

Wife—You think so much of your old golf, you don't even remember when we were married.

Hubby—Sure, I do. It was the day after I sank the 80-foot putt.—New Bernian.

Unfortunately

"Most men never think seriously of acquiring a fortune until they're married."

"Perhaps they only realize that how badly they need one!"



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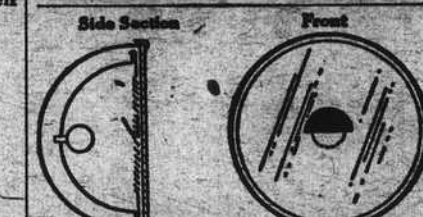
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Canada Grows Tobacco

Tobacco is being grown for market in a valley in British Columbia which corresponds in latitude to the northern part of Newfoundland, says the Dearborn Independent.

Doubt indulged becomes doubt realized.

Tanlac Guards Her Health

Ten Years of Suffering From Indigestion, Headaches, General Run-Down Condition Relieved.

Mrs. J. W. Tate, 1502 Maple Street, Rome, Ga., says: "To look at me now no one would suspect that I nearly died from indigestion and stomach trouble. Toxic depression, chronic headache, backache and run-down system combined with stomach trouble caused me 10 miserable years of suffering."

"My condition became so bad that I could not take any nourishment except sweet milk. I lost a great deal of weight and was so weak that the short walk to the store would exhaust me completely."

"Now I go all day without eating. My stomach does not bother me. I eat everything without suffering. Headaches have vanished. I have regained my lost weight. Tanlac relieved all my suffering and gave me new strength. It is the guardian of my health."

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