

Make your pastry with PURITY FLOUR It will be delicious

WE tell you frankly that it will likely cost you slightly more to make pastry with PURITY FLOUR than with an ordinary flour. But thousands of home-cooks, who have tried both, willingly pay the difference.

Because of its *extra* strength and *extra* quality *more* shortening must be added to PURITY FLOUR than to blended or soft wheat flours, when making pastry.

PURITY FLOUR gets its *extra* strength and *extra* quality from the *high-grade* portions of the hard wheat berries. There is no low-grade hard wheat flour, nor no soft wheat flour, mixed with PURITY. It is all *high-grade*.

Naturally, such a high-class flour will cost you slightly more. It costs more to make. It is worth more money.

But think of the added delicacy of flavor, the extra deliciousness of the pies and the cakes! Surely it is

worth paying a little more for greater enjoyment.

And the pleasure of using such a high-class, reliable flour for all manner of cooking and baking purposes cannot be counted in mere dollars and cents. And remember that PURITY FLOUR makes



"More bread and better bread"

It takes more water because it's a strong, thirsty flour. It goes farther in the baking. Get a pencil and add

PURITY FLOUR

to your grocery list
right now.

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Say Farewell to Every Corn

Don't pare off the top layer and let the real corn go. That's simply folly.

It is dangerous, too. A slip of the blade often means an infection. Sometimes it means blood poison.

That form of home surgery doesn't belong to these intelligent times.

The treatment used by millions is this:

Apply a Blue-jay plaster. It is done in a jiffy. The pain ends instantly—the corn is forgotten.

Then the B & B wax gently loosens the corn. In 48 hours the whole corn comes out, root and all.

No soreness, no discomfort. Fifty million corns have been ended in this way since this famous wax was invented.

Let it remove one for you. That will show you the end of corn troubles forever.

A in the picture is the soft B & B wax. It loosens the corn.
B protects the corn, stopping the pain at once.
C wraps around the toe. It is narrowed to be comfortable.
D is rubber adhesive to fasten the plaster on.

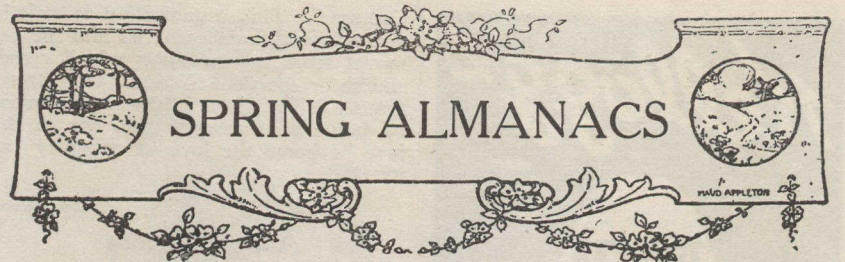
Blue-jay Corn Plasters

Sold by Druggists—15c and 25c per package

Sample Mailed Free. Also Blue-jay Bunion Plasters (150)

Bauer & Black, Chicago and New York, Makers of B & B Handy Package Absorbent Cotton, etc.

Read our Advertisement Guarantee on Page Three of this issue.



By ELLEN R. C. WEBBER

HAVE you ever questioned "Why" when you see half the neighborhood semi-ill each spring? All nature is recruiting, the earth is putting forth new life, the birds are rejuvenated and fairly overflowing with happiness and joy. Only humanity is at its lowest ebb, is ill, tired, depressed, sick with a nameless, unplaceable, indescribable, might-be-most-anything sort of disease; a combination of universal symptoms hastily summed up as "spring fever."

Oh, yes, I know the explanation your doctor gives; poor fellow, he must give some seemingly logical explanation, else where would his chance for a fee come in? So he says: "Too much fat and sugar in the winter diet; a superabundance of hydro-carbonates; a serious tendency towards *perihepatitis*, or perhaps *hydatids*, or it might be *icterus neonatorum*. Anyway, this prescription will help you: two dollars and fifty cents, please."

Goodness gracious! If that wouldn't scare you loose from two-fifty, what would? And after all, boiled down into everyday English it simply means that your liver is "out of whack." But I know better; I have learned from experience, and when a woman has learned a lesson from that teacher, she is a fool no longer; and a Latin word as long as a boa constrictor could not detach her from that hardly-gained knowledge. My lesson? Well, I'll tell you about that.

We are, as a rule, a healthy lot; and had been as well as usual all winter, so that when one after another of my family fell a victim to some death-dealing malady, I was sorely puzzled to account for it.

I looked about for a cause, but so far as my knowledge went I saw none. The table, while not luxurious, was well supplied with wholesome food. The cooking was no worse than usual. The meals were regular, and yet John suddenly developed strong symptoms of dyspepsia.

IT was only at Christmas, that upon my remonstrating with him upon a tendency towards overeating, he assured me that he had the digestion of an ostrich, and the only limit to be set upon the capability of his stomach was its capacity. Yet, while the second month of the new year was still in its morning, here he was a victim of dyspepsia in its worst form. Melancholy had claimed him for her own; he made his will (my half to go to the children in case I married again; just as if I hadn't earned twice as much as all he owns) and he chose a spot to be buried in. His face grew long and solemn, and the children were not allowed to laugh in his presence.

He must have felt very miserable, judging from his success in making everyone else feel so. At last he went down to the drug department of the village store and bought a bottle of—never mind what; I'm not drawing commissions on free ads.—but whatever it was, it brought no relief to John, though he took it with the same regularity and faithfulness that a man always gives to a bitter dose—twice the first day, and a second portion three days later.

However, John was just; he didn't blame the medicine; but said "he thought this case was an unusually severe one, and that in all probability he was a doomed man." While the symptoms in John's case were rapidly growing worse and more numerous, Fred was seized with severe pains in his back; and at last he broke the news as gently as possible, that he expected to pass away before the summer waned, through the agency of kidney disease. He, too, purchased a well-advertised remedy, and took his doses every two hours; though the directions only asked you to step along towards the next bottle at the rate of three doses a day.

Fred said "he didn't believe in spending money on medicines and then not giving them a fair chance." Fred's medicine had its "fair chance" till the

bottle was two-thirds emptied. I overheard eleven-year-old Joe telling him "he had better burn the cork and eat the powder so as to get everything there was in the bottle." But poor Fred was too near the grave to take kindly to childish jokes. His disease developed so rapidly that by potato planting he was unable to do a stroke of work.

Joe and I had to "help"—at least that's what John called it, though I maintain yet that John hindered Joe and me—in the planting of the potato crop. With this extra work added to house-keeping and the nursing of John and Fred, I was pretty well done out; so I could not fail to observe that Melinda, my daughter, was unable to help me, even to the extent of washing up the dishes. I turned to her woes, to learn that she was wasting away through a cough, which, unless speedily checked, would end in consumption.

I had noticed her little hacking, nervous cough, which I had taken for a disagreeable habit rather than any real disease, but she insisted that it was the first symptom of consumption.

I saw that she would be unhappy without her deadly complaint, so I gave in, and let her enjoy her misery. She asked me to get for her a particular preparation of cod liver oil, as this was the only known remedy for such a case as hers.

Now Melinda, as you know, can roll as well as she can walk, and I wondered if she would be obliged to omit walking, and roll altogether after her course of cod liver oil. However it did not increase her flesh any, for Melinda being fond of the good things of life, did not find cod liver oil, even in its most refined form, at all to her taste. She recovered quickly from consumption, and developed various symptoms of apoplexy; was afflicted with vertigo, almost by falling fits. I think the only thing that saved her was her inability to concentrate her mind firmly on her symptoms; the distraction being due to the fact that she was in doubt as to whether she was threatened with apoplexy or epilepsy. She asked me which I thought it was, and I was obliged to admit that there were one or two items regarding these diseases upon which I was not altogether certain. I could nearly always tell measles or smallpox within an hour after the health officer had gone round; a white flag meant measles and a yellow one smallpox. And without any assistance whatever, I could distinguish toothache from sciatica; but beyond this I was a complete failure, and always consulted a physician when I thought I needed rescuing from a premature grave.

And right there I discovered one peculiarity about my sickly family. They one and all declared against doctors. Their arguments sounded so much alike that I was amazed at the unity of ideas, particularly between Fred and Melinda; it is so unusual to see these two agree upon any subject.

THEN, too, there was a mystical, elusive familiarity in their arguments against the medical fraternity that haunted and yet puzzled me, till I settled it finally in my own mind as being a memory from a past incarnation. Whenever I fail to recall an idea clearly, and haven't time to look it up, I always shunt it on to a past incarnation. It's satisfactory, and saves bother.

Next I found Joe boiling the drinking water, as he explained, "to kill the typhoid germs." It seemed he already had it, "would take to his bed in another five days." I rose in rebellion; I simply could not run a ranch, a house and an hospital single-handed. Going to the big apple tree I cut a switch, and then interviewed Joe in the woodshed.

"Joe," I said, "you see this switch; now I'll wear it out across your back if you show any more symptoms of typhoid fever! I'm worn to death with dyspepsia and kidney complaint, consumption and apoplexy, and I won't have any more invalids in the family. Now tell the truth, Joe, and I'll let you

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