Undigested Food

When any portion of food remains in the stomach and refuses to digest, it causes the torments of indigestion. This undigested food rapidly ferments, irritating the sensitive coating of the stomach, while other parts of the body, particularly the head, suffer in consequence.

So long as this undigested food remains in the stomach, the discomfort continues. A few doses of

BEECHAM'S PILLS

stop all fermentation, sweeten the contents of the stomach and give natural assistance that relieves the stomach of its burden. The use of Beecham's Pills gradually strengthens the stomach nerves and soon restores them to a normal, healthy condition.

Beecham's Pills positively cure all stomach troubles, while their beneficial effects on the liver and kidneys greatly improve the general health.

Beecham's Pills have been used and recommended by the general public for over fifty years.

Prepared only by the Proprietor, Thomas Beecham, St. Helens, Lancashire, Eng.

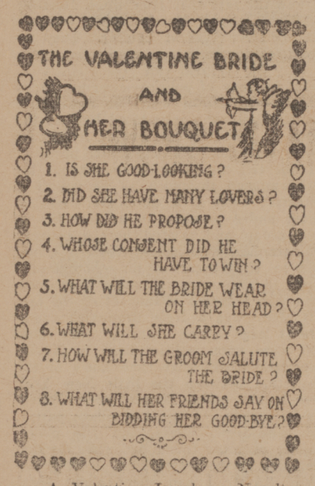
Sold everywhere in Canada and U. S. America. In boxes 25 cents.

A Valentine Luncheon

Though all luncheons are pretty much the same, here is a suggestion for a valentine one that contains a novel idea. It may be given at any time the week preceding or the one following St. Valentine's Day.

While not essential, it is a very good idea to give the luncheon in honor of a bride-elect or a young matron but recently wedded. If possible, have all the guests recent brides or prospective ones of members or the bride-elect's wedding party. There can scarcely be any day of the year when such an assemblage is more fitting than on St. Valentine's Day.

Needless to say, the decorations of the table must be in keeping with the day.



A Valentine Luncheon Novelty

Any number of valentine novelties may be purchased at notion stores, and ribbons, flowers and artistic arranging will do the rest.

A little aftermath that is really novel and interesting is as follows:

At each plate have a place card, tastefully drawn and lettered, somewhat as shown in the illustration, on heavy, white cardboard, such as is used for tally cards. At the head of each card place the name of the lady by whom the place will be occupied. Arranged on each card, each below the other, are certain questions.

Explain to the guests that these questions all refer to the bride-elect, in whose honor the luncheon is given, and that each question must be answered with the name of some flower—all of which grouped in a cluster naturally make "The Valentine Bride's Bouquet." Allow a certain length of time for the guests to write their answers on the reverse side of their cards, then collect them. Award one, two or three prizes to the ladies having the largest number of questions answered correctly. In case of a tie, cut cards to decide. The answers to the questions are:

1. American Beauty.
2. Phlox (flocks).
3. Aster (asked her).
4. Poppies (papa's).
5. Orange blossoms.
6. Bride's roses.
7. Tulips (two lips).
8. Forget-me-not.

DIPLOMACY.

Miss Brown—Pahson, Ah thought yo' said yo' had a crow to pick wif de Widow Johnson?

The Parson—So Ah did, so Ah did, but when Ah arrived Ah found she had a chicken to pick, so Ah helped her an stayed to dinner.

MR. JUSTWED SENDS A VALENTINE

It was not until late Saturday afternoon that Mr. Justwed remembered that the next day was St. Valentine's Day. When he did recall that sentimental fact he jumped as though electrified. The morrow the one day of the year especially dedicated to love and love-making, and his Blossom without a valentine from him! That would never do!

So he jammed on his hat and coat and rushed out of the bank to the nearest florist's. Of course it would be violets—for what other flower is so delicately, fragrantly suitable for the tender expression of the tenderest thoughts as the modest violet.

The florist must have held the same opinion—judging from the price he asked—but a little thing like that didn't stump Mr. Justwed one bit. Not for a minute. He handed it over like a major—and he corralled 200 of them!

"Your card?" queried the florist as he finished writing the address.

Just a minute, here it—"Mr. Justwed replied—and then he stopped short. Yes, by jingo! He would do it! It would be the cleverest and sweetest of reminders of his implicit faith in the completeness of her love for him.

"Never mind," he finished, "just send them without a card. She'll know who they are from. And be sure and send them right away!"

All the way back to the office Mr. Justwed chuckled and gloated and enthused over the finesse of the compliment. Of course, he didn't need a card. The idea! A man sending flowers to his own wife and enclosing his card. Who else would dare send flowers to another man's wife. Why, she wouldn't be in doubt one minute as to the identity of the sender of the flowers. Whew! It was a narrow escape Blossom sure would have been offended if he had enclosed his card. As if she wouldn't know instantly who they came from.

Two hours later Mr. Jones entered his apartment to find Mrs. Justwed standing in the middle of the cozy little living-room with the box of violets in her hands (they had just arrived) and the most beatific smile on her face. Her eyes were limpid pools of joy and her cheeks scarlet with appreciation.

"Oh, Homer!" she cried, "just look at these! Aren't they perfectly gorgeous?"

Mr. Justwed felt it incumbent upon him to make but slight moment of his own gift.

"Yes," he answered, "they are rather pretty."

"Pretty! Welll, I should say they are! They are—are—simply heavenly! I wonder who sent them. I can't find the card any place."

And Mrs. Justwed searched again in the box and emptied out the tissue paper in vain.

Mr. J's jaw fell.

Huh! She didn't know after all! How could she be in doubt a single minute as to who sent them? Oh, very well, if she took it that way, far be it from him to step to the front and dutifully declare: "I did it with my little hatchet, please ma'am."

"You'd better call up the florist; perhaps he can tell you," he suggested, quite disinterestedly.

"Oh," exclaimed Mrs. Justwed, suddenly, clapping her hands together in sheer joy. "I know—I know. It's a valentine! Tomorrow's St. Valentine's day and—and—being Sunday, the stores won't be open, so they had to be sent today. Isn't that just grand, and—"

"That's it." Mr. J. agreed. "So it is—so it is."

"Yes, yes," Mrs. J. gushed out, gasping for breath in her excitement, "but that doesn't tell me who sent them. I wonder, I thought maybe you had, but then, you see, you'd have inclosed some little note telling me how much you love me and—and—I know now by your face that you didn't."

There was a wee shade of disappointment and reproach in the last part of her effusion, and Mr. Justwed was almost tempted to step forth and declare himself.

But no! Not for a minute! She should find out herself—and her humiliation at forgetting that she had a husband, who, at least, tried to be considerate always, would be the more poignant. That was just the trouble with the average married woman. She is always ready to give the credit for an unexpected kindness to every last human being in the world but her own husband.

I wonder—I w-o-n-d-e-r," Mrs. J. kept repeating, speculatively.

"Oh, I know, I know!" she cried suddenly. "I know! Albert sent them!"

"Albert!" Mr. Justwed exploded, clutching his throat to keep from choking to death. "Albert."

"Yes, dearie, Albert," Mrs. J. responded, sweetly; "before I was married he was always doing nice little things of this sort. Isn't it just like him! He's a dear boy, even if I didn't marry him. You know, really, I miss him quite a bit, sometimes. He always sent me violets on the 14th of February."

"Oh, he did, did he!" mocked Mr. J. "How nice of him. But if I may be permitted to intrude on your thoughts of Albert a moment, my dear madam, may I ask how you know this—this—er—er—Albert sent them to you?"

"Because, Homer, dear, whenever he sent me violets—which was quite frequently, by the way—he never inclosed a card. Silly old boy, wasn't he? But he said that he knew that nobody else's flowers counted with me, and that I would know they came from him because the absence of a card meant that there were no cards large enough, nor words adequate enough to tell me al he wanted to say. Just 'The Message of the Violet,' you know. It was nice of him to remember me today, wasn't it? You know some men just as soon as a woman marires never even look—"

"Stop! Stop!" Mr. Justwed fairly shrieked. "Enough of this Albert and his asinine, silly, mushy violets. If you had one grain of perspicuity, madam, you would occasionally attribute a few of the good things in life to your husband. I sent you those violets. You ought to have known it. I'd like to see Albert or any one else send you flowers. I—"

"Oh!" Mrs. Justwed gasped. "I'm so sorry, dear. It was just the sweetest—"

"Never you mind, now. You can't hand me a little honey and expect me to eat it out of your hand. You ought to have known they came from me. I don't know what happened to my card. I gave the florist one, but he must have lost it. Any man who is idiotic enough to send violets with the sickly, nauseating idea that a card isn't necessary and—and—all the rest of your simpleton Albert's goulash and chop-suey slush—bur-r-r-r! Don't speak to me!"



"Aren't these perfectly gorgeous, Homer, dear?"

To Produce Best Results
Flour Must Be Properly Aged

MILLS with insufficient storage capacity are forced to ship their flour before it is properly aged. Underaged flour requires expert handling in order to secure even fair results. In our big warehouses in six different cities we have storage capacity for 370,000 (98-pound) bags. We are thus able to store "Purity" Flour until it is properly aged.

You can never get underaged flour if you always specify "Purity."

Good results come easiest and surest with "Purity" Flour.

"MORE BREAD AND BETTER BREAD."

PURITY FLOUR

Purity Flour is packed in 7, 14, 24, 49 and 89 pound cotton sacks. Also barrels and half-barrels.



WESTERN CANADA FLOUR MILLS CO., LTD.
Mills at Winnipeg, Goderich, Brandon.

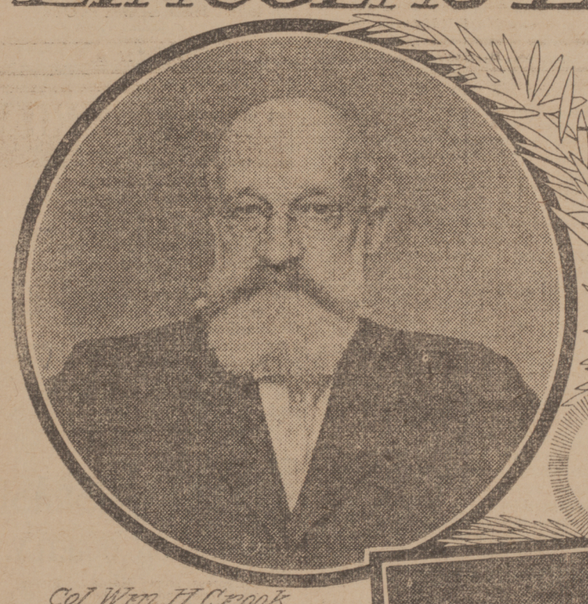


FEMININE SPITE.

Miss Wrinkles—Mr. De Grand wouldn't give me a penny for my thoughts.
Miss Cunnings—No doubt he wished to keep it to buy a valentine for you.

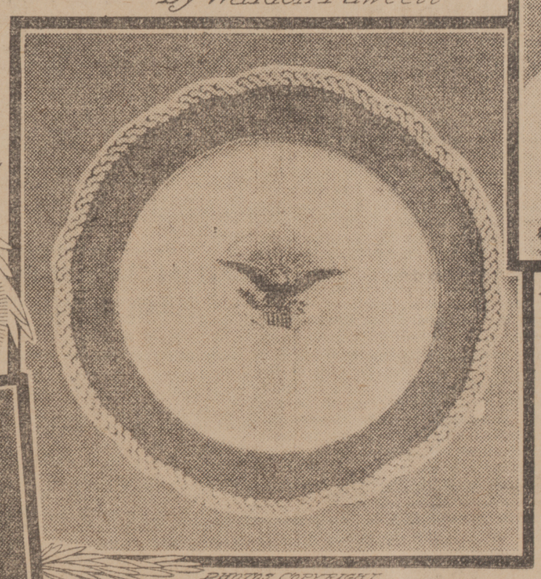
LINCOLN'S BODYGUARD, HIS RELICS AND REMINISCENCES

by Waldon Fawcett



Col. Wm. H. Crook



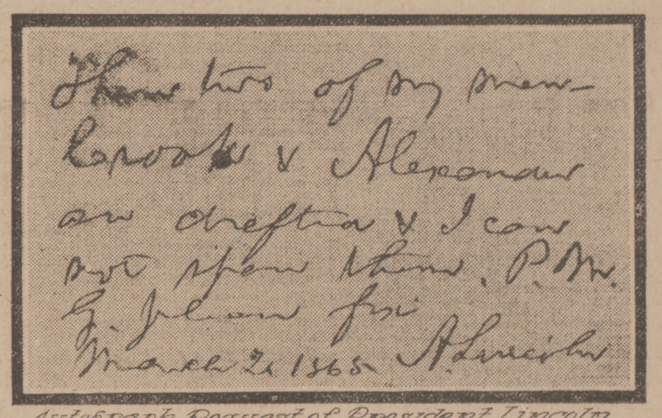


PHOTOS COPYRIGHT BY WALDON FAWCETT

Plate, Cup and Saucer, used at the White House by Abraham Lincoln, now in the possession of his Old Bodyguard



Mrs. Wm. H. Crook, Wife of Lincoln's Famous Bodyguard



Autograph Request of President Lincoln for the Release of Crook who had been drafted for the Army

Of the men now living who knew Abraham Lincoln personally and intimately, Hnone can rival Col. William H. Crook in the possession of vivid and unique recollection of the martyr president. Colonel Crook was the bodyguard of President Lincoln during the most interesting period of Lincoln's life, and naturally he came more closely and continuously in contact with the great American than did any other individual. At the time he was a young man, observant and keenly receptive of impressions. Fortunately there has also been an opportunity for Lincoln's bodyguard to supplement his close range first impressions with an estimate of Lincoln formed from the vantage of greater perspective and rendered convincing by comparison with other Presidents. The latter has been possible because Colonel Crook has been continuously an employe of the White House from the days of Lincoln to the present time. Indeed, January of this year marked the completion of his forty-fourth year in the White House.

Colonel Crook is now in his sixty-ninth year and was thus little more than 20 years of age when the Civil War broke out. At 21 he enlisted in the Union Army and served for some time in the ranks. At the expiration of his enlistment he secured a position on the police force at the national capital. It was thus that he became eligible for the position of bodyguard to the President. In order to enable a rotation of service three other men, Elphonso Dunn, John Parker and Alexander Smith—all long since dead, were also detailed to act as special guards for the president, but through various circumstances Crook came to be closer associated with Lincoln than any of the others and was in the company of the war president on all the most interesting occasions of his later career.

Possibly the especial attention bestowed by Lincoln upon Crook was due in part at least to the fact that this particular bodyguard was comparatively young, and, as he himself now confesses, had something the attitude of a bashful boy toward the tall President. Lincoln did everything in his power to put his protector at his ease, and in their walks to and from the White House kept up a running fire of conversation with his companion. Not infrequently, Colonel Crook relates the topic discussed concerned the possibility of an attempt on the part of any person to do harm to the President.

A circumstance that contributed to the intimacy between President Lincoln and Colonel Crook was found in Lincoln's invariable practice of having his bodyguard walk by his side instead of some distance in his rear—after the fashion of an orderly—as has been the custom of President Roosevelt and other recent chief magistrates. Lincoln never liked the idea of being specially guarded and when, following the appearance of Garowski, a suspicious Pole, who skulked about the White House grounds, and a very narrow escape from a bullet fired at him as he was driving in the outskirts of Washington, he finally did consent to special police protective measures, but he insisted that no public announcement should be made regarding these precautions; that the guards should wear plain clothes instead of uniforms, and that the guard who accompanied him on his walks about the capital should ever remain at his side after the fashion of a personal friend, and with no suggestion of that protection, which, was obnoxious to Lincoln, because it seemed an admission of lack of confidence in the people of the country.

Colonel Crook declares that he gained perhaps his best insight into the generous, patient, kindly nature of the war President during his nightly walks with Lincoln to the War Department. In those days, be it explained, there was no telegraph and telephone station in the White House, such as there is today, and the President, when he wished to get, fresh from the wires, the latest news from the front, had to go to the War Department Building, where the telegraph office was located. This Lincoln did almost every night, often remaining until long after midnight beside the operators at their keys. Colonel Crook's recollection of the President on these night pilgrimages to the news centre, presents an unusual picture of the mighty Lincoln—the tall figure striding beside him in the gloom, wrapped in the rough gray shawl he invariably wore on such night expeditions, and with his tall beaver hat emphasizing his enormous height. Withal Lincoln's kindliness of heart shone through his preoccupation, for occasionally he would draw his bodyguard to his side and walk some paces hand in hand or arm in arm with the younger man.

It fell to the lot of Colonel Crook, early in his career under Lincoln, to inaugurate what has since been an invariable rule at the White House—that against permitting guests at the White House receptions to enter the presence of the President clad in voluminous cloaks or other garments that might readily conceal weapons. Nowadays no woman carrying a muff or man with his hands thrust deep into the pocket of an overcoat would be permitted to approach the President, but until the latter part of the Lincoln administration such precautions had not been dreamed of. On the night on which Colonel Crook first put the innovation into practice he encountered some vigorous protests from some of the White House guests, notably the famous Kate Chase Sprague, who entered wearing a wrap that completely hid her dress, but the young and rather nervous bodyguard kept his temper, and when he patiently explained to each protestant the reason for the new rule he succeeded in inducing them all to comply.

How intimate was Crook's association with Lincoln will be the better understood when it is explained that night he was on duty in the corridor just outside the President's bedroom—so close that frequently he could hear the great man sigh or moan in his sleep after a day of unusual anguish and anxiety. Occasionally he would have to awake the sleeper to deliver some important telegram, but Crook declares that Lincoln never displayed any irritation at such interruptions. He tells, too, of one occasion when entering the President's room in response to the usual "Come in," he was surprised to find Lincoln busily engaged in sewing a button on his trousers. "Just repairing damages," explained the droll chief magistrate, with a half smile. Colonel Crook was frequently called upon to act as messenger between Mrs. Lincoln in the private apartments at the White House and the President in his private office, and these interchanges gave him an illuminating insight into the humor Lincoln found in yielding to the petty tyrannies of his wife. Once when his spouse had sent for him repeatedly and evidently to the limit of her patience, to accompany her on a promised drive, Lincoln arose from his desk with a resigned expression, but with a merry twinkle in his eyes, and remarked to Crook: "I guess I would better go."

Lincoln's fondness for Crook was probably partly attributable to the fact that Crook and little Tad Lincoln, the apple of the President's eye, were fast friends. Incidentally, it may be mentioned, policemen seem to possess an especial fascination for the young sons of our presidents. Readers of the newspapers may remember that during the early days of the Roosevelt administration the then very youthful Qentin and Archie were the almost inseparable companions of certain bluecoats on duty at the White House grounds. Tad Lincoln was 10 years old at the time of Colonel Crooks' first recollection of him and the veteran White House employe adds his testimony to that of other intimates of Lincoln in the declaration that the sad-faced President's lighter moods were in no wise so pleasingly disclosed as when he romped up and down the long upper corridor of the White House with Tad, playing all sorts of juvenile games. It was for Tad's sake, too, that Lincoln, accompanied by bodyguard Crook, made frequent visits to a quaint little toy shop, still in existence a couple of blocks from the White House, and there in his rare intervals of leisure sought new playthings for the little lad who occupied the largest place in his heart.

Crook, who had been on duty with the President all day, did not accompany Lincoln to Ford's Theatre the night of the assassination. He always refers to his absence with a certain regret, for he had a special system of his own for guarding the Chief Magistrate on such public appearances, and he is convinced to this day that if he had been at his usual station at the door of the President's box Booth would never have passed him. There would seem to be some ground for Crook's confidence, for the bodyguard did frustrate the plans of a man who sought to gain audience with Lincoln during the latter's famous visit to City Point, and who, when refused admission, made threats against the President. At the time the man gave the name of Smith, but Crook had always been confident that it was none other than the notorious Surrat, with whose appearance under normal conditions he was familiar through having lived in the same county in Maryland before the war.

After the death of Lincoln, Colonel Crook accompanied Mrs. Lincoln to Chicago, and later returned to the White House as the bodyguard of President Johnson Ere he retired from the presidency Johnson installed him in a permanent clerkship at the White House, and he continued in this capacity during the forepart of the Grant regime. In 1876, Grant appointed Crook acting secretary to the President, and in March, 1877, appointed him disbursing officer of the White House, in which position he has continued ever since, having in the aggregate expended hundreds of thousands of dollars for the maintenance of the presidental establishment.

Colonel Crook's home in the city of Washington is filled with relics and mementoes of Lincoln and other Presidents. Probably the most prized of all the keepsakes is a card in Lincoln's handwriting which the President addressed to the provost marshal general when Crook and his other bodyguard, Alexander Smith, were drafted for service in the Army.

The President wrote that he could not spare these men and asked the official above-mentioned to "please fix" the matter. This precious bit of paper reposed for years in the War Department files, but when Robert T. Lincoln, son of the Martyr President, was Secretary of War, he gave it to his father's old guard. Another of Colonel Crook's souvenirs is a mahogany cane, made from the rail of the little spiral stairway, whereby Lincoln reached his office, and which has long since been torn down.

Colonel Crook has some almost priceless specimens of the china service which Mrs. Lincoln selected for the White House and which Colonel Crook declares to have been more beautiful than any tableware purchased before or since for use on the Presidental table. There is a dainty cup and saucer and a plate which Lincoln used — all ornamented by the broad maroon band and the eagle and coat of arms in colors. Old photographs of Lincoln, including the favorite one of the President, with Tad and other mementoes, also have place in the home presided over by Colonel Crook and his second wife, who was Mrs. Clara Robey Priddy, when Colonel Crook married her nine years ago.

One possession of Colonel Crook's which, though not a relic of the Lincoln period, he yet prizes very highly, is a violin, which was once owned by Ole Bull. Colonel Crook is a "fiddler," he disdains to call himself a violinist. It is his one diversion and he has indulged in it ever since he was a boy of 15. He plays entirely by ear, never having read a note of music, but he displays exceptional talent. Many a night when business is not pressing at the White House, the officials on duty at the President's offices, will appeal to Colonel Crook by telephone at his home, and he will, in response to their entreaties, be kept playing far into the night while each member of the White House staff, a telephone receiver at his ear, enjoys the long-distance concert.

The Swedes have a custom at Christmas time of decorating a pet lamb with red ribbons and bells, then loading it with gifts for the family. The lamb is turned loose in the house, and each person attempts to catch it and find his or her gift.

NO USE.

Dickson—Dobbins went out to the ball grounds to get the benefit of the cold-air treatment.

Wickson—Good place for it.

Dickson—Yes, but it didn't do him any good.

Wickson—Why not?

Dickson—He got so hot over the umpire's decisions.

Gas Engines for Freight Steamers in Orient

The battle for trade supremacy on the high seas is a harsh one. In the Far East especially the prices obtained for ocean freight are extremely small. Out there the competition is decidedly mixed, even the antique Chinese junks still calling regularly at ports for heavy loads of merchandise. While slow, they can fill the demands of big shippers of what is called "slw" freight.

So steamship owners all over the world are ever on the lookout for some new substitute in present methods of handling their vessels that will reduce the price of coal and get the same power results. A number of inventions have been made that have helped increase the coal efficiency in these big "tramp" steamers, but still the expenses were very large.

This ferefs particularly to tramp steamers trading in the Orient, where the cost of fuel has risen so very high in the past year that the big steamers have increased fares 10 per cent. on all boats, and the cost of handling freight has gone up in proportion.

Gas as a motive power for cargo steamers has been tried a number of times, but the latest experiment has been made with an old British gunboat. The ship is 700 tons in weight, and so a very small concern. She made a distance of 14 miles at a speed of 10 knots an hour driven by gas generated by the special machinery which had been installed on her.

The saving in space is tremendous, which counts for much on board a freighter. There is no stokehold. The entire staff necessary is only three engineers and two firemen. The gas producer is extremely simple, being only a steel casing lined with firebricks. The fuel is fed from the top, and only requires attention 24 times during an entire day and night. Also the coal is practically all consumed under the action of the gas-reducing plant, and all of the tremendous waste encountered at this point in ordinary coal-using machinery is eliminated.

The saving of labor in the gas engines is large. The gas is formed by air being drawn into the consumer in the bottom. After the gas is made it must be passed through a cooler and several cleansing processes; but this machinery requires no attention and is simple and gets out of order infrequently. After being cooled and dried and scrubbed the gas is sent along to the combustion chambers of the engine.

NOT FOR HIM.

The Golfer—Do you play golf?

Chauffeur—No, it is very hard to hit anybody.