**PROOF FOR TWO CENTS.**

**If You Suffer with Your Kidneys and Back, Write to This Man.**

G. W. Winney, Medina, N. Y., invites kidney sufferers to write to him.

To all who enclose postage he will reply, telling how Doan's Kidney Pills cured him after he had doctored and had been in two different hospitals for eighteen months, suffering intense pain in the back, lameness, twinges when stooping or lifting, languor, dizzy spells and rheumatism. "Before I used Doan's Kidney Pills," says Mr. Winney, "I weighed 143. After taking 10 or 12 boxes I weighed 162 and was completely cured."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.


**UNPLEASANT OUTLOOK.**

"I hope it don't rain; it'll take all de starch out of my dress."

"Yes, and if maw sees you in your best dress she'll take de starch out of you!"

**How Father Looked.**

Mr. Blakeslee was putting himself in readiness, clotheswise, to attend an afternoon tea with his wife, when his small daughter appeared on the scene.

As he slipped into his frock coat, the child looked up and said: "Father, do you know, when you wear that coat you look just like a minister?"

Then, noticing the hatbox on the stand near by, she added: "And when you put on that hat that goes with it, you look just like a hack driver."—Delineator.


**How's This?**

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by his firm.

WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.


**How It Happened.**

"Dear me," said the kind-hearted pedestrian, pausing and putting on his pince-nez, "have you fallen through that coal-hole?"

"Not at all," replied the man, who was still endeavoring to extricate a leg from the hole, smiling winningly. "As you seem interested in the matter, I will tell you what happened. I chanced to be in here, and they built the pavement round me."

**Mere Humans.**

A Wilkesbarre magistrate has decided that a cow has precedence over an automobile and does not have to wear a red lantern on her tail when standing in the road o' nights meditatively chewing her cud. Human beings apparently must take their chances.


**Don't Cough, But Live Long.**

If every cough were cured before it got a strong hold, human life would be lengthened by many years. If every coughing sufferer knew that Kemp's Balsam would stop the cough in a few minutes, he would be glad to escape the serious consequences. If any medicine will cure a cough, Kemp's Balsam will do it. At druggists' and dealers', 25c.


**Inside History.**

Indignant Wife—What's the use of my saying anything to you, John? It goes in at one ear and out at the other!

Provoking Husband—Not always, Maria. When you say anything worth minding I stop it on the way through.


**Important to Mothers.**

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it

Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher

In Use For Over 30 Years.

The Kind You Have Always Bought.


**His Daughter Played.**

Wife—I can't understand, John, why you always sit on the piano-stool when we have company. Everybody knows you can't play a note.

Husband—I'm well aware of it, dear. Neither can any one else when I'm sitting there.


**Shake Into Your Shoes**

Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for your feet. It cures painful, swollen, smarting, sweating feet. Makes new shoes easy. Sold by all Druggists and Shoe Stores. Don't accept any substitute. Sample FREE. Address A. S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.


**One Point Settled.**

"They say the new Mrs. Bangs is a very good plain cook."

"I don't know about the excellence of the cookery, but she's plain all right."


**Red, Weak, Weary, Watery Eyes**

Relieved by Murine Eye Remedy. Compounded by Experienced Physicians. Murine Doesn't Smart; Soothes Eye Pain. Write Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago, for illustrated Eye Book. At Druggists.


**When Love Is Young.**

Mabel—Who was the best man at your wedding?

Ethel—Why, my husband, of course.


**It's Pettit's Eye Salve,**

that gives instant relief to eyes, irritated from dust, heat, sun or wind. 25c. All druggists or Howard Bros., Buffalo, N. Y.


Some men exercise as much imagination on their own excellences that they have nothing left but judgment for the good in others.


Smokers have to call for Lewis' Single Binder cigar to get it. Your dealer or Lewis' Factory, Peoria, Ill.


A man with a roving disposition is not necessarily inconstant.


**Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.**

For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.


Two is company; three a soulless corporation.

The Sight of a Young and Attractive Woman Coming Out of a Home for Confirmed Bachelors.

# The BRASS BOWL

PICTURES BY A. WEIL

BY LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE

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## CHAPTER I.

### Dust.

In the dull hot dusk of a summer's day a green touring car, swinging out of the East drive, pulled up smartly, trembling, at the edge of the Fifty-ninth street car tracks, then more sedately, under the dispassionate but watchful eye of a mounted member of the traffic squad, lurched across the Plaza and merged itself in the press of vehicles south bound on the avenue.

Its tonneau held four young men, all more or less disguised in dust, dusters and goggles; forward, by the side of the grimy and anxious-eyed mechanic, sat a fifth, in all visible respects the counterpart of his companions. Beneath his mask, and by this I do not mean his goggles, but the mask of modern manner which the worldly wear, he was, and is, different. He was Daniel Maitland, Esquire; for whom no further introduction should be required, after mention of the fact that he was, and remains, the identical gentleman of means and position in the social and financial worlds, whose somewhat sober but sincere and wholehearted participation in the wildest of conceivable escapades had earned him the affectionate regard of the younger set, together with the sobriquet of "Mad Maitland."

His companions of the day, the four in the tonneau, were in that humor of subdued yet vibrant excitement which is apt to attend the conclusion of a long, hard drive over country roads. Maitland, on the other hand (judging him by his preoccupied pose), was already weary of, if not bored by, the hare-brained enterprise which, initiated on the spur of an idle moment and directly due to a thoughtless remark of his own, had brought him 100 miles (or so) through the heat of a broiling afternoon, accompanied by spirits as ardent and irresponsible as his own, in search of the dubious distraction afforded by the night side of the city.

As, picking its way with elephantine nicety, the motor car progressed down the avenue—twilight deepening, arcs upon their bronze columns blossoming suddenly, noiselessly into spheres of opalescent radiance—Mr. Maitland ceased to respond, ceased even to give heed, to the running fire of chaff (largely personal) which amused his companions. Listlessly engaged with a cigarette, he lounged upon the green leather cushions, half closing his eyes, and heartily wished himself free for the evening.

But he stood committed to the humor of the majority, and lacked entirely the shadow of an excuse to desert; in addition to which he was altogether too lazy for the exertion of manufacturing a lie of serviceable texture. And so abandoned himself to his fate, even though he foresaw with weariful particularity the programme of the coming hours.

To begin with, 30 minutes were to be devoted to a bath and dressing in his rooms. This was something not so unpleasant to contemplate. It was the afterwards that repelled him: Dinner at Sherry's, the subsequent tour of roof gardens, the late supper at a club, and then, prolonged far into the small hours, the session around some green-covered table in a close room reeking with the fumes of good tobacco and hot with the fever of gambling. . . .

Abstractedly Maitland frowned, tersely summing up: "Beastly!"—in an undertone.

At this the green car wheeled abruptly round a corner below Thirty-fourth street, slid half a block or more east, and came to a palpitating halt. Maitland, looking up, recognized the entrance to his apartments, and sighed with relief for the brief respite from boredom that was to be his. He rose, negligently shaking off his duster, and stepped down to the sidewalk.

Somebody in the car called a warning after him, and turning for a moment he stood at attention, an eyebrow raised quizzically, cigarette drooping from a corner of his mouth, hat pushed back from his forehead, hands in coat pockets; a tall, slender, sparsely built figure of a man, clothed immaculately in flannels.

When at length he was able to make himself heard: "Good enough," he said clearly, though without rasing his voice. "Sherry's in an hour. Right. Now, behave yourselves."

"Mind you show up on time!"

"Never fear," returned Maitland over his shoulder.

A witticism was flung back at him from the retreating car, but spent itself unregarded. Maitland's attention was temporarily distracted by the unusual—to say the least—sight of a young and attractive woman coming out of a home for confirmed bachelors.

The apartment house happened to be his own property. A substantial and old-fashioned edifice, situated in the middle of a quiet block, it contained but five roomy and comfortable suites—in other words, one to a floor; and these were without exception tenanted by unmarried men of Maitland's own circle and acquaintance. The janitor, himself a widower and a convinced misogynist, lived alone in the basement. Barring very special and exceptional occasions (as when one of the bachelors felt called upon to give a tea in partial recognition of social obligations), the foot of woman never crossed its threshold.

In this circumstance, indeed, was comprised the singular charm the house had for its occupants. The quality which insured them privacy and a quiet independence rendered them oblivious to its many minor drawbacks, its lack of many conveniences and luxuries which have of late grown to be so commonly regarded as necessities. It boasted, for instance, no garage; no refrigerating system maddened those dependent upon it; a dissipated electric lighting system never went out of nights, because it had never been installed; no brass-bound hall boy lounged in desuetude upon the stoop and took too intimate and personal an interest in the tenants' correspondence. The inhabitants, in brief, were free to come and go according to the dictates of their consciences, unsupervised by neighborly women folk, unhindered by a parasitic corps of menials not in their personal employ.

Wherefore was Maitland astonished, and the more so because of the season. At any other season of the year he would readily have accounted for the phenomenon that now fell under his observation, on the hypothesis that the woman was somebody's sister or cousin or aunt. But at present that explanation was untenable; Maitland happened to know that not one of the other men was in New York, barring himself; and his own presence there was a thing entirely unforeseen.

Still incredulous, he mentally conned the list: Barnes, who occupied the first flat, was traveling on the continent; Conkling, of the third, had left a fortnight since to join a yachting party on the Mediterranean; Bannister and Wilkes, of the fourth and fifth floors, respectively, were in Newport and Buenos Aires.

"Odd!" concluded Maitland.

So it was. She had just closed the door, one thought; and now stood poised as if in momentary indecision on the low stoop, glancing toward Fifth avenue the while she fumbled with a refractory button at the wrist of a long white kid glove. Blurred though it was by the darkling twilight and a thin veil, her face yet conveyed an impression of prettiness; an impression enhanced by careful grooming. From her hat, a small affair, something green, with a superstructure of gray ostrich feathers, to the tips of her russet shoes—including a walking skirt and bolero of shimmering gray silk—she was distinctly "smart" and interesting.

He had keenly observant eyes, had Maitland, for all his detached pose; you are to understand that he comprehended all these points in the flickering of an instant. For the incident was over in two seconds. In one the lady's hesitation was resolved; in another she had passed down the steps and swept by Maitland without giving him a glance, without even the trembling of an eyelash. And he had a view of her back as she moved swiftly away toward the avenue.

Perplexed, he lingered upon the stoop until she had turned the corner; after which he let himself in with a latch key, and, dismissing the affair temporarily from his thoughts, or pretending to do so, ascended the single flight of stairs to his flat.

Simultaneously heavy feet were to be heard clumping up the basement steps; and surmising that the janitor was coming to light the hall, the young man waited, leaning over the balusters. His guess proving correct, he called down:

"O'Hagan? Is that you?"

"Th' saints presarve us! But 'twas yersilf gave me th' sthart, Misther Maitland, sor!" O'Hagan paused in the gloom below, his upturned face quaintly illuminated by the flame of a wax taper in his gaslighter.

"I'm dining in town to-night, O'Hagan, and dropped around to dress. Is anybody else at home?"

"Nivver a wan, sor. Shure, th' house do be quiet's anny tomb—"

"Then who was that lady, O'Hagan?"

"Leddy, sor?"—in unbounded amazement.

"Yes," impatiently. "A young woman left the house just as I was coming in. Who was she?"

"Shure an' I think ye must be dr'amin', sor. Divvle a female—raypsicts to ye!—has been in this house for manny an' manny th' wake, sor."

"But, I tell you—"

"Belike 'twas somewan jist sthepped into the vesthibule, mebbe to tie her shoe, sor, and ye thought—"

"Oh, very well." Maitland relinquished the inquisition as unprofitable, willing to concede O'Hagan's theory a reasonable one, the more readily since he himself could by no means have sworn that the woman had actually come out through the door. Such had merely been his impression, honest enough, but founded on circumstantial evidence.

"When you're through, O'Hagan," he told the Irishman, "you may come and shave me and lay out my things, if you will."

"Very good, sor. In wan minute."

But O'Hagan's conception of the passage of time was a thought vague; his one minute had lengthened into ten before he appeared to wait upon his employer.

Now and again, in the absence of the regular "man," O'Hagan would attend one or another of the tenants in the capacity of substitute valet; as in the present instance, when Maitland, having left his host's roof without troubling even to notify his body-servant that he would not return that night, called upon the janitor to understudy the more trained employe; which O'Hagan could be counted upon to do very acceptably.

Now, with patience unruffled, since he was nothing keen for the evening's enjoyment, Maitland made profit of the interval to wander through his rooms, lighting the gas here and there and noting that all was as it should be, as it had been left—save that every article of furniture and bric-a-brac seemed to be sadly in want of a thorough dusting. In the end he brought up in the room that served him as study and lounge—the drawing room of the flat, as planned in the forgotten architect's scheme—a large and well-lighted apartment overlooking the street. Here, pausing beneath the chandelier, he looked about him for a moment, determining that, as elsewhere, all things were in order—but gray with dust.

Finding the atmosphere heavy, stale, and oppressive, Maitland moved over to the windows and threw them open. A gush of warm air, humid and redolent of the streets, invaded the room, together with the roar of traffic from its near-by arteries. Maitland rested elbows on the sill and leaned out, staring absently into the night; for by now it was quite dark. Without concern, he realized that he would be late at dinner. No matter; he would as willingly miss it altogether. For the time being he was absorbed in vain speculations about an unknown woman whose sole claim upon his consideration lay in a certain but immaterial glamour of mystery. Had she, or had she not, been in the house? And, if the true answer were in the affirmative, to what end, upon what errand?

His eyes focused insensibly upon a void of darkness beneath him—night made visible by street lamps; and he found himself suddenly and acutely sensible of the wonder and mystery of the City; the City whose secret life ran fluent upon the hot, hard pavements below, whose voice throbbed sibilant, vague, strident, inarticulate upon the night air; the City of which he was a part equally with the girl in gray, whom he had never before seen and in all likelihood was never to see again, though the two of them were to work out their destinies within the bounds of Manhattan island. And yet. . . .

"It would be strange," said Maitland thoughtfully, "If . . ." He shook his head, smiling. "'Two shall be born,'" quoted Mad Maitland, sentimentally—

"'Two shall be born the whole wide world apart—'"

A piano organ, having maliciously sneaked up beneath his window, drove him indoors with a crash of metallic melody.

As he dropped the curtains his eye was arrested by a gleam of white upon his desk—a letter placed there, doubtless, by O'Hagan in Maitland's absence. At the same time, a splashing and gurgling of water from the direction of the bathroom informed him that the janitor-valet was even then preparing his bath. But that could wait.

Maitland took up the envelope and tore the flap, remarking the name and address of his lawyer in its upper left hand corner. Unfolding the inclosure he read a date a week old, and two lines requesting him to communicate with his legal adviser upon "a matter of pressing moment."

"Bother!" said Maitland. "What the dickens—"

He pulled up short, eyes lighting. "That's so, you know," he argued. "Bannerman will be delighted, and—and even business is better than rushing round town and pretending to enjoy yourself when it's hotter than the seven brass hinges of hell and you can't think of anything else. . . I'll do it!"

He stepped quickly to the corner of the room, where stood the telephone upon a small side table, sat down, and receiver to ear, gave central a number. In another moment he was in communication with his attorney's residence.

"Is Mr. Bannerman in? I would like to—"

"Why, Mr. Bannerman! How do you do?"

"You're looking 100 per cent. better—"

"Bad, mad word! Naughty!—"

"Maitland, of course."

"Been out of town and just got your note."

"Your beastly penchant for economy. It's not stamped; I presume you sent it round by hand of the future president of the United States whom you now employ as office boy. And O'Hagan didn't forward it for that reason."

"Important, eh? I'm only in for the night—"

"Then come and dine with me at the Primordial. I'll put the others off."

"Good enough. In an hour, then. Good-by."

Hanging up the receiver, Maitland waited a few moments ere again putting it to his ear. This time he called up Sherry's, asked for the head-waiter and requested that person to be kind enough to make his excuses to "Mr. Cressy and party;" he, Maitland, was detained upon a matter of moment but would endeavor to join them at a later hour.

Then, with a satisfied smile, he turned away, with purpose to dispose of Bannerman's note.

"Bath's ready, sor."

O'Hagan's announcement fell upon heedless ears. Maitland remained motionless before the desk—transfixed with amazement.

"Bath's ready, sor!"—imperatively. Maitland roused slightly.

"Very well; in a minute, O'Hagan."

Yet for some time he did not move. Slowly the heavy brows contracted over intent eyes as he strove to puzzle it out. At length his lips moved noiselessly.

"Am I awake?" was the question he put his consciousness.

Wondering, he bent forward and drew the tip of one forefinger across the black polished wood of the writing bed. It left a dark, heavy line. And beside, clearly defined in the heavy layer of dust, was the silhouette of a hand; a woman's hand, small, delicate, unmistakably feminine of contour.

"Well!" declared Maitland, frankly, "I am damned!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

# DEVOTION THAT WAS SUBLIME

**Great Cook True to His Art to the Very End.**

Escoffier, the great French cook, said at a dinner in New York that a good cook had the spirit of cookery born in him.

"It is born in him," said M. Escoffier, "and in him it never dies. His first lisped baby word is of food; and a sauce or a navarin is the subject of his last dying breath.

"Did you ever hear of poor Gaston Laurent, the distinguished cook of Paillard's?

"Gaston went on a voyage to the South Seas in '95; his ship was wrecked, and he and his party were captured by cannibals.

"Being plump, Gaston, alas, was the first of the ill-fated party to be consigned to the great iron casserole.

"And the survivors say that nothing could have been more touching and more sublime than Gaston's last cry from the great pot, as the water began to smoke and bubble and he began to cook—Gaston's last calm cry of a great artist:

"'Come, come! It is already past the time for the pepper and salt!'"

**Classified.**

"Who was that fool you bowed to?"

"My husband."

"Oh! I—er—I—humbly apologize. I—"

"Never mind; I'm not angry. But what a keen observer you are!"

**No Children Let.**

Flat Hunter—Do you let children in these flats?

Janitor—No, we only let the flats.—Yonkers Statesman.

# WESTERN CANADA'S HAPPY PROSPECTS.

In no year since the development of Western Canada began has spring brought a brighter outlook than it brings this year. In no preceding spring has there been greater assurance of advancing development and prosperity. The movement of immigration has already assumed large proportions, and is as desirable in character as it is satisfactory in volume; from across the Atlantic sturdy, industrious and thrifty newcomers are arriving in large numbers, homeseekers from Ontario and the other older Provinces are coming in a steady stream, and from across the international boundary a movement is already in full flow, which, it is confidently predicted, will beat the records of all previous years; special settlers' trains are crossing the line, loaded with effects, actual material wealth being thus brought into the country at the rate of millions of dollars' worth monthly.

The movement is so unprecedentedly large that extra Dominion Immigration officials have had to be provided at both North Portal and at Emerson, and it is estimated that the total number of new settlers from the United States this year will be 70,000, at least, and may run well up toward 100,000. Last year's total of new settlers from the South was 53,723; thus the area that will be placed in wheat and other grains this year will greatly exceed that of last year. Settlers are making extraordinary efforts to get on their lands and begin seeding operations. The price of wheat now, away above the dollar mark, is incentive enough, and when one has in view the splendid results that the past few years have shown, it is not to be wondered at that the present will be the banner year for Immigration to Canada. Ask your nearest Canadian Government Agent for rates of transportation, and he will also send you illustrated pamphlets.

**No Escape.**

"The smell of smoke certainly does make me ill."

"Then why do you allow your husband to smoke so much in the house?"

"I might as well. When my husband isn't smoking the chimney is."


Garfield Tea has brought good health to thousands! Unequalled for constipation, liver and kidney diseases. Composed of Herbs. Buy from your druggist.


In one year the escapement wheel of a watch makes 731,860 revolutions.


Smokers appreciate the quality value of Lewis' Single Binder cigar. Your dealer or Lewis' Factory, Peoria, Ill.


Of the 147,000,000 of Russia's population 100,000,000 are peasants.

**SICK HEADACHE**

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

**Positively cured by these Little Pills.**

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER.

They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Genuine Must Bear Fac-Simile Signature

Brent Good

REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

**Interesting Facts**

The only effective and reliable remedy known for Gout, Dyspepsia, Jaundice, Kidney and Bladder troubles, Constipation, Headache, Biliousness and all disorder of the bowels is

**DR. D. JAYNE'S SANATIVE PILLS**

For several generations they have been a household necessity for relieving and curing complaints of this kind. They are safe and sure in every instance. As a laxative, purgative and cathartic they are unexcelled.

*Sold by druggists everywhere in 25c and 10c boxes*

**This Trade-mark Eliminates All Uncertainty**

in the purchase of paint materials. It is an absolute guarantee of purity and quality. For your own protection, see that it is on the side of every keg of white lead you buy.

NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY
1902 Trinity Building, New York

**PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM**

Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c. and $1.00 at Druggists



# DOCTOR ADVISED OPERATION

**Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound**

Paw Paw, Mich.—"I suffered terribly from female ills, including inflammation and congestion, for several years. My doctor said there was no hope for me but an operation. I began taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and I can now say I am a well woman." EMMA DRAPER.

**Another Operation Avoided.**

Chicago, Ill.—"I want women to know what that wonderful medicine, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, has done for me. Two of the best doctors in Chicago said I would die if I did not have an operation, and I never thought of seeing a well day again. I had a small tumor and female troubles so that I suffered day and night. A friend recommended Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and it made me a well woman."—Mrs. ALVENA SPERLING, 11 Langdon St., Chicago, Ill.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, has proved to be the most successful remedy for curing the worst forms of female ills, including displacements, inflammation, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, bearing-down feeling, flatulency, indigestion, and nervous prostration. It costs but a trifle to try it, and the result has been worth millions to many suffering women.

**FITS**

If you suffer from Fits, Falling Sickness Spasms or have children or friends that do so my New Discovery will relieve them and all you are asked to do is send for a FREE Bottle of

**Dr. May's Epileptic Cure.**

It has cured thousands where everything else failed. Sent free with directions. **Express Prepaid.** Guaranteed by May Medical Laboratory, under the National Food and Drugs Act, June 30th, 1906. Guaranty No. 18071. Please give AGE and full address.

DR. W. H. MAY,
548 Pearl Street. New York City.

**320 Acres of Wheat Land IN WESTERN CANADA WILL MAKE YOU RICH**

Fifty bushels per acre have been grown. General average greater than in any other part of the continent. Under new regulations it is possible to secure a homestead of 160 acres free, and additional 160 acres at $3 per acre.

"The development of the country has made marvelous strides. It is a revelation, a record of conquest by settlement that is remarkable."—*Extract from correspondence of a National Editor, who visited Canada in August last.*

The grain crop of 1908 will net many farmers $20.00 to $25.00 per acre. **Grain-raising,** mixed farming and dairying are the principal industries. Climate is excellent; social conditions the best; railway advantages unequalled; schools, churches and markets close at hand. Land may also be purchased from railway and land companies.

For "Last Best West" pamphlets, maps and information as to how to secure lowest railway rates, apply to Superintendent of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or the authorized Canadian Government Agent:

W. V. BENNETT,
801 New York Life Building. Omaha, Nebraska.

**Paxtine TOILET ANTISEPTIC**

—NOTHING LIKE IT FOR—

**THE TEETH** Paxtine excels any dentifrice in cleansing, whitening and removing tartar from the teeth, besides destroying all germs of decay and disease which ordinary tooth preparations cannot do.

**THE MOUTH** Paxtine used as a mouth-wash disinfects the mouth and throat, purifies the breath, and kills the germs which collect in the mouth, causing sore throat, bad teeth, bad breath, grippe, and much sickness.

**THE EYES** when inflamed, tired, ache and burn, may be instantly relieved and strengthened by Paxtine.

**CATARRH** Paxtine will destroy the germs that cause catarrh, heal the inflammation and stop the discharge. It is a sure remedy for **uterine catarrh.**

Paxtine is a harmless yet powerful germicide, disinfectant and deodorizer. Used in bathing it destroys odors and leaves the body antiseptically clean.

FOR SALE AT DRUG STORES, 50c. OR POSTPAID BY MAIL.

**LARGE SAMPLE FREE!**

THE PAXTON TOILET CO., BOSTON, MASS.

**WHAT'S Your Health Worth?**

You start sickness by mistreating nature and it generally shows first in the bowels and liver. A 10c box (week's treatment) of CASCARETS will help nature help you. They will do more—using them regularly as you need them—than any medicine on Earth. Get a box today; take a CASCARET tonight. Better in the morning. It's the result that makes millions take them. 881

CASCARETS 10c a box for a week's treatment, all druggists. Biggest seller in the world. Million boxes a month.

**THE GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR**

Used by More Than Two Million Men

NO STROPPING NO HONING

Gillette

KNOWN THE WORLD OVER

If afflicted with sore eyes, use **Thompson's Eye Water**




HAMLINS WIZARD OIL THE OIL THAT PENETRATES GREAT FOR PAIN