

The Winning Card.
 "What are trumps in the game of life?"
 I asked of all in the busy strife.
 "Hearts," said the maiden, shy and sweet,
 With happy eyes and blushing cheeks.
 The society belle smiled scornfully:
 "Clubs for you, but diamonds for me."
 "Clubs," drawled the blase man of the
 world.
 Drifting down stream with his sails all
 furled.
 The gravellyger laughed as he plied his
 trade.
 "Spades are the final trumps," he said.
 —Baltimore American.



Readings from the Bible are now being
 given in Berlin by professional reciters.

PILES CURED IN 6 TO 14 DAYS
FAZO OINTMENT is guaranteed to cure any
 case of itching, blind, bleeding or protruding
 Piles in 6 to 14 days or money refunded
 60c.

A person can now go from New York
 to Seattle, on Puget sound, in four days.

Mix This at Home.
 The following simple home-made
 mixture is said to readily relieve and
 overcome any form of Rheumatism by
 fomenting the kidneys to filter from the
 blood and system all the uric acid and
 poisonous waste matter, relieving at
 once such symptoms as backache, weak
 kidneys and bladder and blood dis-
 eases.

Try it, as it doesn't cost much to
 make, and is said to be absolutely
 harmless to the stomach.

Get the following harmless ingredi-
 ents from any good pharmacy: Fluid
 Extract Dandelion, one-half ounce;
 Compound Kargon, one ounce; Com-
 pound Syrup Sarsaparilla, three ounces.
 Mix by shaking well in a bottle, and
 take a teaspoonful after each meal and
 again at bedtime.

This simple mixture is said to give
 prompt relief, and there are very few
 cases of Rheumatism and Kidney trou-
 bles it will fail to cure permanently.

These are all harmless, every-day
 drugs, and your druggist should keep
 them in the prescription department; if
 not, have him order for you, rather
 than fall to use this, if you are af-
 flicted.

The estimates of the population of Pe-
 kin vary from 500,000 to 1,000,000.

NO RELIEF FROM ECZEMA

For Over Two Years—Faint Medi-
 cines, Quack Cures, and Even Doc-
 tors Fail—Cuticura Succeeds.

"I was very badly afflicted with ec-
 zema for more than two years. The
 parts affected were my limbs below
 the knees. I tried all the physicians in
 the town and some in the surround-
 ing towns, and I also tried all the
 patent remedies that I heard of, be-
 sides all the cures advised by old
 women and quacks, and found no relief
 whatever until I commenced using the
 Cuticura soap, Cuticura Ointment, and
 Cuticura Resolvent. In the Cuticura
 Remedies I found immediate relief,
 and was soon sound and well. C. V.
 Beltz, Tippecanoe, Ind., Nov. 15, 1905."

The well known "Naomi's" Bible.
 It is the Naom that western rivers
 especially the Missouri and Mississippi,
 often make great and sudden changes
 in their channels, filling in their old
 beds and digging out new. In 1896,
 says the author of "Early Steamboat
 Navigation on the Missouri River," a
 farmer was digging a well near the
 mouth of Grand river, Missouri, sev-
 eral miles from the channel of the
 "Big Muddy."

Deep down in the excavation he found
 a Bible, and on its cover the name
 "Naomi." The book was sent to Capt.
 Joseph La Barge, then one of the oldest
 steamboat men on the river, to learn if
 it could suggest any explanation of its
 presence there.

Captain La Barge recalled that fifty-
 six years before, the steamer Naomi
 had been wrecked at the very place
 where the Bible was found, which was
 then the channel of the river. In those
 days missionaries left Bibles in the
 cabins of steamers, fastened by chains
 to the tables, each marked with the
 name of the vessel. This volume re-
 mained as a monument both to the ear-
 lier tragedy and to the old course of the
 Missouri.

Atoning for His Impoliteness.
 The man at the desk was writing a let-
 ter.

"Won't you quit looking over my shoul-
 der and take a chair?" he said, turning
 around and smiling at the caller. "Per-
 don my lack of manners in not asking
 you to do it sooner."

GUIDES CHILDREN.
 Experience and a Mother's Love
 Make Advice Valuable.

An ill mother writes about feeding
 children:

"If mothers would use Grape-Nuts
 more for their little ones, there would
 be less need for medicines and fewer
 doctor bills.

"If those suffering from indigestion
 and stomach troubles would live on
 Grape-Nuts, toast and good milk for a
 short period they would experience
 more than they otherwise would be-
 lieve.

"Our children have all learned to
 know the benefit of Grape-Nuts as an
 appetizing, strengthening food. It is
 every evening, with few variations, like
 this: 'Mamma, let's have toast and
 Grape-Nuts for breakfast; or, let's have
 eggs and Grape-Nuts—never forgetting
 the latter.'

"One of our boys in school and 15
 years of age repeatedly tells me his
 mind is so much brighter and in every
 way Grape-Nuts as a better for not all his
 breakfast." Name given by Postum
 Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read the lit-
 tle book, "The Road to Wellville," in
 page "There's a Reason."

Madame Midas

By Fergus Hume

CHAPTER I.
 A wild black-leaking coast, with huge
 water-worn promontories jutting out into
 the sea, during the tempestuous fury of
 the waves, which dashed furiously in
 sheets of seething foam against the iron
 rocks. Two of these headlands ran out
 for a considerable distance, and at the
 base of each ragged cruel-looking rocks
 stretched still further out into the ocean
 until they entirely disappeared beneath
 the heaving waste of waters. Suddenly
 on the red waters there appeared a black
 speck, rising and falling with the restless
 waves, and ever drawing nearer and
 nearer to the gloomy cliffs and sandy beach.
 When within a quarter of a mile of the
 shore the speck resolved itself into a boat,
 a mere shallop, painted a dingy white,
 and much battered by the waves as it
 tossed lightly on the crimson waters. It
 had one mast and a small sail all torn and
 patched. In this frail craft were two
 men, one of whom was kneeling in the
 prow of the boat shading his eyes from
 the sunlight with his hands and gazing
 eagerly at the cliffs, while the other sat
 in the center with bowed head in an at-
 titude of resignation, holding the straining
 sail by a stout rope twisted round his
 arm. Neither of them spoke a word till
 within a short distance of the beach, when
 the man at the lookout arose, tall and
 gaunt, and stretched out his hands to the
 inhospitable-looking coast with a harsh
 exulting laugh.

"At last," he cried, in a hoarse, strain-
 ed voice and in a foreign tongue; "freed-
 om at last."
 The other man made no comment on
 this outburst of his companion, but kept
 his eyes steadfastly on the bottom of the
 boat, where lay a small barrel and a bag
 of mouldy biscuits.

There was a strong contrast between
 the two waifs of the sea which the ocean
 had just thrown up on the desolate coast.
 One was a tall, slightly built young fel-
 low, apparently about thirty years of age,
 with leonine masses of reddish colored
 hair, and a short, stubby beard of the
 same tint. His face, pale and attenu-
 ated by famine, looked sharp and clever;
 and his eyes were quite black, with thin,
 delicately drawn eyebrows above them.
 They scintillated with a peculiar light
 which gave any one looking at him an un-
 comfortable feeling of insecurity. The
 young man's hands, though hardened and
 discolored, were yet finely formed, while
 the coarse, heavy boots he wore
 could not disguise the delicacy of his feet.
 He was dressed in a rough blue suit of
 clothes, all torn and much stained by sea
 water, and his head was covered with a
 red cap of wool-work which rested lightly
 on his tangled masses of hair. The man
 at his feet was a rough, heavy-looking
 fellow, squarely and massively built, with
 thick hair and a heavy beard of the same
 sallow hue. His hands were long and
 sinewy; his feet large and ungainly; and
 his whole appearance was that of a man
 in a low station of life. No one could
 have told the color of his eyes, for he
 looked obstinately at the ground; and
 the expression of his face was sullen and for-
 bidding. His companion eyed him for a
 short time in a cool, calculating manner,
 and then rose painfully to his feet.

"So," he said rapidly in French with
 his hand toward the frowning cliffs,
 "so, my Pierre, we are in the land of
 promise; though I must confess it cer-
 tainly does not look very promising; still
 we are on dry land, and that is something
 after tossing about so long in that stupid
 boat, with only a plank between us and
 death. Bah!—with another impressive
 carried up all the way from New Caledo-
 nia and landed us safely in what may
 turn out Paradise. We must not be un-
 grateful to the bridge that carried us over—
 eh, my friend?"

The man addressed as Pierre nodded an
 assent, then pointed toward the boat;
 the other looked up and saw that the tide
 had risen, and that the boat was drifting
 slowly away from the land.

"It goes," he said coolly, "back again
 to its proper owner, I suppose. Well, let
 it. We have no further need of it. We
 are no longer convicts from a French
 prison, my friend, but shipwrecked sail-
 ors; you hear?"—with a sudden scintilla-
 tion from his black eyes—"shipwrecked
 sailors; and I will tell the story of the
 wreck. Luckily, I can depend on your
 discretion, as you have not even a tongue
 to contradict, which you wouldn't do if
 it were your own."

The dumb man rose slowly to his feet
 and pointed to the cliffs frowning above
 them. The other answered his thoughts
 with a careless shrug of the shoulders.

"We must climb," he said lightly, "and
 let us hope the top will prove less in-
 hospitable than this place. Where are
 we? I don't know, except that this is Aus-
 tralia; there is gold here, my friend, and
 we must get our share of it. We will
 match our Gallew wit against these Eng-
 lish fools, and see who comes off best. You
 have strength, I have brains; so we will
 do great things; but"—laying his hand
 impressively on the other's breast—"no
 quarrel, no yielding, you see?"

He crept along the narrow ledge and
 scrambled with great difficulty into a
 niche above, holding on by the weeds and
 sparse grasses which grew out of the
 crannies of the barren crag. Followed by
 his companion, he went steadily up, cling-
 ing to projecting rocks—long trails of
 grass and anything else he could
 hold on to. Every now and then some
 seabird would dash out into their faces
 with wild cries and nearly cause them to
 lose their foothold in the sudden start.
 Then the herbage began to grow more lux-
 urious and the cliff to slope in an easy
 incline. At last, after half an hour's
 hard work, they managed to get to the
 top, and threw themselves breathlessly on
 the short dry grass which fringed the
 rough cliff. Lying there half fainting
 with fatigue and hunger, they could hear
 the drowsy thunder of the waves below.
 The rest did them good, and in a short
 time they were able to rise to their feet
 and survey the situation. In front was
 the sea, and at the back the grassy un-
 dulating country, dotted here and there
 with clumps of trees, now becoming faint
 and indistinct in the rapidly falling shad-
 ows of the night. They could also see
 horses and cattle moving in the distant
 fields, which showed that there must be
 some human habitation near; and sud-
 denly from a far distant house which
 had not been observed shone a bright light,
 which became to these weary waifs of the
 ocean a star of hope.

They looked at one another in silence,
 and then the young man turned toward
 the ocean again.

"Behind," he said, pointing to the east,

"lies a French prison and two ruined
 lives—yours and mine—but in front,
 swinging round to the rich fields, 'there
 is fortune, food and freedom. Come, my
 friend, let us follow that light, which is
 our star of hope, and who knows what
 glory may await us. The old life is dead,
 and we start our lives in this new world
 with all the bitter experiences of the old
 to teach us wisdom—come!' And without
 another word he walked slowly down the
 slope toward the inland, followed by the
 dumb man with his head still bent and his
 air of sullen resignation.

CHAPTER II.
 In the early days of Australia, when
 the gold fever was at its height and the
 marvelous Melbourne of to-day was more
 like an enlarged camp than anything else,
 there was a man called Robert Curtis,
 who arrived in the noon had crowds of
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CHAPTER III.
 Every one has heard of the oldest in-
 habitant—that wonderful piece of antiq-
 uity, with white hair, garrulous tongue
 and cast-iron memory—who was born
 with the past century—and remembers the
 battle of Waterloo, and the invention of
 the steam engine.

Ballerat, no doubt, possesses many of
 these precious pieces of antiquity hidden
 in obscure corners, but one especially was
 known, not only in the Golden City but
 throughout Victoria. His name was Sil-
 vers—plain Silvers, as he said himself—
 and, from a physical point of view, he cer-
 tainly spoke the truth. What his Chris-
 tian name was no one ever knew; he called
 himself Silvers, and so did every one else.

Silvers was reputed rich, and Arabian
 Nights like stories were told of his bound-
 less wealth, but no one ever knew the
 exact amount of money he had, and as
 Silvers never volunteered any information
 on the subject, no one ever did know.
 He was a small, wizen-looking little man,
 who usually wore a set of clothes a size
 too large for him, whereas scandal mon-
 gers averred his body rattled like a dried
 pea in a pod. His hair was white, and
 fringed the lower portion of his yellow lit-
 tle scalp in a most deceptive fashion.
 With his hat on Silvers looked sixty; take
 it off and his bald head immediately added
 ten years to his existence. His one eye
 was bright and sharp, of a grayish color,
 and the loss of the other was replaced by
 a greasy black patch, which gave him a
 sinister appearance. He was clean shav-
 ed, and had no teeth. He carried on the
 business of a mining agent, and knowing
 all about the country and the intricacies
 of the mines, he was one of the cleverest
 speculators in Ballarat.

The office of Silvers was in Sturt
 street, in a dirty tumble-down cottage
 wedged between two handsome modern
 buildings. It was a remnant of old Bal-
 larat, which had survived the rage for
 new houses and highly ornamented ter-
 races.

The warm sunlight poured through the
 dingy windows of the office, and filled the
 dark room with a sort of somber glory.
 The atmosphere of Silvers' office was
 thick and dusty. Silvers had pushed all
 the scrip and loose papers away, and was
 writing a letter in the little clearing
 caused by their removal. On the old-fash-
 ioned ink stand was a paper full of graints
 of gold. Billy, a parrot, seated on Sil-
 vers' shoulders, was astounded at this,
 and, inspired by a spirit of adventure,
 he climbed down and waddled clumsily
 across the table to the inkstand, where
 he seized a small nugget in his beak and
 made off with it. Silvers looked up from
 his writing suddenly; so, being detected,
 Billy stopped and looked at him, still car-
 rying the nugget in his beak.

(To be continued.)

RICH REFORMER QUIT HIS TENEMENT HOME.

Compelled to go back to his Bohemian
 life without accomplishing his object of
 getting money from the wife he had de-
 serted.

People talked, of course, but Madame
 did not mind. She had tried married life,
 and had been disappointed; her old ideas
 of belief in human nature had passed
 away; in short, the girl who had been the
 belle of Melbourne as Miss Curtis and
 Mrs. Villiers, as he said himself—
 stern, clever, cynical woman who man-
 aged the Pactorus claim was a new being
 called "Madame Midas."

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(To be continued.)

Self-Rescuer.
 In shallow-water navigation the
 Western world can teach the Chinese
 little. They have by centuries of prac-
 tice simplified the methods of use of
 their many rivers, says the author of
 "The Reshaping of the Far East."

It was on a tributary of the Yangtze,
 a broad and shallow and treacherous
 stream, that he came across a new
 genus of junk, the self-rescuer. There
 are many kinds of junks in China, from
 the huge, lumbering sea-junk, which
 looks like a galleon of other days, to
 the wasp-waisted river-junk which sails
 the great canal. But to the Western
 traveler this one was new.

It was a double junk, a junk which
 could be split in two. Midehips it was
 only chained together in a primitive
 way, and by releasing certain bolts it
 could be divided into halves, the stern
 floating one way and the stem another.

Coming down-stream it often happens
 that a heavy junk "plies up" on some
 sand-bar, and defies all efforts to float
 it off again, for here water is counted
 by inches. Then it is only necessary
 to unchain the after half, sail it away
 and unload it, float it alongside the
 forward half again, and unload from
 one into the other until the first half,
 much lightened, can be pushed off.
 Then they are re-chained and the jour-
 ney resumed. The junkmen, squatting
 on their haunches, explained to the
 traveler that this was really a very
 dry country, and not a water country
 at all, and that to navigate where there
 is seldom more than fifteen to twenty
 inches of water needs special measures.

Why Kelly Laughed.
 Baseball cranks will all remember
 with pleasure the late "Mike" Kelly,
 the star attraction of the famous Bos-
 ton, then champions of the National
 League. The Bostoner was playing in a
 western city, and had just returned
 to their hotel after the game, and the
 members of the team were separating
 and going to their rooms while Kelly
 headed for the bathroom to take his
 regular "rub down."

A few minutes later one of the other
 players on the team, while passing
 down the corridor, heard Kelly's well
 known laugh inside the bathroom, and
 stopped at the door and asked Kelly
 what the joke was.

Kelly replied: "This is the first time
 I ever got out of the bath tub without
 stepping on the soap."

"Terrible" Mistake.
 "We wish," wrote the editor of the
 Tartan Transcript, "to correct an er-
 ror which crept into our issue of last
 week. In describing the unfortunate
 runaway accident in Main street, we
 wrote: 'While awaiting the arrival
 of the ambulance, Dr. Skinner, who
 was fortunately present, took the vic-
 tim's pulse.' It was the printer who
 carelessly changed the 'I' in the last
 word to 'r.' We make the correction
 in justice to Dr. Skinner, whose fees
 are always moderate and who never
 presents a bill in advance. Office over
 Jed Kimball's drug store."

Both Were Smart.
 "And first," began the great moral
 factor, "will ask 'What is the great-
 est thing in the world?'"

"Horseshit," shouted the boy on
 the back seat.

"Young man, you're too smart."
 "So's the horseshit."—Toledo
 Blade.

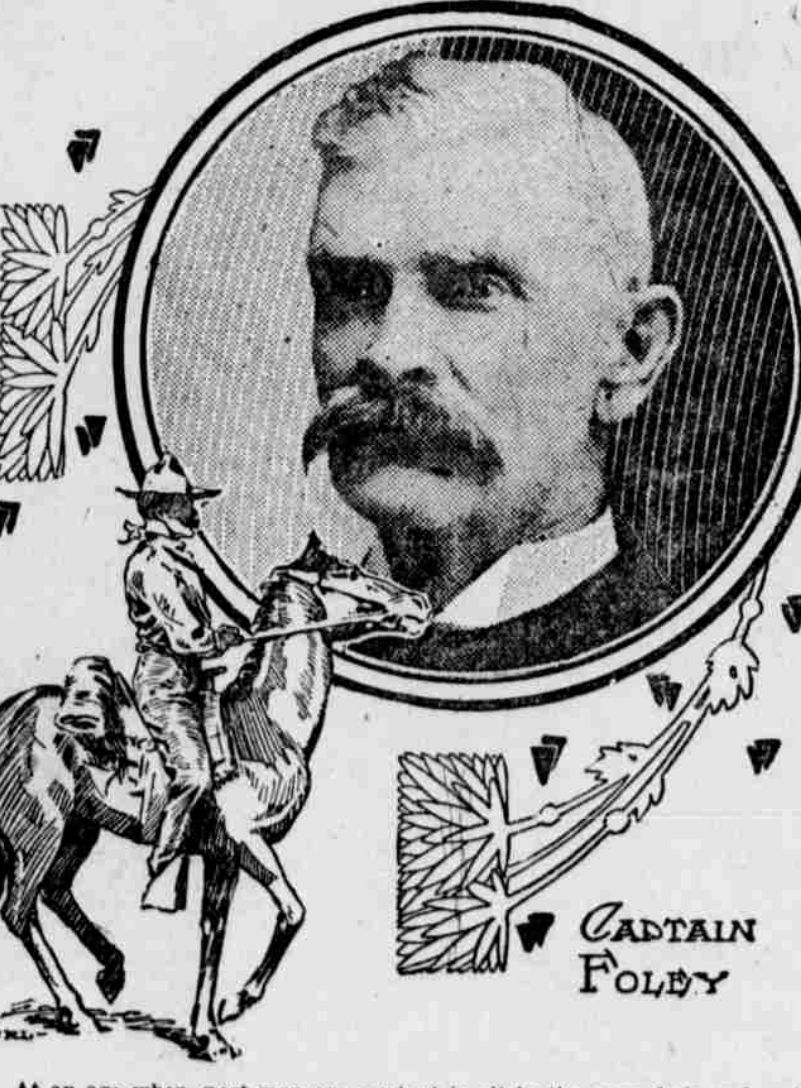


Nearly two years ago, when J. G. Phelps Stokes, a New York millionaire,
 demonstrated his faith in his cherished theory of democracy by marrying a
 poor Russian charity worker and making his home on an upper floor of an
 East Side tenement, the world cast aside the last doubt of his sincerity.

There he has lived and worked, abandoning his big estates and spending
 his income for the good of his fellowmen. Faithfully and with enthusiasm
 his young wife has seconded his efforts to assist the sick and needy and
 uplift the downtrodden. Practically every cent of the income from his for-
 tune has been spent by young Stokes in university settlement work and other
 philanthropic schemes. For his own livelihood he has depended almost en-
 tirely upon the stipend gained from his literary productions.

Now, believing that his efforts have been too much along one line, the
 young millionaire and his wife announced that they will abandon their East
 Side home and move to a little hamlet on Staten Island, where they will
 find more time to devote to philanthropic literature and to use in encour-
 aging charity work in a broader field. It is the aim of young Stokes to or-
 ganize the devotees of this kind of work all over the country and concentrate his
 efforts toward directing their operations. At the same time he will strive
 to give more publicity to evils that oppress the toilers he is trying to instruct
 and assist.

RIDES TO FRISCO IN NINETY DAYS.



At an age when most men are content to sit in the easy chair and watch
 the youngsters, James F. Foley, 65 years old, captain of the police force that
 he can complete the trip in ninety days.

This will not be the first time that Capt. Foley has ridden over the West-
 ern country. He has fought Indians in the Black Hills and was in Utah dur-
 ing the exciting times when the Mormons sought to exclude the Gentiles. He
 has ridden over the deserts of New Mexico and Arizona, climbed the Colorado
 mountain peaks and knows every mile of the great Panhandle range in West-
 ern Texas. The rugged life of his younger days has left the captain a strong
 constitution. He is straight as an arrow, agile as a panther, and there are
 few fatter runners in Indiana. Prisoners who fall into his clutches and show
 fight, invariably get the worst of it. He keeps in training all the time. Each
 morning, winter or summer, no matter how severe the weather, he takes a
 gallop into the country, astride his wiry Indian mustang.

Capt. Foley has figured that he will be able to make forty-five miles a day
 through Indiana, Illinois and Nebraska. Through the mountains he is only
 counting on averaging from ten to fifteen miles.

Baffled but Determined.
 While Mr. Graham calmly and delib-
 erately opened the morning paper and
 ran his eye over the head-lines, his
 wife looked volumes of reproach and
 impatience.

"Can't you tell me about that fire
 yesterday, before you read everything
 else in the paper?" she asked, at last.

"Certainly, my dear, certainly," said
 Mr. Graham, when she had repeated
 her question. "Er—here it is:
 "At 4:30 yesterday afternoon the
 great boiler at Stafford's burst. The
 scene which followed baffled all descrip-
 tion."
 "Is that all it says?" demanded Mrs.
 Graham, as her husband's eye seemed
 inclined to wander over the page.

"No," said Mr. Graham; "there are
 three full columns of description on
 the page, and it says 'continued on
 page six.'"

It is a very unusual town man who
 can move on a farm and resist the
 temptation of referring to his place as
 a "ranch."

CANADA'S GOOD TIMES.

The Immigration During 1905 Was
 216,000.

While it is well to heed every word
 of caution from the leaders in com-
 merce and finance, and to avoid all
 speculative ventures that lack a solid
 business foundation, it is clearly evi-
 dent that there is no conspicuous weak-
 spot in Canada's present era of pros-
 perity. The Toronto Globe says: "The
 Dominion has in a commercial sense
 plenty of money, and our leading finan-
 cial institutions are in a position to
 lend freely in the United States. The
 chief productive enterprises of Canada
 are not buoyed up by an era of danger-
 ous speculation, but are following sub-
 stantial business methods and finding
 safe and continuous markets for their
 goods. We are not bolstering up any
 industries by extensive export bonuses
 that must impoverish the people as a
 whole and ultimately lead to collapse
 through the failure of the artificial aid.
 There is no extreme protection in Can-
 ada such as would create great fort-
 unates for a few at the expense of the
 general public and lead to disruption
 and catastrophe.

"The prosperity of Canada has no
 such artificial foundation, being based
 on a healthy and substantial expansion
 of trade and industry, with a propor-
 tionate extension of productive settle-
 ment to new areas.

"It is true that we are borrowing
 extensively for railway construction,
 but every line will bring new territory
 within the limits of profitable occupa-
 tion, and will create prosperous settle-
 ments to bear the burdens and repay
 the outlays. We are not exhausting
 mineral resources, for it is quite rea-
 sonable to assume that, although min-
 eral wealth is never permanent, ours
 will during the measurable future de-
 velop a far greater productive capac-
 ity than at present. Our timber wealth
 can be made continuous by a judicious
 policy. And agriculture, the real founda-
 tion of our prosperity, is expanding
 with every new expenditure on railway
 construction. We are not in the flush
 of a railway mania that could bring
 its punishment through the useless du-
 plication of lines. The gigantic rail-
 way enterprises that now stimulate ev-
 ery line of business in Canada will
 create a new Dominion, and thus re-
 lieve easy the heavy burdens of debt
 now freely assumed. Canada's era of
 prosperity has been unprecedented, but
 there is no sign of weakness and no
 cause for lack of confidence. While
 our growth is normal and healthy, we
 need have no alarm at its rapidity."

This article might have told of the
 growth that is taking place in Central
 Canada, where thousands of Ameri-
 cans have made their homes during the
 past few years. The past calendar year
 has given to Canada by immigration
 an addition to its population of 216,000.
 Of this the United States contributed
 63,781. The agents of the Canadian
 government, whose advertisement ap-
 pears elsewhere, say that this number
 will be largely increased during 1907.

Omissions of History.
 Capt. Kidd was burying his ill gotten
 treasure.

"I can't give it away, of course," he
 said.

Cheered, however, by the reflection that
 by the time posterity had succeeded in
 finding the swag every particle of talent
 would have vanished, he dug the hole still
 deeper.

Of Interest to Women.
 Every woman naturally should be
 healthy and strong, but a great many
 women, unfortunately, are not, owing to
 the unnatural condition of the lives we
 lead. Headaches, backache and a general
 tired condition are prevalent among the
 women of to-day, and to relieve these con-
 ditions women rush to the druggists for a
 bottle of some preparation supposed to be
 particularly for them, and containing
 nobody knows what. If they would just
 get a box of Brandreth's Pills, and take
 them regularly every night for a time, all
 their trouble would disappear, as these
 pills regulate the organs of the feminine
 system. The same dose has the same
 effect, no matter how long they are used.
 Brandreth's Pills have been in use for
 over a century and are sold in every drug
 and medicine store, plain or sugar-coated.

Parental Solicitude.
 "Maria, who is that young chap that's
 coming to see Bessie?"
 "His name is Hankinson. He seems to
 be all right."
 "Do you consider him a safe young
 man?"
 "Bessie does. She says he's in good
 circumstances and has been operated on for
 appendicitis."

Bad Symptoms.
 The woman who has periodical head-
 aches, backache, sees irregular dark
 spots or specks floating or dancing before
 her eyes, has gnawing distress or heart
 full feeling in stomach, faint spells, drag-
 ging-down feeling in lower abdominal or
 pelvic region, easily startled or excited,
 irregular or painful periods, with or with-
 out pelvic catarrh, is suffering from
 weakness and derangements that should
 have early attention. Not all of above
 symptoms are likely to be present in any
 case at one time.

Neglected or badly treated such cases
 cause a run of maladies which each
 adds to the surgeon's knife if they do not
 result fatally.

No medicine extant has such a long
 and unbroken record of cures as this
 case as Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.
 No medicine has such a strong
 professional endorsement as this.
 It is the only medicine that has cured
 more ordinary non-professional cases
 than any other. The very best ingredients
 known to medical science for the cure of
 woman's peculiar ailments enter into its
 composition. No alcohol, harmful, or
 habit-forming drug is to be found in the
 list of its ingredients. Its whole effect
 is to strengthen, invigorate and regulate
 the whole female system and especially
 the pelvic organs. When these are der-
 ranged in function or affected by disease,
 the stomach and other organs of digestion
 become sympathetically deranged, the
 nerves are weakened, and a long list of
 bad, unpleasant symptoms follow. Too
 much must not be expected of this "Fa-
 vorite Prescription." It will not perform
 miracles; it will not cure tumors—no med-
 icine will. It will often prevent them, if
 taken in time, and thus the operating
 table and the surgeon's knife may be
 avoided.

Women suffering from diseases of long
 standing are invited to consult doctor
 Pierce by letter, free. A correspondence
 is held as strictly private and sacredly
 confidential. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce,
 Buffalo, N. Y.

Dr. Pierce's Medical Adviser (1000 pages)