## KIDNEY TROUBLE

*Suffered Two Years—Relieved In Three Months.*

MR. C. B. FIZER, Mt. Sterling, Ky writes:

***"I have suffered with kidney and other trouble for ten years past.***

"Last March I commenced using Peruna and continued for three months. I have not used it since, nor have I felt a pain.

"I believe that I am well and I therefore give my highest commendation to the curative qualities of Peruna."

**Pe-ru-na For Kidney Trouble.**

Mrs. Geo. H. Simser, Grant, Ontario, Can., writes:

"I had not been well for about four years. ***I had kidney trouble, and, in fact, felt badly nearly all the time.***

"This summer I got so very bad I thought I would try Peruna, so I wrote to you and began at once to take Peruna and Manalin.

"I took only two bottles of Peruna and one of Manalin, and now I feel better than I have for some time.

"I feel that Peruna and Manalin cured me and made a different woman of me altogether. I bless the day I picked up the little book and read of your Peruna."

***It is the business of the kidneys to remove from the blood all poisonous materials.*** They must be active all the time, else the system suffers. There are times when they need a little assistance.

Peruna is exactly this sort of a remedy. It has saved many people from disaster by rendering the kidneys service at a time when they were not able to bear their own burdens.


**Precautionary Ventilation.**

The man who entered the smoking car of the elevated train at Forty-third street strode to the rear end and opened the doors.

Then he went half way back, sat down and lighted a cigar.

An icy gale blew through the car, and two or three men started for the rear doors for the purpose of closing them.

"Wait a few moments, gentlemen," said the passenger sitting next to the newcomer. "This man knew what kind of a cigar he was going to smoke a great deal better than we did."—Chicago Tribune.

**Influence.**

No human being can come into the world without increasing or diminishing the sum total of human happiness, not only of the present, but of every subsequent age of humanity. No one can detach himself from this connection. There is no sequestered spot in the universe, no dark niche along the disk of non-existence to which he can retreat from his relations to others, where he can withdraw the influence of his existence upon the moral destiny of the world. Everywhere he will have companions who will be better or worse for his influence.


## DYSPEPSIA

"Having taken your wonderful "Cascarets" for three months and being entirely cured of stomach catarrh and dyspepsia, I think a word of praise is due to "Cascarets" for their wonderful composition. I have taken numerous other so-called remedies but without avail and I find that Cascarets relieve more in a day than all the others I have taken would in a year."
James McGune, 198 Mercer St., Jersey City, N. J.

Best For The Bowels
Cascarets
CANDY CATHARTIC
THEY WORK WHILE YOU SLEEP

Pleasant. Palatable. Potent. Taste Good. Do Good. Never Sicken, Weaken or Gripe. 10c. 25c. 50c. Never sold in bulk. The genuine tablet stamped CCC. Guaranteed to cure or your money back.

Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or N.Y. 592

ANNUAL SALE, TEN MILLION BOXES

LEARN FARMS WESTERN CANADA FREE

New and Liberal Homestead Regulations IN Western Canada

NEW DISTRICTS

**Now Open for Settlement**

Some of the choicest lands in the grain growing belts of Saskatchewan and Alberta have recently been opened for settlement under the Revised Homestead Regulations of Canada. Thousands of homesteads of 160 acres each are now available. The new regulations make it possible for entry to be made by proxy, the opportunity that many in the United States have been waiting for. Any member of a family may make entry for any other member of the family who may be entitled to make entry for himself or herself. Entry may now be made before the Agent or Sub-Agent of the District by proxy (on certain conditions) by the father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of an intending homesteader.

"Any even numbered section of Dominion Lands in Manitoba or the North-West Provinces, excepting 8 and 26, not reserved, may be homesteaded by any person the sole head of a family, or male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one-quarter section, of 160 acres, more or less."

The fee in each case will be $10.00. Churches, schools and markets convenient. Healthy climate, splendid crops and good roads. Grain growing and cattle raising principal industries.

For further particulars as to Rates, Routes, Best Time to Go and Where to Locate, apply to W. D. Scott, Superintendent of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or E. T. Holmes, 315 Jackson St., St. Paul, Minn., and J. M. MacLachlan, Box 116, Watertown, So. Dakota Authorized Government Agents.

Please say where you saw this advertisement.

**FREE** To convince any woman that Paxtine Antiseptic will improve her health and do all we claim for it. We will send her absolutely free a large trial box of Paxtine with book of instructions and genuine testimonials. Send your name and address on a postal card.

**PAXTINE** cleanses and heals mucous membrane affections, such as nasal catarrh, pelvic catarrh and inflammation caused by feminine ills; sore eyes, sore throat and mouth, by direct local treatment. Its curative power over these troubles is extraordinary and gives immediate relief. Thousands of women are using and recommending it every day. 50 cents at druggists or by mail. Remember, however, IT COSTS YOU NOTHING TO TRY IT. THE R. PAXTON CO., Boston, Mass.


**COLD PLATES AND HOT PLATES**

**Many of Former Still to Be Found; the Latter, Happily, Spreading.**

"We still find," said an old Washingtonian, "many cold plates. Lots of people seem to regard hot plates as a superfluity, or even as an affectation of style that is not to be encouraged, and so give you cold plates to eat hot food from; thus really spoiling many a good meal.

"I ate dinner yesterday at a place where the food is excellent and admirably cooked, and where everything they give you is good and appetizing and ample in supply, but where the joy of the meal was marred by cold plates.

"Just why they give you cold plate at this place I don't know, but it is simply the survival of an ancient custom, I guess.

"For hot plates are a modern custom. Formerly people got along very well without them; but it is different now, when it is so easy to provide them. And yet they are by no means even today, everywhere to be found.

"You might eat today at the abundant, the well-supplied and the well equipped table of a family whose every member was the personification of kindly grace and hospitality, and you find here your food served to you on cold plates; rugged people, these, to whom, out of some feeling bred in the days when luxuries were less common hot plates would still be considered a mark of concession to effeminacy. And by such a reason, indeed, might the cold plates be accounted for in some small hotels, off the beaten track, though in many another hotel their presence is due simply to slackness, indifference or a failure to rise to modern conditions.

"But the hot plate, by no means a sign of degeneracy, but one marking simply and rationally a desire to rise to our privileges, is everywhere spreading; it will some day everywhere prevail, and meanwhile when we eat where it has not yet come, let us be grateful then for the food."—Washington Post.

**A FAD OF THE PAST.**

Ha, that was footgear for you—the copper-toed boot. You couldn't wear it out. You were defied to! That was in the days when one pair of boots was expected to last you all one winter. No such foolish notions prevail now.

You have become accustomed to buying a new pair of shoes for each of your children every six weeks. They would turn up their snubby little noses at copper-toed footwear now.

As long as boots were worn by children, the copper toes were entirely logical, and the man who invented the metal reinforcement deserved a crown, whether he ever got one or not. There was the grievous sight of toes wearing out while the rest of the boot was good as ever, and without a sound toe the boot was ruined. But the piece of copper at the tip baffled, to a great extent, the mania of the children for kicking their toes on the frosty ground.

THE COPPER-TOED BOOT.

The presence of a pair of new red-topped boots (they were always very ornate as to tops) under the Christmas tree was a challenge to the recipient. "Wear me out if you can!" they seemed to say. Then you would proceed to try you hardest to do so. In the long run you were always victor. But the end was delayed generally to the profit of your father's pocketbook. Now the copper-toed boot has passed.

**Animal Traits.**

It is an interesting study to note in domestic animals the traits of their wild ancestors. There are some characteristics, of course, which are readily recognizable as being similar to those of animals still in a wild state, and for this reason they give a fair idea of the life and surroundings of progenitors. The habits of the dog and cat are too familiar to comment on, but take the foal and compare his traits with those of the calf.

The foal when a few days old can gallop as fast as he ever can in after life. He never leaves the dam and takes nourishment in small quantities avoiding a full meal, which would impede swift escape. In lying down an attempt is made at concealment, and when he stands his head is held high. These habits show that the animal ancestors spent their lives in the open and not in the forests and that they were great travelers.

The calf, on the contrary, fills himself with milk and is a poor traveler. When danger approaches his first impulse is to conceal himself. All his characteristics point to the fact that the ancestral home of cattle was in a moist, wooded country, while the primeval horse roamed the plains.—London Chronicle.

**Thoughtful.**

"Lady with a flashy paste necklace wants to know whether it's pure diamond or not," said the jeweler's shopman.

"Look like married woman?" inquired the jeweler.

"Yes, sir."

"Tell her it is. No use making trouble for poor husbands these hard times."—London Telegraph.

**Nervous Prostration.**

First Hobo—Meanderin' Mike's ill from overwork.

Second Hobo—Poor old Mike! Wot's he bin a-workin'?

First Hobo—Too many easy marks.—Baltimore American.

# PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

## JAIL FOR TRUST OFFENDERS.

***By Attorney General Bonaparte.***

C. J. BONAPARTE.

I have noticed a good many complaints that criminal prosecutions against trust magnates and sentences of imprisonment for them have been very infrequent, and, in fact, for practical purposes unknown. It is perfectly true that, in my opinion at least, a better moral effect would be produced by sending a few prominent men to jail than by a great deal of litigation, however successful, against the corporations they controlled.

But it must be remembered that it is only successful prosecutions which would have a good effect. Some time since two corporations and their respective presidents were indicted jointly for violation of the criminal provisions of the anti-trust law. If the corporations were guilty of such, it would be hard for the lay mind at least to understand how their presidents could be innocent. Nevertheless the jury convicted the corporations and acquitted the presidents.

It is the avowed purpose of the department of justice to prosecute criminally any one who is really responsible for violations of the anti-trust law wherever it can do so with any reasonable probability of success. It does not care to prosecute mere underlings who are known to every one to have acted under the direct authority of their superiors.

## WOMEN ARE BRAVER THAN MEN

***By George R. Sims.***

There is bravery and bravery. There are women and women. The noblest bravery is the bravery of the noblest type of womanhood, for it is the bravery of self-forgetfulness and self-sacrifice.

The single woman dependent on herself for her livelihood never made a braver fight of it than she makes to-day, and she sets a bright example to many a young man in the struggle. The widow, left frequently with a young family practically unprovided for, fights with the stout heart that the widower does not always display.

We have but to read the stories of heroic self-sacrifice by women for their children in the stories of accident and inquest that are the saddest incidents of daily life, to learn, to know, and to honor the splendid bravery of which a gentle and loving woman can be capable. It is in the sublime and all-conquering instinct of motherhood that woman constantly displays a bravery in the presence of which the bravest man is proud to do her homage.

Men are braver than women in their code of honor. Men are braver than women in defying Mrs. Grundy. They are braver in resisting temptation to personal extravagance. They are braver in acknowledging their faults, their pecuniary positions, and their poor relations, and their age. The moral cowardice of a woman with regard to the flight of time is proverbial. In the presence of the census paper every woman over five and twenty is an object lesson in the lack of bravery.

## APPALACHIAN FOREST RESERVE

***By W. L. Hall of the U. S. Forest Service.***

The States east of the Mississippi are estimated to contain now but 900,000,000,000 feet of lumber. The States have reserved about 2,500,000 acres. All the rest is under private ownership, which system has resulted in the reduction of the commercial forest from covering the entire area to its present condition. Over most of the region fires still burn without hindrance. The forest is being used faster than ever before. As an index of the changed situation in the timber supply in the Eastern States in ten years, note the rise in prices of our leading woods. Whatever side the timber situation in the Eastern States is viewed from, one is forced irresistibly to the conclusion that remedial measures must be taken, and that quickly, or we shall be in the midst of a timber famine. The only remedy yet proposed which at all meets the situation is for the federal government to undertake the establishment of national forests in the Appalachian mountains. Although the Appalachians bear large quantities of pine, spruce, and hemlock, they are essentially a hardwood region, and they are the only hardwood region we shall have in the future. There is no question but that with the right management the Appalachian mountains would produce permanently all the hardwood timber required in the United States.

## OUR DADDIES OUT-THOUGHT US

***By W. P. Faunce, President of Brown University.***

The young people of to-day, as compared with those of fifty years ago, are chiefly deficient in power of sustained attention and original thinking. They cannot, or at least they usually do not, think as clearly, as patiently and as cogently as did their fathers.

They do not as quickly distinguish the irrelevant from the pertinent, the kernel from the husk, as the men of the last generation. They have an amazing fund of information, they are wide readers of bright ephemeral literature, they have tasted every fruit on the great tree of knowledge, they know a thousand interesting scraps, they are more versatile and ingenious and attractive than any other of the recent generations.

But they are quickly led astray by sophistry, and easily led to surrender conviction when it conflicts with interest.—New York World.

## The Manager

"Did you see the old tyrant look at me this morning?" snapped the little blonde girl at the ribbon counter. "I thought he'd taken my head off."

"Well, you shouldn't talk about your steadies during business hours," laughed a lace counter girl. "You're expected to have your mind strictly on business and do your little best to promote the interests of the firm, don't you know?"

"Oh, bother the firm. The firm is nothing to me. I'm working for the best interests of Susie Gibbons, and don't let anybody forget it. Besides, that bateful Venner had no business to come snooping around just when I was talking confidential matters. Don't you think so, Ethel?"

"I think he's horrid," her counter mate responded. "He always looks like a meat axe."

"Who'd ever want to marry him?"

"Oh, I don't know. He might be tamed."

"Why don't you take the job, Kitty?" Whereat they giggled and trooped down the aisle to the big front door.

A moment later a man emerged from behind the new partition. It was John Venner, the manager of the great store. A faint smile hovered about his lips.

"What the old proverb about listeners?" he muttered. "It is quite evident that I do not hold a desirable place in the good graces of these young women. I'm sorry I overheard their talk. I would have showed myself, but I couldn't very well after they had fired their broadside. I'm a hard man all right, but I've never to my knowledge done any man or woman an injustice. Who was the girl that stood up for me? She called me a gentleman. Her name is Alice and she is a newcomer. I wonder if they were right when they said she would learn to hate me as the others do? None of them seem to realize that I am but a steward here."

Alice Landon's duties were not exacting and she soon learned to make herself useful. There were little annoyances now and then, but they did not discourage her. One day, however, a more serious dispute arose over a sale that Alice had made, and the purchaser, a matron of commanding and somewhat offensive manners emphatically declared that a certain piece of lace she had purchased was damaged when it left the counter. Alice remembered the sale very well and knew that the woman was mistaken. Consequently, she held her ground, and the woman departed vowing to obtain satisfaction from the management.

A little later Alice was summoned by a boy to come to the manager's office. She found the manager there and the irascible matron.

"Miss Landon," said the manager in his measured tones, "you understand the claim made by Mrs. Harrington. Let me hear your story."

She told it in as few words as possible.

"You may go, Miss Landon."

Late that afternoon a shower came up and when Alice Landon, trailing behind the girls as was her custom, passed through the big door, she hesitated a moment, having no umbrella.

Then a voice greeted her. It was that of the manager.

"Let my umbrella and myself accompany you to your car," he said, and fell into step beside her.

"I think I owe you a little explanation," he presently added. "Perhaps Mrs. Harrington's thoughtless remark annoyed you, but you should remember she was very angry and very unreasonable when she made it. She went away threatening me with the loss of her custom, and promising to write a full explanation of the matter to Miss Carmichael."

"Miss Carmichael?"

"The owner of our store, and my respected employer. She is now in Switzerland, I believe. I have never seen her. Perhaps she may conclude to dispense with my services when she views Mrs. Harrington's letter."

"Oh, that would be too bad."

"Thank you. But I'm not very much alarmed. In fact, I have a tempting offer from a man of means to enter into a partnership with him. I believe I need a change. I've no doubt I'm rapidly becoming a mere machine. I am 32 years old and all I know is business, business, nothing but business."

He spoke a little bitterly, but his face quickly cleared as he caught the girl's gaze.

"They say you have been very successful," she said. "Will you let me know if you hear from Miss Carmichael on this subject?"

"Why, yes, I will," he answered.

"This is my car," said the girl. "Thank you, and good-night."

Two days later Alice Landon went to the stockroom on the eleventh floor.

"IT IS A STRANGE LETTER."

When she had found the goods she wanted she started to return. As the elevator descended she stood close to the boy. It was a swift and noiseless car. Her gaze was directed downward.

As the car reached the second floor the boy slackened its speed a little. Then the girl, leaning forward, saw the back of a man close to the elevator shaft on the floor below. He evidently had opened the iron gate and was looking into the basement.

With a quick and firm grasp she caught at the rope and checked the car just in time to prevent its knocking the man into the opening.

He drew back and stood there as the car slowly settled at the floor level.

The man was John Venner.

The girl's white face scared him more than his recent danger.

"Thank you, Miss Landon," said John Venner. "I'm sorry you were startled. I was doing just what I've cautioned the help a hundred times not to do. Are—are you all right now?"

"You were very careless," the girl responded. "Good managers owe it to their employes not to take such risks."

"I hadn't thought of it in that light," he laughed. "I'll promise to be more considerate."

Every afternoon thereafter he walked with the girl to the car, and strange to say, his attentions were not noted by the other clerks, a fact for which the girl was profoundly thankful.

And then one morning a messenger summoned her to the manager's private office.

He was there alone.

"I have heard from Miss Carmichael," he said. "I received a letter this morning through her lawyer here. It is a strange letter. I can't quite understand it."

"And what does she say about the Harrington matter?"

"She touches on it very lightly. She says she has entire confidence in my discretion. But here is what puzzles me. She offers me an interest in the concern with an increased salary on two conditions. One is that I must give up all idea of severing my connection with the house, no matter how alluring the chance to begin business for myself may seem. And the other condition is that I drop the business and go abroad for three months—the house paying all my expenses.

There was a brief pause.

"And what is to be your decision?"

He drew a quick breath.

"What do you advise me to do?" he asked. "I—I have great confidence in your judgment."

"Thank you," said the girl. "Then my advice to you is to please Miss Carmichael. By pleasing her you will please me."

"Then that's settled," he said. "But wait. About this trip abroad." His voice shook a little. "Miss Landon," he said, "I am painfully conscious of all my defects. I know I am presumptuous in daring to hope that you may see in me qualities that raise me in your estimation. I don't believe I have either the desire or courage to take that trip alone. Will you go with me as my wife?"

She did not answer him for a moment.

"Your price seems pretty high," she presently said. "An interest in the business, an increased salary, and now me."

"It is you alone I care for," he murmured.

"If it is the only way of keeping you here, my dear manager," she said, "I must say yes."

He caught her hands in his.

"I didn't dream I could be so happy," he cried.

"I am afraid you are a very obtuse person," she presently said.

"No doubt of that," he answered.

"Otherwise you would have discovered that a certain young woman in whom you have a keen interest was masquerading in one of your departments, finding out something about her big store and a great deal about her manager."

"What!" he cried. "You!"

"I am Alice Langdon Carmichael."

"I never dreamt it!" he said with a little gasp. "And you are going to marry me?"

"I am going to make sure of an excellent manager."

He looked at her in silent admiration.

"Do you know what drew me to you at first?" he said. "It was having you say a kind word in my behalf. I overheard you—I happened to be behind the partition."

Her eyes danced.

"Yes," she demurely said, "I happened to know you were there."—W. R. Rose in Cleveland Plain Dealer.

**Hard Luck.**

Tired Tatters—I saw de new moon over the left shoulder las' night. I wonder wot dat's a sign of? Weary Walker—It's a sign dat de new' plan youse ask for work youse'll git it.—Chicago News.

"Many boys," says a philosopher, "are called, but few get up."


# TUMORS CONQUERED

## Overwhelming Proof that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Succeeds.

One of the greatest triumphs of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the conquering of woman's dread enemy Tumor.

The growth of a tumor is so insidious that frequently its presence is wholly unsuspected until it is well advanced.

So called "wandering pains" may come from its early stages or the presence of danger may be made manifest by excessive monthly periods accompanied by unusual pain, from the abdomen through the groin and thigh.

If you have mysterious pains, if there are indications of inflammation or displacements, secure a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from native roots and herbs, right away and begin its use.

The following letters should convince every suffering woman of its virtue, and that it actually does conquer tumors.

Mrs. May Fry, of 836 W. Colfax Ave., South Bend, Ind., writes:

Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—

"I take great pleasure in writing to thank you for what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me. I also took the Blood Purifier in alternate doses with the Compound. Your medicine removed a cyst tumor of four years' growth, which three of the best physicians declared I had. They had said that only an operation could help me. I am very thankful that I followed a friend's advice and took your medicine. It has made me a strong and well woman and I shall recommend it as long as I live."

Mrs. E. F. Hayes, of 26 Ruggles St., Boston, Mass., writes:

Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—

"I have been under different doctors' treatment for a long time without relief. They told me I had a fibroid tumor, my abdomen was swollen and I suffered with great pain. I wrote to you for advice, you replied and I followed your directions carefully and today I am a well women. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound expelled the tumor and strengthened my whole system."

Mrs. Perry Byers, of Mt. Pleasant, Iowa, writes:

Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—

"I was told by my physician that I had a fibroid tumor and that I would have to be operated upon. I wrote to you for advice, which I followed carefully and took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I am not only cured of the tumor but other female troubles and can do all my own work after eigh years of suffering."

Mrs. S. J. Barber, of Scott, N. Y. writes:

Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—

"Sometime ago I wrote you for advice about a tumor which the doctors thought would have to be removed. Instead I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and to-day am a well woman."

Mrs. M. M. Funk, Vandergrift, Pa., writes:

Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—

"I had a tumor and Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound removed it for me after two doctors had given me up. I was sick four years before I began to take the Compound. I now recommend Lydia E Pinkham's Vegetable Compound far and near."

Such testimony as above is convincing evidence that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound stands without a peer as a remedy for Tumor Growths as well as other distressing ills of women, and such symptoms as Bearing-down Sensations, Displacements, Irregularities and Backache, etc. Women should remember that it is Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound that is curing so many women Don't forget to insist upon it when some druggist asks you to accept something else which he calls "just as good."

**Mrs. Pinkham's Invitation to Women.**

Women suffering from any form of female weakness are invited to write Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., for advice. She is the Mrs. Pinkham who has been advising sick women free of charge for more than twenty years, and before that she assisted her mother-in-law, Lydia E. Pinkham in advising. Thus she is especially well qualified to guide sick women back to health.

# W. L. DOUGLAS

**$3.00 & $3.50 SHOES** BEST IN THE WORLD

SHOES FOR EVERY MEMBER OF THE FAMILY, AT ALL PRICES.

**$25,000 Reward** To any one who can prove W. L. Douglas does not make & sell more Men's $3 & $3.50 shoes than any other manufacturer.

THE REASON W. L. Douglas shoes are worn by more people in all walks of life than any other make, is because of their excellent style, easy-fitting, and superior wearing qualities. The selection of the leathers and other materials for each part of the shoe, and every detail of the making is looked after by the most complete organization of superintendents, foremen and skilled shoemakers, who receive the highest wages paid in the shoe industry, and whose workmanship cannot be excelled.

If I could take you into my large factories at Brockton, Mass., and show you how carefully W. L. Douglas shoes are made, you would then understand why they hold their shape, fit better, wear longer and are of greater value than any other make.

***My $4.00 and $5.00 Gilt Edge Shoes cannot be equalled at any price.***

CAUTION! The genuine have W. L. Douglas name and price stamped on bottom. Take No Substitute. Ask your dealer for W. L. Douglas shoes. If he cannot supply you, send direct to factory. Shoes sent everywhere by mail. Catalog free. W.L.Douglas, Brockton, Mass.

**Cross Purposes.**

Marshall Wilder tells of an elderly lady in Cohoes, who, besides her deafness, experienced much trouble with false teeth. Consequently she was disposed to regard this world as a vale of tears. A neighbor, passing her house one day, beheld the lady sitting at the window, wearing an expression of more than usual gloom. Thinking to cheer the unfortunate one, the good-hearted neighbor screamed at the top of her voice:

"Good morning, Mrs. Blank. Fine weather we're having."

"Yes," replied the elderly lady, "but I can't eat with 'em yit."

**His Reason.**

"Why do you drop the 'h' out of your name?" asked one of his acquaintances.

"Not because I'm a cockney," answered Ben Jonson with spirit, "but for purposes of identification. If you look in the directory you will find there is altogether too much Johnson in this town."

Subsequently, by way of further distinction, they carved "Rare Ben Jonson" on his tombstone.

Green chrysanthemums were exhibited the other day at a flower show in Essex, England.


**Made** Discovery whereby can grow full head hair on any bald head. Stop falling hair for good. Eradicate any dandruff or scalp trouble. Reproduces the color in the follicle of grey or faded hair. Will send you 2 months' treatment of this $10 remedy if you send me a $2 money order. I simply do this to advertise and show you. Want partner with $1,000 cash to open office in Minneapolis. The only man. The Prince of Hair Growers.
G. W. SCHORNHUT, Sioux City, Iowa.

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



S. C. N. U. - - No. 39—1907.


**The Real Thing in Xmas Presents**

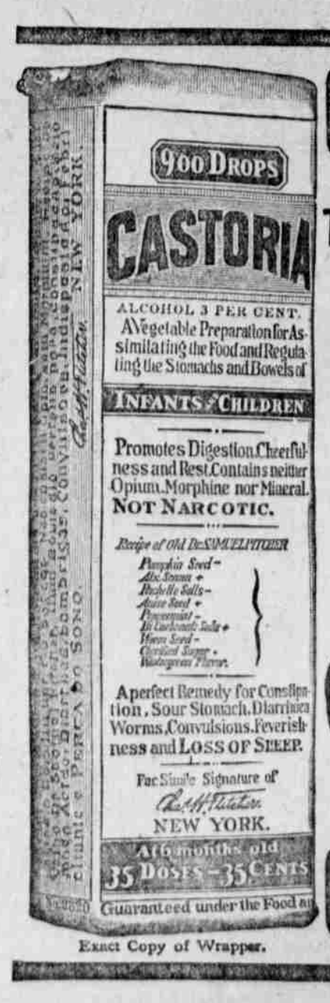
He began to unwrap his Christmas package with fear and trembling. Many a time incredulity, doubt and finally despair would cross his face. He would cease to undo the bundle, and slump brokenly into his chair. Then hope would flicker in his eye, and he would start up and fly to his task again.

"It can't be," he would tell himself.

"It might be," he cried, with more confidence. "It is!" he shrieked ecstatically.

It was sox.—Stanford Chaparral.

Hotelkeepers in London complain that their guests stay a shorter time than they once did, and spend less for food and drink.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# CASTORIA

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The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.

In Use For Over Thirty Years

# CASTORIA

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.