Munyon's Paw Paw Pills coax the liver into activity by gentle methods. They do not scour, gripe or weaken. They are a tonic to the stomach, liver and nerves; invigorate instead of weaken. They enrich the blood and enable the stomach to get all the nourishment from food that is put into it. These pills contain no calomel; they are soothing, healing and stimulating. For sale by all druggists in 10c and 25c sizes. If you need medical advice, write Munyon's Doctors. They will advise to the best of their ability absolutely free of Charge. **MUNYON'S, 53d and Jefferson Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.**

Munyon's Cold Remedy cures a cold in one day. Price 25c. Munyon's Rheumatism Remedy relieves in a few hours and cures in a few days. Price 25c.

Beautiful Wall Coatings for Homes.

In line with the progress of all other things in these modern days is the beautiful, perfect and sanitary wall coatings for our homes. Alabastine is the name of a rich, soft and velvety preparation for the decoration of walls and ceilings. It adheres to the walls of its own adhesive qualities. It is inexpensive, clean, artistic and so easily put on that any one can follow the printed directions on every package. Any shade or tint is easily produced. Alabastine is proof against insects or disease germs so prevalent in wall paper. It does not rub off and flake like kalsomine. A complete color plan for the walls of the home and stencils to help make the home beautiful, together with a book about home decorations and samples of color effects will all be sent free by the Alabastine Company, 482 Grandville avenue, Grand Rapids, Mich. This liberal offer to home decorators deserves careful perusal.

Barnyard Repartee.

"Seems to me," grumbled the old rooster, "you're laying smaller eggs than your regular average."

"Well, then," clucked the old hen, "I don't need any assistance in cackling over 'em. Kindly chase yourself around the yard."

DON'T NEGLECT THAT COUGH

It certainly racks your system and may run into something serious. *Allen's Lung Balsam* will check it quickly and permanently. For sale at all druggists.

Origin of the Saying.

She was an enormous young woman.

"Have you anybody here," she asked, "as tall as I am?"

"Yes, I guess so," answered the proprietor of the dime museum.

"Well, I'm from Missouri," rejoined Ella Ewing, the giantess; "you'll have to show me."

So they put her inside and showed her, along with the other freaks.—Chicago Tribune.

GLADNESS COMES ~

With a better understanding of the transient nature of the many physical ills which vanish before proper efforts—gentle efforts—pleasant efforts—rightly directed. There is comfort in the knowledge that so many forms of illness are not due to any actual disease, but simply to a constipated condition of the system, which the pleasant family laxative, Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna, promptly removes. That is why it is the only remedy with millions of families, and is everywhere esteemed so highly by all who value good health. Its beneficial effects are due to the fact that it is the only remedy which promotes internal cleanliness, without debilitating the organs on which it acts. It is, therefore, all-important, in order to get its beneficial effects, to purchase and note that you have the genuine article, which is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only.

It is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the kidneys, liver and bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and assists in overcoming habitual constipation permanently, also biliousness and the many ills resulting therefrom. The great trouble with all other purgatives and aperients is not that they fail to act when a single dose is taken, but that they act too violently and invariably tend to produce a habit of body requiring constantly augmented doses. Children enjoy the pleasant taste and gentle action of Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna, the ladies find it delightful and beneficial whenever a laxative remedy is needed, and business men pronounce it invaluable, as it may be taken without interfering with business and does not gripe nor nauseate. When buying note the name, California Fig Syrup Co. printed on the front of every package. Price, 50 cents a bottle.

GOOD SHORT STORIES

Andrew Carnegie was on board a ferryboat at Norfolk on the day the President visited that port. Something went wrong with the compass. The captain appealed to the mate. The mate examined the compass and said: "I guess it must be attracted by that steel magnate over there."

Mr. Kajones, who happened to step into the parlor while looking for a book, was just in time to see somebody slip hastily off somebody else's knee. "Ah, Bessie," he observed, pleasantly, "this is a merger, is it? Or is it a limited partnership?" "Neither, papa," said Bessie, recovering herself instantly. "George is my holding company—that's all."

Recently a party of tourists were visiting the Louvre. By mistake one of the tired number carried a catalogue of the Luxembourg. Upon being confronted by a fantastically modern nude study with a black cat in the background she turned to the corresponding number and complacently announced to the astonished listeners: "This is Whistler's mother."

On Lord Dufferin's estate, near Belfast, there once stood a historic ruin, a castle which had been a stronghold of the O'Neils. One day Lord Dufferin visited it with his steward, Dan Mulligan, and drew a line with his stick round it, telling Mulligan that he was to build a protecting wall on that line. And then he went to India, feeling secure as to the preservation of the great historic building. When he returned to Ireland he hastened to visit the castle. It was gone. He rubbed his eyes and looked again. Yes, gone it certainly was, leaving not a trace behind it. He sent for Dan and inquired: "Where's the castle?" "The castle, my lord? That old thing? Sure, I pulled it down to build the wall wid."

Dr. S. Weir Mitchell tells with keen enjoyment of the experience of a medical friend of his who engaged a nurse, recently graduated, for a case of delirium tremens. The physician succeeded in quieting the patient, and left some medicine, instructing the nurse to administer it to him again if he "began to see snakes again." At the next call the physician found the patient again raving. To his puzzled inquiry the nurse replied that the man had been going on that way for several hours and that she had not given him any medicine. "But didn't I tell you to give it to him if he began to see snakes again?" demanded the physician. "But he didn't see snakes this time," replied the nurse confidently. "He saw red, white and blue turkeys with straw hats on."

Recently an automobilist ran down and killed a hen in suburban Philadelphia. He was a conscientious automobilist. Instead of racing along, unmindful of the grief of the owners of that hen, he immediately stopped, got out, tenderly picked up the unfortunate fowl and rang the doorbell of the farmhouse from the vicinity of which it had emerged. A woman opened the door. "I am very sorry to inform you," remarked the automobilist, "that I have unintentionally killed this hen of yours." He held the fowl up to her view. "Now I am quite willing to pay whatever the value—" But she checked him with this joyous exclamation: "Oh, I'm so much obliged to you. I've been trying to catch that hen for three days to cook it for dinner, and I never could so much as lay a hand on the pesky thing. Thank you, sir; thank you."

AS TO MAKING OUR OWN SHOES.

If Price Go Much Higher We May Be Driven to This Extremity.

Shoes are apparently to be beyond the reach of most of us; luxuries that we can only hope to receive at Christmas time. The prospect causes quite a flutter of anticipation. We might adopt the silk bags worn by Trilby, or the admirably simple sandals worn by Mr. Duncan. Either of these we could make ourselves. It would be rather agreeable work of a rainy afternoon. Real sandals, too, are surely simple to contrive; the children might be started to work on these. The New York Evening Sun says there is nothing at all appalling in the possible scarcity of shoes. Our feet may become practicable appendages. We may in time be able to walk, really walk, sixty miles a day as the Japanese do. That will simplify one's summer plans. With the ability to walk, traveling becomes as easy and usual as staying at home.

At this point it is learned that the Chinese are to step in and make shoes at prices so low as to cause general consternation. Surely it does not mean that they will follow our ideas of what a shoe should be, a rather smart casing which bears no relation whatever to the shape of the human foot. They must mean that for these paltry sums they can make their own satin slippers of boatlike cut, which have the air of being most comfortable and sane. The beauty of them is undeniable. A pair of green silk ones embroidered with small black chrysanthemums and worn by a chamberman in Vancouver have been remembered admiringly by the writer for years. What if shoes should become an interesting part of the wardrobe? We might embroider our own. Chinese shoes would be followed by those curious raised rain shoes they wear, lifting one just the necessary three inches out of the mud. With our streets in their present unspeakable condition such prospects make one impatient for these desirable changes to take place at once.

THE COMET HUNTER.

His Emotions When He Finds a New Wanderer in Space.

The process of comet hunting is perhaps the most fascinating branch of practical astronomy. If there still lives among us moderns one only survivor of the traditional astronomer, one patient, expectant lover of the skies, seek him among the comet hunters, for to-day, as of old, you will find him perched on some tower scanning the heavens from dusk to dawn, sleepless, almost hopeless of success, yet ever supported by the thought that perhaps he, too, may add his chapter to the story celestial. Let us follow him at his work. Suddenly he sights a faint patch of hazy light, is for an instant uncertain, yet trusts that his eye deceives him not. Another minute and a larger telescope has made him sure. It is there. He hurries to his library and consults Herschel's catalogue of known nebulæ. He finds the place in the book; down the page runs his eager finger. There is nothing recorded at that exact spot on the sky. It must be a comet. Yet even Herschel's careful scrutiny was not so very infrequently at fault. As yet there is no certainty. He must apply the final test.

The larger telescope is now brought into play. If this is truly a comet it must be following some appointed orbit in space. It must be changing its position with reference to the stars. Probably half an hour will serve to settle the question to an experienced eye. The minutes pass. Is there motion or is there not? He thinks there is. Now he is almost sure there is. Yes. No man could remain impassive. His pipe goes out; he forgets to smoke. Another quarter hour makes assurance doubly sure. Success is his.

But now he is seized with a new fear. Is he the first or has some other anticipated the discovery? There is another tireless comet hunter who lives in Vienna. Perhaps even now word is on the telegraphic cables. There is need of haste. The astronomer runs to the telephone, calls long distance and asks for the Harvard college observatory, which is the central distributing station for announcing new discoveries. They tell him calmly that they have heard nothing; that the discovery will be at once verified and made known by cable and telegram in every observatory throughout the world before morning. Our astronomer goes to shut up his telescopes. He will work no more tonight, but he sways a little as he crosses the room.—Prof. Harold Jacoby in Harper's Weekly.

NATION'S "MELTING POT."

Foreign Legations at Washington Losing Their Picturesqueness.

Lovers of the artistic continue to deplore that the introduction of western customs into eastern countries has robbed the American capital of its most picturesque aspect, says Margaret B. Downing in the Washington Star. Ten years ago the casual visitor could be entranced by the sight of the quaint Koreans sauntering about the streets in their hats which looked like a section of stove pipe and their striking robes embroidered in gold bullion. The Turks and Persians proudly ventured abroad in their fezs and the Japanese still adhered to the national garb. Now all is changed. Perhaps the last innovation is the most painful for the Siamese, those mysterious people whose native garments are as graceful and flowing as those worn by the ancient Greeks; they now appear as correct in apparel as a Parisian boulevardier. The minister from Siam, Phya Akharaj Varadhara, who was accredited to this capital in 1901, but who has been absent for three years in his native land, has returned to Washington with every trace of eastern customs obliterated. This courtley envoy formerly wore his exquisite robes of soft white wool and the graceful headdress, which is a cross between a turban and an East Indian draping. Being a man of culture and learning and deeply imbued with the reticence of his race, he resented the attention which his costume attracted when he ventured into the streets. So he adopted the colorless raiment of Europe. Now with the departure of the former charge d'affaires of Siam with his three little children, the last trace of orientalism excepting the Chinese is eliminated from the Washington streets.

The land of the white elephant has a capable and gracious hostess in the wife of its first secretary, Edward H. Loftus. The only woman in the legation, she is its official chatelaine, though the hospitalities which this country extends through its envoys are generally of the stag order. Women are not conspicuous social figures according to the eastern philosophy, but Mrs. Loftus is not bound by these tenets, and is one of the most popular figures in the foreign contingent.

Angelic Visitors.

Literalness, albeit not divorced from a shrewd sense of humor, is a fundamental trait of the Scottish mind. The heroine of this story from Tit-Bits possessed the first quality; let us hope the minister had the second.

Kirsty McDougall, who lived in a remote Highland parish, had a visit from her Edinburgh nieces, who were to spend a week or two with the old lady. She determined to show them off on Sunday at the ancient village kirk of Lochaber. The young ladies wore costumes of the purest snowy hue. At one point of his sermon the minister, in speaking of the angels of heaven, was heard to say:

"And who are those in white array?"

To the consternation of the congregation, Kirsty was heard to exclaim:

"It's ma two nieces, sir, frae Edinburgh!"

For the Mother.

If a child be taught nothing else about the use of its body it should at least be taught poise in standing, walking and sitting, and correct poise is merely a matter of getting the weight on the balls of the feet and raising the chest. Even young children throw their weight on the heels, and that this eventually becomes a habit may be seen by observing men and women upon the streets.

Several Scenes.

"There will be a balcony scene in this play."

"I dare say," said the cynical manager, "and there'll probably be a scene in the gallery and parquet, too, if you ever try to put it on."

How good a yawn tastes at about 10 o'clock in the evening, just before going to bed!

Don't blame the cat. No doubt a canary bird looks as good to him as a watermelon does to a country boy.

JOLLY JOKER

"Did you ever hear Gadby say anything particular about me?" "No; he never was particular what he said about you."—Stray Stories.

"Good heavens! What is the matter?" "The people on the second story have gone away and left their automobiles playing."—Fliegende Blaetter.

Mistress—Anna, you've been wearing my patent leather shoes again. Anna—So sorry, ma'am, but I always mistake them for my rubbers.—Meggendorfer Blaetter.

Willie—Ma, can't I go out on the street for a little while? Tommy Jones says there's a comet to be seen. Mother—Well, yes; but don't you go too near.—Boston Transcript.

"I believe I'll write a magazine article about Tibet." "Why, you've never been to Tibet?" "So much the better. I'm not prejudiced either for or against Tibet."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

"But why do you put your friend's things in the dining room?" "Oh, he is so used to restaurants that he won't enjoy his dinner unless he can watch his hat and coat."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Motorist—As it is my fault that you were upset, I will make good your damage at once. How much do you want? Victim—How much does the gracious gentleman usually pay?—Fliegende Blaetter.

Post Office Clerk—You've put two penny stamps on your letter. The postage is only one penny. Old Irishman—Sure, niver mind. My son's in the post office, so it'll all help towards his wages.—Tit-Bits.

"Died in poverty!" cried the philosopher, scornfully. "Died in poverty, did he, an' you expect me to sympathize? Gorstrooth, what is there in dying in poverty? I've got to live in it."—Sporting Times.

Hubby—I'm really quite proud of you. You've actually saved some money out of your allowance. Wife—Yes. It was so simple! I wish I had thought before to have things charged.—Chicago Daily News.

Miss Sweet—It is just the sort of engagement ring I preferred. None of my others were nearly so pretty. How thoughtful of you! George—Not at all, dear. This is the ring I have always used.—Kansas City Journal.

"Yes, I was fined $500 for putting coloring matter in artificial butter." "Well, didn't you deserve it?" "Perhaps. But what made me mad was that the judge who imposed the fine had dyed whiskers."—Cleveland Leader.

"She's going on the stage." "Is that so? She can't sing, and I never saw her act." "I know, but that's all she can do. Her husband deserted her, and she never learned to work at anything before she married."—Detroit Free Press.

"Please, ma'am," said the servant "there's a poor man at the door with wooden legs." "Why, Mary," answered the mistress, in a reproving tone, "what can we do with wooden legs? Tell him we don't want any."—Lippincott's Magazine.

"Well, here I am," announced the fashionable physician in his breezy way. "And now what do you think is the matter with you?" "Doctor, I hardly know," murmured the fashionable patient. "What is new?"—Louisville Courier-Journal.

"I am told that King Edward sends a daily message to his chef complimenting him on his dinner." "Yes," answered Mr. Crosslots, "we are all of one common humanity. Even a king has to go out of his way to jolly the cook."—Washington Star.

Visitor—It must be a gigantic task to run a great newspaper like yours. Editor—Not at all. It's the easiest thing in the world. Dozens of my friends as well as perfect strangers come in here every day to tell me how to run it.—Chicago Tribune.

Seymour—Why did you leave Flannigan's boarding house? Ashley—There was too much sleight-of-hand work going on. Seymour—Sleight-of-hand work? Ashley—Yes; Mrs. Flannigan got the coffee and the tea from the same pot.—Chicago News.

The Judge—Did you arrest this chauffeur for speeding? The Policeman—No, yer honor; I pulled 'im in fer obstructin' th' road; he was goin' thirty miles an hour, an' he was complained about by them that was riding at th' regular rate.—Chicago News.

Dying Plumber (to son)—You'll find I ain't bin able to leave you much money, Bill; it's all got to go to yer mother and sisters. But I've bequeathed you that there job at Mugley's we've bin at such a time. Don't 'urry over it, Bill, and it'll always keep you out of want, anyway.—Tit-Bits.

"Honey, I can't find a retraction of that story about your sister's elopement with the Chinese cook after poisoning her husband and forging her father's name to a $50,000 check! Where did you see it?" "It's inside, my dear, next to the 'Lost and Found' column, and about the size of a pure food label."—Life.

"John—John," whispered Mrs. Gidgely, nudging her husband. "What is it?" he sleepily asked. "There's a burglar in the house." "What do you want me to do—get up and run the risk of being killed?" "No; but if you find in the morning that somebody has gone through your pockets, don't blame me."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Funeral Baked Meats.

The Customer—Hi, waiter! What do you mean on the menu by "Brown Soup," "Jerked Eggs" and "Harrised Mutton?"

The Waiter—Well, sir, you see, sir, we often give dishes names of our clients who die after bein' reg'lar customers here.—The Sketch.

"Do you give your wife an allowance?" "Yes." "How much do you allow her?" "Don't you think it is rather impertinent for you to ask what my salary is?"—Houston Post.

Have You Tried?

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound? We can furnish positive proof that it has made many remarkable cures after all other means had failed.

Women who are suffering with some form of female illness should consider this.

As such evidence read these two unsolicited testimonial letters. We guarantee they are genuine and honest statements of facts.

Cresson, Pa.—"Five years ago I had a bad fall, and hurt myself inwardly. I was under a doctor's care for nine weeks, and when I stopped I grew worse again. I sent for a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, took it as directed, and now I am a stout, hearty woman."—Mrs. Ella E. Alkey, Cresson, Pa.

Baird, Wash.—"A year ago I was sick with kidney and bladder troubles and female weakness. The doctors gave me up. All they could do was to just let me go as easily as possible. I was advised by friends to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Blood Purifier. I am completely cured of my ills, and I am nearly sixty years old."—Mrs. Sarah Leighton, Baird, Wash.

Evidence like the above is abundant showing that the derangements of the female organism which breed all kinds of miserable feelings and which ordinary practice does not cure, are the very disorders that give way to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Women who are afflicted with similar troubles, after reading two such letters as the above, should be encouraged to try this wonderfully helpful remedy.

For 30 years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has been the standard remedy for female ills. No sick woman does justice to herself who will not try this famous medicine. Made exclusively from roots and herbs, and has thousands of cures to its credit.

Mrs. Pinkham invites all sick women to write her for advice. She has guided thousands to health free of charge. Address Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass.

COLT DISTEMPER

Can be handled very easily. The sick are cured, and all others in same stable, no matter how "exposed," kept from having the disease, by using SPOHN'S LIQUID DISTEMPER CURE. Given on the tongue, or in feed. Acts on the blood and expels germs of all forms of distemper. Best remedy ever known for mares in foal. One bottle guaranteed to cure one case. 50c and $1 a bottle; $6 and $10 a dozen of druggists and harness dealers, or sent express paid by manufacturers. Cut shows how to poultice throats. Our free booklet gives everything. Local agents wanted. Largest selling horse remedy in existence—twelve years.

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Genuine comfort—that's what it means to wear the stylish Martha Washington Comfort Shoes. They fit like a glove, and insure complete rest and relief. No buttons or laces—just slip them on and off like a slipper. Elastic at the sides provides perfect fit over any instep. You will never know how comfortable a good looking shoe can be until you have worn

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Beware of imitations. Only the genuine have the name Martha Washington and Mayer Trade Mark stamped on the sole. Refuse substitutes. Your dealer will supply you; if not, write to us.

FREE—If you will send us the name of a dealer who does not handle Martha Washington Comfort Shoes, we will send you free, postpaid, a beautiful picture of Martha Washington, Size 15 x 20.

We also make Honorbilt Shoes for men, Leading Lady Shoes, Yerma Cushion Shoes, Special Merit School Shoes and Work Shoes.

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Of all kinds for sale at lowest market prices. Newspaper Outfits a specialty. For estimates and full particulars address CHICAGO NEWSPAPER UNION, 411 Douglas St., Sioux City, Iowa

In New York State, during last season, 11,967 acres of forest lands burned and the loss was only $25,101, as against 177,000 acres burned in 1903 and a loss of $644,000.

Only One "BROMO QUININE"

That is LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE. Look for the signature of E. W. GROVE. Used the world over to Cure a Cold in One Day. 25c.

The German army is using paper kettles, which are said to be of Japanese invention.

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LUCAS COUNTY.

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh Cure. FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

(SEAL) A. W. GLEASON, NOTARY PUBLIC.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials free.

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

Sold by all Druggists, 75c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

No Specifying Anybody.

"I'd like to have you meet Mr. Lobscome. He's the vice president of our literary society."

"Why, is it any particular honor to be a vice president? I thought——"

"Not of the kind you are thinking about, perhaps, but it's some distinction to be a vice president of our literary society, let me tell you."—Chicago Tribune.

His Felicitations!

"Maudie," said Algy. "I told Bivins of our engagement the other day."

"What did he say?"

"Well, you just ought to have heard him."

"Did he congratulate you?"

"Did he congratulate me? Well, I should simper!"

"What did he say?"

"O, you oughtn't to ask me that."

"Yes, but I want to know."

"Well, he—er—said, 'you lucky dog!'"

Fortune Telling

Does not take into consideration the one essential to woman's happiness—womanly health.

The woman who neglects her health is neglecting the very foundation of all good fortune. For without health love loses its lustre and gold is but dross.

Womanly health when lost or impaired may generally be regained by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.

This Prescription has, for over 40 years, been curing delicate, weak, pain-wracked women, by the hundreds of thousands and this too in the privacy of their homes without their having to submit to indelicate questionings and offensively repugnant examinations.

Sick women are invited to consult Dr. Pierce by letter *free*. All correspondence held as sacredly confidential. Address World's Dispensary Medical Association, R. V. Pierce, M. D., President, Buffalo, N. Y.

DR. PIERCE'S GREAT FAMILY DOCTOR BOOK, The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser, newly revised up-to-date edition—1000 pages, answers *in Plain English* hosts of delicate questions which every woman, single or married, ought to know about. Sent *free*, in plain wrapper to any address on receipt of 21 one-cent stamps to cover mailing only, or in cloth binding for 31 stamps.

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For Red, Itching Eyelids,

Falling Eyelashes and All Eyes That Need Care Try Murine Eye Salve. Aseptic Tubes—Trial Size—25c. Ask Your Druggist or Write Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.

How a pessimist does delight in pouring ice water on enthusiasm!

Pettit's Eye Salve 100 Years Old, relieves tired eyes, quickly cures eye aches, inflamed, sore, watery or ulcerated eyes. All druggists or Howard Bros., Buffalo, N. Y.

In a new French Welsbach mantle the rare oxides are consolidated in an electric furnace, greatly increasing resistance to shocks, tremors and draughts.

Not an Inch of Healthy Skin Left.

My little son, a boy of five, broke out with an itching rash. Three doctors prescribed for him, but he kept getting worse until we could not dress him any more. They finally advised me to try a certain medical college, but its treatment did no good. At the time I was induced to try Cuticura he was so bad that I had to cut his hair off and put the Cuticura Ointment on him on bandages, as it was impossible to touch him with the bare hand. There was not one square inch of skin on his whole body that was not affected. He was one mass of sores. The bandages used to stick to his skin and in removing them it used to take the skin off with them, and the screams from the poor child were heartbreaking. I began to think that he would never get well, but after the second application of Cuticura Ointment I began to see signs of improvement, and with the third and fourth applications the sores commenced to dry up. His skin peeled off twenty times, but it finally yielded to the treatment. Now I can say that he is entirely cured, and a stronger and healthier boy you never saw than he is to-day, twelve years or more since the cure was effected. **Robert Wattam, 1148 Forty-eighth St., Chicago, Ill., Oct. 9, 1909.**"

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"The greatest need of this country [United States] in another generation or two will be the providing of homes for its people and producers sufficient for them. The days of our prosperous as a wheat exporting country are gone. Canada is to be the great wheat country."

This great railroad magnate is taking advantage of the situation by extensive railway building to the wheat fields of Western Canada.

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were harvested in 1909. Average of the three provinces of Alberta, Saskatchewan and Manitoba will be upwards of 25 bushels per acre.

Free homesteads of 160 acres, and adjoining pre-emptions of 160 acres (at $3 per acre), are to be had in the choicest districts.

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