

Stop Women And Consider

This Fact—that in addressing Mrs. Pinkham you are confiding your private ills to a woman—a woman whose experience with women's diseases covers twenty-five years.

The present Mrs. Pinkham, daughter-in-law of Lydia E. Pinkham, was for years under her direction, and has ever since her decease continued to advise women.

Many women suffer in silence and drift along from bad to worse, knowing well that they ought to have immediate assistance, but a natural modesty causes them to shrink from exposing themselves to the questions and probable examinations of even their family physician. Such questioning and examination is unnecessary. Without cost you can consult a woman whose knowledge from actual experience is great.

MRS. PINKHAM'S STANDING INVITATION:

Women suffering from any form of female weakness are invited to promptly communicate with Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass. All letters are received, opened, read and answered by women. A woman can freely talk of her private illness to a woman; thus has been established this confidence between Mrs. Pinkham and the women of America which has never been broken. Never has she published a testimonial or used a letter without the written consent of the writer, and never has the company allowed these confidential letters to get out of their possession, as the hundreds of thousands of them in their files will attest.

Out of the vast volume of experience which Mrs. Pinkham has to draw from, it is more than possible that she has gained the very knowledge needed in your case. She asks nothing in return except your good will, and her advice has helped thousands. Surely any woman, rich or poor, should be glad to take advantage of this generous offer of assistance. Address Mrs. Pinkham, care of Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

Right Thinking and Self-Control.

Zopyrus, the physiognomist, said, "Socrates' features showed that he was stupid, brutal, sensual, and addicted to drunkenness." Socrates upheld the analysis by saying: "By nature I am addicted to all these sins, and they were only restrained and vanquished by the continual practice of virtue."

Emerson says, in effect, "The virtue you would like to have, assume it as already yours, appropriate it, enter into the part and live the character just as the great actor is absorbed in the character of the part he plays." No matter how great your weakness or how much you may regret it, assume steadily and persistently its opposite until you acquire the habit of holding that thought, or of living the thing, not in its weakness, but in its wholeness, in its entirety.

Hold the ideal of an efficient faculty or quality, not of a married, or defective one. The way to reach or to attain to anything, is to bend oneself toward it with all one's might; and we approximate it just in proportion to the intensity and the persistency of our effort to attain it.

If you are inclined to be very excitable and nervous, if you "fly all to pieces" over the least annoyance, do not waste your time regretting this weakness, and telling everybody that you cannot help it. Just assume the calm, deliberate, quiet, balanced composure, which characterizes your ideal person in that respect. Persuade yourself that you are not nervous or excitable, that you are calm and self-controlled; that you are well balanced; that you do not fly off on a tangent at every little annoyance. You will be amazed to see how the perpetual holding of this serene, calm, quiet attitude will help you to become like your thought.—Success Magazine.

French surgeons are trying to figure out some connection between the increase in nervous diseases in the city of that country and the use of wireless telegraphy.

Three out of every 100,000 people in England and Wales are sentenced to penal servitude every year.

What Noon Means in Law.

The courts of several states have dealt with an odd question, none of them agreeing upon a similar answer. When is it legally noon? Fire insurance policies expire at noon and the word is admitted to mean exactly 12 o'clock, midday. But standard time has not been adopted in all communities. Many small towns cling to sun time, which may be from a few minutes to nearly an hour earlier than standard.

In one state a fire occurred at two minutes past noon, sun time, and the insurance company held that the policy had expired before the fire. Sun time is used in that town, but the insured sued the company, holding that local customs did not rule the policy and that he was entitled to his insurance. The state courts sustained him.

In another state a similar contention was taken to the courts and just the opposite decision given. Several conflicting precedents have been established in state courts, and it is said the question can only be decided for good and all when a case has been carried into the United States courts and passed upon by the Supreme Court.—New York Press.

A Royal Actress.

England boasts many titled ladies who once knew the glories of the stage, but Germany claims the only actress who ever became the wife of a ruling prince. She is the Baroness von Heildburg, morganatic wife of the reigning Duke George II. of Saxe-Meiningen, and the people of the Duchy have recently been showering her with affectionate congratulations on her seventieth birthday.

Baroness von Heildburg was a member of the celebrated Saxe-Meiningen Court Theater Company when Duke George II, after losing his second wife, Princess Feodora of Hohenlohe-Langenburg, fell in love with her and married her. She was a famous beauty, and was celebrated at the time for her Juliet. Her maiden name was Ellen Franz. She received the title of Baroness von Heildburg on her marriage day.

A Matter of Punctuation.

The following literary effusion is not ungrammatical. Its peculiarity lies in a lack of punctuation. Moreover, it contains the word "that" repeated five times in succession: That man wrote that that that that man wrote is correct is incorrect these are correct is correct.

The paragraph should read: "That man wrote, 'That are correct.' To say that that 'that' that that man wrote is correct is incorrect. 'These are correct' is correct."

The Better Way.

Through the good offices of a powerful American residing in Paris an ambitious young girl from our west obtained an audience with the late Constant Coquelin of the Comedie Francaise, who graciously consented to hear her recite.

After listening to a classic or two, the great French actor went up to the young aspirant for histrionic honors and placed his hand on her head, as in benediction.

"My dear child," said he, "marry soon. Good-by."—Youth's Companion.

"I am glad to see so many college men present," said a public speaker. "You can always tell college men. But you can't tell them much."

Everyone who tells a "joke" on a man lies a good deal, in order to fit up a "good story."

ELECTRIC REVOLVING DOORS.

Motor Operated and Set in Motion by Pressing a Button.

In some buildings of a semi-public nature in which revolving doors are installed, as hotels and stores, they keep a man at the entrance to help operate the door for the greater convenience and comfort of persons entering and leaving the building. This man starts the door in motion, thus making it easier for the person entering to push the rest of the way.

But the attendant, according to his natural strength or his mood at the moment, may start the door swiftly or slowly, thus hurrying or retarding the incomer. And then on a personally operated door one man in the door, impatient, may push the door fast and bang the leaf in front of himself against the heels of the man in the compartment ahead, making him peevish. All these variations and uncertainties in the movements of the door are eliminated by operating it with an electric motor, the New York Sun says.

The electrically operated revolving door has a motor attached to the upper end of the shaft, from which the leaves extend. The motor is quite out of sight above the horizontal sheathing at the top of the doorway. From the motor and also quite out of sight wiring extends to a push button set in the wall at the side of the doorway within the building, where the door attendant stands.

With a door thus equipped there is no reaching out and grabbing a leaf and pushing or pulling on it to start it. The attendant simply presses the button and so turns the current into the motor, and the motor does the rest, starting the door gently and then keeping it going with a motion that is steady and uniform.

SHORT METER SERMONS.

Love is the mainspring of industry.—Rev. G. E. Lombard, Baptist, Newark, N. J.

Training only polishes the life, but does not cleanse it.—Rev. E. K. Hershey, Evangelist, Aurora, Ill.

It is hate that makes things ugly and deformed.—Rev. T. B. Gregory, Universalist, New York City.

It is far more noble to pardon than to be avenged.—Cardinal Gibbons, Roman Catholic, Baltimore, Md.

Religion is the binding of the heart, the soul, to God.—Rev. W. P. Lyon, True Life Church, San Jose, Cal.

Memory has a mystic power of recall that far surpasses ordinary recollections.—Rev. A. P. Brown, Baptist, Fresno, Cal.

The man who resolves that if he falls he will get up is the least likely to fall.—Rev. J. E. Price, Methodist, New York City.

There is only one way to gain the favor of God, and that is to be honest, to be truthful with ourselves.—Rev. J. O. Hayes, True Life, San Jose, Cal.

The brotherhood of man has been the unfulfilled dream of all ages. Memorial day is a step toward it.—Rev. L. Lomergan, Methodist, New Orleans, La.

If you cannot remove temptation from the boy, then reverse the order and take the boy away from temptation.—Rev. R. Day, Methodist, Kansas City, Kan.

Somehow or other the conscious seeking of a good thing, if kept up too long and too constantly, interferes with the chance of obtaining.—Dr. A. T. Hadley, Presbyterian, New Haven, Conn.

God has given to each phase of life its need, and no lower nature in us can supply the needs of the one above it, though it may influence it more or less.—Rev. S. H. Cox, Evangelist, Brooklyn, N. Y.

We want fixatedness in our religion; for only when our religion is a fixed certainty can it dominate and rule us, and fill us with the rest and peace of God.—Rev. D. Gregg, Presbyterian, Allegheny, Pa.

Religion requires first a person who is right and righteous in his soul, and then an outward life of goodness and service in harmony with that right state within.—Rev. J. W. Rowlett, Unitarian, Atlanta, Ga.

The man who knows how to use knowledge and money has the spirit of godliness and love. Such a man is equipped to be a benefactor to humanity.—Rev. N. Boynton, Congregationalist, New York City.

Often the narrowest bigotry is found associated with technical orthodoxy. Such "doxy" is entirely right when it is "my doxy," and abominably wrong when it is the other man's "doxy."—Rev. R. S. McArthur, Baptist, New York City.

All in the Same Fit.

The Lawrence Times tells this one: A reporter was sent to write up a fire in a residence. Going to the door, he inquired for the "lady of the house." The maid said she was out. "Are any members of the family at home?" asked the scribe. "No, they are all out," was the reply. "Well, wasn't there a fire here last evening?" "Yes," said the hired girl, "but that's out, too."—Atlanta Constitution.

Trapped.

The man was neither neatly nor well dressed. He was plainly a tramp, begging, and had just turned away from one passer-by when he saw a young man walking briskly toward him. "Please, mister," said the tramp, "can you give me a dime to get something to eat with?"

The young man stopped. "What's the matter?" he asked.

"Can't get work," said the other, glibly. "I haven't had a bite to eat since yesterday morning. Paved all my clothes, 'cepting these. Slept under a wharf for a week, and I don't know anybody in the whole city—honest, I don't."

The young man looked at the tramp's smooth face, over which a razor had evidently passed very recently.

"Who shaved you this morning?" he asked, and as the beggar faded away the young man grinned, and walked on down the street.

If a woman is in any danger of getting killed, the hole of her stocking causes her a lot more worry than the blot on her conscience.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

By virtue of its unequalled blood-purifying, nerve-strengthening, stomach-toning, appetite-restoring properties, is the one Great Spring Medicine.

Get it today. In liquid form or chocolate tablets called Sarsatabs. 100 doses, \$1.

The Lady Who Danced the Minuet.

The minuet was ever the aristocrat of dances. Before the lady of the eighteenth century elected to step the dainty measure she had many points to master, for to dance the minuet was to court criticism. The plunge taken, she wore a lappet on her shoulder to tell the company she proposed to make or mar her ballroom reputation.

Another point of etiquette lay in the gloves. A soiled pair was good enough for the country dance, but an absolutely new pair had to adorn the fair hands which graced the minuet. And so the lady of the eighteenth century on dancing bent set out with two pairs in her satchel.—London Chronicle.

WESTERN CANADA AS A GRAIN PRODUCER.

Never Saw Such Fine Wheat Anywhere.

Gust Anderson, of Maldstone, Saskatchewan, was formerly of Minnesota, and has been in Central Canada three years. On January 16, 1910, he writes: "Arriving fifteen miles from Maldstone, I bought a couple of steers from a rancher, as my capital was not large, and with the two oxen I brought with me. I broke 25 acres which I put in crop in 1908, and had to clear some brush. I earned \$45.00 by breaking fifteen acres for a neighbor and during the summer I put up hay and hauled timber and put up houses for the settlers. Notwithstanding a heavy frost on August 12th, I had 22½ bushels of wheat per acre and 60 bushels of oats. Off 35 acres of wheat in 1909, I got 27 bushels of wheat per acre and 1,300 bushels of oats of 20 acres. I never saw such fine wheat anywhere. We have plenty of rain between May and August and after August seldom any but dry, warm days. Water can be had at from 20 to 40 feet, and plenty of grass for cattle."

The evidence of Mr. Anderson is given because it is encouraging to the man of small means who is desirous of bettering his condition. It shows what can be done, and there is really but small limit to the man with push and energy to become wealthy on Canadian lands. And the grain that he raises is good. A press dispatch says: "The quality of the wheat continues to be the feature of the deliveries. In the total of 3,378 cars in the February inspections there were 2,847 of high grade stuff, a percentage of 84.28. For January the percentage was 82.21, and for the six months it was 88.6. This is an unusually high average, and it demonstrates beyond the shadow of a doubt that the farmers in this part of the Dominion still know how to grow first class wheat. The crop of 1908 was considered good enough, and its average of contract wheat was only 70 per cent. Good weather throughout the season was an important factor, of course, in insuring the high quality of the grain, and it is not likely that atmospheric influences of so favorable a character will be encountered for a long time to come. The best that can be expected is that a fair average for a term of years will be maintained."

—Ladies' Home Journal.

—Chicago Record-Herald.

—Birmingham Age-Herald.

—Cleveland Leader.

—Ladys' Home Journal.

—Philadelphia Record.

—Boston Courier.

—Harvard Lampoon.

—Minneapolis Journal.

—New York Weekly.

—Ladies' Home Journal.

—Atlanta Constitution.

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FLASHES OF FUN

Top (who has dined off hashed nut)—Bill, waiter. Waiter—What did you have, sir? Top (sarcastically)—I haven't the faintest idea.

"Did you get in without your wife hearing you last night?" "No, and I didn't get in without hearing her, either."—Houston Post.

"Who is the gentleman seated in the large touring car?" "That is the post laureate of a well known biscuit factory."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

"Do you think there is really any such thing as platonic love?" "Yes. It exists between most husbands and their wives."—Chicago Record-Herald.

"Papa, what is faith?" "Well, my boy, they say your baby brother sleeps, but I've never seen him do it. Yet, if I believe he does, that's faith."—Life.

She (as they dance)—I'm afraid I'm torturing you rather. He—Oh, not at all. I used to be attendant in the elephant house at the zoo.—Megendorfer Blatter.

Kutcher—Jones is all the time wanting more money. Bocker—No wonder; his father was a college president and his mother was a woman.—New York Sun.

"Do you really believe this aviator will come back to the starting point?" "He won't dare do otherwise. His wife is waiting for him there."—File-gene Blatter.

Vicar—And what induced you to send for me, Mr. Russett? Russett—What's 'e say, Betty? Betty—E says: "What the deuce did you send 'im for?"—M. A. P.

"Why don't you teach your son a lesson by making him live without his allowance for a while?" "Goodness! I can't even make him live without it!"—Cleveland Leader.

Lady—My cooking always tastes so good to you, and it never suits my husband at all. Beggar—Well, why don't you get a divorce and marry me?—Megendorfer Blatter.

"I am a plain-spoken man," said the applicant for a job. "I'm afraid you won't do," replied the railroad official. "We are advertising for an experienced train announcer."—Philadelphia Record.

"Father," said little Rollo, "what is an epigram?" "An epigram, my son, is a modernly pronounced, is any sentence containing less than two conjunctions and three commas."—Washington Star.

"Does she seem to take kindly to society ways, now that her husband has made such a pile?" "Oh, yes, indeed. She was the loudest talker at grand opera the other night."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"John," queried her husband's wife, "if some bold, bad man were to kidnap me would you offer a reward?" "Sure thing," replied the wife's husband. "I always reward those who do me a favor."—Boston Courier.

Inquisitive Lady—And what is this little box for? Nerve-Racked Clerk—Oh, for odds and ends! Inquisitive Lady—But it has two compartments. Why is that? Nerve-Racked Clerk—One for odds, madam, and the other for ends.—Harvard Lampoon.

"Would it be any harm to deceive her about my age?" inquired the elder by millionaire. "Probably not." "I'm sixty." "How would it do to confess to fifty?" "I think your chances would be better with her if you claimed seventy-five."—Kansas City Journal.

"How nicely you have ironed these things, Jane!" said the mistress, admiringly, to her maid. Then, glancing at the glossy linen, she continued in a tone of surprise: "Oh, but I see they are all your own!" "Yes," replied Jane, "and I'd do all your just like that if I had time."—Central Christian Advocate.

"My brother, my poor brother!" she moaned, as a halfback was carried unconscious from the field. "Ah, but how thankful we should be," her escort, an old player, cried gayly. "Thankful for what?" exclaimed the girl. "Thankful that it wasn't a fullback," said he. "We haven't a dozen fullback sub, you know."—Minneapolis Journal.

Friend—So yours was a case of love at first sight? Mrs. Gettether—Yes, indeed. I fell desperately in love with my dear husband the moment I set eyes upon him. I remember it as distinctly as if it were yesterday. I was walking with papa on the beach at Long Branch, when suddenly papa stopped, and, pointing to him out, said: "There, my dear, is a man worth ten millions."—New York Weekly.

"Jane," said a lady rather sharply to her cook, "I must insist that you keep better hours and that you have less company in the kitchen at night. Last night you kept me from sleeping because of the uproarious laughter of one of your woman friends." "Yes, mum, I know," was the apologetic reply; "but she couldn't help it. I was a tellin' of her how you tried to make cake one day."—Ladies' Home Journal.

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—Harvard Lampoon.

—Minneapolis Journal.

—New York Weekly.

—Ladies' Home Journal.

—Atlanta Constitution.

—Chicago Record-Herald.

Mrs. Upmore—To what am I indebted for the honor of this call? Mrs. Highmuss—To the fact that I didn't think you were at home.

Constitution causes and aggravates many serious diseases. It is thoroughly cured by Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. The favorite family laxative.

The convicts of England wear prison clothes marked with a broad arrow. The origin and meaning of this mark has never been satisfactorily explained.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, cures pain, cures wind colic. 26c a bottle.

Trials of a Lecturer. A well known Englishwoman lecturer tells some stories at her own expense.

"I was," she says, "on a tour through the provinces, and one night as I appeared on the platform in a small town the chairman introduced me to my audience in the following way: 'You have heard of Mr. Gladstone, the Grand Old Man. Let me now introduce to you the grand old woman.' This was intended as a sincere compliment."

"On another occasion a bluff old farmer who boasted of his ability to look on all sides of a question announced me as follows: 'This lady has come here to talk about her rights. She's hired the hall herself, and so she's got a right to be here, and if any of you don't like what she's got to say you've got an equal right to walk out in the middle of it.'"

A-B-C LINIMENT for man or beast, the best pain stopper. ALL dealers. Insist on the genuine.

Torobon lace of any pattern can now be made by one machine, owing to a recent invention in Vienna.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proved Catarrh to be a constitutional disease and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by P. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case that fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address: P. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Corroborative. Caller—Don't you consider Prof. Jones a man of much practical wisdom—not at all concealed or opinionated, you know, but full of accurate knowledge and plain common sense? Mrs. Lapsling—Yes, indeed; I think he's one of the most sapientest men I ever met.

After a Fashion. "I presume," said his old friend, "now that you have a young man as an assistant pastor, you divide the parish work with him?" "Yes," answered the elderly preacher, scratching his chin reflectively. "I suppose you could call it that. He does the marrying, and I do the burying."

The Speculator's Progress. Graball—So you sent your boy around the globe for a little trip, eh? I heard he was dabbling some in stocks? Ritchie—Dabbling? He probably was—at first, but when I discovered his predicament he was floundering in them.—Puck.

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We will send you free of cost, a complete color plan for the walls of your home. We will furnish free stencils to help you make your home beautiful.

Alabastine The Sanitary Wall Coating

comes in all sorts of rich, soft shades of color that enable you to decorate your walls in the same style as the handsome city houses.

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Can be handled very easily. The stencils are made, and all apparatus is made to order. The stencils are made, and all apparatus is made to order.

\$175 PIANO PURCHASING BOND Given for a Solution to this Rebus

ONLY ONE SOLUTION ALLOWED FROM THE SAME FAMILY

Send in your solution as early as possible. The name of the man who solves the rebus will be published in the next issue of the magazine. The man who solves the rebus will be published in the next issue of the magazine.

L. S. PURCELL, Factory-to-Home Piano Man, Dept. 22, 10 Western Ave., CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Our Refined Minstrels. Tambo—Kin yo' to me, Mistah Skies, why a one-legged man is like a po' fah-mah?

Interlocutor—Why, no, William; that is a little too deep for me. Why is a one-legged man like a poor farmer? Tambo—Cause he can't raise no' half a crop o' cawn.

Interlocutor—Ladies and gentlemen, Mr. Blimber, the pleasing vocalist, will now sing "Dearest, Wipe Your Feet on the Door Mat; Ma Has Scrubbed."

Aligning Himself. "Brother Hardesty, you've heard of haven't you?" "Yes, I know all about that." "Well, do you take any stock in it?" "Not a bit, Brother Irons; I'm orthodox. I'm no insurgent."—Chicago Tribune.

Allen's Foot-Ease

Shinke Into Your Shoes

Allen's Foot-Ease, the antiseptic