

BREAKS A COLD IN A DAY
And Cures Any Cough That Is Curable. Noted Doctor's Formula.

"From your druggist get two ounces of Glycerin and half an ounce of Globe Pine Compound (Concentrated Pine). Take these two ingredients home and put them into a half pint of good whiskey. Take one to two teaspoonfuls after each meal and at bedtime. Smaller doses to children according to age. This is the best formula known to science. There are many cheaper preparations of large quantity, but it don't pay to experiment with a bad cold. Be sure to get only the genuine Globe Pine Compound (Concentrated Pine). Each half ounce bottle comes in a sealed tin screw-top case. If your druggist does not have it in stock he will get it quickly from his wholesale house. This has been published here every winter for six years and thousands of families know the value. Published by the Globe Pharmaceutical Laboratories of Chicago.

UNKIND INFERENCE.



"My husband and I never quarrel."
"Where does he live? In Europe?"

A CLERGYMAN'S TESTIMONY.

The Rev. Edmund Heslop of Wigan, Pa., suffered from Dropsy for a year. His limbs and feet were swollen and puffed. He had heart fluttering, was dizzy and exhausted at the least exertion. Hands and feet were cold and he had such a dragging sensation across the loins that it was difficult to move. After using 5 boxes of Dods' Kidney Pills the swelling disappeared and he felt himself again. He says he has been benefited and blessed by the use of Dods' Kidney Pills. Several months later he wrote: I have not changed my faith in your remedy since the above statement was authorized. Correspond with Rev. E. Heslop about this wonderful remedy. Dods' Kidney Pills, 50c per box at your dealer or Dods' Medicine Co., Buffalo, N. Y. Write for Household Hints, also music of National Anthem (English and German words) and recipes for dainty dishes. All 3 sent free. Adv.

Cleverness Required.

"In these days of high-cost living," said Representative De Forest, the sponsor of the bill for pensioning ex-presidents, "we hear of many queer economies."

"On a street car the other day, at the end of a discussion on saving and retrenchment, a lady said decisively: 'Oh, any woman can cut her husband's hair; but, believe me, it takes a clever one to cut it so that other women's husbands will suspect nothing.'"

Solved.

"Twelve persons for dinner! Aren't you crazy?"
"We might invite a thirteenth; that would perhaps take away their appetite."

Better Way.

"Does your wife raise a rumpus when you stay away from home at night?"
"No; but she does when I get home."

Weight, 250.

Dubl—Do you know what Phatason specialized in at college?
Keene—Judging from his appearance, it was gastronomy.—Judge.

FARMER'S WIFE ALMOST A WRECK

Restored to Health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound—Her Own Story.

Westwood, Md.—"I am a farmer's wife and do most of my own work when I am able. I had nervous spells, female weakness and terrible bearing down pains every month. I also suffered much with my right side. The pain started in my back and extended around my right side, and the doctor told me it was organic inflammation. I was sick every three weeks and had to stay in bed from two to four days."

"It is with great pleasure I tell you that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me. I have followed your directions as near as possible, and feel much better than I have felt for years. When I wrote you before I was almost a wreck. You can publish this letter if you like. It may help to strengthen the faith of some poor suffering woman."—Mrs. JOAN F. RICHARDS, Westwood, Maryland.

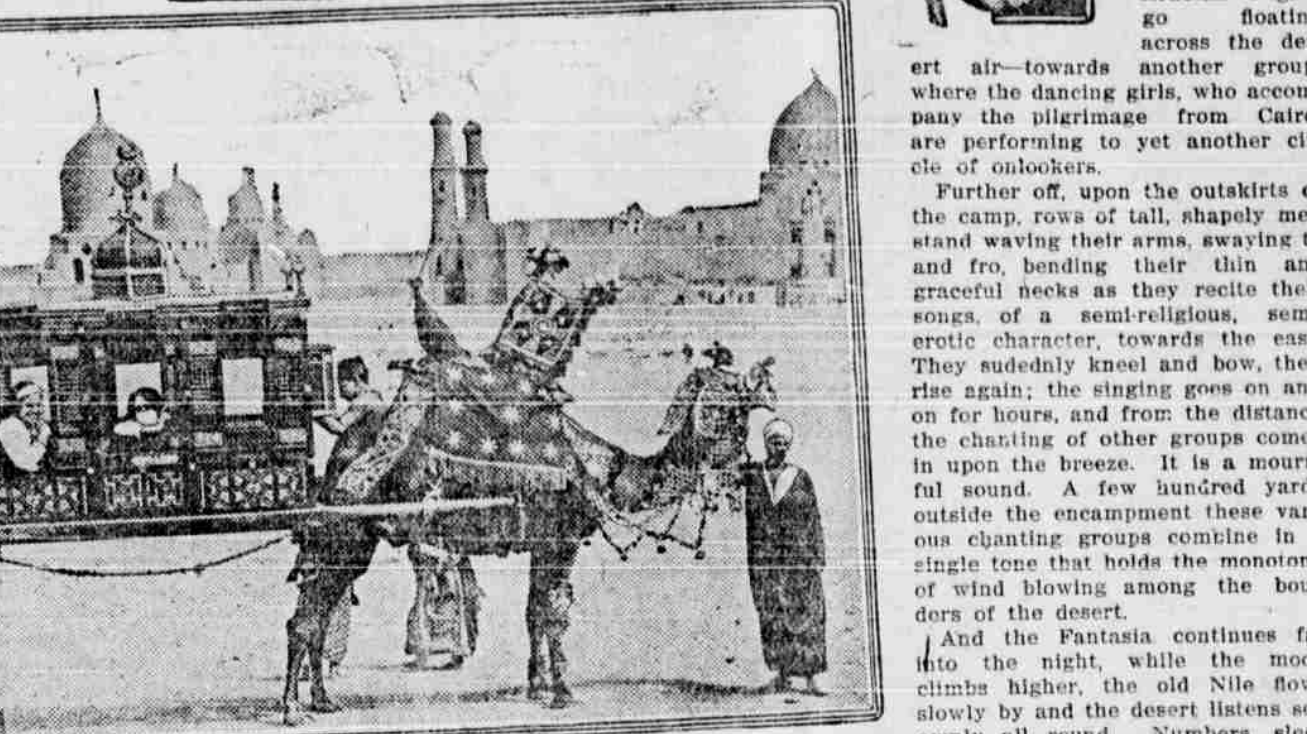
Women who suffer from those distressing ills peculiar to their sex should not doubt the ability of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to restore their health.

An Arab Pilgrimage by Algernon Blackwood

All day long in the blazing heat the camels have come shuffling and slouching through the sand past Helouan, for the March full moon is here and five thousand Bedouins are making their annual pilgrimage to the tomb in the Desert, where the Sheikh Abu Seria ("Father of Speed") fulfills the function of an Arab Lourdes. From far and near, with their families, their wives and children, their tents and goats, their plaintive piping reeds and their incessant tapping of drums, the procession has been struggling in since sunrise. Hundreds of donkeys trip beside the stately camels, and the separate lines of dust radiate like the spokes of an invisible wheel towards the great encampment just below Helouan, to merge later in the single stream that journeys forty miles southeast to the Tomb itself. To the music of this soft, gay piping the camels come swaying in beneath their enormous loads. Tents spring up over acres of yellow sand; camps are pitched, all separate yet all touching; the donkeys roll in the hot soil; the children laugh and play; the men, grave as the camels, sit round against the walls of berrim and water-jars and baggage that lie in heaps, and the women whisper to one another behind their veils how their little ones shall all be healed presently, and more—that the childless wives among them shall at last become mothers. At the Tomb of Abu Seria these things come to pass at the March full moon. It is a time of great rejoicing.

Shortly after dawn the first stragglers came in—fellahs on, tired donkeys; many, too, on foot. They came from villages on the other side of Cairo. For the poor travel slowly, and start first. The wealthy Bedouin sheikhs, swathed in white, with circlets of gold about their turbaned heads, come later on their grand white camels, wives and retainers close behind them. And from dawn, all through the burning heat of noonday and afternoon, the horde of fellahs trooping straggling in till the crimson sunset, dying behind the Libyan Desert, falls on an encampment grown wide and deep. The palm groves along the delta cast long shadows. The lizards sing among the dunes. The women start their wild and curious ululating, shrill as an animal cry and as hardy human. And suddenly the moon shows her huge yellow disk above the Mokattam Hills and draws a marvelous sweetness out of the desert, sheeting the spread encampment with a silvery veil. It is a wonderful sight. The camels seem twice their natural size among the piled-up fodder. Little fires spring up, built over stones. Voices are low; noises lie down one by one—braying of donkeys, gurgling grunts of camels, bleating of goats and kids soon to be sacrificed. Groups gather closely round the fires, for the night air is cold. Coffee is made in tiny china cups, and the gaunt heads of the camels thrust forward over the very shoulders of their owners. They chew and chew and chew. Those dark bundles in the sand, lying apart by themselves, are men already asleep, wrapped from head to feet in sheets of black and blue and white and yellow. No one treads on them. The bare feet go silently to and fro picking their way so carefully. And everywhere dark faces gleam in the moonlight, eyes flash like stars and white teeth shine.

Little visits are paid from group to group. A bearded fellow with a face of night enters a circle where all are seated round the fire and coffee-pot. "Are you happy?" "I am happy because of your existence." "Coffee?" handing him a cup. "Coffee for ever," as he sips it slowly. We outsiders watch and stare and question, yet get no nearer to them. Centuries lie between. Their courtesy is perfect. They accept a cigarette, lighting it with flint and steel, offering the latter as a present that may not be refused. The young man playing his reeds so softly to a group of listeners, hands them over to a admirer who has praised them, with "Please accept them from me." Behind, in the sand, men are praying on their knees towards Mecca. "Sing to us, kindly," asks an Englishman, who knows Arabic, of another man. The singer is shy, but only requires coaxing, and when the Englishman suggests a certain song, the other hesitates. "It is not pleasing that I should sing such a song before gentlemen and ladies." "They don't understand a word." "But I cannot do it. Whether they understand or no, I find it not pleasing." And, after this lesson in sweet delicacy, between the verses of a song he finally chants, always this question: "Does my voice please you, O gentleman?" Yet these are merely fellahs, the peasant toilers of the delta, who accompany the great Bedouin pilgrimage to the Desert Tomb of Abu Seria, Father of Speed, one of Mahomet's generals. . . . And after midnight one or two of them rise quietly and resume their journey. "Our camels travel better in the night-time." Off they go, with their donkeys, goats and children, carrying all they possess in this world with them. The unmeasured desert swallows them. No sound comes back. They vanish in the moonlight as softly as they came. One thinks of that Bedouin who loved an Englishman, and paid him the great honor of taking him home. "I will show you my home," he said, and they traveled three days and nights across the desert. Beneath a limestone boulder he pointed to the ground. "Now you are in my home," he said, proudly, and with the stately dignity of a great prince of the desert. And the Englishman saw a little pile of ashes at his feet. It was summer, a tent unnecessary; the wife and doves were away. This square foot of sand in the enormous wilderness was home.



In the morning, with the rising sun, the Bedouin arrive. Before Helouan is awake their white head-dress was visible far down the sandy waste that meets the fringe of Delta towards Cairo. But Helouan soon comes down to see. Few of them tarry here; they go straight through; the Bedouin do not like the people, houses, tourists. They resent the cameras, flourish their whips of buffalo-hide and trot past almost fiercely. There is scorn in their eyes, as they circle about their wives. High on their splendid camels, they have a regal air, making the great brutes turn and double as easily as horses, and shouting angrily if anyone goes near the water-sellers. This is their last watering-place before the tomb is reached, and to trifle with a Bedouin's water is like trifling with his wives. And no wonder they wear this princely men, for the whole Imperial desert is their home. Upon the slower camels there, behind the munching camel, he has washed their hands and feet; his carpet is spread on the sand, and his shoes are off. Mind, heart and soul are concentrated. He is oblivious to the world about him as he bows towards the east and his forehead taps the ground.

As the moon rises higher and night becomes all white, the fun begins in earnest—Fantasia, as they call it, borrowing a foreign word. A couple of mounted police from Helouan come down to keep order and see that the few inquisitive tourists from the hotels are not molested. But their services are not once required. Only the little children trot around with their incessant demand for baklshesh. The Arabs take no notice of us outsiders, beyond making way when we approach, offering here and there a word of explanation or inviting us to drink coffee with them when we draw near to their fire-circles. The Fantasia grows fast and furious, while the crouching camels munch and the cries of goats and donkeys mingle with the women's weird ululating. In one corner a ring is formed and the band begins to play—two pipes and a tom-tom. To the endless repetition of a single phrase, half melody; half chant, enters a Sheikh upon his Arab horse. The gold and silver trappings gleam in the moonlight. His head-dress shines; the horse's metal neck-chains and rattles. Holding the reins in one hand, the other grips a staff with its point in the sand; round this he circles in and out, making a figure of eight, the animal taking its small steps proudly, neck arched, tail flying, head held gracefully erect. Suddenly the rider swings a gun

and refuge on British shores. The weapon, studded with precious stones and bearing chiselmanship attributed to Benvenuto Cellini, is estimated to be worth \$50,000. Many foreigners have sought to purchase it, romantic tales associated with the blade having added a historic worth to its intrinsic value. At the time of the revolution the republican leaders visited the deserted palace and took possession of all the jewels and works of art that the royal family had left behind. The dagger and some other valuables failed, however, to find their way into the hands of the new authorities. Some time ago the government decided that all the furniture, jewels and other property seized at the palace, and which belonged to the fallen monarch and his mother, Queen Amelia, should be returned to the London, and the old inventory books of the Braganza family are being examined to separate what belongs rightfully to the royal family from what is considered as the property of the republic. Recently the dagger was secretly placed in the letter box of the official who is conducting the inventory. There was nothing to indicate by whom it had been restored.

Start Your Baby With Sound Health

Regular Bowel Movement from Childhood on Forestalls Future Serious Diseases

We cannot all start life with the advantages of money, but every child born is entitled to the heritage of good health. Through unfortunate ignorance or carelessness in the feeding of a baby its tiny stomach may become deranged. The disorder spreads to the bowels and before the mother realizes it the two chief organs on which the infant's comfort and health depend are causing it great suffering. If the condition is allowed to continue grave ailments often result.



DIXIE ASKEW DUDLEY
liver trouble, indigestion, biliousness, headaches, and the various other disorders of the stomach, liver and bowels nothing is more suitable than this mild laxative-remedy. Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin.

There is, however, no occasion for alarm, and the sensible thing to do—but it should be done instantly—is to give the baby a small dose of a mild laxative tonic. In the opinion of a great many people, among them such well-known persons as the parents of Dixie Dudley, Magnolia, Ark., the proper remedy is Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin. Mrs. Earl Dudley writes: "Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin is the best medicine I ever used. It cured my baby of fatulency colic when the doctors failed; it cured my husband of constipation. My home shall never be without Syrup Pepsin." It is a pleasant-tasting laxative, which every person likes. It is mild, non-grating, and contains that most excellent of all digestants, pepsin.

This remedy is especially intended for infants, children, women, old people and all others to whom harsh cathartics, salt waters, pills, etc., are distressing. In fact, in the common disorders of life, such as constipation,



For **DISTEMPER** Shipping Fever & Catarrhal Fever
SPOHN MEDICAL CO., U. S. A.

DIDN'T NEED TO READ LINES

Amateur Palmist Had Other Lines of Information Which Aided Her in Revelations.

The fair amateur palmist looked at the left hand of the sweet girl long and earnestly. Breathlessly she waited for the palmist's next words.
"Ah! I see by your hand that you are engaged to be married," said the Palmist. "And," continued the reader of the future and the past, in a more cutting tone, "I see that you are engaged to Mr. Mooney."
"Oh! It's perfectly extraordinary," burst out the blushing girl. "How can you know that?"
"By my long study of the science," was the reply.
"But surely the lines on my hand cannot tell you the name."
"Who said anything about lines?" replied the prophetic one, with withering scorn. "You are wearing the engagement ring I returned to him three weeks ago."

WHAT WORRIED HER.



"I asked your father and he said you were old enough to know your own mind."
"He didn't tell you how old I was, did he?"

Breath Was "Out of Place."

Papa took Harry to the country to visit his grandparents. They lived a short distance from the village where the train stopped. Harry insisted on running as they approached the home of his grandparents. They had not gone far, however, until Harry's breath was coming in short jerks and he could hardly talk.
"Wait—wait—a minute—papa," he gasped.
"What's the matter, son?" asked the father.
"My—breath—is all out of place," gasped the little fellow.

Her Advice.

"Reginald," says the beautiful object of his adoration, "I happened to read in the paper that sugar has gone away up in price, and for that reason candy is more expensive. I just think you are extravagant to keep bringing me a pound every time you call."
"I am glad to do it, darling," avows Reginald.
"I know you are but you must learn to be economical. Papa told mamma to buy sugar by the barrel and get it cheaper, so maybe you would better buy candy for me the same way."

Swat Indirect.

Mandy—What for you ben goin' to de postoffice so reglar? Are yo' correspondin' wif some other female?
Rastus—"Nope; but since ah been a readin' in de papers 'bout dese 'conscience funds ah kind of thought ah might possibly git a lettah from dat minahstah what married us."—Life.

A GOOD BREAKFAST.

A good breakfast, a good appetite and good digestion mean everything to the man, woman or child who has anything to do, and wants to get a good start toward doing it.
A Mo. man tells of his wife's "good breakfast" and also supper, made out of Grape-Nuts and cream. He says: "I should like to tell you how much good Grape-Nuts has done for my wife. After being in poor health for the last 18 years, during part of the time scarcely anything would stay on her stomach long enough to nourish her, finally at the suggestion of a friend she tried Grape-Nuts.
"Now, after about four weeks on this delicious and nutritious food, she has picked up most wonderfully and seems as well as anyone can be."
"Every morning she makes a good breakfast on Grape-Nuts eaten just as it comes from the package with cream or milk added; and then again the same at supper and the change in her is wonderful.

A GOOD BREAKFAST.

Some Persons Never Know What it Means.

A huge touring car had just whizzed by, leaving a terrific wave of gasoline behind it.
"That goes another one of them odormobiles," said Uncle Jed.—Judge.

In Literature.

Author's Friend—Our baby enjoys your new book more than any of us.
Author—How can the baby enjoy it?
Author's Friend—He stands on it to look out of the window.

Our Drayms.

She (after the proposal)—What! Marry you—a drunkard, gambler, and impostor? Ha! ha! Begone, sir, before I ring and have you ejected!
He—Isabelle, am I to take this as a refusal?—London Opinion.

Reverse English.

"I've got to see a young man today on a delicate errand."
"Ah, he wants to marry your daughter?"
"No; I want to marry his mother, and I don't believe he views me in the most suitable light."—Courier-Journal.

For a Rubber Plant.

When the leaves turn yellow and fall off the plant is dying. Feed it a tablespoonful of olive oil every two weeks. Also wash the plant once a week with warm soapsuds, letting the warm suds moisten the earth thoroughly. Sprinkle every other day. This same treatment should be used on ferns.

Important to Mothers.

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *W. D. Hoagland* in Use For Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

Certainly.

Miss Gusher—Tell me, Mr. Boerd, do you believe in big weddings or little ones?
Mr. B.—Well—er—er—as for that, my dear lady, I should say that the former were quite essential to the latter.—Dartmouth Jack o' Lanterns.

Its Popularity.

"What public board is most in favor with a municipality?"
"I rather think it is the festive board."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. Sugar-coated, tiny granules, easy to take. Do not grip. Adv.

About the only time the average married man has any peace in his home is when his wife has her mouth full of hairpins.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25c a bottle.

Only after trying does a man realize the many things he can't do.

FOLEY KIDNEY PILLS

Are Rich in Curative Qualities FOR BACKACHE, RHEUMATISM, KIDNEYS AND BLADDER

ALBERTA THE PRICE OF BEEF

IS HIGH AND SO IS THE PRICE OF BEEF
For years the Province of Alberta (Western Canada) has been the "meat-butchery" of the world. Many of these ranches today are immense grass lands given place to the cultivation of wheat, corn, barley and other crops. This change has made many thousands of Albertans, settled on the prairie, wealthy, but it has increased the price of livestock. There is a splendid opportunity now to get a

Free Homestead

of 160 acres (and another as a pre-emption) in the newer districts and provinces either cattle or grain. The crops are always good, the climate is excellent, schools and churches are convenient, game is plentiful in either Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta. Send for literature, the latest information, railway rates, etc., to J. H. Macdonald, Box 578, Waterloo, S. S. A. B. GIBBETT, 215 Jackson St., St. Paul, Minn. Canadian Government Agents, or address Department of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada.