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SIoux CITY P.T.G. CO., 1,027-14, 1904

Chicago Tribune: Maud—"What book are you reading?" Irene—"Sartor Resartus." Maud—"What a queer name. Is it interesting?" Irene—"No. It's awfully tiresome." Maud—"What are you reading it for, then?" Irene—"I've got to write a paper about it at the next meeting of our literary club." Maud—"What is it about?"

ABOUT FLATFOOTEDNESS.

What Causes it and How It May Be Prevented.

New York Post: Flatfootedness may or may not be increasing among the moderns, but it has at last brought out some very interesting theories as to why it should be prevalent. Sandow got flatfooted from lifting heavy weights, according to the opinion of Dr. Sargent of Harvard. Children are likely to be afflicted in this way when they wear spring heels, for the bones of the instep, in the case of young people, depend for keeping their place upon adequate support of the heel. Fat children find themselves becoming flat-footed because of the abnormal weight the feet have to sustain. Poor feeding of the child tends to make it flatfooted, for the bones of the foot require plenty of lime to make them firm and strong. Poor feeding leads to "rickets" as well as flatfootedness, though the physician who says it does not stop to explain rickets. What used to be called rheumatism of the feet now turns out to be flatfootedness. Persons who go barefooted all the time are said never to get the trouble, so we are led to believe that if we wear shoes at all we are apt to become as the big policeman or the mythical Chicago girl.

If one doctor's story is believed only a few people get flatfootedness after the bones begin to disintegrate, so to speak, and let down the high arch of beauty in the instep. Asked whether the malady was at all common among the applicants for membership in the Massachusetts militia, Dr. Blood of Boston said: "It exists in form serious enough to interfere with walking, of course, it bars him from enlistment." That is not surprising, for if there is one accomplishment a state's militia ought to possess it is the ability to walk. As for the rest of us, we ought not to care whether we are flat-footed or not, for there is less and less reason for our walking anyway.

Essence of Orange Leaves.

Laborer, India, Tribune: A remarkable industry of Paraguay is the preparation of essence of orange leaves. More than 150 years ago the Jesuit priests, who then ruled that secluded country, imported orange seeds and planted groves, which have now become immense forests, filled with small establishments for extracting the essence, which is exported to France and the United States for use in soap and perfumery making. It is also employed by the natives in Paraguay as a healing ointment and a hair tonic.

Too Much for Her.

Chicago Tribune: Maud—"What book are you reading?" Irene—"Sartor Resartus." Maud—"What a queer name. Is it interesting?" Irene—"No. It's awfully tiresome." Maud—"What are you reading it for, then?" Irene—"I've got to write a paper about it at the next meeting of our literary club." Maud—"What is it about?"

The last surviving soldier of the war of the revolution was Daniel F. Blakeman, who died in Freedom, N. Y., in 1869, at the age of over 109 years.

I have used Pilo's Cure for Consumption with good results. It is all right.—John W. Henry, Box 642, Fostoria, Ohio, Oct. 4, 1901.

The United States imported from Africa within a year \$1,327,000 of mahogany. This 14,000 tons of freight, in the absence of a direct line, was shipped via Liverpool.

XERXES

An Easter Sketch
By Elsie Reagoner

Xerxes was tired. Xerxes was hungry. Stopping for a moment to rest, he sat down on the lower step of a brownstone front. It was a bright Easter morning, and Xerxes, despite his shabby attire, looked about him with keen appreciation.

"Who was he? A 'vag,' a 'hobo,' a 'deadbeat,' you might have called him, but according to his own story, a 'gentleman of limited income and uncertain locality,' only a poor devil who during his youth had known the finer things of life, but for whom from the glass of fate had been poured only disappointment and misfortune. The old story of an indulgent father and a reckless, impetuous son; of business reverses and heavy losses, which worried the old man into the grave; of the son, now grown, base and profligate, having no vocation to call his own, no experience in his life save those of a youth with wealth at his command and Bohemia his favorite stamping ground. Not much upon which to base a foundation for a practical livelihood. For years he had drifted aimlessly around, till, failing to find his niche in life, he had, as he expressed it, 'tried to fill the next easiest one,' and here, on the lower step of a prosperous and comfortable mansion, a fashionable church on the corner opposite, with the glorious sunlight of the perfect Easter morning lighting up with unpinching accuracy every detail of his shabby attire, he found Xerxes, a gentleman of leisure—otherwise a tramp.

Down the steps of the house next door, overwhelming him with their daintiness and their fresh, young womanhood, came two girls clad in all the fluttering laces and ribbons that go to make up the modern dandy demurelle. They were talking too earnestly to notice Xerxes, who drew humbly back that their perfumed skirts might not brush his soiled garments, and little did they realize that to the half starved step of the poor fellow on the lower step the sight of them was like a burst of spring, filling his heart with radiant warmth and the memory of happier days so long ago.

"Look, Nell," said one, blushing and holding out a tiny hand for inspection. "Oh, how lovely! And Nell, bet I own a glistering jewel on the little finger, 'From Jack'?"

A shy nod gave assent, and as they passed on their eager young voices came back to him like sweet music.

"And I once had a sweetheart, he must have been a lovely fellow, for he ring, too. I remember that I kissed her little hand when I placed it on that night. Ah, that night—the sweetness of it! Where is the little ring now, I wonder, and—where is she?"

A woman's voice floated out to him from the open doorway, humming the refrain from that old serenade:

"We're going to leave you now,
Good night, ladies,
"So long ago," he murmured, staring with eyes that saw not at the pavement beneath his feet—"so long ago! I sang that beneath her window once."

The sweet strains of the closing anthem floated across to him like a benediction. How lovely! And Nell, bet I own a glistering jewel on the little finger, 'From Jack'?"

A deacon with unsmiling face and sanctimonious mien went gravely on his reverend way, benignly letting fall on our tattered friend a supercilious glance which prompted him ironically to quote: "Verily, Lord! I thank thee that I am not as other men!"

Then a rotund little business man, whose faultless broadcloth and pompous air bespoke the successful financier, stopped before Xerxes and patronizingly inquired:

"Why don't you go where you belong, my good man?"

"Because," tranquilly, "I'm trying to be a better man and know I could profit by the example of a good, charitable, kind-hearted Christian like you!"

A gentle voice made him turn, and a sweet-faced old woman with silver hair pressed a coin into his hand as she said: "You are in need, my poor fellow. Will you take it with the hope that you may do better?"

"Heaven bless you, lady," he said, as he stood before her and bared his head. "Heaven bless you always for a kindly word to a poor ne'er-do-well and for recalling the face of his dear mother."

There was a misty look in his eyes and a thrill of happiness in his heart long after she had gone.

"Bless her," he said. "If there were more like her, the new woman would never have been born."

"Hello, there! Is you tired?" And a radiant little vision with the bluest of eyes and the sunniest tangle of flying curls, a world of mischief in the roguish laugh and a wealth of love for everybody in the sweet little face, came flying toward him. Xerxes bowed his head and a thrill of happiness in his heart long after she had gone.

"Bless her," he said. "If there were more like her, the new woman would never have been born."

"Thank you, little one," was all he said, but his voice was very gentle, and the child, looking up into his eyes, read, with the instinct which, alas, we all outgrow so soon, the sweetness and patience of a soul that knew not much joy.

"Didn't I tell you not to talk to strange men?" and an irate mamma swooped down on the little woman and gave her a vigorous shake. "Are you never going to mind me, miss?" The blue eyes filled with tears, but she bravely nodded farewell and tripped away. "Oh," sighed Xerxes with a pang in his heart, "the Christ of whom you have just been learning would never have said that. He who called the little ones unto him, who said, 'You must become like them,' would never have wounded a childish heart when it had done no wrong," and the fragrant flower from the tiny hand and the silver coin from the withered one were long cherished, recalling the "one touch of nature" that makes us all akin.

A Thespian of the old school crossed the street and sauntered down the avenue. His well worn Prince Albert, with shiny seams, was buttoned tightly up to his chin. His silk hat was of antiquated pattern and showed the traces of many brushings. He wore no cuffs,

but swung a cane in one hand, while the other was thrust between the top buttons of his coat. About his eyes were traces of make up, and his whole bearing bespoke the actor long in the profession, but unsuccessul. "Life is but a play, after all," mused Xerxes, "but how we all scramble for the leading parts, forgetting that the low comedy and eccentric characters must be played by some one. How we fail to learn our lines and neglect to take up our cues and hinder better actors from playing their parts successfully, and when the curtain falls on the last act how bitter comes the realization that our part in the drama of life has marred what might have been a perfect performance, that the play would have been better had we never been cast. Well, come now, Xerxes, don't rail at Fate. This isn't your cue to make a scene."

"Mornin' Hurdal, Jurn' an' Trib-une!" sounded a cheery voice, and little Tad, a newsboy, his ragged cap on the back of his head and a few unsold papers under his arm, stepped jauntily around the corner. His clothes were poor and his hands were grimy, but his face was blithe and his laugh the essence of happy good nature.

"W'y, hello, Xerxes, old boy! Wot you doin' here? Watchin' the swell peeps go home from church? Say, wot d'you tink? I met a rich bloke down de street wot gimme two tickets to a charity dinner down on de south side. Wot d'you tink him? Wasn't he all right? Can you beat 'im? Come on, and we won't do a ting to de spread, oh, no! Just de-molish it, that's all! If we eat there today dey'll have to feed de rest of the push to-morrow. Have a cigarette? Nit? Say, wot de mate did you tink Xerxes? Ain't you square wid de world?"

"Yes, Tad," replied Xerxes quietly, putting his arm about the boy's shoulders as they strolled off together toward "de south side" and the promised dinner. "I guess I'm square enough with the world, for I wouldn't change places with any man in it today. Yes, I'll take dinner with you, Tad, but next time it will be your turn, because you see I'm getting tired of being utterly worthless, and tomorrow—well, tomorrow I'm going to look for work!"

Tad looked up, his eyes round with astonishment. "Geel!" he said.—Omaha Bee.

FLOWERS FOR EASTER.

Plants From the Woods That Will Bloom Indoors.

New York Tribune: The most beautiful centerpiece for the Easter table when Easter comes so near the opening of spring is the early spring flower, the hepaticas and spring ferns. The hepatica is usually the first flower of spring. Close to the russet earth in the warm light which drifts through the bare woodland boughs it opens its abundant azure blossoms, as blue as the wings of the bluebird or the sky of March. Like the sky and water of March the flower has so perfect an azure hue that it seems to have been purified by frost. It has none of the purplish color of the violet that blossoms later in the green grass of May.

The hepatica, the trailing arbutus and nearly all the early spring flowers perfect their flower buds in the autumn, wrapping them up in furry little covers close to the earth, where they rest through the winter under the snow to wait the awakening suns of the vernal equinox. Sometimes it seems to be a race between these early flowers and the snow, for the petals first and earn the right to be called the first bloom of spring. "The brave spears of the skunk cabbage," however, often push themselves through the frozen earth before the blue hepatica or the trailing arbutus breaks its furry sheaths. Any of these early flowers, if carefully forced in a wild window garden, so that they will blossom indoors long before they appear in the forest. The plants must be taken from the woods in the fall or at the beginning of March, brought into the house and placed in a sunny window, where they will soon come into perfect bloom. They are extremely pretty planted with the evergreen spleenwort ferns, which are so characteristic of the spring woods and rocks, and which are more filmy and delicate than the delicate ferns and the ferns that grow in the summer forests.

The maidenhair spleenwort, or Asplenium trichomanes, is an abundant fern on limestone rocks in shady places. It grows in thick tufts in pockets in the rocks, its delicate leaflets mounted on thrills along a stem.

When the blossoming hepatica is massed in thick clusters in a deep center dish of delft with only the spleenwort fern, it is exceedingly effective, as it has no leaves until after it blossoms. The leaves that cling to the flowers are the half withered leaves of last year, and they should be trimmed away. These flowers grow in such clusters and are so intense in hue that they are much more attractive as a table centerpiece than the trailing arbutus, which is sometimes forced into bloom in the house and used in the same way.

The hepatica comes into bloom in the open woods late in March or at the beginning of April. To force it into bloom as early as a date as Easter Sunday it will be necessary to start the plants a week or more in advance. See that the plants selected have abundant roots and show full clusters of buds in their little hairy sheaths close to the roots.

Thaw out the plants at first with cold water and place them in the cellar. Do not bring them into a warm room until all the frost has disappeared from the earth around the plants. After a few days place them in the dish in which they are to grow in a sunny window. Water them daily. If they develop too rapidly and are in danger of blossoming before Easter, put them back in the cellar for a few days. See flowers, massed with spring ferns, make an attractive piece for the Easter altar.

Seasonable Easter Gifts.

Pittsburg Dispatch: Each year finds the custom of exchanging gifts at Easter more widespread. Unlike Christmas presents, in which wide latitude is allowed, the Easter gift should be both dainty and seasonable. The scent sachets, so popular for Christmas cards, have reappeared in charming guise for Easter. They are decorated with all the flowers that bloom in the spring and tied with ribbons to match. There are, too, the unique little sachets of satin in the shape of a lily or pansy. A novelty which will find favor is a basket of colored tissue paper resembling a big chrysanthemum. Its long leaves are meant to conceal Easter eggs or bonbons. They potted ferns set in cups of crimped and painted paper are just the thing for an Easter greeting. Some of the cups represent Easter lilies. Decorated china violet holders are another pretty suggestion. Seasonable gifts which may be used for Easter will be found among the art linen traveling cases, steamer pillows, fancy silk bags and the new washable cases for turnover collars. New and beautiful designs in decorated china are adaptable both for Easter and wedding presents.

Omen of the Patched Lamb.

To see a lamb out of a window on Easter morning is a good omen, according to the belief of many pastoral people, especially if the lamb be leaved in the direction of the house. To meet a lamb is lucky, and according to some, if the devil can never assume the form of either a lamb or a dove.



Miss Rose Hennessy, well known as a poetess and elocutionist, of Lexington, Ky., tells how she was cured of uterine inflammation and ovaritis by the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I have been so blessedly helped through the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound that I feel it but just to acknowledge it, hoping that it may help some other woman suffering as I did. For years I enjoyed the best of health and thought that I would always do so. I attended parties and receptions thinly clad, and would be suddenly chilled, but I did not think of the results. I caught a bad cold eighteen months ago while menstruating, and this caused inflammation of the womb and congested ovaries. I suffered excruciating pains and kept getting worse. My attention was called to your Vegetable Compound and the wonderful cures it had performed, and I made up my mind to try it for two months and see what it would do for me. Within one month I felt much better, and at the close of the second I was entirely well.

"I have advised a number of my lady friends to use it, and all express themselves as well satisfied with the results as I was."—Miss Rose Nona HENNESSY, 410 S. Broadway, Lexington, Ky.

The experience and testimony of some of the most noted women of America go to prove beyond a question that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will correct all such trouble and at once, by removing the cause, and restoring the organs to a normal and healthy condition.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—About two years ago I consulted a physician about my health which had become so wretched that I was no longer able to be about. I had severe backache, bearing-down pains, pains across the abdomen, was very nervous and irritable, and this trouble grew worse each month. The physician prescribed for me, but I soon discovered that he was unable to help me, and I then decided to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and soon found that it was doing me good. My appetite was returning, the pains disappearing, and the general benefits were well marked.

"You cannot realize how pleased I was, and after taking the medicine for only three months, I found that I was completely cured of my trouble, and have been well and hearty ever since, and no more fear the monthly period, as it now passes without pain to me. Yours very truly, Miss PEARL ACKERS, 327 North Summer St., Nashville, Tenn."

When a medicine has been successful in restoring to health more than a million women, you cannot well say without trying it "I do not believe it will help me." If you are ill, do not hesitate to get a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and write Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass., for special advice. Her advice is free and helpful. Write to-day. Delay may be fatal.

\$5000 FORFEIT if we cannot forthwith produce the original letters and signatures of above testimonials, which will prove their absolute genuineness. Lydia E. Pinkham Med. Co., Lynn, Mass.

WESTERN CANADA HAS AN EXCELLENT CLIMATE.

The Saskatchewan Valley Very Highly Favored.

An interesting feature of Western Canada is its climate. Those who have made a study of it speak highly of it. The Canadian Government Agents are sending out an Atlas, and at the same time giving valuable information concerning railway rates, etc., to those interested in the country. As has been said, the climate is excellent. The elevation of this part of Canada is about 1,800 feet above the sea, about twice that of the average for Minnesota. It is a very desirable altitude. The country has a very equable climate, taking the seasons through. The winters are bright, and the summers are pleasantly warm. R. F. Stupart, director of the meteorological service for Canada, says:

"The salient features of the climate of the Canadian northwest territories are a clear, bracing atmosphere during the greater part of the year, and a medium rainfall and snowfall. The mean temperature for July at Winnipeg is 66, and Prince Albert 62. The former temperature is higher than at any part of England, and the latter is very similar to that found in many parts of the southern countries."

At Prince Albert the average daily maximum in July is 76 and the minimum 48. Owing to this high day temperature with much sunshine, the crops come to maturity quickly.

Moisture is ample in the Saskatchewan valley, being about 18 inches annually. It is notable that about 75 per cent of the moisture falls during the crop months. Thus, Western Canada gets as much moisture when it is needed, and with several hours more sunshine daily than land further south gets during the growing season, it is not difficult to understand why crops mature quickly and yield bountifully.

Winter ends quickly, sowing is done during April and sometimes in March. Harvest comes in August, about the middle. Cyclones, blizzards, dust and sand storms are unknown.

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