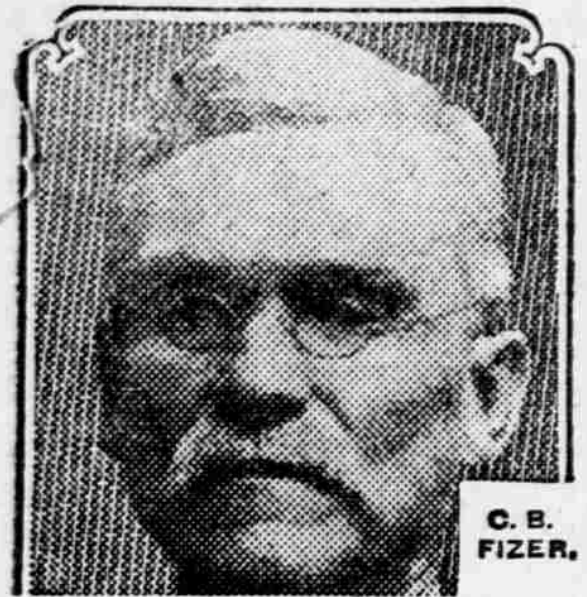


KIDNEY TROUBLE
Suffered Ten Years—Relieved in Three Months Thanks to PE-KU-NA.



C. B. FIZER, Mt. Sterling, Ky., says:
"I have suffered with kidney and bladder trouble for ten years past. Last March I commenced using Peruna and continued for three months. I have not used it since nor have I felt a pain."

For Pain in Chest



For sore throat, sharp pain in lungs, tightness across the chest, hoarseness or cough, lay the parts with Sloan's Liniment. You don't need to rub, just lay it on lightly. It penetrates instantly to the seat of the trouble, relieves congestion and stops the pain.

Here's the Proof.
Mr. A. W. Price, Fredonia, Kans., says: "We have used Sloan's Liniment for a year, and find it an excellent thing for sore throat, chest pains, colds, and hay fever attacks. A few drops taken on sugar stops coughing and sneezing instantly."

Sloan's Liniment

is easier to use than porous plasters, acts quicker and does not clog up the pores of the skin. It is an excellent antiseptic remedy for asthma, bronchitis, and all inflammatory diseases of the throat and chest; will break up the deadly membrane in an attack of croup, and will kill any kind of neuralgia or rheumatic pains.



WESTERN CANADA

What Prof. Shaw, the Well-Known Agriculturist, Says About It:
"I would sooner raise cattle in Western Canada than in the corn belt of the United States. Feed is cheaper and makes better for the purpose. It is a better soil, and grows faster than your farmers produce the crop. Your wheat land will be taken at a rate beyond present conception. It will have people in the United States alone who want homes to take up this land." Nearly 70,000 Americans will enter and make their homes in Western Canada this year. 1909 produced another large crop of wheat, oats and barley, in addition to which the cattle exports was an immense item. Free homestead and pre-emption laws, as well as lands held by railway and land companies, will provide homes for millions. Adaptable soil, healthful climate, splendid schools and churches, and good railroads. For settlers' rates, descriptive literature, and Good West, write to the Canadian Government, Ottawa, Canada, or to the following Canadian Gov't Agents: K. T. Holmes, 20 Jackson St., St. Paul, Minn., and N. MacEachern, Box 116, Watertown, South Dakota. (Use address nearest you.) Please say where you saw this advertisement.

Up-to-Date.
"It is a wonderful story," says the publisher to the new editor, whose manuscript had just been accepted, "but you have failed on one important feature. You do not describe the way the heroine was dressed when the hero first met her. You'd better write in a paragraph about her clothes, but try to avoid the conventional."
The ingenious author, knowing the sameness of costume descriptions in the best sellers, and also knowing how to make an appeal to the feminine heart, wrote:
"Heloise floated toward him garbed in a \$600 dress, a \$250 hat, with a \$38.75 mantilla over a \$375 lace coat."
—Chicago Post.

When the Supply Stopped.
Poet (with emotion)—All people seem to scorn my poetry; but I suppose when I die, every one will go into raptures.
Editor—Oh, yes—at least—all the editors will, I should think.—Ally Sloper.

THE PATH OF DESTINY.



"THE BOY IS COMING HOME."

I tell you it is busy times just now for me and marm. The Boy is coming home to spend Thanksgiving on the farm; 'Tis ten long years since he went West to mingle in its strife. He's done first-rate, and furthermore, he's got a Western wife. We got the letter yesterday, and marm she laid awake Full half the night to praise the Lord and think what she must bake. If I should feed the turkey now as she declares I must. Why, long before Thanksgiving he would swell all up and bust; I've had to grind the choppin'-knife, and go to choppin' mince, And things are brewin' rich and fine and it to feed a prince. The Boy, he writ for chicken-pie, "W, double crust," says he, "And mixed with cream, that lovely pie you used to make for me." He wants big red apples from the hillside, Northern Spy, And butternuts—I've got 'em round the stouppin' row and dry; He wants to lay the fire himself with maple hard and sound, And pop some corn upon the hearth when all are gathered round. He wants the things he used to have when he was but a lad, 'Tis somewhat strange, it may be, but it makes us mighty glad. We're both a little wittier, but our love, depend upon it, is just as green and stiddy as the hills of old Vermont. It flustered marm a bit at first about the Western wife, What she should do for one so fine and used to city life. But tucked between the Boy's big sheets she found a little slip, She read it with a happy tear, a gently quivering lip: "Dear mother, them's her very words, "I write this on the air, "So don't tell John, but make for him a big, big pumpkin pie. I know it will delight him, for he still is but a boy— His mother's boy—and so he fills his wife's glad heart with joy." And so you see, 'tis busy times just now for me and marm. The Boy is coming home to spend Thanksgiving on the farm. —John Mervin Hall, in McClure's Magazine.

of greater resource, greater elaboration and daintier taste, it is likely to lose in charm.

A stately banquet in the city, with rich appointments, with banked chrysanthemums, and roses from the florist, with the deft and silent service of trained helpers, with electric lights softened by silken shades, with delicate dishes compounded by a trained chef, and glowing fruits from many climes—this need not, fortunately, lack the essentials of the thankful spirit and the loving heart. But who will not admit without question that dinner in the country house is better, in the farmhouse better still, in the homestead of many generations and garnered associations best of all?

Of course it is. For one thing, the city dweller can never enjoy to the full that period of preparation which in the ample country kitchen is still half the festival, and which in the old time before the cook stove came, when the kitchen was the most beautiful as well as the "hottest" room in the house, offered even greater delights to the family gathered before its huge open fire. The change began when Lucy Larcom was a child. "Cooking stoves were coming into fashion," she wrote, "but they were clumsy affairs, and our elders thought that no cooking could be quite so nice as that which was done by an open fire. We younger ones reveled in the warm, beautiful glow that we look back to as a remembered sunset. There is no such home splendor now. "The fireplace was deep, and there was a settle in the chimney corner where three of us youngest girls could sit together and toast our toes on the andirons—two Continental soldiers in full uniform, marching one after the other—while we looked up the chimney into a square of blue sky, and sometimes caught a snowflake on our foreheads. Potatoes were roasted in the ashes, and the Thanksgiving turkey in the tin kitchen, the business of turning the spit being usually delegated to some of us small folk, who were only too glad to burn our faces in honor of the annual festival. "When supper was finished and the teakettle was pushed back on the crane, and the backlog was reduced to a heap of fiery embers, then was the time for listening to sailor yarns and ghost and witch legends. The wonder seems somehow to have faded out of those tales of old since the gleam of red-hot coals died away from the hearthstone."

There is already the gas range, and the possibility of dinner electrically prepared by touching a button is already suggested.

In time, no doubt, the cook stove will disappear; but surely no family festival will be less joyous for its departure, and no poet will lament that it has vanished.—Youth's Companion.

"Thanksgiving."



Thanksgiving, Punkin Pie. O th' luck there is in livin' Long about good old Thanksgiving, When th' crops for which you've striven are all safely gathered by. When th' autumn's harvest story Is of summer's golden glory, Then you're feelin' hunky-dory an' you're wantin' punkin pie! P—Unkin— Punkin pie! Then there oozes from th' kitchen Soothin' odors so bewitchin' That they set your master's itchin' an' put twines in your eyes. An' you know th' thing tormentin' That you ketch yourself a-scentin' Is a joy your wife's inventin'—real Thank-givin' punkin pie. P—Unkin— Punkin pie! You don't want to wait a minute For a chance to go ag'in it— Want to git your face down in it till it plas- ters up your eye. Feel like you could finish seven, Tackle nine an' mebbe 'leven! But just ONE would make a Heaven if it's regular Hoosier pie! P—Unkin— Punkin pie!

THE WISHBONE—A THANKSGIVING HINT.



Are you sad, or are you jolly, Do you blame yourself for folly, When there's nothing but the wish-bone left? Are you full, or can you eat (After gobbling turket meat) All the satisfying things that make Thanksgiving day complete, When there's nothing but the wish-bone left? Better spare the juicy turkey; Then you'll still be looking perky When there's nothing but the wish-bone left. For the goodies, in a flock, Like to jump around and mock Little folks who've gobbled gobble-meat till they can hardly talk, And there's nothing but the wish-bone left. —Chicago News.

HORRIBLE MINE FIRE CAUSES 300 DEATHS

Most Appalling Accident of Its Kind in Country's History Occurs at Cherry, Ill.

MEN DOOMED IN FLAMING PIT

Hay Being Taken Down by Engineer Becomes Ignited from Cap Lamp and Blasts Follow.

HEROIC DOCTOR SAVES MANY

Fire Is Smothered and First Rescuers Afterward Sent Down Find No Bodies, Alive or Dead.

The most appalling mine disaster in the history of the United States occurred Saturday afternoon in the little town of Cherry, Bureau County, Ill. A fire that started in the main shaft of the St. Paul Coal Company's works choked out the lives of 300 men working there. Thirteen rescuers who went down into a blazing shaft were roasted alive to a man. A few score of survivors, blackened by smoke and singed by flame, crawled from reeking crevices in the earth to tell an incoherent story of almost inconceivable horrors in the corridors below. The rest—there were 565 human beings in the mine when the fire broke out—perished in the flame-swept works.

Saturday night the exits of the mine, from which smoke and flame had belched since 1:30 in the afternoon, were battened down. This heroic remedy was decided on as a last means of extinguishing the fire in the works beneath. Above a seething furnace, in which three-fourths of the male population of the community is imprisoned, the town waited in silent dread for the dawning of the morning. When day came the hatches were to be opened and the toll of death begun. The cry of the widow and the orphan rang dolefully on the ear.

The fire broke out at about 1:30. Engineer John Crowley, who is in charge of the elevator running from the surface to the higher of the three veins in the mine, had descended with a load of six bales of hay. On the way down the hay was ignited by his torch. Reaching the level below him he dragged the bales out of the car and attempted to hurl them into the sump of the second shaft, at the bottom of which is a pool of water. Before he could do so both the first and second shafts were afire. A strong draft coming up to the surface turned the two shafts into red-hot flues. Almost before the danger could be realized the mine was ablaze everywhere, and the main avenues of escape cut off.

The Cherry disaster, like every great disaster in America, developed its men of the hour, its heroes. There is in Cherry one man who is deserving of all the glory that the highest personal bravery and self-sacrifice merit. He is Dr. L. B. Howe, the St. Paul Mining Company's physician. To him twenty-five of the rescued miners owe their lives. Escaping by a miracle from a red-hot lift in which twelve of his companions were roasted like quail on a griddle, he returned six times alone into the seething inferno of the shaft, and each time came to the surface with a group of men he had saved. He desisted from his efforts only after it had become apparent to every one that to descend in to the shaft again would be certain death.

Exploration of the mine was begun Sunday. Volunteers, equipped with oxygen helmets, essayed to explore the shaft. Two of them in a bucket were lowered three times down the air shaft. They found no bodies, living or dead. At a depth of 370 feet the temperature of the mine was found to be practically normal—94 degrees—indicating that the fire had burned itself out.

Mine Still Burning.

Fire in the Cherry mine continued Monday and Tuesday to block all efforts at rescue of the 300 or more entombed miners or recovery of their bodies. The pit remained sealed, and, although every effort to fight the fire was made, it probably will be several days before the shaft can be opened with safety. Temperature taken at the top of the burning mine Tuesday registered 108 degrees Fahrenheit. This was in the wet surface sand and indicated that the fire below is intense.

Meanwhile the hopeless mourners were giving part of their attention to the rites over the victims whose bodies had been found. Funerals of eight of the miners were held Tuesday, and the surviving miners and families of the dead filed through the streets behind the hearses, which were driven in line. Several of the dead were taken in funeral trains to Ladd and other near-by towns. Special funeral trains were ordered and hearses were provided from Ladd, Spring Valley, La Salle and Mendota. Officials of the mine workers' unions took an active part in the burial ceremonies.

Soldier True to Training.

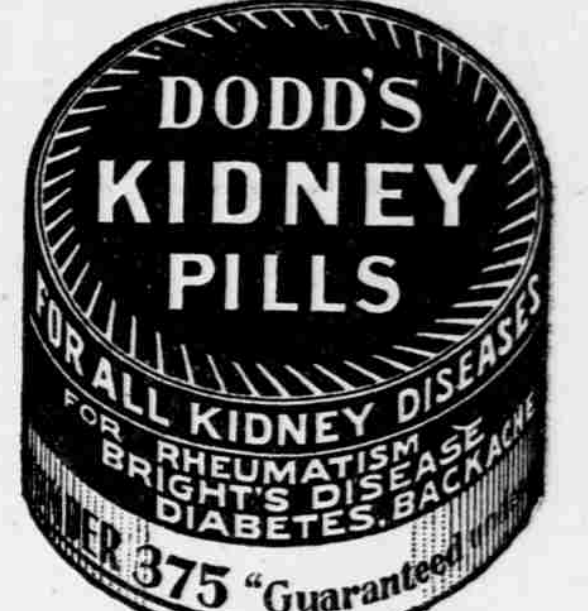
During the period of the "second empire" in France the "Cent Gardes" were one of its sights at the Tuilleries. It was hard to distinguish them from statues. Their commander, Col. Verly, once declared to Empress Eugenie that "nothing" could make one of his men move when on duty. The empress laid a wager that she would make one of the giants stir; so, with her characteristic impetuosity she went up to one of the guards and boxed his ears. Not a muscle moved. The empress then acknowledged that Col. Verly had won the bet, and sent a salutation to the soldier, who, however, proudly refused it, saying that he had been sufficiently compensated by the honor of having had his sovereign lady's hand laid on his cheek.

A Rare Good Thing.

"Am using Allen's Foot-Paste, and can truly say I would not have been without it so long, had I known the relief it would give my aching feet. I think it a rare good thing for anyone having sore or tired feet."
—Miss Matilda Holtvert, Providence, R. I. Sold by all Druggists, 25c. Ask for Day.

Passing of the Hostess.

The decay of the fine art of entertaining is much bemoaned by a London paper. Once no woman would think of entertaining at any place but in her own home. Now she goes to a restaurant to save the trouble in the home. Moreover, there was a time when the hostess prided herself on her own conversational powers and upon her ability to draw out her guests, who were generally chosen with regard to some ability in this direction. Now nobody talks, but somebody sings or plays and the concert or rhetorical entertainment has taken the place of brilliant conversation.



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