

HEALTH FOR TEN CENTS!

FOR THE FAMILY.

"I take pleasure in praising your valuable remedy, CASCARETS, and my whole family received relief from their ailments. I tried, I certainly recommend CASCARETS for all cases of constipation. They will find a place in every home. Yours for success,"
Palm Grove Ave., McKeesport, Pa.

FOR BABIES.

"I shall never be without CASCARETS. My children are always delighted when I give them a portion of a tablet, and cry for more. They are the most pleasant medicine I have ever tried. They have found a permanent place in my home."
Mrs. JOHN FLAHER, Box 66, Michigan City, Ind.

FOR BAD BLOOD.

"CASCARETS do all claimed for them and are a truly wonderful medicine. I have often wished for a medicine pleasant to take, that has been found in CASCARETS. Since taking them my blood has been purified and my complexion has improved wonderfully, and I feel much better in every way."
Mrs. SALLIE E. SELLARS, Luttrell, Tenn.

FOR SOUR STOMACH.

"After I was induced to try CASCARETS, I will never be without them in the house. My liver was in a very bad shape, and my head and stomach trouble. Now, since taking Cascarets, I feel fine, and I also use them with beneficial results for sour stomach."
J. M. KREHLMAN, 1921 Congress St., St. Louis, Mo.

FOR LAZY LIVER.

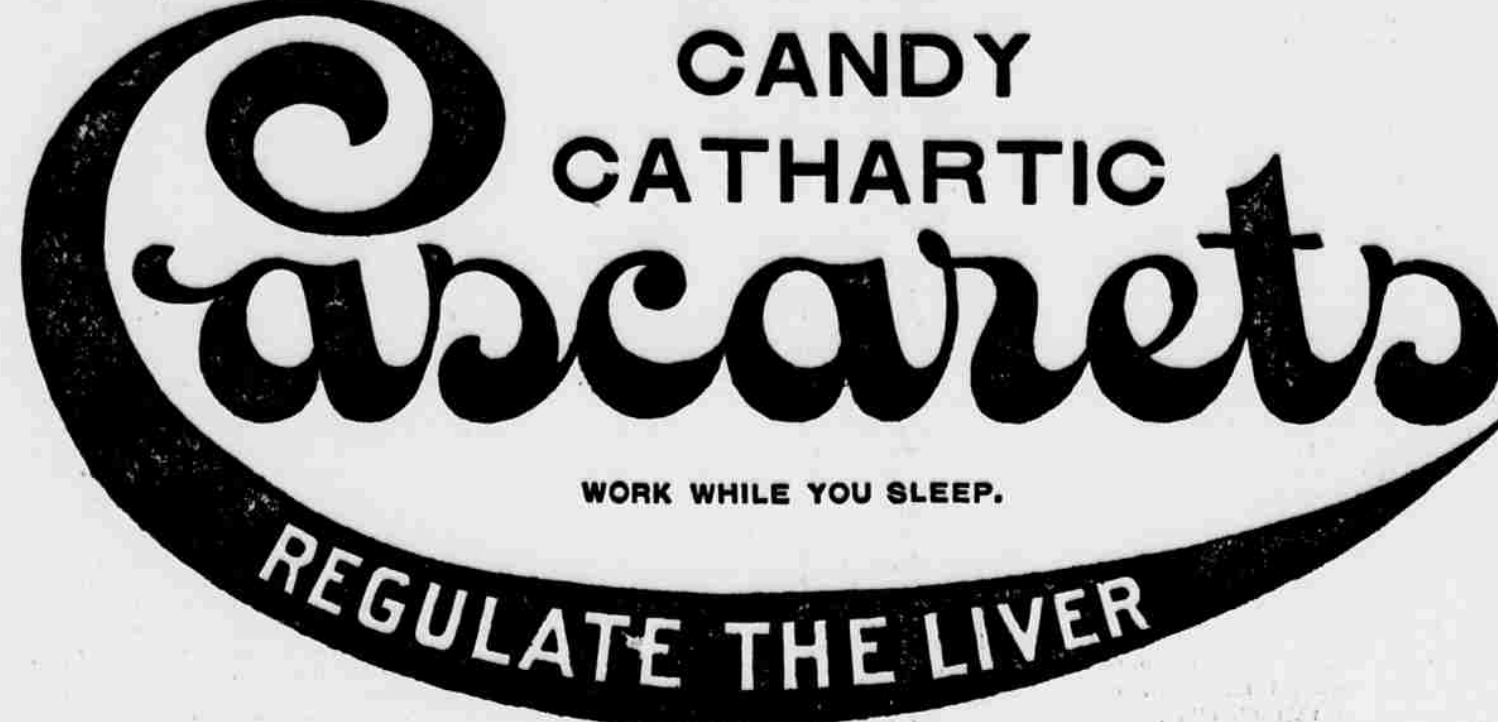
"I have been troubled a great deal with a torpid liver, which produces constipation. I have tried many remedies, but I claim for them, and secured such relief that I tried to purchase another supply and was completely cured. I shall only be too glad to recommend Cascarets whenever the opportunity is presented. A. S. WITZ, 229 Susquehanna Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

FOR INSOMNIA.

"I have been using CASCARETS for insomnia, with which I have been afflicted for over twenty years, and I can say that Cascarets have given me more relief than any other remedy I have used. I shall only be too glad to recommend them to my friends as being all they are represented to be."
THOS. GILLARD, Elgin, Ill.

FOR WORMS.

"A tape worm eighteen feet long at least came on the scene after my taking two CASCARETS. This I am sure has caused my bad health. I have since taken Cascarets, the only cathartic worthy of notice by sensible people."
Geo. W. BOWLES, Baird, Miss.



WORK WHILE YOU SLEEP.



Gold Bon-Bon Box Free

This is a gift of friendship and appreciation to the many friends of CASCARETS CANDY CATHARTIC, whom we can reach in no other way. Any one who will mail the direction slip out of a 50c box of Cascarets, or two direction slips out of two 25c boxes to the manufacturer's address, **CAN OBTAIN** a gold-plated hand-enamelled bonbon box, just like the one shown herewith, certainly a beautiful specimen. **THIS HANDSOME PRESENT** is especially fitted for a lady's dressing table, as a handy and convenient receptacle for the ideal laxative, liver stimulant and intestinal tonic, CASCARETS Candy Cathartic. **YOU WILL BE DELIGHTED** not only with the bonbonniere, but with its contents. CASCARETS are so mild, so fragrant, so palatable, so pleasant, yet positive in their action, that they form the only proper laxative for ladies, children, and the household in general. Any one unable to obtain direction slips as above, by purchasing from their druggists, should send us 50c in stamps and receive a box of CASCARETS with BOMBONNIERE FREE. Mention this paper and address STERLING REMEDY CO., Chicago, Montreal, Can., New York.

OUR GUARANTEE!

It's good. We are proud of the stories our testimonials tell of relief from many forms of misery, but the experience of another person may not be yours. So CASCARETS are sold under guarantee, if used according to directions. Only quacks claim to cure every case, but CASCARETS cure so large a percentage that we can better afford to refund purchase money than incur our patrons' ill-will. Every retail druggist is authorized to sell two 50c. boxes Cascarets under guarantee to cure or money refunded. If your druggist don't keep them Cascarets will be sent by mail for price, 40c., 25c. or 50c. Address STERLING REMEDY CO., Chicago, Montreal, or New York. There is no other genuine, guaranteed candy cathartic besides CASCARETS.

ANNUAL SALES OVER THREE MILLION BOXES.

FOR CONSTIPATION.

"I have gone 14 days at a time without movement of the bowels. Chronic constipation for seven years placed me in the terrible condition. I did everything I heard of but never found any relief until I began using Cascarets. I now have from one to three passages a day, and I feel as well as I could expect for such a long time. It is such a relief." A. W. H. HUNT, 608 Russell St., Detroit, Mich.

FOR BILIOUSNESS.

"I have used your valuable CASCARETS and find them perfect. Couldn't do without them. I have used them for some time for indigestion and biliousness and am now completely cured. Recommend them to every one. Once tried, you will never be without them in the family."
EDW. A. MARL, Albany, N. Y.

FOR DYSPEPSIA.

"For six years I was a victim of dyspepsia in its worst form. I could eat nothing but milk toast, and at times my stomach would not retain and digest even that. Last March I began taking Cascarets. Since then I have steadily improved, until I am as well as I was in my life."
LEWIS H. HENNING, Newark, O.

FOR PILES.

"I suffered the tortures of the damned with protruding piles brought on by constipation with which I was afflicted for twenty years. I ran across your CASCARETS in the town of Newell, Ia., and never found anything to equal them. I am entirely free from piles and feel like a new man."
1411 Jones St., Sioux City, Ia.

FOR HEADACHE.

"Both my wife and myself have been afflicted with headache for many years. The medicine we have ever had in the house. Last week my wife was frantically with headache for two days and tried some of your CASCARETS, and they relieved the pain in her head almost immediately. We both recommend Cascarets." CHAS. STREITZ, Pittsburg Safe & Deposit Co., Pittsburg, Pa.

FOR BAD BREATH.

"I have been using CASCARETS and as a mild and effective laxative they are simply wonderful. My daughter and I were both troubled with sick stomach and our breath was very bad. After taking a few doses of Cascarets we have improved wonderfully. They are a family friend."
WILHELMINA NAGEL, 117 Rittenhouse St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

FOR PIMPLES.

"My wife had pimples on her face, but she has been using Cascarets and they have all disappeared. I had been troubled with constipation for some time, but after taking the first Cascarets I had no trouble with this ailment. We cannot speak too highly of Cascarets." FRANK WARD, 578 Germantown Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

NAVAL PETS AND MASCOTS.

STORIES OF SEVERAL BROUGHT INTO PROMINENCE BY THE WAR.

There is nothing that proves more conclusively the really childlike simplicity of heart of our average naval Jockie than his love of pets.

The present war has brought many of these into prominence. The most famous of all mascots and pets on board today is shown in the accompanying illustration, drawn from a photograph now first published. It is a picture of "Tom," Captain Sigbee's pet cat, a survivor of the ill-fated Maine. The cat was rescued and taken aboard a nearby steamer. This picture was taken soon after "Tom" must either have the endurance prominent in our navy, or the proverbial nine lives.

"Billy Terror," a young goat, with an intelligence considerably above the average, also received public attention recently. He is the pet of all on board the Terror, and it is said that the equipment department of the ship carries a peculiar toothsome class of spun yarn for his own consumption. When the monitor first went into action Billy became panic stricken, and refused to be comforted until he had been carried clear down into the double bottom. Billy is borne on the ship's books as a regularly enlisted member of the crew, and his name has often figured on the punishment list of the executive officer. When the victorious fleet finally returns to American waters and a great parade is held on shore, Billy will doubtless lead his part of the procession with the air of a veteran.

When James G. Blaine was resting at his villa in Bar Harbor, a few months before his fatal illness, he paid a brief visit one day to the flagship of the North Atlantic squadron, then in port. The officers of the ship lived in showing their distinguished visitor the various objects of interest. The guns were described and worked, the mysteries of the conning tower revealed, and all parts of the vessel thrown open for his inspection, but the only thing which really held the statesman's attention was the spectacle of a grizzled old boatswain's mate fondling a pet kitten. The antics of the little animal and the tenderness with which the grim petty officer handled it brought a smile to Blaine's careworn face, and ignited again in his eyes the kindly light familiar in his happier days.

This affection for pets is no modern innovation contemporaneous with the armored turret and breech-loading rifle. Everybody who has read the old English sea stories will remember how fond the sailors used to be of pets on board ship. The tale of "Shakings," the midshipman's dog of the old "Leander," in whose memory all the officers' dogs on board, and the ship's pigs as well, were put into mourning by the midshipman by means of strips of black cloth, which the lads tied around the animals' forelegs, is one of the most humorous in literature. Nelson's officers, in the fleet off Toulon, had their dogs, with whom, we are told, they used to take runs ashore at Marseilles and elsewhere; and the story of Collingwood's pet, "Hounce," and his lads as "My Lord, the Admiral's dog," over the other dogs of the fleet, is historic.

of training that it will ever after shine among its kind. It is really marvelous the amount of intelligence a gunner's mate or a ship's cook can find in such an ordinarily simple fowl as a duck or a goose. Old Jim Lawson, a quarter-gunner on the "Sabine," appeared on board one morning with a heavy list to starboard in consequence of a bout with the rum shops of Rio Janeiro, and when he was overhauled by the corporal of the guard a bulky object was found in the full of his shirt front. It proved, to the great astonishment of the onlookers, to be a small, half-grown crane.

Jim was permitted to retain his queer pet after much pleading and within a month he had the crane taught to march and counter-march like a regular marine. When the ship's crew lined up at the guns for quarters "Bobs," the crane, would take his station on the breach of the forward pivot and perch gravely there until the ceremony was over. "Bobs" came to an untimely end in a pampers, or fierce squall, off the coast of Uruguay, being blown overboard during a lurch of the ship.

One of the most famous of naval pets is "Pete," the trained ape of the Essex. Pete was picked up in Mouravia by a petty officer while the ship was cruising off the west coast in '82. He was purchased for a second-hand marine blouse and a pair of finished capotes, and when he made his first appearance on board he made things interesting by biting the master-at-arms and tearing a yard of cloth from the paymaster's capacious trousers. It was only through the most earnest pleading that the captain, A. H. McCormick, was induced to allow the ape to remain on board. Before the cruise was many months older the commander freely confessed that Pete had crept

into his heart by his quaint ways and almost human intelligence. Pete stood three feet ten inches in his stockings, and it was not long before a costume was selected for him. The first uniform he wore was patterned after that of a marine. The overcoat bore the three stripes and the diamond of a first sergeant and before Pete had worn it twenty-four hours that non-commissioned officer was at the mast with a complaint. "It's a holy show the monk do be making of me, sor," he objected. "The whole ship's company is saying, 'Attention, Pete!' Right dress, front," and the likes of that.

Full-Fledged Member. Pete's tutor was ordered to change the rig, and the ape speedily came out in the blouse and white duck trousers of a sailor. He was taught to sweep the deck, to coil down ropes, and it finally came to pass that his name was entered on the muster-roll books as a full-fledged member of the crew. He took particular delight in every ceremony save that of target practice. The report of the heavy guns invariably caused him to fall prostrate with his face pressed closely against the deck in the most groveling attitude, and there he would remain until some friendly shipmate would carry him limp and trembling below.

Pete's most prominent characteristics were revenge and mischievousness. One day a cadet pinched him in passing, and laughed heartily at the animal's snarling protest. The following Sunday afternoon the cadet stretched a hammock from the port pin rail to the foremast on the fore-castle and proceeded to make himself comfortable with a magazine or book. He had barely settled down to his reading when swish! came some object from the rigging overhead and a wad of tarry oakum struck the cadet full in the breast. As he looked up in amazement he saw Pete disappearing into the foretop. The pinch was avenged.

In the corridors of the old navy a jack-stay, or iron rod, ran round the sides of the berthdeck, to which were fastened the black bags (clothes bags) of the crew. It was the custom of the berthdeck cooks to hang their strings of tin cups to this stay, and it was owing to this formality that one of the cooks of the Essex almost fainted with fright

one sunny afternoon. At this time of day the breeze from the west was most tempting, and the berthdeck was clear, save for the cook in question. He was seated on his mess chest preparing supper and crooning a sea ditty, when suddenly there came a loud rattling of the string of cups almost at his elbow.

A Ghost Below. He gave a start and quickly glanced about, but no one was visible. Thinking he had been mistaken, he set to work once more. A moment later the tins rattled again, this time so loudly that the cook shot up the spar deck with a yell of fright. His appearance on deck created a sensation, and he had lustily proclaimed his belief that a ghost was visiting the ship, going so far as to name some former mate who had died in previous years, a delegation consisting of the master-at-arms, ship's corporal and captain of the hold hastened below, with a choice assortment of belying pins. Taking an advantageous position within easy reach of the ladder, they watched the string of tin cups. Presently the master-at-arms gave an exclamation, and pointed to where a long hairy arm was protruding from behind a black bag. The hand at the end of the arm clutched the string of cups and gave it a quick shake. The master-at-arms sprang forward, and tearing the bag aside, dragged forth—Pete! The mischievous ape's face was wrinkled with glee. He was enjoying his little joke with the gusto of a spectator at a Depey dinner.

Two pets dogs, Vulcan and Diana, of the old Lancaster, will go down in naval history as the principals in a heroic and rather pathetic incident. The Lancaster was flagship of the European station at the time, and she was lying in the harbor of Ville, France. A party of the young officers of the ship had gone up to Monte Carlo, and it was while several of them were returning at night that one overheard a shrill snapping and growling beyond some bushes on the edge of a road just outside of the town.

Their curiosity aroused, the cadets pressed forward just as two rough looking men darted from the bushes. Chase was made at once, but the fugitives managed to escape in the darkness. Hurrying back to the bushes the American officers found the body of a richly dressed young man stretched out upon the ground, and crouching over him, feebly growling, were two handsome dogs. They had evidently fought valiantly for their master, and were covered with wounds. It turned out that the young man was the son of a noble house of France, and that he had won a considerable sum on the tables that night, only to lose it and his life at the hands of the two thieves. The two dogs were presented to the Lancaster by his relatives, and they became prime favorites with officers and sailors alike.

A Monkey on Guard. Several years ago, when the British government was endeavoring to suppress the slave traffic on the African coast, a small English gunboat was riding at anchor one night in the mouth of a river not far from the Congo. The craft boasted a crew of only twenty men, and as a number were suffering with coast fever, the crew was short-handed. Constant doubling of watches had told on the sailors, and along toward midnight the young officer of the deck and his two lookouts forward fell asleep. It chanced that the gunboat carried among other odd objects a monkey obtained from a friendly Kroo boy, and on the night in question it happened that the monkey was particularly wakeful.

prodigious chattering. Alarmed sailors awakened quickly, and in less time than is taken in the telling, the gunboat's crew was backing merrily at the intruders, who proved to be hostile natives incited by traders. They were repulsed with loss, and the monkey became the subject of glorious fete. His stuffed body now adorns the museum of a retired British admiral, and a metal plate at the base of the case eloquently tells the story.

The keeping of pets and the tenderness shown to dumb animals by our gallant boys in blue are not the least of their many good

THE PET BEAR OF THE "NEWARK," AND CAPTAIN HIGGINSON OF THE "MASSACHUSETTS" TRAINING A PET DOG.



THE PET OF THE "NEWARK" AND CAPTAIN HIGGINSON OF THE "MASSACHUSETTS" TRAINING A PET DOG.

qualities, and no true American will err when he confesses that he holds a steadfast regard for them in his innermost heart.

PRATTLE OF THE YOUNGSTERS.

"Willie, tell Mr. Whitehead the names of Noah's sons." "Not much I won't—this is vacation."

Dorothy (who is accustomed to have her eggs prepared before they come to the table)—Mamma, can't I have my eggs cooked with the covers on some time, same's you do?"

"I know what keeps mamma so long," said little Frances, by way of explaining her mother's continued absence to a caller. "What is it, dear?" "She said she'd be back soon."

"Ah!" said his mother, as she found him at the preserved cherries. "I have caught you red-handed. I think by the time I get through with you you will know better."

"Yes'm," said the little boy. "I will. I'll use a spoon next time."

Jimmy—I bet your father licks you when he sees you with that black eye. Sammy—No, he won't. He don't lick me fer fighting 'less'n I git my clothes tored."

"Papa," said Tommy. "Tredway. "Now, Tommy," replied Mr. Tredway. "I shall answer only one more question today. So be careful what you ask." "Yes, papa."

"Well, go on." "Why don't they bury the Dead?"

"Did I see a certain little boy, when I was on my way to church this morning," said the Sunday school teacher, "trying to climb down peaches in Deacon Brown's orchard?" "Not me, teacher," shouted one youngster in a tone of virtuous protest, "I was up in the tree shaking 'em off."

"Why, what's the matter, Tommy?" asked the mother of a little 3-year-old, who came into the street weeping.

"Zat little boy across ze house hit me," he replied. "Oh, well, he's a man," she said; "wouldn't cry for a little thing like that?" "I ain't cwiny' fer cry," he retorted. "Then

what are you crying for!" she asked. "For ze house 'fore I could dit at him," replied the youthful warrior.

CONNUBIALITIES.

Married women may not be wiser than single ones, but they know more.

Princess Katalan of Hawaii will become Mrs. Strong, according to the latest news from our Pacific city of Honolulu. The son of ex-Mayor Strong of New York is in luck to be thus annexed, for his princess is a nice girl, well educated in England and otherwise "fitted" to become, by marriage as well as by treaty, a citizen of the United States. The federation of the world is not to be managed by Mars alone. Among the gods there are others. Cupid is one of them.

Barlow Terry, one of the oldest citizens of Hopkinsville, Ky., being near 100 years of age, and Miss Melissa U. Trotter, aged 29 years, were united in marriage at the home of the groom, in Lantrip's precinct, August 8. The groom is a wealthy planter of North Christian, and notwithstanding his age, he rode a distance of twenty-three miles to obtain his license, and returned home, making forty-six miles in a day, and feeling well as usual.

Two Louisville sweethearts had a row and the man is now suing the girl to recover the money which he "spent on her." His bill includes a diamond ring, bouquets, carriage rides, car fare and candy. She not only refuses to pay him his money back or return his presents, but has presented a "cross-bill," in which he is charged with wasted gas "as per meter," extra coal, ball dress and 102 hours spent in entertaining her recalcitrant lover at 50 cents per hour. His account shows a credit for 10 meals taken at her house worth 60 cents per meal, leaving a total balance due of \$200.90. Her items against him amount to the same figure.

It is stated that there are more than 500 distinct charities in New York City that cope with the giant needs of that great metropolis, and all these are outside the work of the churches.

"TOM," CAPTAIN SIGBEE'S PET CAT, RESCUED FROM THE "MAINE" PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN ON THE "FERN" IN HAVANA HARBOR.

