WHAT ROME THINKS

THE POPE'S PHYSICIAN ENDORSES AN AMERICAN REMEDY.

Dr. Lapponi Uses Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in His Practice Because Results Meet His Expectations.

Dr. Lapponi, the famous physician to the Vatican, whose name has recently come so greatly to the front on account of his unremitting attention to His Holiness, the late Pope Leo XIII., and the high esteem and confidence with which he is regarded by the present Pope, His Holiness, Piux X., is a man of commanding genius. He is more than a mere man of science; he is a man of original and independent mind. Untrammeled by the "etiquette" of the medical profession, and having used Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People in his practice with good results, he freely avows the facts and endorses the value of this remedy with an authority which no one will venture to question.

Dr. Lapponi's Letter.

"I certify that I have used Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in four cases of the simple anemia of development. After a few weeks of treatment, the result came fully up to my expectations. For that reason I shall not fail in the future to extend the use of this laudable preparation not only in the treatment of other forms of the category of anemia or chlorosis, but also in cases of neurasthenia and the like."

(Signed)
GIUSEPPE LAPPONI,
Via dei Gracchi 332, Rome.

The "simple anemia of development" referred to by Dr. Lapponi is, of course, that tired, languid condition of young girls, whose development to womanhood is tardy and whose health at that period is so often imperiled. His opinion of the value of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People at that time is of the highest scientific authority and it confirms the many published cases in which anemia and other diseases of the blood, as well as nervous diseases, such as nervous prostration, neuralgia, St. Vitus' dance, paralysis and locomotor ataxia have been cured by these pills. They are commended to the public for their efficiency in making new blood and strengthening weak nerves. After such an endorsement they will be accepted by the medical and scientific world at their full value.

Ancient Dressmaker's Bill.

A London milliner owns the oldest bill for dressmaking in the world, says the Washington Evening Star. It is a crude stone tablet found in the desert of Chaldea, and relates to an order for ninety-two robes and tunics for the virgins and priestesses of the temple, fourteen of the costumes to be perfumed with myrrh, aloes and cassia, after the fashion mentioned in the Psalms. Antiquarians fix the date as about 2800 B. C.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY.
FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & CO., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.
FRANK J. CHENEY.
Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.
A. W. GLEASON,
SEAL NOTARY PUBLIC.
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by all Druggists, 75c.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

No, Cordelia, an indulgent husband doesn't always come home early. Sometimes he's too full to get home.

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 *Chas. H. Fletcher*

In Use For Over 30 Years,
The Kind You Have Always Bought.

There is good in every man, but the microscope of observation isn't always powerful enough to reveal it.

FITS permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send FREE $2.00 trial bottle and treatise. DR. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 931 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

It would be lovely if others estimated us as we estimate ourselves.

Piso's Cure for Consumption is an infallible medicine for coughs and colds.—N. W. SAMUEL, Ocean Grove, N. J., Feb. 17, 1900.

Extravagant speeches are often very economical with the truth.

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

No man reaches the stage of triumph but by the steps of trial.

"Dyspepsia Tormented Me for Years, Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy cured me." Mrs. C. S. Dougherty, Millville, N. J. Used over 30 years. $1.00.

Repentance cannot ear up the roots of the past.

Murine Eye Remedy cures sore eyes, makes weak eyes strong. All druggists, 50c.

A child's laughter is Nature's favorite noise.

NORTH-SOUTH-EAST-WEST
YOU Will FIND
TOWER'S
FISH BRAND
WATERPROOF
OILED CLOTHING
EVERYWHERE.
The best materials, skilled workmen and sixty years' varied experience have made TOWER'S Fish Brand Oilskins and Pants the envy of the world over. They are made in black or yellow for all kinds of wet weather exposure, and are guaranteed to give satisfaction. All reliable dealers sell them.
A. J. TOWER CO., BOSTON, MASS., U.S.A.
TOWER CANADIAN CO., Limited, TORONTO, CAN.
TOWERS ABOVE ALL OTHERS

MEXICAN
Mustang Liniment
cures Sprains and Strains.

PISO'S CURE FOR
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.
CONSUMPTION

True Freedom.

Oh, tear the tight bound fetters off!
And cast forever from your sight
The cruel, rusted chains of pain,
Of woe, of sin, of shame, and blight!
Be free!

Free as the sea, in love as broad,
To move where God would have you be!
To dwell in his pure atmosphere:
To breathe, to live, and to be free.

Be free to lend a helping hand,
To ease some heart's distress to-day.
Time, is so short! Sin would enslave;
Make haste! Arise! Again, I say,
Be free!

—Frank Llewellyn Browne in Brooklyn Eagle.

MISS EMMELINE

BY THOS. G. FESSENDEN

Noel Thornton, feeling very much a martyr to duty, walked up the old elm-lined street in the gray gloom of the winter afternoon. He wondered irritably if there was any corner of the globe where the family had no connections or friends for him to hunt up.

"And while you are in Exmouth," his mother had said, "be sure and call on Miss Emmeline. You know she was one of your grandfather's stanchest friends. It was she, you remember, who wrote those charming quatrains at the time of his death. Be sure you call on her, Noel."

A delay in forwarding girders had temporarily stopped work on the bridge, and back at the hotel he had so reluctantly quitted the other engineers were starting a game of pitch.

Instead of enjoying that game with them, as by all the laws and the prophets he should have been doing, he was tramping up this endless street to call on a lady of much intellect and many years.

The fact that Miss Emmeline had been a friend of his philosopher grandfather (Noel termed his ancestor "A brainy old boy, but way beyond him") filled him with dismal forebodings.

He fancied himself endeavoring to keep pace with Miss Emmeline's conversation, and groaned inwardly. Nevertheless, he walked briskly on, and presently stopped before a huge old colonial house on whose polished door-plate shone the name "Calvert."

He mounted the steps and gave several resounding blows with the brass knocker.

To the portly colored woman who answered his summons he handed his card, and was shown into what evidently was the reception room. It was huge and dim, but furnished modernly and with quiet taste.

A fire sputtered cheerfully on the broad hearth, and by the windows were amia bushes in full bloom. On the wall he saw a large oil painting of his intellectual grandfather. He had risen and was standing before this when a soft voice said:

"And this is Mr. Noel Thornton. I'm charmed to meet you."

Noel turned. There was a faint smell of lavender in the room. In the doorway stood Miss Emmeline.

It seemed to him that some beauty of several decades ago had come suddenly to life from some old canvas, and had walked straight from the frame to him.

Her dress of green silk was cut in the absurd fashion of the early fifties; her fresh, plump hands were half hidden in black mitts; her gray hair made strange little corkscrew curls about her temples.

But her face bore no trace of wrinkles, her round cheeks were touched with delicate color, her lips were full and red, and her dark eyes sparkled like a girl's.

"Good heavens," Noel was thinking to himself, "and the woman is 76!"

He took her extended hand and bowed low. "Miss Calvert!" was all he was able to murmur.

"It's so good of you to come," she said. "Won't you sit down? Molly will bring us tea in a moment."

In the gray gloom of a winter afternoon.

They talked of commonplace things—the weather, the town, the new bridge he was helping to build. Miss Emmeline showed a lively interest in things modern, and as the talk went on Noel forgot his misgivings and embarrassments.

When the tea came in Miss Emmeline had just finished a capital golf anecdote, and they were laughing together like a gay young couple. Noel glanced at his grandfather's portrait. "Old Boy," he said to himself, "I never envied you until now."

When Noel departed it was not until he had received Miss Emmeline's permission to call again the following Thursday. He walked down the street in an entirely different mood from that which had possessed him earlier in the afternoon.

"Such eyes," he repeated. "And 76! Why don't they raise girls like that now?" he burst out.

Noel called again on Miss Emmeline the next Thursday and the next. After that he went often. Whether it was her soft, vibrant voice, her gentle eyes or her girlish manner that drew her to him he could not say. There was some exquisite, indefinable charm about her, and beyond that point he did not attempt analysis.

One bleak afternoon as he was about to take his departure they were

Drew her hand away rather abruptly.

standing together in the hall. Noel suddenly seized her hand and pressed it to his lips.

"Some day," he said quietly and firmly, "I shall find her, and she will be like you."

Miss Emmeline drew away her hand rather abruptly. Noel looked up to find her blushing furiously. She murmured something indistinctly about "hoping he would find her," and left him there alone. Noel went out extremely puzzled.

That night he wrote his mother a long letter setting forth the charms of Miss Emmeline. "The face of a girl—and the mind of a sage," was among the things he wrote.

Two days later he received an answering letter from his mother.

"I can't understand about Miss Emmeline," she wrote. "She is here in New York, and the house is in charge of her grandniece."

* * *

Noel waited impatiently in the reception room. Presently he heard the swish of silk and Miss Emmeline came in. He took her hand and held it firmly.

"I've found her," he said abruptly, "the one like you."

She looked at him narrowly.

"Will you marry me?" he asked, quietly.

Her eyes opened wide in amazement.

"My dear boy, at my age——"

"Pardon me," said Noel, "your wig has slipped back."

It was a choice bit of fiction, but it worked beautifully. She gave a little cry of dismay and sank into a chair.

"Oh," she said, almost in tears, "I was masquerading in these clothes the first day you came, and—well, it was an awful temptation."

Noel came over to the chair and took one of the hands in his.

"Will you marry me?"

He felt the little hand tighten about his own.

"You'll never tell Aunt Emmeline!" she whispered.—Boston Globe.

Old Lady Was Surprised.

In the great Boston public library there stands on a pedestal in a corner of Bates hall, the main reading room, a bust in very dark bronze of Oliver Wendell Holmes, the patron saint of Boston. As Lindsay Swift, the assistant librarian, was walking about keeping an eye over his charges the other day he saw two old ladies who were wandering about the building approach the shrine, and to his astonishment and horror overheard the following words as both the good dames critically examined the likeness:

"Why, I never knew," remarked one to the other, drawing back a little "that Dr. Holmes was a negro!"—New York Times.

Knew the Locality.

One of Simeon Ford's latest stories is about a Pennsylvania Sunday school. A young lady with philanthropic motives was teaching a dozen or two little ones in the mining district.

"Now, where did I tell you the Savior was born?" she asked one morning.

"Allentown!" shrieked a grimy twelve-year-old.

"Why, what do you mean, Johnnie? I told you He was born at Bethlehem."

"Well," replied Johnnie. "I knowed 'twus some place on de Lehigh Valley railroad."—New York Times.

FABLE WITH A MORAL.

Concerning an Old Man, Young Son, and a Checkbook.

One day there was an Old Man who got an attack of writer's cramp through signing checks for bills incurred by his Young Son. Just about then, it occurred to the Old Man, was as good a time as any to desist in his literary work. The Young Son, however, couldn't see it that way, and while he sympathized with the Old Man's dictum, like a dutiful son he sought to cure the Old Man of his ailment.

So when the Old Man's birthday approached the Young Son presented him with an eelskin band for his wrist, which talisman, he said, possessed wonderful strengthening and curative properties.

The Old Man didn't view the gift with any precipitate demonstration of joy, and he was abrupt enough to tell the Young Son that he was puzzled at his gall.

Whereupon the Young Son openly reproached himself for having attempted an act of kindness, and vowed to forever look upon the dark side of life.

Whereupon, again, the Old Man bethought himself of the moral effect of a cowhide boot upon a young man's coat tail, and left the saddened son to his pessimistic reflections.

Moral: If a poor rich Old Man can not even enjoy writer's cramp from signing his checks, what other pleasure does his wealth afford him?—New York Telegraph.

Oh, the Pleasant Days of Old.

Oh, the pleasant days of old, which so often people praise!
True, they wanted all the luxuries that grace our modern days;
Have floors were strewed with rushes, the walls let in the cold;
Oh, how they must have shivered in those pleasant days of old!

Oh, those ancient lords of old, how magnificent they were!
They threw down and prisoned kings—to thwart them who might dare?
They ruled their serfs right sternly; they took from Jews their gold;
Above both law and equity were those great lords of old!

Oh, the gallant knights of old, their valor so renowned!
With sword and lance and armor strong, they scoured the country round;
And whenever aught to tempt them they met by wood or wold,
By right of sword they seized the prize—those gallant knights of old!

Oh, the gentle dames of old, who, quite free from fear of pain,
Could gaze on joust and tournament and see their champions slain;
They lived on good beefsteaks and ale, which made them strong and bold—
Oh, more like men than women were those gentle dames of old!

Oh, those mighty towers of old, with their turrets, moat and keep,
Their battlements and bastions, their dungeons dark and deep;
Full many a baron held his court within the castle hold;
And many a captive languished there, in those strong towers of old!

Oh, those blessed times of old, with their chivalry and state!
I love to read their chronicles which such brave deeds relate;
I love to sing their ancient rhymes, to hear their legends told—
But, Heaven be thanked! I live not in those blessed times of old!

—Frances Brown.

Hopeless!

A well-known Baltimore society man was recently spending a few days with his wife at Atlantic City, and in connection with his visit he tells the following story: When he seated himself in the dining room on the evening of his arrival he discovered that he could not read the menu, as he had left his glasses in his room, and his eyes were useless without them. When he passed it to his wife she exclaimed that she was in the same predicament, and at a loss to know what to do, the gentleman called the waiter to him, and, pointing to the menu, said:

"Read that to me and I will give you a dollar."

Quick as a flash the waiter replied: "'Scuse me boss, but I ain't had much ejication mineff!"

Why Diamonds Increase in Price.

"Diamonds are very high now, and they are apt to go higher still," said Mr. Irving L. Russell.

"Within the last two years the increase in the cost of diamonds has not been less than 40 per cent. The big South African company that virtually controls the diamond situation of the world claims that the ground which holds the stones is gradually giving out, and that with the end of production in sight the advance in price is natural and legitimate. Whether this claim is founded on fact, or whether it is an excuse for curtailing the output, no one outside of the company knows. Anyway, it is a wise policy for owners of really valuable gems to hold them, as the tendency is constantly toward appreciation in values."—Washington Post.

Playing Barnyard.

"I made my first visit to a New York broker's office the other day," said a man from up the state. "It was that of a well known firm, and I must say my idea of the oppressive dignity supposed to prevail made an atmosphere had a drop. When I passed through the door I began to believe the stories about bears, bulls and lambs were literally true. Besides growls, bellows and bleats, I could distinguish the lusty crowing of a rooster and the braying of a donkey. I entered the room rather timidly, but found only seven or eight men laughing like lunatics. 'It's a dull day and the boys are playing barnyard to kill time,' remarked the man I went to see. 'The crowd has a pool of good cigars up for the man who can give the best imitation of any animal!'"

A Commodore's Tip.

Commodore E. C. Benedict and his Wall street friend, L. D. Huntington, were fishing together recently when a casual acquaintance in another boat who thought it a golden opportunity to get a valuable tip maneuvered his craft so that it floated by quite near them.

"How do you think things are going, Commodore?" as asked, eagerly.

"Well," said the Commodore, who is an enthusiastic steam yachtsman, but has a holy horror of naphtha, "sailboats may go down, but naphtha launches are more likely to go up."

Appeal for Needed Assistance and a Petition in Person.

At a prayer meeting in Mississippi during the civil war, a brother offered this prayer:

"O Lord, we thank Thee for all Thy boundless goodness; for this rich and beautiful land of ours; for our brave women and valiant men. We think Thee that we are fully able to take care of ourselves on land; but, O Lord, we do most humbly implore Thy assistance when the yankees send those infernal gunboats to destroy us."

A prominent southern lawyer who had just repented of his wild ways and joined the church was called upon in a religious meeting to pray. He started off very well, but did not know how to stop. After asking the Divine blessing on everything he could think of, he finally, with a determined effort, ended with these words: "Yours truly, P. Q. Mason."—Harper's Weekly.

Hunting in Japan.

The Japanese, always keen sports men, used to take most of their game with goshawks and sparrow hawks. The only dogs they used were spaniels, which flushed the game. But now they are taking to dogs, and many good animals are being imported from England.

Superstitious Criminals.

All criminals are great believers in dreams. Some time ago, at Manchester, a daring thief awaiting trial told a warder he had dreamed that he had seen a rainbow. From this he deduced that he would be acquitted at his trial. To everyone's surprise he was.

World's Statistics.

At a rough calculation the population of the world is more than one billion souls. These speak some 3,064 languages, and are worshipers of more than 1,100 religions. The average length of life is 33 1-3 years. One fourth of mankind die before the seventh and one-half before the seventeenth year, only one-sixth live beyond the age of sixty. Thirty-three million die annually, 91,000 daily, 3,750 every hour, 60 every minute. While one-fourth are capable of bearing arms, only one in a thousand is naturally inclined to the profession.

Effective Rat Trap.

"There were a lot of rats in the storage room of my stable," writes a citizen of Johannesberg, South Africa, "and we had great difficulty in getting at them. They were shy of all traps and did a tremendous lot of damage at night, lying quiet all day. At length I put in the room a square tin lined box, about two feet deep, and in it placed some burned cheese. The rats immediately got interested in the cheese, climbed up the outside of the box, and, having got inside, could not ascend the slippery tin lining. In this way we killed a great many."

Temper Is Good Thing—in Harness.

"I wouldn't give much for a man that hasn't temper," says D. L. Moody. "Steel isn't good for anything if it hasn't got temper. But when temper gets the mastery over me, I am its slave and it is a source of weakness. It may be made a great power for good all through my life and help me; or it may become my greatest enemy from within and rob me of power. The current in some rivers is so strong as to make them useless for navigation."

ALL BROKEN DOWN.

No Sleep—No Appetite—Just a Continual Backache.

Joseph McCauley, of 144 Sholto St., Chicago, Sachem of Tecumseh Lodge, says: "Two years ago my health was completely broken down. My back ached and was so lame that at times I was hardly able to dress myself. I lost my appetite and was unable to sleep. Thoughts seemed to be a no relief until I took Doan's Kidney Pills, but four boxes of this remedy effected a complete and permanent cure. If suffering humanity knew the value of Doan's Kidney Pills they would use nothing else, as it is the only positive cure I know."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

The penknife of the woman who writes is a good example of the literary lack.

You Should Try
Mapl-Flake
The "Inner Paraffine Bag"
fully protects its purity and crispness.

WESTERN CANADA'S
Magnificent Crops for 1904.

160 ACRE FARMS IN WESTERN CANADA FREE

Western Canada's Wheat Crop this Year Will be 60,000,000 Bushels, and Wheat at Present is Worth $1.00 a Bushel.

The Oat and Barley Crop Will Also Yield Abundantly.

Splendid prices for all kinds of grain, cattle and other farm produce for the growing of which the climate is unsurpassed.

About 100,000 Americans have settled in Western Canada during the past three years.

Thousands of free homesteads of 160 acres each still available in the best agricultural districts.

It has been said that the United States will be forced to import wheat within a very few years. Secure a farm in Canada and become one of those who will produce it.

Apply for Information to Superintendent of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or to authorized Canadian Government Agent—M. V. McInnes, No. 6, Avenue Theatre Block, Detroit, Mich.; C. A. Laurier, Sault Ste. Marie, Mich.

Mrs. Anderson, a prominent society woman of Jacksonville, Fla., daughter of Recorder of Deeds, West, who witnessed her signature to the following letter, praises **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.**

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—There are but few wives and mothers who have not at times endured agonies and such pain as only women know. I wish such women knew the value of **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.** It is a remarkable medicine, different in action from any I ever knew and thoroughly reliable.

"I have seen cases where women doctored for years without permanent benefit, who were cured in less than three months after taking your Vegetable Compound, while others who were chronic and incurable came out cured, happy, and in perfect health after a thorough treatment with this medicine. I have never used it myself without gaining great benefit. A few doses restores my strength and appetite, and tones up the entire system. Your medicine has been tried and found true, hence I fully endorse it."—MRS. K. A. ANDERSON, 225 Washington St., Jacksonville, Fla.

Mrs. Reed, 2425 E. Cumberland St., Philadelphia, Pa., says:

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I feel it my duty to write and tell you the good I have received from **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.**

"I have been a great sufferer with female trouble, trying different doctors and medicines with no benefit. Two years ago I went under an operation, and it left me in a very weak condition. I had stomach trouble, backache, headache, palpitation of the heart, and was very nervous; in fact, I ached all over. I find yours is the only medicine that reaches such troubles, and would cheerfully recommend **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound** to all suffering women."

When women are troubled with irregular or painful menstruation, weakness, leucorrhœa, displacement or ulceration of the womb, bearing-down feeling, inflammation of the ovaries, backache, flatulence, general debility, indigestion, and nervous prostration, they should remember there is one tried and true remedy. **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound** at once removes such troubles.

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 troubles at once by removing the cause and restoring the organs to a healthy and normal condition. If in doubt, write Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass, as thousands do. Her advice is free and helpful.

No other medicine for women in the world has received such widespread and unqualified endorsement. No other medicine has such a record of cures of female troubles. Refuse to buy any substitute.

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

OUR "DEFIANCE" Shoes for Boys and Girls (Big and Little)

for Women too are "Wear-Proof"
Ask your dealer for them. If he does not keep them write us. Booklet free . .
SMITH-WALLACE SHOE CO.,
CHICAGO

THE WORLD'S FAIR

is now acknowledged by all to be the grandest and most complete Exposition ever attempted. It's educational value cannot be overestimated. The M. K. & T. Ry. has four daily trains from the Southwest, arriving in St. Louis at 6:30 a. m., 7:27 a. m., 5:30 p. m. and 6:30 p. m.; returning at 9:15 a. m., 9:34 a. m., 8:32 p. m. and 11:45 p. m. Those who visit St. Louis should not miss seeing Texas and the Southwest. Rates will never be lower than now. Stop-over privileges.

MK&T

18th. For something new in printed matter about the Southwest, write

"KATY"
ST. LOUIS, MO.

Strawberry and Vegetable Dealers

The Passenger Department of the Illinois Central Railroad Company have recently issued a publication known as Circular No. 12, in which is described the

best territory in this country

for the growing of early strawberries and early vegetables. Every dealer in such products should address a postal card to the undersigned at Dubuque, Iowa, requesting a copy of Circular No. 12.

J. F. MERRY, Asst. Gen'l Pass'r Agent.

GINSENG Fortunes in little gardens. Easily grown everywhere. Sells in America and Europe $7 to $12 per lb.; cost to grow less than $1. Big demand. Send 4c. stamp for booklet. Free write to-day. OZARK GINSENG CO., Dept. 3, Joplin, Mo.

TRUSSES Elastic Stockings, Etc. Catalog FREE. Flavell, 1001 Spring Garden, Philadelphia, Pa.

DO YOU COUGH
DON'T DELAY
TAKE
KEMP'S
BALSAM
THE BEST COUGH CURE

THE WORLD'S GREATEST SHOE MAKER

W. L. DOUGLAS $3.50 SHOES FOR MEN.
UNION MADE.

W. L. Douglas makes and sells more $3.50 shoes than any other manufacturer in the world. The reason W. L. Douglas $3.50 shoes are the greatest sellers in the world is because they are the best easy fitting and superior wearing qualities. If you could show you the difference between W. L. Douglas shoes and those of other makes and the high-grade leathers used, you would understand why they are worth more money, and why they hold their shape, fit better, wear longer, and are of greater intrinsic value than any other $3.50 shoe on the market to-day, and why the sales for the year ending July 1, 1904, were

$6,263,040.00.

W. L. Douglas guarantees their value by stamping his name and price on the bottom. Look for it—take no substitute. Sold by shoe dealers everywhere. *Fast Color Eyelets used. Excelsior.*

Superior in Fit, Comfort and Wear.

"I have worn W. L. Douglas shoes for the last three years with much satisfaction. They hold their shape well, are very comfortable, and wear well." H. K. McCUE, Asst. Cashier U. S. Int. Revenue, Richmond, Va.

W. L. Douglas uses Corona Colt skin in his $3.50 shoes. Corona Colt is conceded to be the finest Patent Leather made.

SEND FOR CATALOGUE GIVING FULL INSTRUCTIONS HOW TO ORDER BY MAIL.

W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.

18 Cures Colds, Coughs, Sore Throat, Croup, Influenza, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis and Asthma. A certain cure for Consumption in first stages. A safe relief in advanced stages. Use at once. You will see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Sold by dealers everywhere. Large bottles 25 cents and 50 cents.

W. N. U.—DETROIT—NO. 42—1904

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PUTNAM FADELESS DYES

Color more goods brighter and faster colors than any other dye. One 10c package colors silk, wool and cotton equally well and is guaranteed to give perfect results. Ask dealer or we will send post paid at 10c a package. Write for free booklet—How to Dye, Bleach and Mix Colors. MONROE DRUG CO., Unionville, Missouri