Miss Alice M. Smith, of Minneapolis, Minn., tells how woman's monthly suffering may be permanently relieved by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I have never before given my endorsement for any medicine, but Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has added so much to my life and happiness that I feel like making an exception in this case. For two years every month I would have two days of severe pain, and could find no relief, but one day when visiting a friend I ran across Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound,—she had used it with the best results and advised me to try it. I found that it worked wonders with me; I now experience no pain, and only had to use a few bottles to bring about this wonderful change. I use it occasionally now when I am exceptionally tired or worn out."—MISS ALICE M. SMITH, 804 Third Ave., South Minneapolis, Minn. Chairman Executive Committee, Minneapolis Study Club. —*$5000 forfeit if original of above letter proving genuineness cannot be produced.*

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound carries women safely through the various natural crises and is the safe-guard of woman's health.

The truth about this great medicine is told in the letters from women being published in this paper constantly.

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

It Cures Colds, Coughs, Sore Throat, Croup, Influenza, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis and Asthma. A certain cure for Consumption in first stages, and a sure 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.

Asthma Can Be Cured!

Dr. Annabel's New Remedy Cures it to "stay cured;" relieves in 3 days, cures in 2 to 6 weeks. One month's treatment $6.00, and written guarantee to cure or money refunded. Write to-day for medical examination blank. Address, Dr. Annabel & Co., Waverly, N. Y.

MEXICAN
Mustang Liniment
cures Sprains and Strains.

The Genuine TOWER'S
POMMEL
SLICKER
HAS BEEN ADVERTISED AND SOLD FOR A QUARTER OF A CENTURY. LIKE ALL
TOWER'S WATERPROOF CLOTHING.
It is made of the best materials, in black or yellow, fully guaranteed, and sold by reliable dealers everywhere.
STICK TO THE
SIGN OF THE FISH.
TOWER CANADIAN CO. Limited.
TORONTO, CAN. BOSTON, MASS.

When you think you have cured a cough or cold, but find a dry, hacking cough remains, there is danger. Take

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Consumption
Cure
The Lung Tonic

at once. It will strengthen the lungs and stop the cough.

Prices: 25c., 50c., $1. S. C. WELLS & Co., LeRoy, N.Y., Toronto, Can.

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500,000 BUSHELS
FOR SALE CHEAP

Largest seed potato growers in the world! Greatest stock, Tremendous crops. From 400 to 1000 bushels per acre.

FOR 10 CENTS

and this notice we send you lots of farm seed samples and big catalogue, telling all about Potatoes, Grains, Grasses, Seed Barley, Macaroni Wheat, Bromus, Speltz, Cabbage, Corn, etc. Send for these today.

JOHN A. SALZER,
SEED CO. LA CROSSE, WIS.

Baby's Troubles

Mothers, you may rely upon

Dr. Caldwell's
(LAXATIVE)
Syrup Pepsin

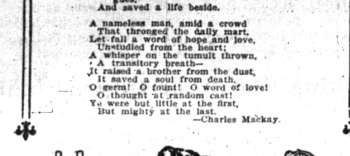
It keeps the baby's little bowels cool and regular, cures Wind Colic, and helps them to grow strong and hearty. Special directions for the babies on each bottle label. Your druggist sells it.

PEPSIN SYRUP CO., Monticello, Ill.

A DEED AND A WORD.

A little stream had lost its way
Amid the grass and fern;
A passing stranger scooped a well.
Where weary men might turn;
He walled it in, and hung with care
A ladle at the brink;
He thought not of the deed he did,
But judged that all might drink.
He passed again, and lo! the well,
By summer never dried,
Had cooled ten thousand parching tongues,
And saved a life beside.

A nameless man, amid a crowd
That thronged the daily mart,
Let fall a word of hope and love,
Unstudied from the heart;
A whisper on the tumult thrown,
A transitory breath—
It raised a brother from the dust,
It saved a soul from death.
O germ! O fount! O word of love!
O thought at random cast!
Ye were but little at the first,
But mighty at the last.
—Charles Mackay.



Mrs. Archer's Angel-Food Cake

By ELEANOR WEST.

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"You'll be sure to come, won't you, Mrs. Archer? It'll be the first sociable we've had at Mrs. Hanes' had everybody'll be there. It'll be a splendid chance for you to get acquainted. And—oh, yes! the committee wanted me to ask you to furnish an angel-food cake. Everybody said that the one you took to the last sociable was the best they ever tasted. You don't know how many compliments I heard for it.

"Well, I must hurry along; I've a lot more places on my list yet. We got the sociable up in such a hurry, it isn't giving us much time. Well, I'll tell 'em they can depend on your angel-food then, Mrs. Archer. Be sure and come early." Voluble Mrs. Wiley bustled away, still talking.

Margaret Archer came back from the door, her pretty face wearing a troubled look. She went directly to the cupboard, and taking out the cook-book, nervously began turning its leaves. Finding the page for which she was searching, she bent above it, studying its directions intently. "It seems as if I ought to be able to do it," she assured herself. "I simply must," she went on emphatically. "And I won't say anything to Rob about it; I don't want him to know what a little goose I am." Then she closed the cook-book and began to get supper.

It was less than a month since Rob Archer brought his bride to the old homestead; but she was already well enough acquainted with their thrifty neighbors to know with what scorn the acknowledgment that she could not cook would be received. The fact that she had spent all her time clerking in a store since she left school, would seem no excuse to them.

There had been one other sociable since she came to the neighborhood, but fortunately her mother was visiting her that week and it was she who made the angel-food cake that had created such favorable comment. Margaret could cook vegetables very creditably; so with the pies and cakes that her mother had left baked up when she went home, she had gotten along very well so far. But what was she to do now? She must manage in some way to live up to the reputation that that angel-food cake had given her. Her cheeks grew hot as she saw, in imagination, the critical looks that were bestowed upon each cake as it was cut. She never could face those excellent housekeepers again if her cake failed to bear the test; and she must take one, for they were depending upon her.

The next morning, as soon as Rob was out of sight, she got the cook-book down again. It opened readily to the right page this time. Margaret fastened its leaves open on the kitchen table.

"One and one-half cups sugar; one cup flour; whites of ten eggs." She read slowly on through the directions.

"It doesn't look very hard," she thought, cheerfully, and her heart grew lighter. Very carefully she put the ingredients together. The eggs were beaten until her arm ached; the sugar was sifted again and again. At last the frothy mass was ready for the oven. She put an armful of wood into the stove, slipped the cake into the oven, and then began to clear off the breakfast dishes. She glanced up at the clock. It was half past nine! She had been two hours getting that cake together. "Well, I don't care for that if it is only good; and I really believe it will be," she thought complacently. "I've got all day to do the work in, anyway, for Rob is helping the Smiths thresh, and he won't be home to dinner." She began to hum a little tune, as she swiftly cleared the table.

Nervously began turning its leaves.

She kept close watch of the clock. Three-quarters of an hour for baking, the cook-book said. She would have time to run out and gather the eggs. She tied on her sun-bonnet and hastened out to the barn.

Fifteen minutes later she came back with her apron full of eggs, and was met at the door by a strong smell of something burning. She rushed to the stove, threw open the oven door, and was nearly choked by the smoke that rushed out. Her cake was burnt to a black cinder!

She jerked it out of the oven, and carrying it to the door, she scraped it out into a pail. Then she looked ruefully at the empty tin. "I must have had too hot a fire," she concluded. "I'll have to make another."

The oven had time to cool down before she had the next cake mixed up, and she took care not to have fire much fire. She was very anxious this time, and determined that this cake should not scorch. Every few minutes

Burnt to a black cinder!

she opened the oven door and looked at it. It raised nicely and seemed to be in no danger of burning. At the end of the three-quarters of an hour it was almost as white and doughy-looking as when she put it in. She decided that something must be done. There was not fire enough this time; that was sure. She would put a little wood in the stove. She hastened out and brought in a handful and put it on the dying fire. Ten minutes later she carefully opened the oven door to look at her cake. It was about half an inch in thickness!

Margaret's lips set in a determined line. The spirit of her fighting ancestors was aroused. She would not be conquered by a mere cake!

She was hot, and oh, so tired! But she went heroically to work again.

A little after 1 o'clock Rob came up the walk, whistling. The threshing at Smith's was finished, and he was home early.

At the door he stopped in surprise. Margaret, who was always ready to receive him, in the dantiest of afternoon dresses, when he returned, sat by the kitchen table in a soiled morning wrapper. Her hair was disheveled and sprinkled with flour; one hand was done up in a white cloth, and two fingers of the other hand showed great burns. Her head rested on her arms, and she was crying bitterly.

Rob was startled. It was several minutes before he could understand what was the trouble. At last, however, with her tear-stained face hidden against his coat, Margaret sobbed out a history of the day's disasters.

Rob laughed; but it was a comforting laugh. "Is that all?" he exclaimed, cheerily. "Don't worry about that, little wife. I wasn't my mother's hired girl all one year for nothing. That's the very cake she always used to have me make. I got to be quite an expert at it. It's a pity if I can't make one more."

Ten minutes later Rob, enveloped in a great kitchen apron, was busily at work stirring up another cake.

"It's lucky we have plenty of eggs. How many cakes did you make, anyway," he asked, as he noticed the great pile of egg-shells.

"Four!" Margaret looked foolish as she answered. "You didn't know what a silly wife you had married, did you, poor boy?" She tried to speak lightly, but Rob caught the note of wistfulness in her voice. Margaret was very sensitive about her deficiencies in the culinary line.

Rob took the sweet face between two very floury hands and hastened to assure her, for the twentieth time, that he did not care the least bit in the world whether she could bake a cake or not.

That evening at the sociable Mrs. Wiley bustled up to Margaret, exclaiming, "Your angel food cake was simply delicious, Mrs. Archer. I believe it was even better than the one you brought before, and that is saying a good deal. I am coming over some day to have you show me how to do it."

Margaret and Rob exchanged laughing glances. Margaret could afford to laugh then, but she registered a vow that before the next sociable she would be able to make an angel food cake equal to that one.

And she kept her word. They almost lived on angel food cake for the next two weeks, and it seemed to Margaret that she never would want to see one again; but at the end of that time even her mother could not make a better one.

TO PROTECT SPONGE FISHERS.

Submarine Vessel Will Make Their Work Less Hazardous.

Experiments are being made at La Goulette, Tunis, with a new submarine vessel, invented by Abbe Raoul, the vicar general of Carthage, to be used in sponge fishing. The vessel is made of steel and resembles in shape a huge porpoise. The entrance to the central chamber is hermetically closed by a heavy lid fastened with screws, and the occupants survey their surroundings through portholes. A long spear, terminating in a grappling hook, worked from the interior of the submarine, seizes the sponge and deposits it in a net at the side of the vessel. The craft is propelled by electricity furnished by accumulators through a cable attached to a vessel on the surface, with which it is in constant communication by means of a telephone. The vessel is lighted by electricity, and a lamp hanging in the bow lights up the surroundings while the sponge fisher is beneath the water. Three men may easily descend in the vessel at the same time. The object of the vessel is to reduce the great mortality among sponge fishers. —Philadelphia Record.

ROBERT INGERSOLL'S KIND ACT.

Great Agnostic Well Rewarded for Help in Time of Need.

Robert Ingersoll was once asked by an acquaintance to furnish transportation to the destitute mother of a soldier, who was dying in western Pennsylvania.

"It would be a Christian act, Mr. Ingersoll," said the petitioner.

"But I'm not credited with anything Christian," was the response.

A pass was sent, however, and so promptly that before sunset the woman was on her way west.

The next morning's mail carried to Col. Ingersoll an envelope enclosing these lines:

"The God who knows our deepest needs
Cares little how men counts his beads,
For piety is not in creeds
Or solemn faces;
But rather lies in kindly deeds
And Christian graces."

The name of the woman who asked the courtesy and she to whom it was extended were signed.

The Colonel read the paper twice, folded it, placed it on the envelope, closed his hand over it, then turned to a friend.

"Such an experience draws the sting from a thousand criticisms," he said simply.—New York Press.

Historic Accuracy.

William Jennings Bryan visited Warwick Castle in course of his recent tour of Europe.

A tall young soldier took Mr. Bryan through the historic house, pointing out each object of interest with a long stick.

"'Ere, sir," he said, in one of the state chambers, "'ere is an ancient old portrait of Queen Bess. A fine work."

Mr. Bryan looked at the portrait, and there was a long, impressive silence. To break this silence more than for any other reason the visitor finally said:

"Queen Bess, eh? She was a pretty old lady when she died, wasn't she?"

The guide shook his head.

"Not pretty, sir, but very old," he said.

Little Fairy Flyaway.

Little Fairy Flyaway tore her gauzy wing;
She fell into a dewy bush from out her cobweb swing;
The fairies always knew she was a careless little thing!

Sorry little Flyaway, sobbing in despair,
Heard a sudden humming through the summer air—
Looked to find a Dragon-fly close beside her there.

"Don't you know me, Flyaway?" loud and long hummed he,
"I'm the fairies' darning needle—if it weren't for me
What a very ragged set you thoughtless elves would be!"

Busy buzzing Dragon-fly darned the tear with speed,
Made the pretty filmy wing beautiful indeed—
Even fairies find it good to have a friend in need!
—Hannah G. Fernald, in January St. Nicholas.

Nectar in His.

He was nothing but a tramp—a modest, retiring tramp, one of the nature's noblemen kind—and when in answer to his timid knock a young matron opened the door he asked:

"Might I beg for a cup of hot water from the breakfast table?"

"You might," she began frigidly, when he interrupted:

"Would it be possible to spill a few drops of coffee into it?"

"It would be, but——"

"And a spoonful of milk——"

"I never in my life——"

"One moment, please. I don't ask for sugar, but if you will kindly look into the cup it will be turned into nectar—nectar, madam, the food of the gods."

He got it, and two large pieces of toast besides.

Shakespeare Improved.

At a bar examination a few years ago the question, "Write a critical analysis of any one of Shakespeare's plays," brought for the following essay:

"As to Shakespeare's plays, I think the most beautiful is 'The Seven Ages.' In this play is represented and brought clearly to view the lowness and littleness of man. In it is delineated every step from the 'cradle to the grave.'

"In it is shown the pride which man exhibits in middle life, the happy anticipations of youth, and, lastly, the sorrowful reflections of old age.

"In it is taught one of the many beautiful lessons which man should benefit by if he would only heed them. In fact, all through it is beautifully interwoven with that golden thread, 'Remember, man, that thou art dust.'"

QUAKER BROKE HIS RULE.

Peace Instincts Triumphed Over His Business Sagacity.

Many years ago a Quaker storekeeper in Philadelphia had a lot of hatchets which were unsalable, and he worked them off by compelling each purchaser of other considerable articles to take also some of the hatchets. Now, he had a deadly antipathy to war and bloodshed, and one day a purchaser came in from a far western county for a lot of blankets, and they were set apart for him with the usual proportion of hatchets. "But I don't want the hatchets, Jonathan," said he. "Oh, but thee must take them," said Jonathan, "or thee can't have the blankets." "Oh, very well," said the purchaser, "the Indians are fighting and tomahawking each other all around where I live, and they will buy these hatchets and use them for tomahawks." "Thee shan't have them—give them back!" said the Quaker; and so the purchaser got his blankets without the hatchets.

OLD CUSTOM IN ORKNEY.

Products of the Sea Made to Eke Out Scanty Crops.

In Orkney during the earlier half of last century, when crofts and crops were small, the men would cut a few sheaves with the shearing hook, thrash them over a stick fixed across a corner of the house, and in the evening, if weather permitted, take their little boats and go for an hour or two's fishing in the dusk. Meanwhile the women-folk dried the grain in a pot over the peat fire, ground it afterward in a hand mill, made the meal, and had it baked in bannocks, in readiness to eat with the cod or sillocks brought home from the sea. The quern is occasionally used at the present day, but only for grinding malt and for making bursiln, which is a mixture of oats and barley, dried to crispness, ground, but not too fine, and eaten with buttermilk.

Tall Constables.

Cape Town enjoys a certain distinction in respect to the height of its constables. The tallest is a giant six feet eight inches in height. There are five men ranging from six feet three inches to six feet four inches, three men between six feet two inches and six feet three inches, twelve men from six feet one inch to six feet two inches, and seventeen between six feet and six feet one inch.

For Growing Girls.

West Pembroke, Me., March 21—Mrs. A. L. Smith of this place, says that Dodd's Kidney Pills are the best remedy for growing girls. Mrs. Smith emphasizes her recommendation by the following experience:

"My daughter was thirteen years old last November and it is now two years since she was first taken with Crazy Spells that would last a week and would then pass off. In a month she would have the spells again. At these times she would eat very little and was very yellow, even the whites of her eyes would be yellow.

"The doctors gave us no encouragement, they all said they could not help her. After taking one box of Dodd's Kidney Pills, she has not had one bad spell. Of course, we continued the treatment until she had used in all about a dozen boxes, and we still give them to her occasionally, when she is not feeling well. Dodd's Kidney Pills are certainly the best medicine for growing girls."

Mothers should heed the advice of Mrs. Smith, for by so doing they may save their daughters much pain and sickness and insure a healthy, happy future for them.

Why is an undutiful son like one born deaf? Because your voice is lost on him.

Salzer's Home Builder Corn.

So named because 50 acres produced so heavily that its proceeds built a lovely home. See Salzer's catalog. Yielded in 1903 in Ind., 157 bu., Ohio 160 bu., Tenn. 98 bu., and in Mich. 220 bu. per acre. You can beat this record in 1904.

WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THESE YIELDS PER ACRE?

120 bu. Beardless Barley per acre, 310 bu. Salzer's New Nat. Oats per A. 80 bu. Salzer Speltz & Macaroni Wheat. 1,000 lbs. Fodder Cow Peas per acre. 14 tons of rich Hilltop Dell Grass Hay. 60,000 lbs. Victoria Rape for sheep—acre. 160,000 lbs. Teosinte, the fodder wonder. 54,000 lbs. Salzer's Superior Fodder Corn—rich, juicy fodder, per A.

Now don't think yields you get in Mr. Farmer, in 1904, if you will plant Salzer's seeds.

BUT SEND THIS NOTICE AND 10c in stamps to John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., and receive their great catalog and lots of farm seed samples. (W. N. U.)

A poor baseball player and a poor match are reasonably sure to strike out at a critical moment.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven Catarrh to be a constitutional disease and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials.

Address: F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Ohio.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

The devil's great aim is to make it easy for men to do wrong and hard to do right.

Ask Your Dealer For Allen's Foot-Ease, A powder. It rests the feet. Cures Corns, Bunions, Swollen, Sore, Hot, Callous, Aching Sweating Feet and Ingrowing Nails. Allen's Foot-Ease makes new or tight shoes easy. At all Druggists and Shoe stores, 25 cents. Accept no substitute. Sample mailed FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

The misfortunes hardest to bear are those that never come.—J. R. Lowell.

Rheumatism's Killing Pain.

Left in quick order after taking 10 doses of Dr. Shirvin's Rheumatic Cure, in tablet form. 25 doses 25c, postpaid. WIS. DRUG CO., LA CROSSE, WIS. (W. N. U.)

Adversity borrows its sharpest sting from our impatience.—Bishop Horne.

To Cure a Cold in One day.
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

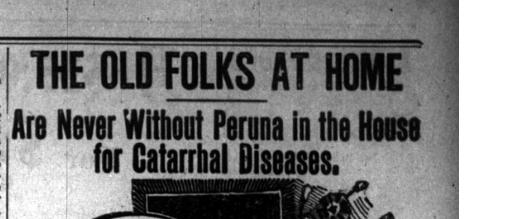
Happiness is not the end of life—character is.—H. W. Beecher.

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

The will of God ought to be the first business of every life, not the second.

THE OLD FOLKS AT HOME

Are Never Without Peruna in the House for Catarrhal Diseases.



MR. AND MRS. J. O. ATKINSON, INDEPENDENCE, MO.

UNDER date of January 10, 1897, Dr. Hartman received the following letter:

"My wife had been suffering from a complication of diseases for the past 25 years.

"Her case had baffled the skill of some of the most noted physicians. One of her worst troubles was chronic constipation of several years' standing.

"She also was passing through that most critical period in the life of a woman—change of life. In June, 1895, I wrote to you about her case. You advised a course of Peruna and Manalin, which we at once commenced, and have to say it completely cured her. She firmly believes that she would have been dead only for these wonderful remedies.

"About the same time I wrote you about my own care of catarrh, which had been of 25 years' standing. At times I was almost past going. I commenced to use Peruna according to your instructions and continued its use for about a year, and it has completely cured me.

"Your remedies do all that you claim for them, and even more. Catarrh cannot exist where Peruna is taken according to directions. Success to you and your remedies."

John O. Atkinson.

In a letter dated January 1, 1900, Mr. Atkinson says, after five years' experience with Peruna:

"I will ever continue to speak a good word for Peruna. In my rounds as a traveling man I am a walking advertisement for Peruna and have induced many people during the past year to use Peruna with the most satisfactory results. I am still cured of catarrh."

John O. Atkinson,
Box 272, Independence, Mo.

When old age comes on, catarrhal diseases come also. Systemic catarrh is almost universal in old people.

This explains why Peruna has become so indispensable to old people. Peruna is their safe-guard. Peruna is the only remedy yet devised that meets these cases exactly.

Such cases cannot be treated locally; nothing but an effective systemic remedy could cure them. This is exactly what Peruna is.

If you do not receive prompt and satisfactory results from the use of Peruna, write at once to Dr. Hartman, giving a full statement of your case and he will be pleased to give you his valuable advice gratis.

Address Dr. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, O.

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(Patented)
Laundry Blue

DIRECTIONS FOR USE:—Wiggle-Stick AROUND IN THE WATER. Wiggle-Stick LAUNDRY BLUE won't spill, break, freeze nor hurt clothes. Costs 10c and equals 20c worth of any other bluing. If your grocer does not keep it send 10c for sample to THE LAUNDRY BLUE CO., 15 Michigan St., Chicago.

Looking for a Home?
Then why not keep in view the fact that the farming lands of
160 ACRES IN FARMS IN WESTERN CANADA FREE.
Western Canada
are sufficient to support a population of 50,000,000 or over? The immigration for the past six years has been phenomenal.

FREE Homestead Lands
easily accessible, while other lands may be purchased from Railway and Land Companies. The grain and grazing lands of Western Canada are the best on the continent, producing the best grain, and cattle feed on grass alone ready for market. Markets, Schools, Railways and all other conditions make Western Canada an enviable spot for the settler.

Write to Superintendent Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, for a descriptive Atlas, and other information, or to the authorized Canadian Government Agent—M. V. McInnes, No. 8 Avenue Theater Block, Detroit, Mich., and C. A. Laurier, Sault Ste. Marie, Mich.

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A Large Trial Box and book of instructions absolutely Free and Postpaid, of the famous value of
Paxtine Toilet Antiseptic

Paxtine is in powder form to dissolve in water for non-poisonous and far superior antiseptic solutions containing alcohol, which inflames, irritates, and leave an unpleasant properties. The contents of every box makes more Antiseptic Solution, lasts longer—goes further—does more work in the family and disinfecting closet than any antiseptic preparation you can buy.

The formula of a noted Boston physician, and used with great success as a Vaginal Wash, for Leucorrhœa, Pelvic Catarrh, Nasal Catarrh, Sore Throat, Sore Eyes, Cuts, and all soreness of mucus membrane.

In local treatment of female ills Paxtine is invaluable. Used as a Vaginal Wash we challenge the world to produce its equal for thoroughness. It is a revelation in cleansing and healing power; it kills all germs which cause inflammation and discharges.

All leading druggists keep Paxtine; price, 50c. a box; if yours does not, send to us for it. Don't take a substitute—there is nothing like Paxtine.

Write for the Free Box of Paxtine to-day.
R. PAXTON CO., 8 Pope Blvd., Boston, Mass.

CUBA 10 ACRES FOR $30
Only $4 down and $4 per month; no interest. Any country at 6 per cent. Pay 160, 100 and 1,000 acre tracts. 150,000 acres. The great Subinal land grant on Northern Railway, best in the world; land guaranteed level; hard wood timber. The landing place of Columbus. Send for illustrated prospectus, map, etc. FREE.
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W. N. U.—DETROIT—NO. 18—1904

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FLAKED WHOLE WHEAT
PURE MAPLE SYRUP
A delicious cereal, as well as healthful; and economical enough for all.
THOROUGHLY COOKED
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Send top cut from a package of Mapl-Flake for handsome Color Barometer and Booklet.
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