...IKE A FAIRY TALE.

...el story of Postum Cereal in Words and Pictures.

The growth of the Postum Cereal Co. is like a fairy tale, but it is true, ...rd of it.

"The Door Unbolted" is the title of a charming little booklet just issued by the Company which tells, and illustrates, the story of this remarkable growth. It takes the reader from the little white barn in which the business was started Jan. 1, 1895, through the palatial offices and great factory buildings of the "White City" that comprise Postumville, Battle Creek, Mich.

The little white barn, so carefully preserved, is a most interesting building, for it represents the humble beginning of one of the country's greatest manufacturing enterprises of today, an enterprise that has grown from this little barn to a whole city of factory buildings within but little more than ten years.

No less interesting is the quaint official home of the Postum Cereal Co. The general office building of Mr. Post and his associates is a reproduction of the Shakespeare house at Stratford-on-Avon, and upon the house and its furnishings has been expended vast sums of money, until the rooms are more like the drawing rooms of the mansions of our multi-millionaires than like offices.

That Mr. Post has believed thoroughly in the idea of giving to his employes attractive and healthful work rooms is proven not only by the general office building of the Company and its furnishings, but by his factories as well, and of all of these things this beautiful little booklet tells the interesting story. It will be sent to anyone on request.

Department's Good Record.

The colonial secretary of the Bahamas states in his report of the islands for 1905-1906 that no complaint of error or delay has been received by the telegraph department for 14 years.

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.

HIS TROUBLE WAS INTERNAL.

Indian Chief Had Peculiar Ideas About Hydrophobia.

Mayor Stoy of Atlantic City was describing the cosmopolitan throngs that visit his famous and gay resort.

"Every nationality comes here," he said. "Greeks, Turks, Hindoos, Chinese, Moors—they all come.

"I was talking the other day to one of the physicians of the Pasteur Institute—the hospital, you know, for the prevention and cure of hydrophobia. The Pasteur Institute reminded me of Atlantic City, its visitors seemed to be of such a diversified character.

"The physician told me about an Indian chief who had come to him for treatment last year.

"'My name,' said the chief, 'is War Eagle. Please take me in hand. I fear I am getting hydrophobia.'

"'Have you been bitten,' the physician asked, 'by a mad dog?'

"'Not exactly bitten,' War Eagle answered, 'but I have the gravest suspicions about a black poodle that was served to me in a ragout last Friday afternoon.'"

BOY'S HEAD ONE SOLID SORE.

Hair All Came Out—Under Doctor Three Months and No Better—Cuticura Works Wonders.

Mr. A. C. Barnett, proprietor of a general store in Avard, Oklahoma, tells in the following grateful letter how Cuticura cured his son of a terrible eczema. "My little boy had eczema, his head was one solid sore, all over his scalp; his hair all came out, and he suffered very much. I had a physician treat him, but at the end of three months he was no better. I remembered that the Cuticura Remedies had cured me, and after giving him two bottles of Cuticura Resolvent, according to directions, and using Cuticura Soap and Ointment on him daily, his eczema left him, his hair grew again, and he has never had any eczema since. We use the Cuticura Soap and Ointment, and they keep our skin soft and healthy. I cheerfully recommend the Cuticura Remedies for all cases of eczema. A. C. Barnett, Mar. 30, 1906."

Japan's Empress Popular.

It is doubtful if any royal consort is more loved by her people than is the empress of Japan. Educated according to feudal ideas and skilled in all the accomplishments befitting one of her social eminence, her majesty strongly favors the broadness of the new education for women and from her private purse gives large sums toward the maintenance of women's schools and universities. During the war with Russia the empress visited the hospitals many times and every day passed hours making bandages. The effect of these bandages upon the wounded soldiers has been of deep interest to medical and scientific men, for the soldiers honored by them seemed to rally under a peculiar mental influence. All other bandages were destroyed after their first use; those made by the empress were sterilized and used again for the simple reason of their effect on the recovery of the soldiers.

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS
FOR ALL KIDNEY DISEASES
CURE RHEUMATISM BRIGHT'S DISEASE BACKACHE DIABETES

Kitty's Cousin

By Paul-Creswick

(Copyright, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

"Oh, there you are, Reggie! How do you do? I'm so glad to see you again." Kitty beamed delightfully upon me. "I hear you have quite settled Mr. Rollison's affair—so clever of you."

"I had very little—"

"What a bother it has been, hasn't it? But I can't have my best young man doing nothing," continued my charming hostess. "Now there's such a dear little thing over there, by the window. Come along at once—I have a thousand people to arrange yet. And some of them are so uneven."

"Why don't you say 'odd,' and be done with it? What does the dear little thing do, and shall I have to make love to her?"

"Don't argue—I haven't a minute to lose. Here come the Ponsonbys, with an artist man whose name I have entirely forgotten. Be quick!"

"I must know whether she paints, or writes, or sculpts—"

"She doesn't do anything now, beyond being very good and sweet—and she's all alone."

Kitty, without permitting me another word, steered us both marvelously across the wide studio. Then I heard her usual introduction—quite unintelligible, until my own name was reached. "—My Reggie—he's been begging for an introduction! Do be kind to him, and excuse my rushing away at once. I see a heap more arrivals."

I turned dutifully towards the "dear little thing." I instantly rather liked her; and had a vague feeling that we had met before. I began carefully, "I have been hearing how frightfully good you are—"

"But I'm not frightfully good," she interrupted, gently—stirring familiar chords chaotically within me.

"Honor bright?" I questioned.

She nodded. I'm only a country cousin of Mrs. Frazer's. She's awfully

"Then I suppose we are cousins, too."

kind. Introduces me to everyone. Now, of course, you're a somebody? Artist, author, or—"

"Philosopher," said I, taking a surreptitious peep at her. Surely that straight defiant little nose, that slightly self-conscious trick of flushing—But she was expecting a full definition of myself—"I'll tell you a secret—quite a true little secret. It's the easiest thing in the world to be a philosopher; and the best paying. You merely have to wear a high forehead, and look profound. Nature most obligingly has permitted me to achieve the former—I rather want her to stop just where she is; whilst I have acquired a sphinx-like look though attending cousin Kitty's tea-parties—"

"Cousin Kitty? Then I suppose we are cousins, too?"

"Indubitably. But I'm a town cousin, which only counts since she has been a widow—four, or is it five years? As regards philosophy, however—but do you like hearing me talk?"

"It's . . . heavenly," she breathed, with shy conviction.

"I was at that moment thinking where I had heard your name before. I mean the Muriel part of it." I explained, as I hadn't heard the other, however, it has just come back to me—and thereby hangs a tale. It's a Muriel; and is quite respectable. You might be able to advise me about it—since it's a problem."

"To whom?"

"Myself indirectly; and a friend chiefly. He's a decent fellow. I met him at a dinner.—In the course of his lunches he encountered a girl. She was cashier at the shop. The shop is a very nice luncheon place, and the people live over it. I have seen her. Well, my friend saw her—"

"Yes?" My partner was flushing again in her delicious way.

"Fell over head and ears in love. All the while I never guessed a word."

"How did you find out?"

"Just sheer brainiess. I perceived that Wally was not well. He seemed altogether peculiar. Ethereal and poetic. He left off swearing when dinner was late—studied harder than ever. After a little inward cogitation, I drew him on one side. I said quietly but distinctly: 'My boy, it won't do. What is her name, and how did you discover it, if she was an angel?' Wally—his real name is Wallace Rollison, by the way—turned gray as the law courts themselves."

"What did he say?" asked Muriel, in a queer sort of voice.

"The whole miserable story burst forth, as from a volcano. I sat down heavily on the nearest seat—we were in Temple Gardens—and gasped. He clung to me, and instructed me that he was a dear. . . . They always are, you know. That her name was Muriel. . . . I'm sorry to drag you into it."

"Never mind that. Please go on. I'm so anxious to hear the moral."

"Don't be impatient. I talked about his career; and about marrying in haste. I expounded that he hadn't known her long enough—"

"That she was primarily only a cashier; and that she had been in a shop?"

"No. Those facts were patent—and didn't so much matter. But he was infatuated."

"Well?"

"At my earnest request, he kept away from her for a week. I said that he would get her into a row, and make her lose her place. That, no doubt, she was poor—and had relatives. I was quite a father to him."

"Didn't it strike you that the girl might have had feelings?"

"Providence made me essentially normal. Everything I eat digests, you know. But pray hear the denouement. Wally came back at four o'clock. He had seen the girl and had asked her the great question. And she . . . I had said NO."

I paused to give this effect. My companion was looking away. Her small hands were restless in her lap. She spoke to me presently, very soft and low. "Were you surprised?" she inquired, nervously.

"Yes." But my respect for Miss Muriel went up at a bound. I began to be angry with Rollison. I told him he hadn't asked her properly. He protested miserably that he had implored . . . until she had told him that there was someone else."

"Someone else?"

"More in her own position, she had declared. And then had incontinently commenced to cry. Quietly and pathetically, Wally said. He couldn't understand anything but the NO. He came away."

"Was there anything else to understand?"

"Now you are touching the problem. Of course there wasn't 'someone else.' I saw through that, after ten minutes' hard thinking. The plucky little beggar had judged the case as I had. She really loved him, and so wouldn't let him take the risk."

"And possibly she thought that he would lose his friends, as well as his chance. That his mother would, perhaps—"

"How well you see it," I interrupted. "His mother . . . you would never credit it; but she actually told Wally to try again! Said she was sure that no boy of hers would ever ask her to love a new daughter who wasn't worthy. I felt awfully mean and small—when I heard him answer that fair play was a jewel. That he wasn't going to ask the little girl to be disloyal."

"Why did you feel mean?"

"Because I only had to tell what I had guessed—which, mind you, I'm as certain of as I am of anything in life—and he would have gone back. And would have persuaded her, in time."

"In time!"

"Yes. I made a few inquiries, discreetly, myself. She had left the shop and had gone home; and, all the while, I knew in my heart that she would make him the best little wife in the world. She would have helped him. . . . Don't you think I'm a beast?"

"Perhaps you were wrong. About the guess, I mean. She might have had another lover—"

"She hadn't, absolutely."

"If they had married—would you, as one of his friends, have cared to still know him? They would have been poor, and through it all—the worry, I mean—he might have failed. Again, she might've been his equal."

"I feel a culprit, I protested. "Whenever I see his face, it comes home to me. I ought to tell him—"

"Would you . . . be best man at his wedding?"

"The problem again! I have seen so many unhappy marriages; and yet—"

My companion turned towards me once more, and her gray eyes seemed to hold tears. It was full dusk in the room, the gabbling riot going on—pictures and shows, and mediums and manners—all were curiously remote. I felt myself strangely drawn towards the little girl. . . . She put out her hand as if to take something from mine. "Don't you feel that she was right?" she asked, gently and patiently. Then, altering her tone, she concluded abruptly, "I'll take your check, please."

I knew her, then. I knew that I had known her all along. Of course, of course! That true contralto voice; those unforgetable eyes. I answered her soberly. "We have both been wrong; but Wally was right. It is only love that matters, in this poor little world. . . . Let me get you some tea?"

On my way I almost ran into Kitty. "You have been good," she whispered, approvingly. "Do you see who is by the door? It's Mr. Rollison, looking for you. Quick!"

"Not for me," I said, decidedly. "So you put it into my head, did you? It was very ingeniously suggested! I'm about to get Muriel some very nice tea—or cup—and then I'm going to let Rollison carry the tray."

Kitty squeezed my arm affectionately. "You're quite my best young man," she murmured. "I have great hopes of you, Reggie."

Princess American by Birth.

The princess of Monaco is the second wife of the reigning prince of the little principality. She was Mlle. Heine, daughter of the rich banker of Hamburg and niece of the great poet. New Orleans gave her birth, and in due course she was married to Duc De Richelieu. Her fortune on the death of the duc was said to have been $10,000,000. She married the present prince in 1889, his first marriage with Lady Mary Victoria Douglas-Hamilton, having been dissolved by the pope. She has always regarded the gaming house at Monaco with the utmost disfavor, if not with positive aversion.

New York Woman Philanthropist.

Mrs. Richard Aldrich, of New York, formerly Miss Margaret Astor Chanler and granddaughter of the first John Jacob Astor, turned over to children of the poor during the summer months her handsome house in West Seventy-fourth street, New York. For years she has devoted much of her time to philanthropy, her activities during the war with Spain having been recognized by the bestowal upon her of a gold medal.

TRICKS OF MEMORY

STRANGE PHENOMENA THAT PUZZLE SCIENTISTS.

Accounted for by Some on the Basis of Transmigration of Souls—Second Explanation Is a Physical One.

"Have we ever lived before?" is a question which is interesting many correspondents of British newspapers. Dr. Andrew Wilson analyzes the strange phenomena of memory given by the contributors in part as follows: "The doctrine of metempsychosis or transmigration of souls represents a very ancient belief. Not merely did the theory assert that as each stage is ended and a new era begun the soul sheds most of the features it illustrated in the life it left, retaining now and then, however, vague memories of some of its antecedent states. Such reminiscences, forcibly projected into the foreground of our existence today, it is held, should convince us that we have 'lived before.'

"Everything we have heard or seen or otherwise appreciated through the agency of our sense organs—every impression, every sensation—is really stored up within those brain cells which exercise the memory function. True, we may not be able to recall all of them at will; many are doubtless beyond the reach of the power that revives and prints off for us positives from our stored-up mental negatives. But it is none the less significant that on occasion we can disinter memories of events whose date lies very far back in our lives—recollections, these, perhaps, we have never realized after their reception, but lying latent, and only waiting the requisite and proper stimulus to awaken them and to bring them to the surface of our life.

"This expresses briefly what we mean by 'subliminal consciousness.' It is that under-layer of stored-up impressions and memories which is only fully awakened in certain brain states and of which, in our ordinary life, we only receive the faintest and most occasional reminders of its existence. We do not recognize the source of every bit of ancient news the subliminal consciousness may bring to light and so we treat its resurrections as if they were reflections from some previous phase of existence. But often the clew is supplied us and the apparent mysterious awakening of past life appears merely as a recollection, the origin of which we did not at first recognize.

"Even the idea that sometimes strikes us on entering a strange place, hitherto unknown to us, that we 'have been there before,' is capable of rational explanation. Our brain is built on the double principle, and acts in appreciating our surroundings through the simultaneous work of its two intellectual centers. If there exists a slight discrepancy in this simultaneous work, so that one half of our brain appreciates the scene a little before the other half, we are presented with the false memory of having seen the place before."

EVILS OF MODERN LIFE.

Harm Done by Hurry and Worry of Our Modern Civilization.

Not long ago, while traveling, I chanced to stop at a village on the river Rhine, where I found an astonishing number of old people. There was a dozen over one hundred years of age, and many from 80 years old up to the century mark; yet straight and vigorous. One woman nearly a hundred years old was earning her living by picking hops; her grandchildren were middle-aged. It was quite wonderful. But there was no mystery about it; it was merely the effect of a simple life spent largely in the fields, with plain diet, consisting of a few vegetables and fruits, little meat, and native beer and wine for beverages.

Nothing can be more obvious than that the very complexity of our modern civilization is shortening our lives. But of all the evils that afflict us the worst and most destructive are hurry and worry. Hurry drives the body machine beyond its capacity, while worry racks it inwardly. Of the two worry is probably the worse. This might, indeed, be called the age of worry. Because of the intense nervous strain to which we are subjected we do vastly more worrying than did our forebears. The average man of to-day is continually surrounded and pursued by phantom troubles, which, though few of them ever materialize into realities, haunt him continually, ruining his peace of mind and injuring his health.—Dr. John V. Shoemaker in the Reader.

Right.

Little Boy—Are not all the words used to be found in the dictionary, papa?

"No, my child; new words are coined every day."

"And what is the last word, papa?"

"I don't know, dear. Ask your mother; she always has the last word."

Even Worse.

"I can't imagine anything more unsatisfactory," remarked the chronic kicker, "than a meal at our boarding house."

"No," replied the sentimental youth. "Evidently you never got a kiss from your best girl over the telephone."

Strong Denial.

New Minister—I am glad you enjoyed your trip. Foreign travel broadens one so.

Mrs. Cumso (portly)—Why, Mr. Rolup, how can you say that? I don't weigh an ounce heavier than when I started.

Different Kinds.

"Most actors admire Shakespeare," "Some do," answered Miss Stormington Barnes. "Others are too busy thinking of how Shakespeare would admire them if he could only see them in his plays."

According to the theories of the pessimist it is folly to circulate them.

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

Lots of men pray for things they wouldn't be willing to work for.

PUTNAM FADELESS DYES color more goods, brighter colors, with less work than others.

Will Study Irish Language.

The education committee of the London county council has decided to recommend to the council that classes for the study of the Irish language and literature be opened in the public elementary schools of Finsbury, Islington, St. Pancras and Stepney.

Keep in Good Health.

There are many thousands of people all over the world who can attribute their good health to taking one of two Brandreth's Pills every night. These pills cleanse the stomach and bowels, stimulate the kidneys and liver and purify the blood. They are the same fine laxative tonic pills your grandparents used, and being purely vegetable they are adapted to children and old people, as well as those in the vigor of manhood and womanhood.

Brandreth's Pills have been in use for over a century and are for sale everywhere, plain or sugar-coated.

Lord Rothschild's Tart Reply.

Lord Rothschild, who is taking a prominent part in the commission which is considering as to the best territory for Jewish colonization, is the wealthiest member of the wealthiest and most famous banking house in the world. His monetary and social influence is greater in some respects than the financier. There is a story that Jay Gould once called upon him on business. Lord Rothschild sent out word that he was too busy to see the caller. Mr. Gould, not accustomed to being denied audience by anyone, sent back rather a tart repetition of his request. After an interval the attendant returned with this reply from Lord Rothschild: "Tell Mr. Gould that Europe is not for sale."

TEN YEARS OF PAIN.

Unable to Do Even Housework Because of Kidney Troubles.

Mrs. Margaret Emmerich, of Clinton street, Napoleon, O., says: "For fifteen years I was a great sufferer from kidney troubles. My back pained me terribly. Every turn or move caused sharp shooting pains. My eyesight was poor, dark spots appeared before me, and I had dizzy spells. For ten years I could not do housework, and for two years did not get out of the house. The kidney secretions were irregular, and doctors were not helping me. Doan's Kidney Pills brought me quick relief, and finally cured me. They saved my life."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Checked Attempt at Monopoly.

Trusts were sometimes dealt with summarily in old England. For instance, the records of the Haven company show that "on Monday, July 30, 1422, Robert Chichele, the mayor of London, sent for the masters and 12 of the most worthy of our company to appear at the Guildhall for selling dear ale. After much dispute about the price and quantity of malt, wherein Whityngtone, the late mayor, declared that the brewers had ridden into the country and forestalled the malt, to raise its price, they were convicted in the penalty of £20 (£100), which subjected the masters and brewers ordered to be kept in prison in the chamberlain's custody until they should pay it, or find security for the payment thereof."

Wrong Method of Teaching.

Consul Paul Nash, of Venice, writes: "Hundreds of well-educated Americans annually pass through Venice and, although probably nine-tenths of them have had several years of instruction in a European language, not one-tenth are capable of speaking a dozen connected words of anything but English. Even college graduates, fresh from prize-winning in French or German, are generally unable to speak either language, although capable of writing an excellent thesis on their history, philology, syntax and literature. This is the result of teaching French and German in much the same way that Latin and Greek are taught."

NEW YEAR'S CALLS.

A New Drink to Replace the Old-Time "Apple-Jack."

Twenty-five years ago the custom of making New Year's calls was a delightful one for all concerned, until some of the callers got over "egg-nog" or "apple-jack" than they could successfully carry.

Then the ladies tried to be charitable and the gentlemen tried to be as chivalrous as ever and stand up at the same time.

If anyone thinks there has not been considerable improvement made in the last quarter of a century in the use of alcoholic beverages, let him stop to consider, among other things, the fact that the old custom of New Year's calls and the genteel tippling is nearly obsolete.

The custom of calling on one's friends, however, at the beginning of the new year, is a good habit, and another good habit to start at that time is the use of well-made Postum instead of coffee or spirits.

A Staten Island doctor has a sensible daughter who has got Postum before her guests as a good thing to drink at Yule Tide, and a good way to begin the New Year. Her father writes:

"My daughter and I have used Postum for some time past, and we feel sure it contains wholesome food material.

"I shall not only recommend it to my patients, but my daughter will be most pleased to give a demonstration of Postum to our Christmas and New Year's callers." Read "The Road to Wellville" in pkgs. "There's a reason."

Depew Writes Reminiscences.

While Senator Chauncey M. Depew was enjoying his long rest at Ardsley-on-the-Hudson he did a good deal of work on his reminiscences. He is not sure that they will ever be published, his idea being that they might be of interest to his son. In his fifty years of public life Mr. Depew has known a great many prominent personages and his reminiscences can hardly fail to be exceedingly readable.

GAINED 34 POUNDS

Persistent Anaemia Cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills After Other Remedies Had Failed.

"When I began taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills," says Mrs. Nathaniel Field, of St. Albans, Somerset county, Maine, "I was the palest, most bloodless person you could imagine. My tongue and gums were colorless and my fingers and ears were like wax. I had two doctors and they pronounced my trouble anaemia. I had spells of vomiting, could not eat, in fact, did not dare to. I had such distress after eating. My stomach was filled with gas which caused me awful agony. The backache I suffered was at times almost unbearable and the least exertion made my heart beat so fast that I could hardly breathe. But the worst of all was the splitting neuralgia headache which never left me for seven weeks. About this time I had had several numb spells. My limbs would be cold and without any feeling and the most deathly sensations would come over me.

"Nothing had helped me until I began taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, in fact, I had grown worse every day. After I had taken the pills a short time I could see that they were benefiting me and one morning I awoke entirely free from pain. The distress after eating disappeared and in three weeks I could eat anything I wanted and suffer no inconvenience. I also slept soundly. I have taken several boxes of the pills and have gained in weight from 120 to 154 pounds and am perfectly well now."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure anaemia because they actually make new blood. For rheumatism, indigestion, nervous headaches and many forms of weakness they are recommended even after ordinary medicines have failed. They are sold by all druggists, or will be sent postpaid, on receipt of price, 50 cents per box, six boxes for $2.50, by the Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

MAKES BEAUTY

Among the ladies no other medicine has ever had so strong a following, because, excepting pure air and exercise, it is the source of more beautiful complexions than any other agency, as

Lane's Family Medicine

the tonic-laxative. It puts pure blood in the veins, and no woman can be homely when the rich, red blood of health courses in her veins. Sold by all dealers at 25c. and 50c.

WEBSTER'S INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY

NO OTHER GIFT REGISTMAS GIFT

will so often be a reminder of the giver. Useful, Practical, Attractive, Lasting, Reliable, Popular, Complete, Scientific, Up To Date and Authoritative. 25,000 New Words, 2380 Pages, 5000 Illustrations. Editor in Chief Wm. T. Harris, Ph.D., LL.D., U.S. Comr. of Edu. Highest Awards at the St. Louis and the Portland Expositions.

IS IT NOT THE BEST GIFT YOU CAN SELECT?

WEBSTER'S COLLEGIATE DICTIONARY. Largest one-volume dictionary. Based on the same plan as the International. 1116 pages and 1000 Illustrations.

Write for "The Test of a Book" Free. G. & C. MERRIAM CO., Springfield, Mass.

SICK HEADACHE

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Positively cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Genuine Must Bear Fac-Simile Signature

Brent Good

REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

EARN MONEY for us or your time, or spare time, writing short stories for our list of publications; work evenings; pay $25 to $75 a week. Address, PUBLISHERS' AGENCY CENTRAL PRESS SYNDICATE, CHICAGO, ILL.

Buffalo

Aged Linseed Oil Ready-Mixed Paints

Stand Every Test for exterior and interior work

A. L. O. Paint contains only the best materials and is ground three times fine and thoroughly combined in proper proportions with

Aged Linseed Oil

Aged in our own tanks until clear and pure as amber. This is but one of the important processes in the manufacture of our paints, but it illustrates the care exercised thruout in the making of the highest quality product of our works, and which cost no more than inferior paints.

A. L. O. Paint is ground three powerful mills of special construction which ensures proper amalgamation and uniting together of the particles, and produces a paint unequaled in covering power, durability, fineness of texture and beauty of finish.

A. L. O. Paint is the best paint for all purposes. It is made in white and all desired standard colors in paste. It is the most economical paint made. Will last longer, look better and go farther than any other paint.

Ask your dealer for Buffalo A. L. O. Ready-Mixed Paints, and for our complete valuable information and chart of 20 beautiful shades on request. For sale by Hardware and Paint Dealers everywhere.

Buffalo Oil Paint & Varnish Co.
Box 103, Buffalo, N. Y.

W. L. DOUGLAS $3.50 & $3.00 Shoes

BEST IN THE WORLD

W.L.Douglas $4 Gilt-Edge line cannot be equalled at any price.

To Shoe Dealers: If you want a Jobbing House in the most complete city, write for Catalog. Send for Catalog

SHOES FOR EVERYBODY AT ALL PRICES.
Men's Shoes, $5 to $10.00. Boys' Shoes, $2.50 to $3.50. Women's Shoes, $4.00 to $5.00. Misses' & Children's Shoes, $2.00 to $3.00.

Try W. L. Douglas Women's, Misses and Children's shoes; for style, fit and wear they excel other makes.

If I could take you into my large factories at Brockton, Mass., and show you how carefully W. L. Douglas shoes are made, you would then understand why they hold their shape, fit better, wear longer, and are of greater value than any other make.

Wherever you live, you can obtain W. L. Douglas shoes. If dealer cannot supply you, and is situated on the bottom, which protects you against high prices and poor shoes, take no substitute. Ask your dealer for W. L. Douglas shoes and insist upon having them.

Fast Color Eyelets used; they will not wear brass.
Write for illustrated Catalog of Fall Styles.
W. L. DOUGLAS, Dept. 12, Brockton, Mass.

Canadian Government Free Farms

Over 200,000 Americans farmers who have settled in Canada during the past few years testify to the fact that Canada is, beyond question, the greatest farming land in the world.

OVER NINETY MILLION BUSHELS

of wheat from the harvest of 1906 means good times to the farmers of Western Canada since the world has to be fed. Cattle Raising, Dairying and Mixed Farming are also profitable callings. Excellent markets near at hand; churches and schools convenient; markets easy of access. Taxes low.

For advice and information address the Superintendent of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or any authorized Canadian Government Agent.
M. V. McINNES, 6 Avenue Theatre Block, Detroit, Mich., or C. A. LAURIER, Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan.

JOIN THE NAVY

Which enlists for 4 years young men of good character and sound physical condition between the ages of 17 and 25 as apprentice seamen; pay and increase in pay upon re-enlistment within four months' discharge.

U. S. NAVY RECRUITING STATION,
No. 33 Lafayette Avenue, - DETROIT, MICH.

READERS of this paper desiring to buy anything high-class should insist upon having what they ask for, refusing all substitutes or imitations.

NO MORE MUSTARD PLASTERS TO BLISTER.
THE SCIENTIFIC AND MODERN EXTERNAL COUNTER-IRRITANT.

CAPSICUM VASELINE

EXTRACT OF THE CAYENNE PEPPER PLANT

A QUICK, SURE, SAFE AND ALWAYS READY CURE FOR PAIN—PRICE 15c.—IN COLLAPSIBLE TUBES—AT ALL DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS, OR BY MAIL. ONE TUBE LASTS A FAMILY. POSTAGE PAID. KEEP IT TILL THE PAIN COMES—KEEP A TUBE HANDY.

A substitute for and superior to mustard or any other plaster, and will not blister the most delicate skin. The pain-allaying and curative properties of the article are wonderful. It will stop the toothache at once, and relieve Headache and Sciatica. We recommend it as the best and safest external counter-irritant known, also as an external remedy for pains in the chest and stomach and all Rheumatic, Neuralgic and Gouty complaints. A trial will prove what we claim for it, and it will be found to be invaluable in the household and for children. Once used no family will be without it. Many people say "it is the best of all your preparations." Accept no preparation of vaseline unless the same carries our label, as otherwise it is not genuine. SEND YOUR ADDRESS AND WE WILL MAIL OUR VASELINE PAMPHLET WHICH WILL INTEREST YOU.

CHESEBROUGH MFG. CO.
17 STATE STREET, NEW YORK CITY

Enameline STOVE POLISH NO DUST DIRT SLOP SPILL NO SMOKE SMELL MUSS OR SPATTER