## IN MY FAMILY

Have Used Pe-ru-na at Various Times for Several Years."

MR. EDWARD M. BURTT.

I Recommend Pe-ru-na.

MR. EDWARD M. BURTT, 5 N. Jefferson Ave., St. Louis, Mo., writes:

"It affords me much pleasure to announce that I have used your medicine at various times for several years, and that it has given entire satisfaction, not only in my own family, but also that of others of my friends. And would cheerfully recommend the use of Peruna, as I certainly do endorse your medicine."

**Catarrh of Head, Nose, Throat.**

Mr. Charles Levy, 80 Allen St., New York, N. Y., writes:

"I am very glad to tell you of the cures wrought by Peruna in my family. "My son, aged seven, who had catarrh of the nose, was cured by two bottles of Peruna, and I had catarrh of the head, nose, throat and ears. One bottle of Peruna cured me."

**Pe-ru-na Tablets:**—Some people prefer tablets, rather than medicine in a fluid form. Such people can obtain Peruna Tablets, which represent the solid medicinal ingredients of Peruna.

*Ask Your Druggist for Free Peruna Almanac for 1908.*


### HE HAD THE QUALIFICATIONS.

**No Need for Maiden to Seek Further for Her Affinity.**

Prince Dabro, the young Egyptian who has come to America to study the cotton industry, said in New York the other day:

"While we produce superb cotton in Egypt, the industry is not regulated there with such wisdom as you employ. Clever, indeed, is the conduct of your American cotton industry—as clever as the conduct of a young Pennsylvania unpraduate whom I heard about the other day.

"This young man sat in a Louis Quinze drawing-room in conversation with a beautiful girl. The girl, looking pensively into the fire, said:

"'The man I marry must be both brave and clever.'

"'Well,' said the young man, 'when we were skating on the Wissahickon, and came to the dangerous spot and broke through, I saved your life, didn't I?'

"She smiled at him regulshly.

"'That was brave,' she said, 'but it was not clever, was it?'

"'Yes,' said he, 'it was. I led you to the dangerous spot on purpose.'

"She threw her arms about him, murmuring:

"'You dear.'"

**Not for Vacation Use.**

It seemed to Bobby that there was no end to the advice and instructions his mother gave him when he was starting off with his father for a week's trip.

"Now I want you to be sure you have everything you need," she said, opening his bag in spite of his assurances that it held all a boy could possibly require. "Why, Bobbie, where is your hairbrush? You were forgetting it!"

"No, mother, I wasn't forgetting it," said Bobby, looking desperate. "I thought you said I was going on a vacation."

**Daily Thought.**

A little fun,
A little play,
A little laughter
Day by day,
A little school
And we'll, confess
A little bit of waywardness,
A little grief
A little woe
As down the later
Years we go.
A little love,
A little strife,
A deal of hope—
And this is life.

### BOTH GAINED

**Man and Wife Fatten on Grape-Nuts.**

The notion that meat is necessary for real strength and the foundation of solid flesh is no longer as prevalent as formerly.

Excessive meat eaters are usually sluggish a part of the time because they are not able to fully digest their food, and the undigested portion is changed into what is practically a kind of poison that acts upon the blood and nerves, thus getting all through the system.

"I was a heavy meat eater," writes a Ills. man, "and up to two years ago, was in very poor health. I suffered with indigestion so that I only weighed 95 pounds.

"Then I heard about Grape-Nuts and decided to try it. My wife laughed at me at first but when I gained to 125 pounds and felt so fine, she thought she would eat Grape-Nuts too.

"Now she is fat and well and has gained 40 pounds. We never have indigestion any more and seldom feel the desire for meat. A neighbor of ours, 68 years old, was troubled with indigestion for years; was a heavy meat eater, and now since he has been eating Grape-Nuts regularly, he says he is well and never has indigestion. I could name a lot of persons who have really been cured of indigestion by changing from a heavy meat diet to Grape-Nuts." There's a Reason." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville" in pkgs.

# Bread Upon the Waters

*By Kate Wallace Clements*

(Copyright.)

When Mrs. Spaulding went to the county orphan asylum, she hadn't the remotest idea of bringing home the wee mite of humanity she did. On the contrary, she needed a half-grown girl large enough to wash dishes, run errands, and otherwise assist with household duties, now that she was getting on in years.

"A good sized girl, capable and willing," was what she asked the matron for.

"Come this way," answered that person; "I think we have just the girl for you."

In going to the section of the building where the larger girls were domiciled they had occasion to pass through the nursery.

In this room a number of little ones were playing. One dark-eyed little elf caught hold of Mrs. Spaulding's gown.

"My, but isn't she pretty!" exclaimed the visitor, looking down at a dark, roguish face. "How old is she?"

"She must be almost three, as near as we can reckon," answered the matron. "She is of Italian parentage," she went on.

"Her father, a poor, strolling musician, sick and despondent, put an end to his life. The child was found in the room with his body—dreadful, wasn't it? And such a dear little thing, too—tell the lady your name, dear."

"Tildywinks," lisped the child.

"Perhaps her name is Matilda," ventured Mrs. Spaulding.

Suddenly the child stretched out her arms—"Mamma," she cried—"Tildy's mamma." Oh, what music in that word to the heart of the childless woman; it was the keynote to the doorway of her heart.

Only in dreams had the woman felt the clinging baby arms, the warm pressure of baby lips—only anticipation—never till now—realization.

"Come, Tildy, kiss the lady good-by." It was the matron's voice she heard.

She was moving on, expecting her visitor to follow, but Mrs. Spaulding was standing still, a peculiar expression on her face as she said:

"I don't think I want that girl I spoke about; I've changed my mind. I think," hesitatingly, "I'll take this one."

Once outside the gray stone building she wondered at her doing. Staid, middle aged Bessie Spaulding taking a baby for adoption. She smiled as she thought of her neighbors' criticism. She was prepared for it all.

Thirteen years passed. The child that Mrs. Spaulding had taken to her heart could indeed be classed as "a good sized girl." She was in her sixteenth year. A tall, beautiful girl, with dark, flashing eyes and rich brown complexion.

She proved to be a great comfort to her foster parents. Through the livelong day she sang joyous notes, like the calling of a bird.

Once a stranger passing, paused to listen to Tildy's sweet voice, and listening, exclaimed:

"Bravo! Bravo!"

She wondered what the meant—she, this innocent child of nature.

"Such a strange man, mother," she said when she sat at her feet in the twilight. "Do I sing very well?" she asked.

"Well enough to please mother," came the soft answer, and she was content.

The next Sabbath while she sang in the village choir a dark face was uplifted in mute admiration; it was the man who called out Bravo to her while she sang.

She saw him stop and speak to her foster parents. She watched her mother place her hand on her heart, while the color died from her face.

That night as she lay awake she heard voices from below. It was her foster parents. She caught the words:

"We must keep her from the choir, John. My God! he'll take her from us."

She had a vague impression that the dark stranger was a relative. She knew the history of her own origin, that her rightful parents came from Italy. Perhaps he had come to take her away. As, but she would not go; no, never.

For a time she ceased to sing. When the spring came, all her joyousness returned. She sang with the birds, notes sweeter than the nightingale. How could she be otherwise than in harmony with nature?

She was sitting in the garden singing a bright little melody; it seemed to come from her very heart. She was conscious of a presence, and raising her eyes saw the stranger—he who would take her away.

Gathering up her work and gardenhat, she would have rushed into the house, but he stood in her pathway.

"Ah, mademoiselle, listen," he pleaded. "Do you want to become rich, famous, queen among women?"

She caught the words "rich, famous." Her breath came in little gasps. Then she bent her dark head and listened. She was only a woman. To be praised, admired, gifts cast at her very feet; to become a prima donna. Ah, the temptation was too great.

"Give me time to think," she pleaded; "only time to think."

One night before the footlights would bring sufficient money to purchase the farm. No need then for father to toil and mother to worry. It seemed the path of duty.

The little white bed with the coverlet undisturbed told its own story with the tear-stained note pinned on the dressing case.

"I'm going away," it read, "to study music and have my voice cultivated. When I've grown rich and famous, I will come back. Not till then. Forgive me and good-by. Tildy."

"Gone," cried the frantic mother; "gone to become an actress."

To the mind of these simple country folk her future career was looked upon in the light of a disgrace. Nothing appeared quite so appalling as the life of an actress. Involuntarily they associated it with scant apparel and rouged face. She was dead to them!

Ten years passed, bringing naught but adversity to John Spaulding. The crops had failed, many of his choicest cattle had died. Poverty had come to them, grim, dire poverty.

Better sell the place out before it would go to rack and ruin. Oh! how they loathed to part with it, the roof that had sheltered them for many years. Still, the creditors must be appeased.

"She promised to come back some day," she murmured. The tears fell fast and thick on Mrs. Spaulding's faded gown. "She will find only strangers here," she said, bitterly.

A letter had come from the agent that week, stating that a purchaser had been found. He, the agent, would run down with the party toward the close of the week, and now—why! it was Thursday. Surely this was the close of the week.

"If Tildy were only here." She clung to the strange name through all these years. Yes, if the child were here she might comfort her.

Poor old soul! Through her tear-dimmed eyes she saw a carriage drive

"You Cannot Take It?"

up the pathway, stopping at the gate. The future occupant of her home, no doubt. It would never do to let them witness her grief; she must brush the tears away. She bent her face closer over the worn coat she was mending. She heard the soft rustle of garments, while the odor of violets came to her.

The woman must be rich to wear such beautiful clothes. What could she want with the farm? She almost hated her. Was she not taking the roof from over their heads?

"Well, now, that's what I call a generous offer."

It was the agent who spoke, bland and smiling.

"What do you say to that, Mrs. Spaulding?" he went on. "The lady says you may remain for awhile; until autumn. It will give you time to look about and—"

"We don't want to remain," broke in old John Spaulding, seated in the chimney corner, with hands hardened by toil folded in a helpless sort of fashion across his knee. "No, no," he muttered, "we can't take favors, leastwise from strangers. Can we, Lisbia?"

His wife shook her head sadly.

"It's a very kind offer," she said, "but we cannot accept it."

"You cannot take it?" asked a sweet, musical voice. "Not even from? Don't you know me, mother?"

"Not Tildywinks?"

She stood before them, beautiful and smiling. It was she who had purchased the old home. "The bread cast upon the waters had indeed come back."

"Tell me, Tildy, darling," asked the elder woman, looking at her through tears of joy, "you are not an actress? You don't sing in—"

"Only sacred music, mother," she answered. "Knowing your views on the subject, I have respected them. In the world of music I am known as—"

She whispered a name whose fame had reached even that quiet little hamlet.

"Then you are Mademoiselle—"

She silenced the lips with a kiss. "To the world, yes; but to you let me always be plain Tildywinks."

**A Song of Friendship.**

There is no such thing as "a friend for a day,"
Or "a friend in sunny weather."
For the friend of to-day is a friend for every,
Or an enemy altogether.

His friend is a king who can do no wrong,
Who never can err or fail;
And he asks not why, knows no "you" or "I",
And has room for two on the trail.

So sing me no song of your critical friend,
Who questions where duty may call.
A friend is a friend to the bitter end,
Or he isn't a friend at all.
—Charles Pollock, in New York Press

**He Gets the Chance.**

"There is one advantage which a judge always has in his profession."

"What is that?"

"Whether he succeeds in a given case or not, he can always try it."—Baltimore American.

**Very Much So.**

"When Jinks went home last night he found his wife fairly boiling with anger and weeping scalding tears."

"He remarked that morning that he had been in hot water."—Baltimore American.

### FRIGHT SOBERED MR. ROUNDER.

**Late Home Goer Unduly Alarmed by Suspicious Character.**

He climbed off the car out in East Cleveland the other night, or, to be exact, the other morning, and proceeded toward his modest little home down a pretty side street.

As soon as he reached the sidewalk he tried to walk along the edge and ascertain if he was still able to navigate along a straight line.

"I'm th' only man that wuz in the bunch t'night that c'n walksh straight's that," he muttered to himself, with pardonable pride when he found that he could move along first-rate.

A moment later he saw a suspicious-looking man following him.

"That fellesh goin' t' try t' rob muh," he muttered. He felt in his trousers pocket and found only a crumpled two-dollar bill, but it was all he had left after the evening's entertainment, and he didn't want to lose it.

Then he reflected that probably the stranger following him wasn't thinking of robbing him at all. But to make sure that they didn't have any trouble he crossed the street. A minute later he looked about. The man behind him had crossed over, too.

Once again the man with the two-dollar bill crossed the street. He hated to look around for a time, lest his fears be substantiated. When he did turn his head the pursuer was not far behind him. He had crossed the street again.

The man ahead clutched tightly his two-dollar bill, dear to him because it was all that remained of what had been a roll the size of a blacksmith's forearm, and started across over once more, for he happened to think that he lived on the other side of the street anyhow, but he hadn't reached the middle of the street when he looked back and noted that his pursuer was also crossing over.

He stopped right there, pulled out his two-dollar bill and watch and held them out toward the man behind him. "Here's all I've got, old man," says he, now perfectly sobered by his fright. "Take it, but lemme alone. My wife's worried about me anyway, and if I go into the house with my face bunged up I'll get thrown out."

"Why, you darn fool!" grunted the other man as he brushed on by. "I'm the man that goes around to turn out the street lights."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

**Took Advantage of Czar's Hobby.**

Peter the Great particularly delighted in drawing teeth, and he strictly enjoined his servants to send for him when anything of that sort was to be done. One day his favorite valet de chambre seemed very melancholy, the czar asked him what was the matter. "Oh, your majesty," said the man, "my wife has suffered the greatest agony from toothache, and she obstinately refuses to have the tooth taken out." "If that is all," said Peter, "we will soon cure it; take me to her at once." When they arrived, the woman declared that she was not suffering at all; there was nothing the matter with her. "That is the way she talks, your majesty," said the valet; "she is suffering tortures." "Hold her head and hands," said the czar; "I will have it out in a moment." And he instantly pulled out the indicated tooth with great dexterity, amid profuse thanks from the husband. What was Peter's indignation to discover a little later that his valet had used him as an executioner to punish his wife, who had never had an unsound tooth in her head.—San Francisco Argonaut.

**Food and Air.**

Food sense is still hampered with fads, but it is becoming a science and a custom. No qualified authority is ready to say that a meat diet can with the best results be abandoned. What the qualified men do say is that far less nitrogenous food than is usually consumed in America suffices for nutrition, and is better for general health, showing its benefit in longevity. Science will not say that slow and thorough mastication will stop disease or perfect digestion, but it is peremptory in advising a mastication as thorough as the proper appetite for food permits. Too much holding of food in the mouth may cause dislike or indifference, and the proper digestive action depends upon enjoyment. Human beings can live a long time in bad atmospheric conditions, but we know positively that oxygenation of the blood is indispensable, and that fresh air is a remedial agent of more potency than ten years ago we fancied.

**The Oldest Photographer.**

Mr. William Hardy Kent, who died the other day in Eastbourne, in English Sussex, had the reputation of being the oldest photographer in the world. He died at the age of 88. He was of New England birth, and New Bedford was his home, until about 1846 he learned the art of photography, and in 1848 he opened a small studio in New York, where by the year 1854 he had gained a considerable fortune. He then went over to London, where he opened three photographic studios, one in Oxford street, one in Regent street and another at Knights bridge. At the time of his death he was still operating a photograph gallery at Eastbourne, and he had similar studios at the seaside resorts of Brighton and Hastings, at New castle and Harrogate.

**Charm Cheaply Broken.**

The bride was showing off the contents of her china closet when a little dish slipped through her fingers and smashed on the floor. "Oh, dear," she sighed, "there goes three of my nice new things."

"Three!" exclaimed her friend. "How is that?"

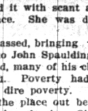
"Why, don't you know you always break three, just as big fires come in threes? I never knew it to fail yet."

She looked rueefully at her pretty dishes and glassware. A few minutes later she was called to the kitchen, and while there the visitor heard two more smashes. The bride came back radiant.

"What luck!" she exclaimed. "I broke a milk bottle and a kitchen plate. My other things are safe now for a while."


### NEW STRENGTH FOR OLD BACKS.

**No Need to Suffer Every Day from Backache.**



Mrs. Joannah Straw, 526 North Broadway, Canton, S. D., says: "For three years I suffered everything with rheumatism in my limbs and a dull, ceaseless aching in my back. I was weak, languid, broken with headaches and dizzy spells, and the kidney secretions were thick with solids. I was really in a critical condition when I began with Doan's Kidney Pills, and they certainly did wonders for me. Though I am 81 years old, I am as well as the average woman of 50. I work well, eat well and sleep well."

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


### SOMETHING OF A CYNIC.

**Papa Had Extreme Views on the Subject of Marriage.**

Miss Marie Cahill, the actress, chose the chorus girls for her new play, "Marrying Mary," by measurement. The Bertillon system was employed.

"By this excellent system of measurement," said Miss Cahill the other day, "one gets, in a chorus girl, the real thing. Mirage is avoided. You know what a mirage is? Quite sure? Well, at any rate, I'll point out its meaning to you with a story.

"A boy looked up from his book one night.

"'Father,' he said, 'what is a mirage?'

"The father answered glibly from behind his paper:

"'The union of a man and woman till death or the law them do part.'

"'But,' said the boy, 'that's marriage, ain't it?'

"'Same thing, sonny; it's the same thing,' replied the father. 'A man imagines he sees wonders and delights where there is nothing. Fight shy of 'em both, my boy.'"


### CURE FOR ECZEMA DISCOVERED.

**Dr. J. E. Currier Tells How It Can Be Used by the Patients Themselves.**

*(From Detroit News.)*

"Eczema, tetter, ringworm and other skin diseases are spreading," says Dr. J. E. Currier in the Doctor's Guide, writing about a new and wonderfully successful cure for skin affections.

"I apply plain pure citrox, dissolved in hot water, twice a day. You who know how stubborn tetter, ringworm and eczema can be, will be amazed to see how soon this stops the itching, dries up the eruption and cause a growth of new healthy skin. I now tell my patients to get a package of pure citrox at the drug store and dissolve a teaspoonful in two tablespoonfuls of hot water, and this solution must be made fresh each time and used warm.

"I am having better success than ever before. A case of tetter on the hand that had run six months, citrox cured in a week; and a young woman whose back was a mass of pustules was cured in two weeks. I could cite many others. Be careful to get the pure drug put up in small sealed packages, as the common kind sold in bulk is not fit for medical use."

It will interest women to learn that this well-known drug's value for skin diseases was discovered accidentally by the doctor's wife.


**How He Did It.**

Early in the morning session, when the pupils were feeling bright and happy, the teacher thought it a good plan to give them sentences to correct, both as to grammar and sense. She accordingly wrote on the blackboard:

"The hen has four legs. He done it."

Thoughtful little Ignatius, at the foot of the class, pondered deeply, and at the end of 15 minutes' time, allowed for correction, he wrote:

"He didn't done it; God done it."

**Preacher's Comforting Remarks.**

At an evening prayer meeting in a Maine village the senior deacon, Dominicus Jordan, arose to make appropriate scriptural remarks about the death of the late Silas Simpkins. In conclusion the deacon said: "respected Miss Simpkins, the members of this church respected Miss Simpkins, the citizens of this town respected Miss Simpkins, but now she's dead and gone to the Lord, and the scripture saith, 'The Lord is no respecter of persons.'"—Exchange.


### HAD NO DOUBT OF HIS FATE.

**Mr. Jerome Evidently Was Aware of His Wife's Culinary Ability.**

Some weeks ago the wife of Judge Blank, of Pacific avenue, lost her cook, and since she had no other resource she rolled up her sleeves and for a week provided such meals as the judge had not enjoyed since those happy days when the Blanks did not keep a cook. The judge's delight was so great that by way of appreciative acknowledgment he presented Mrs. Blank with a beautiful ermine cloak. Quite naturally, the incident was a good deal noised about among the social acquaintances of the Blanks and a spirit of envious emulation was developed in certain quarters. It was in this mood that Mrs. Jerome recited the story to her husband. "What do I get, Jerry?" she asked, "if I will do the cooking for a week?" "Well," said Mr. Jerome, "at the end of a week, my dear, you'll get one of those long crepe veils."—San Francisco Argonaut.

### ECZEMA COVERED BABY.

**Worst Case Doctors Ever Saw—Suffered Untold Misery—Perfect Cure by Cuticura Remedies.**

"My son, who is now twenty-two years of age, when four months old began to have eczema on his face, spreading quite rapidly until he was nearly covered. The eczema was something terrible, and the doctors said it was the worst case they ever saw. At times his whole body and face were covered, all but his feet. I used many kinds of patent medicines, to no avail. A friend teased me to try Cuticura. At last I decided to try Cuticura when my boy was three years and four months old, having had eczema all that time and suffering untold misery. I began to use all three of the Cuticura Remedies. He was better in two months; in six months he was well. Mrs. R. L. Risley, Piermont, N. H., Oct. 24, 1905."


### RATHER A POINTED REBUKE.

**Minister's Amendment to Usual Grace Fitted Circumstances.**

A Pennsylvania divine formed one of a house-party in Philadelphia where the younger son, in accordance with what the clergyman observed to be his constant habit, as soon as he had seated himself at breakfast immediately possessed himself of a large slice of bread, the quality of which he proceeded to test by a liberal mouthful.

The minister, a stickler in such matters of propriety, gazed blandly at him for a moment or so; then he folded his hands and closed his eyes in preparation for grace.

"For what we are about to receive," he intoned with painful emphasis, "and for what our young friend has already received, Lord, make us truly thankful."—Harper's Weekly.

**A Sign.**

"How do you know Belinda is in love?" asked Eustace.

"Because," answered mother, "every time the telephone rings she thinks it's for her."—Washington Star.


FITS, St. Vitus Dance and all Nervous Diseases permanently cured by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for Free $2.00 trial bottle and treatise. Dr. R. H. Kline, Ld., 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.


There are countless roads on all sides to the grave.—Cicero.


FILES CURED IN 6 TO 14 DAYS.
PAZO OINTMENT is guaranteed to cure any case of Itching, Blind, Bleeding and Protruding Piles in 6 to 14 days or money refunded. 50c.


A man must stand erect, not be kept erect by others.—Marcus Aurelius.


DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS
FOR ALL KIDNEY DISEASES
FOR RHEUMATISM, BRIGHT'S DISEASE, DIABETES, BACKACHE
75 Guaranteed

If afflicted with sore eyes, use Thompson's Eye Water

## Truth and Quality

appeal to the Well-Informed in every walk of life and are essential to permanent success and creditable standing. Accordingly, it is not claimed that Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna is the only remedy of known value, but one of many reasons why it is the best of personal and family laxatives is the fact that it cleanses, sweetens and relieves the internal organs on which it acts without any debilitating after effects and without having to increase the quantity from time to time.

It acts pleasantly and naturally and truly as a laxative, and its component parts are known to and approved by physicians, as it is free from all objectionable substances. To get its beneficial effects always purchase the genuine—manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co., only, and for sale by all leading druggists.

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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.

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20 to 40 Bushels Wheat to the Acre.
40 to 90 Bushels Oats to the Acre.
35 to 50 Bushels Barley to the Acre.
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Some of the choicest grain-producing lands in Saskatchewan and Alberta may yet be acquired in these most beautiful and prosperous sections under the

**Revised Homestead Regulations**

by which entry may be made by proxy (on certain conditions), by the father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of intending homesteader.

Entry fee in each case is $10.00. For pamphlet, "Last Best West," particulars as to free lands, best time to go and where to locate, apply to

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The Keeley Cure LIQUOR MORPHINE 27 Years Success. WRITE FOR INFORMATION. ONLY ONE IN MICH. GRAND RAPIDS, 554 Wealthy Ave.

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PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM Cleanses and Beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair ills. 50c. and $1.00 at Druggists.

DEFIANCE Cold Water Starch makes laundry work a pleasure. 16 oz. pkg. 10c.

W. L. DOUGLAS SHOES $3.00 $3.50 SHOES AT ALL PRICES, FOR EVERY MEMBER OF THE FAMILY, MEN, BOYS, WOMEN, MISSES AND CHILDREN.

W. L. Douglas makes and sells more than any other manufacturer in the world. They hold their shape, fit better, wear longer, and are of greater value than any other make. Exclusively at W. L. Douglas $4 and $5 Gilt Edge Shoes cannot be equalled at any price.

CAUTION.—W. L. Douglas name and price is stamped on bottom. Take No Substitute. Sold by the best shoe dealers everywhere. Shoes mailed from factory to any part of the world. Illustrated catalog free. W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.

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EXTRACT OF THE CAYENNE PEPPER PLANT TAKEN DIRECTLY IN VASELINE

DON'T WAIT TILL THE PAIN COMES—HEEP A TUBE HANDY
A QUICK, SURE, SAFE AND ALWAYS READY CURE FOR PAIN—PRICE 15c. IN COLLAPSIBLE TUBES MADE OF PURE TIN—AT ALL DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS, OR BY MAIL ON RECEIPT OF 15c. IN POSTAGE STAMPS.
A substitute for and superior to mustard or any other plaster, and will not blister the most delicate skin. The pain-allaying and curative qualities 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 Booklet describing our preparations which will interest you.
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