HEALTH NOTES FOR JUNE.

Spring Catarrh is a well defined Spring disease. The usual symptoms are given above. A Bottle of Pe-ru-na taken in time will promptly arrest the course of the disease known as Spring Catarrh.

Paint Buying Made Safe

All lead packed in 1907 bears this mark

White Lead and Linseed Oil need no argument, no advertising to maintain themselves as the best and most economical paint yet known to man. The difficulty has been for the buyer to be always sure of the purity of the white lead and oil.

We have registered the trade mark of the Dutch Boy painter to be the final proof of quality, genuineness and purity to paint buyers everywhere. When this trade mark appears on the keg, you can be sure that the contents is Pure White Lead made by the Old Dutch Process.

SEND FOR BOOK

"A Talk on Paint," gives valuable information on the paint subject. Free upon request.

NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY

(In whichever of the following cities is nearest you:
New York, Boston, Buffalo, Cleveland, Cincinnati, Chicago, St. Louis, Philadelphia (John T. Lewis & Bros. Co.), Pittsburgh (National Lead & Oil Co.)

Mica Axle Grease

Best lubricant for axles in the world—long wearing and very adhesive.

Makes a heavy load draw like a light one. Saves half the wear on wagon and team, and increases the earning capacity of your outfit.

Ask your dealer for *Mica Axle Grease.*

STANDARD OIL CO. Incorporated

SELLING QUEEN WASHERS

In new territory is like selling silver dollars at 60c. They go slow at first. But there's no trouble to prove they are worth more than the price asked for them. Get introductory plan today.

Territorial agents wanted.

JAS. H. KNOLL, Mfr., Reading Pa.

SICK HEADACHE

Positively cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating, a certain 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.

DEFIANCE STARCH easiest to work with and starches clothes nicest.

Miss Betty's Cavalier

BY ZONA GALE

(Copyright, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

As he turned the corner the new rector's heart was beating. There was nothing formidable about the great gabled house; yet, as he walked up the drive his agitation increased. There was a glimpse of pink muslin on the veranda that was most disquieting.

However, he went on, and a head in the drive revealed Miss Betty Sheridan standing upon a chair training roses. The picture, which would have agitated even a quiet heart, caused the rector to contemplate retreat. Instead, being a brave man, he stood at the foot of the steps and said gently:

"Good morning, Miss Betty."

Betty looked down and nodded bewitchingly, and stooped to extend her hand over the back of the chair.

"You'll forgive my not getting down?" she asked. "This is a critical moment. Max, please find Mr. Armory a chair."

From the vine-covered piazza came forth a big, languid figure, who gave the final touch to the uneasiness of the rector. Since his coming to the parish of St. Luke's, three months before, and since he had first seen Betty Sheridan on the same day, he had felt a secret and most un-Christian repugnance for this big cavalier, who seemed always within sound of her voice.

"How do, Mr. Armory?" said the big cavalier in flannels, looking uncomfortably handsome—uncomfortably to the rector. "Come up and be cool. It's a pretty warm morning."

"Very," admitted the rector. "Although very."

"You ought not to be so busy this warm weather," volunteered Betty—and Betty was never so alluring as when she advised people for their own good.

"My duties are my pleasures," said the rector. "This, for instance, Miss Sheridan."

This big cavalier in flannels, with hands that one instantly knew could send a ball over a net or across a course with unerring stroke, was very like what the rector himself dreamed in his college days of becoming. This cavalier was one of her world—of Betty Sheridan's world. But to the rector had come the struggle that had ended in his taking orders, and some way since his coming to this somewhat distracted parish there had been no time to lift either his golf sticks or his foils from their long rest. Instead, there had been a ceaseless round of visits—which reminded him:

"Miss Betty," he said. "I have come to enlist your sympathy this morning."

Poor Agnes has had a severe fall. "She will be quite helpless, they fear, for months."

The rose bough flew up with a little puff of fragrance, and Betty stepped down from the chair, and sat opposite the rector.

"Oh," she said, "the poor girl! What will they do? I'll go see her today."

"I thought that you would," said the rector, with a little catch in his breath. Betty's face was even more beautiful when she was in earnest than when she was mocking.

"Why, yes," said the big cavalier in the doorway; "I'll drive you over after luncheon, Betty. But you'll have to be back for the tennis finals, you know."

"Yes, Max," said Betty, without looking at him. "And will you ask your mother if we may have some of her roses, too? I am so sorry, Mr. Armory. We will not fail you."

The Reverend Mr. Armory was ashamed of his sinful rebellion at that "we." The very fact that Betty did not look at the big cavalier when he talked, and that she ordered him about and took him and his mother's roses for granted, disturbed the rector's peace of mind.

Sitting beside poor Agnes Chapman that afternoon, the Reverend Mr. Armory experienced more trials of the spirit. His heart, which went out to the stricken girl, at the same time bounded so suddenly at the lightest footfall outside that he was deeply in doubt as to his right to be there at all, engaged in ministrations. When at last Betty appeared in the doorway with her arms filled with roses, not even the memory of whose mother's roses they were could put out the sudden passionate joy in the rector's eyes. He sat mutely near while Betty bent over the sick girl, and Betty's hair in the sun, Betty's little hand on the coarse spread, Betty's wonderful voice filled the shabby room with wonder. The Reverend Mr. Armory walked to the window to hide his emotion. And outside, stepping leisurely in the beating sun of the steep little street, his eye fell upon a bay horse and a low phaeton and the big cavalier—all waiting patiently for Betty.

The rector then turned from the window, his eyes hardening.

"Don't let us detain you too long, Miss Sheridan," he said evenly. "It is very hot in the street—for your friend to wait."

Betty looked up wonderingly.

"Who—Max?" she said. "Oh—Max."

Then she lifted her chin a little in displeased surprise.

"Very well," she said, "I will come some other time when I find Agnes alone."

She was gone in a moment and the room was stuffy and sunny and unbearable as before, and the phaeton wheels were clattering down the rough street. Horror at his sinful jealousy and petty speech possessed the rector, and he turned to the poor thin face on the pillow in a passion of remorse.

The rector passed his own gate that night and went on to the chapel. He was suddenly profoundly disturbed as to his own spiritual condition. When had he ever harbored such sinful thoughts toward another?

It was still and cool in the dim little chapel. The rector sank down in a pew and buried his face in his hands. Almost the burden was greater than he could bear, he thought, as he looked ahead on the dreary days of joyless toil. For, his sad heart told him, he could no longer regulate his own dreams, to say nothing of his rebellious spirit; else why should he, waking and sleeping, be dreaming of someone whom he was doomed forever to watch while she moved in that other world—her world—peopled by a train of cavaliers whose interests were like her own.

The rector rose suddenly. He had never had the luxury of time for sorrow. He turned to the door, and it opened and Betty came in. She was in white, with roses in her belt, and to the Reverend Mr. Armory she was like an angelic presence in the gray chapel. Her cheeks were flushed and she was in some adorable hesitation.

"Mr. Armory," she said, beseechingly, "I saw you come here—and I came to tell you—I was horrid and stupid this afternoon—you must forgive me—will you?"

She held out her hand. Before he knew the rector had taken it in both his own and stood looking down at

"You Must Forgive Me—Will You?"

her in a humult of thankfulness, and a fear that was sweet, like hope. "It was I," he said brokenly. "You must forgive me. You don't know what your coming there meant to me—you don't know how happy it made me. But then I—the thought that that sort of thing was my whole life to me, and just a sort of interlude to you, made me wretched and rebellious. Don't you see? It made us seem so hopelessly apart. I seemed so outside your world—and I didn't want that. I wanted—"

The rector stopped, amazed at his own daring.

But Betty did not stop him. She met his eyes, and her own faltered a little, and her hand fluttered in his, and lay still. The rector of St. Marks looked down at her, a great, incredulous dawning in his eyes.

"Did you think," said Betty then, a little defiantly, "that I wanted to go away when I did? To leave—to leave there—"

Betty said "there," but her tone was "you," and the rector heard. And still he doubted—she was so throbbing with life, so keen in her love for the vague, glittering interests which the big cavalier shared—

"Betty," said the rector, almost warningly, "Betty—"

But the warning did not even serve himself. He drew her close to him, imprisoning her hands, sompelling her eyes.

"Betty!" he cried, ringingly, "do you know what that means?"

Betty's head was hidden, but he heard.

"I've known since this afternoon," she said, "when I had to go and play tennis, and leave you there."

Had to go and play tennis. Had to go with the big cavalier! Had to leave that stuffy little room—and him!

All the silent chapel was suddenly filled with little singing voices that followed them, when, presently, they were in the street, and at the gate of the gabled house. Around the corner was disappearing the big cavalier, and beside him a gown of ruffled blue.

Betty laughed suddenly. "That's Charlotte," she said. "We didn't expect her till to-morrow."

came Max was crazy at having to drive me down to—to you, at Chapman's. But I wanted to come and I made him."

"Charlotte?" questioned the rector, in a kind of happy spell.

Betty glanced up wonderingly.

"Oh, I forgot that you wouldn't know," she said. "It's my sister Charlotte. They—they are in love, too."

"Too!" cried the rector rapturously.

Great Surgeon is Dead.

Prof. Mostig, who was drowned a few days ago by falling into the Danube, has long been famous in this country as the discoverer of the use of iodoform in medicine. He was without doubt one of the greatest surgeons of the present era. Born of poor parents, he practically educated himself, and his fearful struggle against poverty in his early days made him the firm friend of those in humble walks of life. He would perform an operation upon a poor man absolutely without fee of any kind. Indeed, it is said that at least half the operations he carried out were done out of charity. Not long since he traveled 400 miles in response to an appeal to perform an operation on the wife of a man who had once been in his service and when his task was over and the patient placed in charge of the local doctor he walked out of the cottage and home again before the man could thank him, much less offer a fee.

Russia seems determined to find out for itself whether or not it is dangerous to sit on the safety valve.

ROMANCE OF NAVAL CRAFT.

Interesting History of a Ship and Yacht Called Dorothea.

Among the vessels assigned to the naval militia is one with a history.

It seems that many years ago, when it was the custom of the insurance underwriters to put up at auction vessels that had been long overdue and not heard from, a young apprentice in Philadelphia happened to attend one of these auctions at which a large ship named the Dorothea was put up for sale.

The vessel had taken aboard a very valuable cargo, which would go with the ship to the successful bidder, but the very fact that the property was so valuable had kept the underwriters from selling the craft until long after it had become generally believed that she was a total wreck.

Consequently the auctioneer cried the good ship Dorothea many times without getting a bid. Finally the young apprentice jokingly bid five dollars, as nobody would bid higher, the vessel and her cargo were knocked down to him. Imagine the astonishment of the maritime world when the Dorothea was reported sailing into Delaware bay.

The apprentice sold his prize for enough to start him in business, and for years the house thus formed was one of the leaders in enterprise and resources in the Quaker city. But at all times the head of the firm and his family successors made a point of owning and operating a ship named the Dorothea, which name also was given the oldest daughter in each succeeding generation.

Shortly before the Spanish war, however, the third head of the house was in failing health, and the only hope of saving his life, he was advised, was to live at sea. Accordingly he gave an order to the Cramps for a large and luxuriously appointed yacht, to be called the Dorothea, of course, and no expense was spared in her construction and equipment.

Unfortunately, death came to the owner before his yacht was finally finished and the government paid a fancy price for the Dorothea early in 1898.

With the close of the war there was no purely naval duty for which the Dorothea was fitted, and yet the government did not wish to sell her because there was no possibility of getting a price for her anything like what she had cost. She was accordingly laid up at the League Island navy yard until, says the Chicago Chronicle, the Illinois Naval reserves succeeded in convincing the navy department that they were entitled to her.

LONELY DOUGHERTY ISLAND.

No Landing Ever Made There, and Sighted Only Twice in a Century.

Which is the loneliest, most desolate and most inaccessible island on the face of the globe? Many people would doubtless plump for one of the Crozets, which were recently brought into notice owing to the wreck thereon of the Norwegian exploring ship Catherine, and the subsequent rescue of the castaway crew by the Turakina, a British steamer dispatched from Cape Town for that purpose.

But Hog Island, the westernmost of the group and the one whereon the wrecked men spent most of their time, is by no means an undesirable place of residence, says Pérson's Weekly, abounding as it does in hares and rabbits, penguins, albatrosses and sea elephant.

Heard Island, in the same seas, is far more isolated, as well as more barren; but it possesses, as does Hog, a shelter hut for castaways, and is visited by whalers occasionally. So too is South Georgia, but it has no shelter hut, and as it is right out of the track of shipping and one unlucky enough to be cast away thereon would stand a very poor chance of ever getting off alive.

Bouvet Island, in the same seas, is visited even more rarely, and on the last occasion when a ship touched there five corpses were found frozen on the beach, grim mementos of some unrecorded tragedy of the sea. Possession Island, in its turn, is still lonelier and more inhospitable than Bouvet.

But probably the palm in this direction must be ascribed to Dougherty Island, on which, as far as is known, no landing has ever yet been effected. It has only been sighted twice in a century, and is officially described in the admiralty sailing directions as "the most remote and isolated spot on earth."

Rosen a Pianist.

Baron Rosen, the Russian ambassador to Washington, who has just been decorated by his imperial master at St. Petersburg with the cross of the White Eagle, is one of the finest piano players in Washington. It is said that Baron Rosen intended, as a youth, to fit himself for an artistic career, and with this object in view studied music in Paris under the finest teachers. He developed particular proficiency on the piano, and under the advice of his instructors adopted that instrument as the one which he would master. The baron seldom ever consents to play for the entertainment of crowds, and only when surrounded at the embassy by a few personal friends will he give an exhibition of his rare accomplishment. He and Paderewski, the great Polish pianist, are warm friends, having been drawn together years ago by their mutual love for the piano.

By the way, it not known by many, even of "Marse Henry" Watterson's most intimate friends, that Kentucky's famous editor chose an artistic career when a boy. He was sent to Paris by his father to pursue his musical studies under the masters there, and, like Baron Rosen, the Kentuckian adopted the piano. Also, like the Russian, "Marse Henry" declines to play in public, but he can pound as much music out of the piano as the best of them can.—Washington Herald.

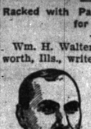
The Retort Unkind.

Gerald—Man is descended from the monkey.

Geraldine—I don't think you are any improvement upon your ancestors.—N. Y. Press.

SUFFERED TORTURES.

Racked with Pain, Day and Night, for Years.



Wm. H. Walter, engineer, of Chatsworth, Ills., writes: "Kidney disease was lurking in my system for years. I had torturing pain in the side and back and the urine was dark and full of sediment. I was racked with pain day and night, and could not sleep or sat well, and finally became crippled and bent over with rheumatism. Doan's Kidney Pills brought quick relief, and in time, cured me. Though I lost 40 pounds, I now weigh 200, more than ever before."

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

SYMPATHY FOR THE FISH.

Upton Sinclair's Amazing Parable on Charity of the Rich.

Upton Sinclair, in an address before a body of Chicago Socialists, said of charity:

"The average charity, the charity of the rich, seems rather futile to me. The rich oppress the poor enormously, then they help them slightly. It is like the young lady angler.

"'Why,' said a man to this young lady, 'do you always carry a bottle of liniment with you on your fishing excursions?'

She sighed.

"'I am sorry,' she said plaintively, for the poor little fish. And so, when I take one off the hook, I always rub its cut mouth with some liniment.'"

BLACK, ITCHING SPOTS ON FACE.

Physician Called It Eczema in Worst Form—Patient Despaired of Cure—Cuticura Remedies Cured Her.

"About four years ago I was afflicted with black splotches all over my face and a few covering my body, which produced a severe itching irritation, and which caused me a great deal of suffering, to such an extent that I was forced to call in two of the leading physicians of ——. After a thorough examination of the dreaded complaint they announced it to be skin eczema in the worst form. Their treatment did me no good. Finally I became despondent and decided to discontinue their services. My husband purchased a single set of the Cuticura Remedies, which entirely stopped the breaking out. I continued the use of the Cuticura Remedies for six months, and after that every splotch was entirely gone. I have not felt a symptom of the eczema since, which was three years ago. Mrs. Lizzie E. Sledge, 540 Jones Ave., Selma, Ala., Oct. 28, 1905."

Whew!

"Really—er—I'm afraid you overheard what I—er—said about you," stammered the gossip who had been caught redhanded. "Perhaps I—er—was a bit too severe—"

"Oh, no," replied the other woman, "you weren't nearly as severe as you would have been if you knew what I think of you."

$100 Reward, $100.

"The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by all Druggists, 75c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

The Web of Life.

Life is the daily web of character, unconsciously weave. Our thoughts, imaginations, purpose, motives, love, will, are the under threads; and the passing moment is the suttle, swiftly, teaselessly, relentlessly, weaving those threads into a web; and that web is life.—S. D. Gordon.

Don't Sneeze Your Head Off.

Kruse's Cold Capsules will cure you almost instantly. At all Druggists, 25c.

Let a man overcome anger by love; let him overcome evil by good, the greedy by liberality, the liar by truth. —Dhammapada.

SUFFERED TORTURES.

Our deeds are letters that we forge ourselves.—George Eliot.

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

Be your own taskmaster, your boss has other responsibilities than looking after you.

Ladies Can Wear Shoes

One size smaller after using Allen's Foot-Ease. A certain cure for swollen, sweating, hot, aching feet. At all Druggists, 25c. Accept no substitute. Trial package FREE. Address A. S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

So He Rang Off.

"And you didn't propose to her?"

"No."

"Why?"

"I was leading right up to it, but suddenly noted that her voice had a sort of previous-engagement ring."—Smart Set.

Quaker Wit.

A Quaker riding in a carriage with a fashionable woman decked with a profusion of jewelry, as a substitute, perhaps, for her scanntiness of clothes, heard her complaining of the cold. Shivering in her lace bonnet and shawl, she exclaimed, "What shall I do to get warm?"

"I really don't know," replied the Quaker solemnly, "unless thou put on another breastpin."—Sunday Magazine.

Sarcasm.

The hatchet-faced female surveyed the tramp at her back door, then she sniffed the air suspiciously.

"You want something to eat?" she sneered. "I smell liquor!"

"Hain't got any on me."

"Strange. I detect a distinct odor of liquor."

"Ain't got a drop," the tramp protested.

"Are you sure you haven't a bottle concealed in your pocket?"

"Aw, take me word for it. If I had I'd oblige yer an' produce. I never wuz stingy at sharin' de booze."

Thereupon he faded away gracefully.

Prizes for Tanned Pieces.

With the object of encouraging the pupils of the Farnham grammar school to spend their recent holiday in the open air as much as possible, the Rev. S. Priestley, the head-master, offered a prize to the boy who returned to school with the brownest face. On the pupils reassembling for the summer term 12 were picked out as being the most tanned, and it was announced that the judges had awarded the prize to Foster, the captain of the school. It is understood that Foster declines to divulge to the other boys the secret of his preparation, if any.—London Globe.

The Camera Fiend's Wanderlust.

As the sun day by day ascends the heavens and the actinic value of its light increases, rhapsodizes the editor of the American Amateur Photographer, there seized us once more the fervor of the enthusiast. From the high shelf down comes the camera, the plate holders are loaded, and we tramp across the green fields looking for pictures—or pretending to. For half the cause of our wandering has naught to do with the black box we carry with us. The primitive instinct for—the ancestral wanderlust, it is, that has seized us and driven us forth to nature.

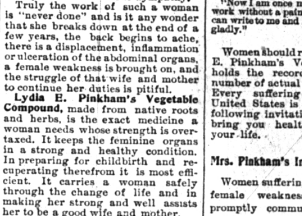
DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

FOR ALL KIDNEY DISEASES, RHEUMATISM, BRIGHT'S DISEASE, DIABETES, BACKACHE.

"375 "Guaranteed"

W. N. U., DETROIT, NO. 25, 1907.

WORKING WOMEN, WHAT THEY SHOULD KNOW



MRS. SADIE ABBOTT — MRS. PREE McKITRICK

Women for the most part spend their lives at home, and it is these women who are willing and ambitious that their homes shall be kept neat and pretty, their children well dressed and tidy, who do their own cooking, sweeping, dusting and often washing, ironing and sewing for the entire family, who call for our sympathy.

Truly the work of such a woman is "never done" and is it any wonder that she breaks down at the end of a few years, the back begins to ache, there is a displacement, inflammation or ulceration of the abdominal organs, a female weakness is brought on, and the struggle of that wife and mother to continue her duties is pitiful.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from native roots and herbs, is the exact medicine a woman needs whose strength is overtaxed. It keeps the feminine organs in a strong and healthy condition. In preparing for childbirth and recuperating therefrom it is most efficient. It carries a woman safely through the change of life and in making her strong and well assists her to be a good wife and mother.

Mrs. Sadie Abbott, of Jeannette, Pa., writes:

Dear Mrs. Pinkham—

"I suffered severely with pain every month and also a pain in my left side. My doctor prescribed for me but did me no good. A friend advised Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and I wrote you in regard to my condition. I followed your advice and am a perfectly well woman. The pains have all disappeared and I cannot recommend your medicine too highly."

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Succeeds Where Others Fail.

Mrs. Pree McKitrick, of La Fargo, Wis., writes:

Dear Mrs. Pinkham:

"For six years I suffered from female weakness. I was so irregular that I would go from three weeks to six months, so I thought I would give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial.

"Now I am once more well and can do my work without a pain. Any one who wishes can write to me and I will answer all letters gladly."

Women should remember that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound holds the record for the greatest number of actual cures of female ills. Every suffering woman in the United States is asked to accept the following invitation. It is free, will bring you health and may save your life.

Mrs. Pinkham's Invitation to Women.

Women suffering from any form of female weakness are invited to promptly communicate with Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass. From the symptoms given, the trouble may be located and the quickest and surest way of recovery advised. Out of her vast volume of experience in treating female ills Mrs. Pinkham probably has the very knowledge that will help your case. Her advice is free and always helpful.

We Cure Piles

AND TRUST TO YOUR HONOR TO PAY WHEN YOU CAN.

Piles, fistula and all other diseases of the rectum cured by a new PAINLESS DISSOLVENT METHOD. Our own discovery, a secret process known only to ourselves. No hazardous operation, knife, or chloroform used. Many bad cases cured in one painless treatment and few cases require more than two weeks for a complete cure.

A Few Michigan References

F. C. Rheubottom, Union City; Mrs. A. L. Hurrell, Owosso; Mr. Geo. W. Wright, S. Frankfort; Albert C. Bates, Bezanonia; S. S. Aldrich, R. R. 11, Belding; Miss Mae Fuller, St. Louis; George Sandfer, Sparta; S. G. Hoag, Richard Martin, Northwood; Mrs. W. A. Port, Albion; A. J. Bradford, Balgrin.

Write a full description of your case so you understand it and we will tell you just what we can do for you and the cost. Remember nothing paid until cured. We have treated over 4,000 cases without a single failure.

Our free book contains testimonials from all parts and contains the names and addresses of people near your home we would gladly have you see or write for references.

Drs. BURLESON & BURLESON

RECTAL SPECIALISTS

103 Monroe St., Grand Rapids, Michigan

FREE To convince any woman that Paxtine will do what it claims to do, we will send her absolutely free a large trial box of Paxtine with book of instructions and genuine testimonials. Send your name and address on a postal card.

PAXTINE cleanses and heals the mucous membrane of the affections, such as nasal catarrh, pelvic catarrh and inflammation, painful or profuse menstruation, leucorrhoea, sore throat and mouth, by direct local treatment. Its curative power over these troubles is extraordinary and gives immediate relief. Thousands of women are now using and recommending it every day. 50 cents at druggists or by mail, postpaid, including book. IT COSTS YOU NOTHING TO TRY IT. THE R. PAXTON CO., Boston, Mass.

EXTENSION NUTS Cure Loose Shoes. Make old boots wear like new. Quick sellers and very profitable for live agents. Sample and territory, HARDWARE SPECIALTY CO., Box 500 Foxboro, Mass.

PATENTS and **TRADE MARKS** obtained. Patents secured by us bring you a profitable income. Send for our 64-page book on patents, free. ALEXANDER & DOWELL, Patent Lawyers, Dept. 2, 1322 F St., N. W., WASHINGTON, D. C.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher

In Use For Over Thirty Years

CASTORIA

900 DROPS

CASTORIA

ALCOHOL 3 PER CENT.

A Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomachs and Bowels of

INFANTS CHILDREN

Promotes Digestion Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral. NOT NARCOTIC.

Recipe of Old Dr SAMUEL PITCHER

Rhubarb Seed · Alx. Senna · Rochelle Salts · Anise Seed · Peppermint · Bicarbonate Soda · Worm Seed · Clarified Sugar · Wintergreen Flavor.

A perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and LOSS OF SLEEP.

Fac Simile Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. NEW YORK.

At 6 months old 35 DOSES – 35 CENTS

Guaranteed under the Food & Drugs Act June 30, 1906, Serial Number 1542.

Exact Copy of Wrapper.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.