TIRED BACKS.

The kidneys have a great work to do in keeping the blood pure. When they get out of order it causes backache, headaches, dizziness languor and distressing urinary troubles. Keep the kidneys well and all these sufferings will be saved you. Mrs. S.A. Moore, proprietor of a restaurant at Waterville, Me., says: "Before using Doan's Kidney Pills I suffered everything from kidney troubles for a year and a half. I had pain in the back and head, and almost continuous in the loins and felt weary all the time. A few doses of Doan's Kidney Pills brought great relief, and I kept on taking them until in a short time I was cured. I think Doan's Kidney Pills are wonderful."

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

ASIA FAR BEHIND NATIONS.

Illiteracy Prevails There to a Most Amazing Extent.

Of the 20,000,000 people inhabiting Spain, only about 25 per cent. can read and write; another two and one-half per cent. of the population can read without being able to write, but the remaining 62½ per cent. are absolute illiterates. In the south of Spain it is impossible to get a servant who can read and write, and many of the postmen are unable to tell to whom the letters they carry are addressed. They bring a bundle of letters to a house and the owner looks through them and takes those which are (or which he thinks are) addressed to him. The Spanish postmen are not paid by the state; the recipient of the letters have to remunerate them according to the amount of their correspondence, and each letter costs the addressee at least one cent. It is a joke among the easy-going Spaniards that he who treats the postmen best receives the most letters—whether they are intended for him or not.

Long Time to Sweep.

Everything, even a magnificent church, must be regarded from the point of view of the beholder. A London paper says that two country girls, who acted as if they might be enjoying a holiday from domestic service, were observed walking down the aisles of St. Paul's Cathedral. Under the great dome one of them stood and gazed around her with an air of such wonder that a spectator might well suppose that she was awestruck by her solemn surroundings. But when she spoke, the idea was dissipated. "Oh, Sarah," she exclaimed, "wouldn't this place take a long time to sweep?"

Queer Idea of Enjoyment.

Dr. Juliet Severance writes in the Vegetarian Magazine:

"I am often reminded of a clinic case brought before the class when I was in medical college in 1858. The man had gout and rheumatism, both the small and large joints being immovable, and his suffering was severe. Dr. R. T. Trall, professor of theory and practice, was explaining to us the importance of a very strict and abstemious diet. The poor fellow tried vainly to turn his head, and grunted out: 'I can't eat that; I want to enjoy life while I do live.'"

Watching the Knife Play.

"There is an awful fascination about seeing people eat with their knives," said he who has just spent a week on the farm for this health, with a retrospective look in his eyes. "A knife is such an unexpected instrument. You never know just where it is going to strike. You can't keep your eyes off. You are afraid to look for fear it might slip and cut the mouth half in two, and you are afraid if you don't look it might happen and you won't get to see it."

Concerning His Business.

A Boston lawyer, who brought his wit from his native Dublin, while cross-examining the plaintiff in a divorce trial, brought forth the following:

"You wish to divorce this woman because she drinks?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you drink yourself?"

"That's my business!"—angrily.

Whereupon the unmoved lawyer asked:

"Have you any other business?"—Everybody's.

Brains are Built

from certain kinds of

FOOD

Try

Grape-Nuts

"America has become a land of nervous emotionalists, largely owing to our sins against the dietetic health laws of nature.

"Only outdoor exercise in a cold climate would enable vigorous individuals of our species to digest the viands forced upon alimentary organs enfeebled by sedentary occupations," wrote Dr. Felix Oswald.

Brain workers must have different food than laborers, because brain work uses up parts of the brain and nerve centers, while physical labor uses up other parts of the body.

Grape-Nuts, a food for brain workers, prepared by scientific food makers, is a pure, natural food made from selected parts of field grains known to contain the natural phosphate of pot ash and other elements required by the system in rebuilding and repairing the brain and nerve centers. This food is skillfully cooked at the factory and is ready to be served instantly with cream. At all first-class grocers and made by the Postum Co., at Battle Creek, Mich. Read the little health classic, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

THE 13th

By Thomas W. Lawson

Copyright, 1906, by Dodd, Mead & Company

CHAPTER IV.—Continued.

"I agree with you, Ike. If I had the steering of this killing, I don't think I would take any chance of tempting them to dump and grab the profits by carrying it much over 200. But you can't tell what 'Cam' and those four-eyed dentists at 26 Broadway will do."

"Yes, put der iss anudder t'ing, Cho, dat makes me sit up unt plink about her goin' ofer two hundred. Tomorrow's Friday der t'irteenth."

"Of course, Ike, that is something to be reckoned with, and every man on the floor and in the street as well has his eye on it. Friday, the 13th, would break the best bull market ever under way. You and I know that, Ike, and the dope shows it, too, but you have got to stack this up against it on this trip: 'No man on the floor knows what Friday, the 13th, means better than Barry Conant. He has worked it to the queen's taste many a time. Why, Barry would not eat today for fear the food would get stuck in his windpipe. He's never left the pole for a minute; but suppose, Ike, Barry had tipped off 'Cam' that all the boys will let go their fliers, and most of them will take one on the short side over to-night for a superstitious drop at the opening; and suppose 'Cam' had told him to take them all into camp and give her a rafter-scraper at the opening, where would old Friday, 13th, land on tomorrow's dope-sheets? Bring up the average, wouldn't it, for five years to some? I tell you, Ike, she's too deep for me this run, and I'm goin' to let her alone and pay for the turkey out of loan commissions or stick to plain work-day food."

"Zame here, Cho. Say, Cho, haf you noticed Pop Prownlee to-tay? He has frozen to deh fringe off dat Sugar crowd ess t'ough some von hat nipped 'is scarf-pin unt he vos layin' for him as he came out. He hasn't made a trade to-tay unt yet he sticks like a stamp-tax. I ben keeping my eyes on him for I t'ought he hat someding up his sleeve dat might raise tuat ven he tropt id. I dink Parry has hat deh same ideat. He never loses sight of him, yet Pop hasn't made a trade to-tay, unt here id iss 20 minutes of dergiose unt dere is Parry in deh center again whooping her up ofer two hundred unt four."

CHAPTER V.

Thursday, November 12, was a memorable day in Wall street. As the gong peeled its the game's closed-till-another-day, the myriad of tortured souls that are supposed to haunt the treacherous bogs and quicksands of the great exchange, where lie their earthly hopes, must have prayed with renewed earnestness for its destruction before the morrow. Never had the stock exchange folded its tents with surer confidence of continuing its victorious march. Sugar advanced with record-breaking total sales to 207½ and the final half-hour carried the whole list of stocks up with it. In that time some of the railroads jumped ten points. Sugar closed at the very top amid great excitement, with Barry Conant taking all offered. During the last 30 minutes it had become evident to all that the board-room traders and plungers, together with many of the semi-professional gamblers, who operated through commission houses, were selling out their stock and going short over the opening of the Wall street hoodoo-day, Friday, the 13th of the month. But it was also evident, with the heavy selling at the close and stiffness of the price, which had never wavered as block after block was thrown on the market, that some powerful interest as well had taken cognizance of the fact that the morrow was hoodoo-day. At the close, most of the sellers, had they been granted another five minutes, would have repurchased, even at a loss, what they had sold, for it looked as though they had sold themselves into a trap. Their anxiety was intensified by the publication, a few minutes later, of this item:

"Barry Conant in coming from the Sugar crowd after the close remarked to a fellow broker: 'By three o'clock tomorrow, the 13th, will have a new meaning to Wall street.' This was interpreted as pointing to a terrific jump in Sugar to-morrow."

"The street" knew that the news bureau that sent out this item was friendly to Barry Conant and the "system," and that it would print nothing displeasing to them. Therefore, this must be a foreword of the coming harvest of the bulls and the slaughter of the bears.

Others than Ike Bloomenstein remarked upon the fact that Bob Brownley had hung close to the Sugar-pole all day, but when the close had come and gone without his having anything to do with the Sugar skyrockets, he dropped out of his fellow-brokers' minds. Wall street has no use for any but the "doer." The poet and the mooner would be no more secure from interruption in the center of the Sahara than in Wall street between ten and three o'clock. Some sage has said that the human mind, like the well-bucket, can carry only its fill. The Wall street mind always has its fill of budding dollars. In consequence, there is never room for those other interests that enter the normal mind.

Friday, the 13th of November, drifted over Manhattan island in a dreary drizzle of narrow-chilling haze, which just missed being rain—one of those New York days that give a hesitating suicide renewed courage to cut the mortal coil. By ten o'clock it had settled down on the stock exchange and its surrounding infernos with a clamminess that damped the spirits of the most rampant bulls. No class in the world is so susceptible to atmospheric conditions as stock-gamblers. Many a stout-hearted one has been known to postpone the inauguration of a long-planned coup merely because the air filled his blood with the dank chill of superstition. Because of the expected Sugar pyrotechnics, stock exchange members had gathered early; the brokers offices were overcrowded before ten; the morning papers, not only in New York but in Boston, Philadelphia and other centers, were filled with stories of the big rise that was to take place in Sugar. The knowing ones saw the ear-marks of the "system's" press-agent in these stories; and they knew that this industrious institution had not sat up the night before because of insomnia. All the signs pointed to a killing, and a terrific one—pointed so plainly that the bears and Sugar shorts found no hope in the atmosphere or the date.

Bob had not been near the office the afternoon before, and as he had not come in by five minutes to ten, I decided to go over to the exchange and see if he were going to mix up in the baiting of the Sugar bears. I had no specific reasons for thinking he was interested except his recent queer actions, particularly his hanging to the Sugar-pole, yet doing nothing, the day before. But it is one of the best established traditions of stock gamboledom that when an operator has been bitten by a rabid stock he is invariably attracted to it every time afterward that it shows signs of frothing. More than all, I had one of those strong nowhere-born-nowhere-cradled intuitions common to those living in the stock-gambling world, which made me feel the creepy shadow of coming events.

"To-Morrow's Friday der T'irteenth."

As on that day a few weeks before, the crowd was at the Sugar pole, but its alignment was different. There in the center were Barry Conant and his trusted lieutenants, but no opposing rival. None of those hundreds of brokers showed that desperate resolve to do or die that is born of a necessity. They were there to by or sell, but not to put up a life or death, on-me-depends-the-result fight. Those who were long of stock could easily be distinguished by their expressions of joy from the shorts, who had seen the handwriting on the wall and were filled with uncertainty, fear, terror. The demeanor of Barry Conant and his lieutenants expressed confidence; they were going to do what they were there to do. They showed by their tight-buttoned coats, and squared shoulders that they expected lots of rush, push and haul work, but apparently they anticipated no last-ditch fighting. The gong pealed and the crowd of brokers sprang at one another, but only for blood, not flesh, bone, heart and soul; just blood. The first price on Sugar was 211 for 3,000 shares. Some one sold it in a block. Barry Conant bought it. It did not require three eyes to see that the seller was one of his lieutenants. This meant what is known as a "wash" sale, a fictitious one arranged in advance between two brokers to establish the basis for the trades that are to follow—one of those minor frauds of stock-gambling by which the public is deceived and the traders and plungers are handicapped with loaded dice. In principle, it is a device older than stock exchanges themselves, and is put to use elsewhere than on the floor. For instance, four genuine buyers want a particular animal worth $200 at a horse auction. Its owner's pal starts the bidding at $400, and the four, not being up in horse values, are thereby induced to reach for it at between $400 and $500. But human nature, whether at horse sales or at stock-gambling, loves to be "hinkey-dinked" as much as the moth to play tag with the candle flame. In five minutes Sugar was selling at 221, and the frantic shorts were grabbing for it as though there never was to be another share put on sale, while Barry Conant and his lieutenants were most industriously pushing it just beyond their reaching finger-tips, either by buying it as fast as it was offered by genuine sellers, or by taking what their own pals threw in the air.

I was not surprised to see Bob's tall form wedged in the crowd about two-thirds of the way from the center. Every other active floor member was there, too. Even Ike Bloomenstein and Joe Barnes, who seldom went into the big crowds, were on hand, perhaps to catch a flier for their Thanksgiving turkey money, perhaps to get as near the killing as possible. Bob was not trading, although on the day before, he never took his eye off Barry Conant. I said to myself: "He is trying to fathom Barry Conant's movements," but for what purpose puzzled me. The hands of the big clock on the wall showed that trading had been 30 minutes under way, and still Barry Conant was pushing up the price. His voice had just rung out "25 for any part of 5,000" when, like an echo, it sounded through the hall: "Sold." It was Bob. He had worked his way to the center of the crowd and stood in front of Barry Conant. He was not the Bob who had taken Barry Conant's gaff that afternoon a few weeks before. I never saw him cooler, calmer, more self-possessed. He was the incarnation of confident power. A cold, cynical smile played around the corners of his mouth as he looked down upon his opponent.

The effect upon Barry Conant was different from that of Bob's last bid on the day when Beulah Sands' hopes went skyward in dust. It did not rouse in him the wild, furious desire for the onslaught that he showed then, but seemed to quicken his alert, prolific mind to exercise all its cunning. I think that in that one moment Barry Conant recalled his suspicions of the day before, when he had wondered what Bob's presence in the crowd meant, and that he saw again the picture of Bob on the day when he himself had ditched Bob's treasure-train. He hesitated for just the fraction of a second, while he waved with lightning-like rapidity a set of finger signals to his lieutenants. Then he squared himself for the encounter. "25 for 5,000." Cold, cold as the voice of a condemning judge rang Bob's "Sold." "25 for 5,000." "Sold." "25 for 5,000." "Sold." Their eyes were fixed upon each other, in Barry's a defiant glare, in Bob's mingled pity and contempt. The rest of the brokers hushed their own bids and offers until it could have truthfully been said that the floor of the stock exchange was quiet, an almost unheard-of thing in like circumstances. Again Barry Conant's voice, "25 for 5,000." "Sold." "25 for 5,000." "Sold." Barry Conant had met his master

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

In Days of Old.

Cain rushed up to the fig tree in fever of excitement.

"Oh, pa," he exclaimed, breathlessly, "I just saw a pterodactylus catch big glyptodon and swallow him whole."

Father Adam shook his head.

"Better be careful, my son," he warned, "or some one will accuse you of being a nature faker."

For even in those days it was not wise to exaggerate about the habit of big game.

Needed Then.

Tommy—Does your son hit your foot under the table when you've had enough?

Johnny—No; that's when I haven't had enough. When I have she sends for the doctor.—Stray Stories.

TAKING NO MORE CHANCES.

Keepers Had Special Cartridges For Poor Marksman.

Dr. Seward Webb at a dinner at Shelburne Farms, his great Vermont estate, said of a certain poor marksman: "Visiting his English brother-in-law, he shot the head keeper in the leg the first morning he tried pheasant shooting. The man limped away cursing horribly. Next day he had wretched luck, though the wounded head keeper without malice had assigned him to a fairly good place. Bang, bang, bang, went his gun every few seconds, but not a bird fell before it. He was much embarrassed. It seemed, too, that at each of his misses the under keepers smiled at one another oddly. Finally his cartridges gave out. He hurried to the nearest keeper and demanded more. 'There ain't no more, sir,' the man answered. 'No more? Nonsense. Why, you've got at least 1,000 in that box.' The keeper flushed and stammered out: 'Ah, but them ain't for you, sir. They're for another gent. They've got shot in 'em, sir.'"

TRUE LOVE'S ROUTE

IS IT ALWAYS THROUGH THE HEART?

Sometimes "Py the Stummick," According to Philosopher Who Backs Up His Assertion with Conclusive Individual Proof.

Max, the Washington Heights saloon keeper, sat in his cheerful back room the other night and defied the weather. Being Sunday the chain was on the door, and the presence of two policemen in uniform, who had dropped in for a little something warm to offset the effect of the uncharitable elements, contributed to the general atmosphere of security and comfort. Half a dozen of Max's most neighborly patrons added to the homelike tone.

Max himself smacked his lips and sighed a large and comprehensive sigh of satisfaction as he arranged the trayful of delicacies which had just been brought down from his cozy flat and constituted his Sunday evening meal. He had let the bartender go for the day and was on duty himself; hence he could not join his family at supper. He carefully preened his long blonde mustache, hid the brilliance of the big diamond that glowed like a headlight on his spotless shirt front, and then when apparently about to tackle the repast, smacked his lips yet again and paused to remark:

"Lofe comes py the stummick. Yes, mine friends, lofe iss not py der head nor py der heart, but py der stummick. I prove it 14 years ago. Dis mine wife upstairs, she would tell you der same.

"Fourteen years ago I wass a bartender, und for six monts I keep company py a girl what wass der sister of mine vife upstairs. I get Tuesdays off, und I take supper mit mine girl und her mudder. Dis vun, mine vife, wass a cook mit a private family, und so for six monts I nefer see her on Tuesdays. But ve hat goot suppers; mine girl, she cook 'em.

"But vun Tuesday I find mine girl iss not home. Her sister, mine vife, is home, und she cooks der supper. Ach, Gott; what a supper! She hass all mine favorites—Hungarian goulash, home mate peach pie and French coffee mit cream. Ach, such a cook! Such a supper! Py and py I say:

"'Where iss your sister?'

"'She's gone mit a girl py a play,' she says.

"'I hope she staye there,' I says.

"Well, mine friends, dot night I propose to my girl's sister, der cook. Lofe comes py der stummick. She says: 'O, what vill mine sister say?' 'You tell her I say for her to go py der devil,' says I. In one week we wass married, und dot is mine goot vife upstairs dere 14 years.

"Now, I always have goot food, und I am der boss. Vhen I speak efery-boty in der house shuts up. I say lofe comes py der stummick."

"Good for you, Max," chorused the listeners.

"But one t'ing I vill not do," continued the saloon keeper between bites. "I vill not vheel der baby carriage. I vill valk alongside, mine hants behint mine back, und smoke my cigar. I vill not hantle der milk pottle. What does mens know about such t'ings? Noddings. I am a practical mans like mine fader and mudder.

"Plenty vifes send der husbands oudt on Sunday mit der babies und der milk pottles. Der babies cry und der mens stuff 'em mit milk. In der night they get sick. On Monday comes de doctor. AK der week it takes to get der babies well again. I vill not push der baby carriage."

And the audience, in tones of conviction chorused:

"You're all right, Max ol' feller; we wouldn't, either."—Washington Post.

How to Get Rid of Prejudices.

There is nothing like getting well acquainted to knock erroneous notions out of people's minds. At least two-thirds of the complications of the past which led to serious disagreement, if not to open hostility, have been traceable to the differences due to distance and lack of close intercourse. Modern methods, which by means of steamship and cable lines are bringing everybody into touch, are steadily doing away with causes of misunderstanding. Intelligent and unbiased men and women, no matter what their own beliefs, political, religious and social, who travel about the world and learn to know the natives of other regions, have most of their prejudices removed and find that there is a great common humanity where all can meet on fairly equal terms.

Wanderings of a Seagull.

On Oct. 28 last there was shot at Oushy, on Lake Leman, a seagull, aged about 18 months, which was found to be wearing on its claw a silver ring engraved with the words "Vogel Station, Rossiten 20." Rossiten is situated on the Lido of the Courland lagoon, between Konigsberg and Memel, in the Baltic. 1,500 kilometers from the Lake of Geneva. M. Florel, of Lausanne, communicated with Dr. J. Thienemann, director of the ornithological station at Rossiten. According to the latest notes the full No. 20 was hatched there and was marked with the ring when 15 days old, before it could fly, on July 4, 1905. It seems probable that it had thus made two winter migrations before it fell a victime to the human barbarian.—New York Herald.

M'KINLEY MONUMENT

To Be Dedicated in Buffalo Sept. 5, Former Residents Invited.

The beautiful white marble shaft erected by the state of New York in Niagara Square, Buffalo, N. Y., to the memory of President McKinley, is to be formally dedicated Thursday, Sept. 5, and the event will be the central feature of Buffalo's Old Home Week, Sept. 1 to 7. Former residents of Buffalo and the public at large are cordially invited to attend the dedication.

The McKinley monument was planned and executed under the direction of a commission of prominent men, at a cost of $150,000. Gov. Charles E. Hughes, with his military staff, will take part in the ceremonies and President Roosevelt and former President Grover Cleveland have been invited to attend and speak. Military parades will be a feature of the occasion.

NO GAIN AND SOME LOSS.

Neighbor's Comment in Which There Seems a Strain of Sarcasm.

"Yes," the leader of the amateur brass band was saying, "it's curious to see what an effect learning to play a horn has on some persons. I used to be a pretty good bass singer, but I can't sing worth a cent now."

"Does learning to play a horn spoil the voice?" asked his next-door neighbor.

"It did mine."

"How do you account for it?"

"I don't know how to account for it. Strains the vocal chords, perhaps. All I know is that I blew my voice out through the mouthpiece of my cornet."

"Did you have a good voice?"

"Everybody said so."

"Then it's a great pity you ever learned to play a horn," rejoined his neighbor, shaking his head sadly. "I—er—think I should have enjoyed hearing you sing."—Youth's Companion.

FEARFUL BURNING SORES.

Boy in Misery 12 Years—Eczema in Rough Scales, Itching and Inflamed—Cured by Cuticura.

"Cuticura has put a stop to twelve years of misery I passed with my son. As an infant I noticed on his body a red spot and treated same with different remedies for about five years, but when the spot began to get larger I put him under the care of doctors. Under their treatment the disease spread to four different parts of his body. During the day it would get rough and form like scales. At night it would be cracked, inflamed and badly swollen, with terrible burning and itching. One doctor told me that my son's eczema was incurable, and gave it up. I decided to give Cuticura a trial. When I had used the first box of Cuticura Ointment there was a great improvement, and by the time I had used the second set of Cuticura Remedies my child was cured. He is now twelve years old, and his skin is as fine and smooth as silk. Michael Steinman, 7 Sumner Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y., April 16, 1905."

A woman who has given her lips has given everything.—Anonymous.

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

Johnson: "Round numbers" are always false.

District Density Regulated.

The District of Columbia has the greatest population a square mile of any section of this country. The figures are slightly more than 3,839. In Alaska there is only one person to ten square miles. Rhode Island is second to Washington, with 407 persons a square mile.

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.

Passive.

Bill—Did you say he has horse sense?

Jill—No; why, he hasn't even got mule sense. I never knew him to kick in his life!—Yonkers Statesman.

It Cures While You Walk.

Allen's Foot-Ease is a certain cure for hot, sweating, callous, and swollen, aching feet. Sold by all Druggists, 25c. Don't accept any substitute. Trial package FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Remember, young man, if you are not satisfied with your job, the chances are that the boss will not refuse to accept your resignation.

Does Your Head Ache?

If so, get a box of Krause's Headache Capsules of your Druggist. 25c.
Norman Lichty Mfg. Co., Des Moines, Ia.

Our idea of a loafer is a man who rests before he gets tired.

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

FOR ALL KIDNEY DISEASES
RHEUMATISM
BRIGHT'S DISEASE
DIABETES BACKACHE

75 Guaranteed

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.

SPOT CASH

FOR SOLDIERS' HOMESTEAD RIGHTS

All soldiers who served ninety days or more in the federal army or navy between 1861-1865, and who made homestead entries for less than 160 acres on or before June 22, 1874, means that an additional right is due someone and that it can be sold to me for spot cash, no matter whether patent issued or not. If soldier is dead, his heirs are entitled. The right descends as follows: First, to the widow; and second, to the legal heirs, or next of kin. Talk to old soldiers, their widows, children, or next of kin, about this class of additional rights. Get busy right now and find some of these claimants who made homestead entries in early days. It's easy money. For further information address Comrade W. E. Moses, 81 California Building, Denver, Colo.

DAISY FLY KILLER

Kills Flies. Very getting rid of and destroying flies, it is a trade everywhere. One fly killer will last the entire season, is neat and clean and ornamental. Any children can safely send by mail or express, prepaid, 25 cents, 140 De Kalb Ave., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

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

W. N. U., DETROIT, NO. 32, 1907.

MRS. A. M. HAGERMANN

ALL WOMEN SUFFER

from the same physical disturbances, and the nature of their duties, in many cases, quickly drift them into the horrors of all kinds of female complaints, organic troubles, ulceration, falling and displacements, or perhaps irregularity or suppression causing backache, nervousness, irritability, and sleeplessness.

Women everywhere should remember that the medicine that holds the record for the largest number of actual cures of female ills is

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

made from simple native roots and herbs. For more than thirty years it has been helping women to be strong, regulating the functions perfectly and overcoming pain. It has also proved itself invaluable in preparing for child-birth and the change of Life.

Mrs. A. M. Hagermann, of Bay Shore, L. I., writes:—Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—"I suffered from a displacement, excessive and painful functions so that I had to lie down or sit still most of the time. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has made me a well woman so that I am able to attend to my duties. I wish every suffering woman would try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and see what relief it will give them."

Mrs. Pinkham's Standing Invitation to Women

Women suffering from any form of female illness are invited to write Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass. for advice She is the Mrs. Pinkham who has been advising sick women free of charge for more than twenty years, and before that she assisted her mother-in-law Lydia E. Pinkham in advising. Therefore she is especially well qualified to guide sick women back to health.

W. L. DOUGLAS

$3.00 & $3.50 SHOES BEST IN THE WORLD

SHOES FOR EVERY MEMBER OF THE FAMILY, AT ALL PRICES.

$25,000 Reward (To any one who can prove W. L. Douglas shoes are not made and sold at more Money and give more Value than any other manufacturer.

THE REASON W. L. Douglas $3.50 Shoes are worn by more men than any other shoe in all walks of life than any other make, is because of their excellent style, easy running qualities, and lasting qualities. The selection of the leathers and other materials for uppers of the shoes, every detail of the making is looked after by the most complete organization of shoe manufacturers, the most skilled shoemakers, who receive the highest wages paid in the shoe industry, and whose workmanship cannot be excelled.

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 intrinsic value than other makes.

My $4 Gilt Edge and $5 Gold Seam Shoes cannot be equalled at any price.

Beware of Douglas Shoes has name and price on the bottom to protect you against high prices and inferior shoes. Take no substitute. If your dealer cannot supply you, write direct to Factory. Catalog mailed free. W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.