WORTH MOUNTAINS OF GOLD

During Change of Life, says Mrs. Chas. Barclay

Granniteville, Vt. — "I was passing through the Change of Life and suffered from nervousness and other annoying symptoms, and I can truly say that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has proved worth mountains of gold to me, as it restored my health and strength. I never forget to tell my friends what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me during this trying period. Complete restoration to health means so much to me that for the sake of other suffering women I am willing to make my trouble public so you may publish this letter." — Mrs. Chas. Barclay, R.F.D., Graniteville, Vt.

No other medicine for woman's ills has received such wide-spread and unqualified endorsement. No other medicine we know of has such a record of cures of female ills as has Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

For more than 30 years it has been curing female complaints such as inflammation, ulceration, local weaknesses, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, indigestion and nervous prostration, and it is unequalled for carrying women safely through the period of change of life. It costs but little to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and, as Mrs. Barclay says, it is "worth mountains of gold" to suffering women.

WESTERN CANADA

What Prof. Shaw, the Well-Known Agriculturist, Says About It:

"I would scarcely raise cattle in Western Canada than in the corn belt of the United States. Feed is cheaper and climate better for the purpose. Your stock will winter better. Your farmers will produce the supplies. Wheat can be grown up to the 58th parallel 1000 miles north of the International boundary. Your vacant land will be taken as a rate beyond present conception. We have enough people in the United States who were born to live up in land." Nearly 70,000 Americans will enter and make their homes in Western Canada this year. 1909 produced another large crop of wheat, oats and barley, in addition to which the cattle exports was an immense item. Farming lands, fruit lands, grazing and timber lands are offering in the provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta.

Free homestead and pre-emption areas, as well as lands held by railway and land companies, will provide homes for millions.

Adaptable soil, healthful climate, splendid schools and churches, and good railways, make this the ideal country.

Illustrated atlas, showing how to reach the country and other publications, write to W. V. Rutherford, Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or to the Canadian Government agent.

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FARMS IN WESTERN CANADA FREE 160 ACRES

GETTING HIS IDIOMS MIXED

German-American May Have Meant Well, But His Directions Were Somewhat Complex.

Passengers on a New York street car were treated to some choice examples of German-American English when a stout gentleman with a robust voice started to relate to a friend his adventures of the previous night.

"Twelf o'glock it wass when he come alretty," said the stout man, "und on de toor rap."

"But," said his companion, "it was only about ten o'clock when he started over there."

"Well, twelf o'glock it wass when he comes alretty und on de toor rap. Und I tell him de dogtor he vant, he shouldn't go de frondt vay oudt, de side vay roundt und de pack vay oop, und chust as blain as dot. Und den de plame fool, he rap yet und vake efery-body de house in. Den I put myself my pants on und maype I don't pall him oudt. I call him a chumbp und a lopster—"

"No," laughed his friend, "you surely didn't call him that."

"Call him dot?" snorted the fat man. "Say, I call him eferything I can lay my handts on."

Algy Explains.

"What do you suppose, Algernon," the young thing asked, "is the reason the ocean is salty?"

"I am sure I don't know," drawled Algy, "unless it is because there are so many salt fish in it."—Success.

ABANDONED (T ... For the Old Fashioned Coffee Was Killing.

"I always drank coffee with the rest of the family, for it seemed as if there was nothing for breakfast if we did not have it on the table.

"I had been troubled some time with my heart, which did not feel right. This trouble grew worse steadily.

"Sometimes it would beat fast and at other times very slowly, so that I, would hardly be able to do work for an hour or two after breakfast, and if I walked up a hill, it gave me a severe pain.

"I had no idea of what the trouble was until a friend suggested that perhaps it might be caused by coffee drinking. I tried leaving off the coffee and began drinking Postum. The change came quickly. I am now glad to say that I am entirely well of the heart trouble and attribute the relief to leaving off coffee and the use of Postum.

"A number of my friends have abandoned the old fashioned coffee and have taken up with Postum, which they are using steadily. There are some people that make Postum very weak and tasteless, but if it is boiled long enough, according to directions, it is a very delicious beverage. We have never used any of the old fashioned coffee since Postum was first started in our house."

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

THE LAST VOYAGE OF THE DONNA ISABEL

BY RANDALL PARRISH
AUTHOR OF "DON HANNYON OF FLANDERS, ETC."

ILLUSTRATIONS BY DEARBORN REDFIELD
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SYNOPSIS.

The story opens with the introduction of John Stephens, adventurer, a Massachusetts man marooned by authorities at Valparaiso, Chile. Being interested in mining operations in Bolivia, he was denounced by Chile as an insurrectionist and as a consequence was hiding. At a hotel his attention was attracted by an Englishman and a young woman. Stephens rescued the young woman from a drunken officer. He was thanked by her. Admiral of the Peruvian navy confronted Stephens, told him that war had been declared between Chile and Peru and offered him the office of captain. He desired that that night the Esmeralda, a Chilean vessel, should be captured. Stephens accepted the commission. Stephens met a motley crew, to which he was assigned. He gave them final instructions. They boarded the vessel. They successfully captured the vessel supposed to be the Esmeralda, through strategy. Capt. Stephens gave directions for the departure of the craft. He entered the cabin and discovered the English woman and her maid. Stephens quickly learned the wrong vessel had been captured. It was Lord Darlington's private yacht, the lord's wife and maid being aboard. He explained the situation to her ladyship. Then First Mate Tuttle laid bare the plot, saying that the Sea Queen had been taken in order to go to the Antarctic circle. Tuttle explained that on a former voyage he had learned that the Donna Isabel was lost in 1773. He had found it frozen in a huge cake of ice on an island and contained much gold. Stephens consented to be the captain of the expedition. He told Lady Darlington. She was greatly alarmed, but expressed confidence in him. The Sea Queen encountered a vessel in the fog. Stephens attempted to communicate. This caused a fierce struggle and he was overcome. Tuttle finally squaring the situation. Then the Sea Queen headed south again. Under Tuttle's guidance the vessel made progress toward its goal. De Nova, the mate, told Stephens that he believed Tuttle, now acting as skipper, insane because of his queer actions. Stephens was awakened by crashing of glass. He saw Tuttle in the grip of a spasm of religious mania and overcame him. The sailor upon regaining his senses was taken ill. Tuttle committed suicide by shooting. Upon vote of the crew Stephens assumed the leadership and the men decided to continue the treasure hunt, the islands being supposed to be only 200 miles distant.

CHAPTER XVI.—Continued.

"We can make it easy in three days, Mr. Stephens," broke in Anderson, loudly. "If we only have decent weather, we could rip up that old hooker, copper the swag and be north-bound in that time."

I never glanced toward him, my eyes still on the mate.

"But the women, De Nova?"

He was looking at them, and, following his eyes, I turned also. Celeste was bending eagerly forward, her dark eyes sparkling with excitement; her mistress disappeared crept, grasping the edge of the longboat, her face flushed by the keen wind, her lips firmly pressed together.

"I sink zat maybe zey vote wiz ze crew, monsieur," smiled the creole, pleasantly.

Lady Darlington reached one hand out for the rail, her skirts flapping, her hair blowing free beneath her hat.

"It will be best for us to go on, Mr. Stephens," she said, quietly. "The men will never be satisfied otherwise; and I do not blame them. Too much has been risked already to turn back at the last moment because of a little additional peril. Nor am I willing it should be done merely to spare us a few more days of discomfort. We must take our chances, and, as for myself, I trust absolutely in your seamanship."

There was a growl of appreciation from below, Anderson's voice shouting up hoarsely: "You've the right stuff!" but I stood there in silence, gazing at her in astonishment, feeling deserted by every one, and realizing that the entire responsibility was now mine. More clearly than any among them I comprehended the peril fronting us, the desperate chance we were about to take, the casting of dice with death. Yet what was there left for me to do? Absolutely nothing; the choice had been made.

"Is it understood I am in command?"

"Ay, ay, sir!"

"Very well, then," I said, "you have chosen your bed, now you will lie in it. Mr. De Nova, get the stokers below and start the fires. We'll push her for it hard. You men stand by for a double funeral in an hour; we have a dead man fore and aft. Now step lively, my bullies!"

I watched them as they scattered like so many schoolboys at play, Anderson and De Nova driving them to their various tasks. A hand touched my arm gently.

"I hope you are not angry, Mr. Stephens. Did I do so very wrong?"

I looked down into her gray eyes filled with appeal, and felt my face brighten.

"Frankly, I do not know," I replied, honestly. "Of course, I could not hope to oppose all the crew, but we are taking a terrible chance. I appreciate your courage, Lady Darlington, and shall do my best to justify your confidence in my seamanship. But you must go below, out of this wind. Permit me to assist you down the ladder."

CHAPTER XVII.

In Which We Bury Our Dead.

Black smoke was already trailing from out our funnel in ever increasing volume, the steadily revolving screw was driving the yacht forward with new power, and the only bit of canvas showing was the close-reefed jib, left as an aid to the wheelsmen.

I searched the after-cabins thoroughly for a copy of the Scriptures, or any book containing the burial service. One might possibly have been discovered hidden away in the locked chests, but I did not feel authorized to break these open on such quest, and so returned to the deck with nothing to guide me in the services to be conducted. The boatswain, assisted by two seamen, had prepared the bodies for their last long voyage, and while the crew gathered in a body on the snow-covered deck, the dead, shrouded beneath white sheets, were silently borne forth from each and forecastle and placed reverently upon planks balanced across the rail.

Her Voice Arose, Low Yet Distinct, Trembling to the Accent of Reverent Prayer.

I should greatly have preferred Lady Darlington to remain below during the ceremonies. There is much depression about such burial scenes at sea, especially so in our circumstances and surroundings. But she insisted upon being present, and so at the last moment I returned to the cabin and escorted both her and Celeste to the deck. It was a dismal, melancholy scene, and I did not wonder at the slight shiver with which her ladyship glanced about. The swiftly descending snow, the whitened decks, trampled beneath the feet of the men, the bare spars overhead; the low flying, dun-colored clouds; the gray, tumbling waters; the low growl of the ice as the waves battered its front; the silent semicircle of men standing motionless except for their shuffling feet; and those two white-draped figures lying extended across the rail—all combined to form a grim sea-picture the memory of which can never dissolve.

Protected somewhat from the sharp wind by the cabin the men had flung aside their muffiers, so that their weather-beaten faces, most of them heavily bearded, were plainly revealed. I could not but be impressed with the motley crowd, as the lineaments of negro, Kanaka, and every variety of white degenerate were thus exposed. Their uneasy, shuffling feet, and the impatience depicted on their faces, aroused me to the requirements of the moment. I advanced to the rail, standing beside the corpse of the mate.

"Lads," I said, soberly, "when we bury shipmates at sea there is a solemnity about the simple ceremony unknown to the land. Far away from friends and home we give the body up to the great ocean to keep for eternity. Yet we are sailors, long accustomed to the vicissitudes and perils of the deep; we have parted with shipmates before in many seas, and not a few among you look forward to the time when comrades will be called upon to perform a similar service of respect over your bodies. Even now we sail forward into great danger, and none among us can prophesy what the morrow may bring of either life or death. Yet the sea is the sailor's sepulcher, the roar of the great waves his requiem. I am no sea preacher, able to address you upon the here after, or fitted to eulogize the spirits of those whose bodies we are about to bury. You desire nothing of the kind. Neither can I read over these forms the usual burial service, for I can find no book containing it on board. Is there any one among you, mates, who will voice a prayer before we drop these bodies overboard?"

I looked along the semi-circle of faces, expecting nothing from the members of the crew, yet faintly hopeful that some one or two might be led to respond. No one stirred, however, the only sound on board the wind whistling through the rigging and the heavy breathing of the men.

"Well, then," I added, regretfully, "nothing remains but to commit their bodies to the deep, and may God have mercy on their souls!"

I lifted my hand in signal, but even as I did so Lady Darlington spoke, the men who were about to tilt the planks pausing in wonderment.

"Wait, Mr. Stephens; not without one word of prayer. Let me speak it, if no one else will."

She came forward, throwing back her veil, and grasping my sleeve to retain steady footing on the heaving deck. For an instant there was an impressive silence; then her voice arose, low, yet distinct, trembling to the accent of reverent prayer. I know not what she said; merely the simple breathing upward of a petition to the Almighty Father for pardon and guidance; yet never before did faith lay such mighty hold upon me. It was short, only a few faltering sentences, but the honesty of it, the faith so clearly evidenced in both words and face, impressed the roughest there. She paused, her head still lowered; I heard some one say "Amen" solemnly, and raised my hand in signal. Noiselessly the ends of the planks were uptilted, and the two sheeted figures slid downward into the gray water. Instantly they disappeared beneath the unfathomable depth. So silently and expeditiously was this accomplished that she even failed to note the action, lifting her eyes wonderingly to the bare planks, and with a choking sob burying her face in her hands. Without venturing a word I led her gently to the companion. Five minutes later I stood again upon the bridge, the deck beneath throbbing to the pulse of the released engine, as the Sea Queen raced recklessly forward through the ice-girdled waters in desperate effort to attain her goal.

It was not a dark night, for the stars were out—such cold, dead stars they seemed—and a little later I knew the moon would come stealing up above the waste of waters, yet there was a haze hovering all about us, as though the entire surrounding atmosphere was thick with frost. I crouched down behind the slight protection of the tarpaulins, sweeping the horizon with my glasses, but discovering nothing to awaken alarm. I saw nothing of the watch, except as I called for them. Then they came, clawing their way out of the snug holes where they hid from wind and water. However, there was little enough for any of us to do; we could simply hold on, trusting in the strength of the keel under us, and sheering to eastward of the ice-pack. It was a wild, mad night, the wind freezing to the marrow, and every wave dashing its icy spray hurtling against the front of the wheelhouse. At eight bells I went below again, every muscle of my body aching, and my face tingling as though pierced by a thousand needles. I sat down before the red-hot stove in the cabin, thinking I should never get the cold thawed out of me. Yet inside of ten minutes, with head resting on the chair-back, and legs extended to keep my balance, I was sound asleep.

Whether a sudden leap of the vessel or some unusual noise aroused me I cannot say. Dazed, confused, I sat upright, staring about me, for the moment scarcely realizing where I was. I could hear the fierce pounding of the sea without, the shrieking of wind through the cordage, and the rattle and groaning of the woodwork as the struggling vessel dived into the hollows and fought her way back to the crests. A shower of hail lashed the windows, rattling like shot against the shutters. As I glanced backward across my shoulder, I heard, above all that hellish uproar, a hollow, unearthly groan. I was upon my feet in an instant, grasping at the edge of the table, striving vainly to place the sound. For some reason I could not keep my eyes off Tuttle's door, every nerve pulsing with agony. Was it imagination, illusion? By all the gods, I beheld a white visionary form glide noiselessly forth and disappear as though dissolved in mist. It was certainly there, yet, in another instant, had vanished, I knew not how. I stared about into the dim corners, then leaped toward the door, seeking to open it. It was locked; of course it was, for the key was in my own pocket.

Many times I have known fear, but not such fear as this which now smote me. Here was something intangible, something I could not reach and throttle—a dim, frightful shade, coming from God alone knew whence. I pressed my hands to my head, and endeavored to laugh, to woo back my courage. Great heavens, was I also losing my mind? Was I to be haunted and vexed by evil fancies? Had the curse of this ship now descended upon me? I staggered to my feet, holding on desperately to the table, seized the decanter from off the swinging shelf and drank deeply. Lord, what grim fancies a man may have when the physical organism is unstrung! I glanced at my watch, discovering I still had two hours below, and crossed over to my stateroom, nerving myself to play the man, yet glancing about fearfully at the dancing shadows. I laughed as I closed the door, but shot the bolt hard, and lay there for an hour listening, every nerve a tingle, before fatigue finally closed my eyes.

CHAPTER XVIII.

In Which We Lay the Ghost.

The coming of night found our situation less promising—a thick well of clouds obscuring all gleam of stars, the wind veering more to the westward and growing bitterly cold. The barometer was falling slowly, presaging the approach of storm; yet nothing openly threatened with the exception of these thickening cloud-masses scudding up from out the southwest, their wildness reflected in the darkening sea, and the continuous thunder of waves along the ice-front blocking our passage.

I visited the engine and boiler rooms, ordered half speed and prompt attention to signals, took one last searching glance about the dimming horizon, and finally threw myself, without undressing, on my bunk for a brief rest below.

As I lay there, thinking of that wild scene without, I discovered sleep impossible. Was I doing right thus to hold on for further soulting? My conscience was quite altogether clear, for I realized that it would be luck rather than seamanship that would take us through and bring us safely out again. Only some mystery of Providence had thus far given us passage, had held the wind to another point of the compass, beneath back the invading floes and yielding to us an open sea. But would such fortune last—a day, two days, more? We could race northward with the ice, but what about that vast field stretching to the northwest? If by some shift of wind it were to close in, the helpless Sea Queen would be crushed like an eggshell. And Lady Darlington had said she trusted me implicitly. Was I showing myself worthy by thus pushing the yacht deeper into danger?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Must Risk Making Mistakes

Man Afraid of Taking Chances Will Never Accomplish Anything.

The man whose career means deeds, results—the man who does things—is not afraid to risk mistakes. He of whom it can be said: "He has never made a serious error of judgment—his record is flawless," will be found to be one who has done little or nothing worth while. He is so cautious in contemplating a move that he hardly dares to make it before its possible effect has been minimized or lost. Guarding himself against the reproach of public failures, he denies himself the satisfaction of work well done. It is his habit to study a situation until the time for action has passed. He shrinks from responsibility, as he fears criticism. He is swayed by the supercautious that goes with a futile mediocrity.

The other type of man investigates, decides and does. Criticism and the change of ridicule are ignored by him. Between action and hesitation he chooses action every time. When it comes to taking a chance or waiting to see what will happen he takes the chance. He would rather risk a mistake than do nothing. He is willing to listen to both sides and then acts on his own judgment, welcoming the responsibility. If he meets with failure he does the best thing possible to amend it. If he is successful he gathers new hope in dealing with the next problem. That's the American spirit.

A Danger.

"Why don't you read up on scientific farming?"

"I started that once," answered Mr. Corntossel, "It didn't pay. I got so interested readin' that I forgot to go out and farm."

FAILS TO FIND COOK'S RECORDS

EXPEDITION THAT ASCENDED MT. McKINLEY'S PEAK REPORT CLAIM AS UNVERIFIED.

FAIRBANKS, ALASKA, PARTY STRUGGLES TO MOUNTAIN TOP, FIND NO SIGN OF PREVIOUS ASCENT.

Last Vestige of Explorer's Reputation Vanishes With Return of Volunteers Who Sought to Test Story.

With the announcement that Mount McKinley has been decended and that Dr. Cook's much-vaunted records are not to be found on its summit disappears the last vestige of the reputation which the explorer built for himself on a foundation all too shifty.

For many months faithful friends of Dr. Cook have proclaimed that the verdict of the University of Copenhagen erred in dismissing his pretension to the discovery of the North Pole and have hailed him as a victim to the malice of his enemies. These friends have looked expectantly for the report from the expedition which volunteered to ascend Mount McKinley and prove the explorer's assertion that he had left records on the summit.

These loyal enthusiasts got their answer when it was announced that the party from Fairbanks, Alaska, reached the highest point of Mount McKinley April 2, after a climb of two month and found no trace of Dr. Cook's alleged ascent of September, 1906."

Mount McKinley is the assumed culminating point of the North American continent and is in the Alaskan range, latitude 63 degrees 4 minutes north, longitude 151 degrees west. Its hight is given as 20,464 feet. It is extensively glaciated and has always been regarded as most difficult of ascent.

Mount McKinley terminates in twin peaks of equal hight, one somewhat rounded and covered with snow, the other composed of bare and wind-swept rocks. On the rock peak, the Fairbanks climbers placed an American flag in a monument of stones.

The expedition, which was provided with Dr. Cook's maps and data, endeavored to follow his supposed route, but utterly failed to verify any part of his story of an ascent.

Sees Great Prosperity Ahead.

James J. Hill, head of the Great Northern, Northern Pacific and Burlington systems came to Chicago in an optimistic frame of mind. He based his optimism on the crop prospects, an early spring, receptive condition of the ground for the pursuit of agriculture and volume of business the railroad companies are handling.

He said the spring wheat crop is being put into the ground four to five weeks earlier than usual, and estimated the increase in acreage at between 20 and 25 per cent.

"The ground is in excellent condition," he continued, "and with favorable surrounding, as the weather promises, the coming farm yield should approximate $9,000,000,000, which is $1,000,000,000 in excess of that of last year, according to the figures supplied by the department of agriculture.

"This enormous sum of money, which exceeds the world's gold supply, should cover a multitude of sins, and if the country is not disturbed by legislation and other unfavorable conditions, it should be in a highly prosperous position at the end of the current year. The gold experts should not be distreasing, as we have it to spare. Besides, why should we not pay our debts?"

Perjury Charged by Graft Jurors.

In a presentment handed down at Pittsburg, Pa., the grand jury charges that many of the 132 witnesses who have testified before it during the graft investigation have willfully altered corruptionists and that some of them have committed perjury.

The jury returns a true bill against Max G. Leslie, collector of delinquent taxes in Allegheny county, who is accused of bribery.

The indictment of Leslie follows his recent acquittal on a charge of perjury in claiming an alibi in connection with a previous indictment for alleged bribery. He is now charged with receiving $25,000 from the Columbia National Bank of Pittsburg on June 3, 1908. In the former indictment the date was named as June 4, and Leslie proved that he was out of the city at the time. It is charged that of the $25,000 he paid over $11,500 to William Brand to bribe councilmen.

Directors and officials of some of the six big banks which protited by the corrupt depository ordinance are severely scored by the presentment.

The Maryland Steel company announces a 6 per cent advance in the wages of its employes at Sparrows Point.

The house of representatives of Ohio passed the Anderson bill authorizing cities, villages and townships to conduct local option elections to determine whether or not Sunday baseball shall be permitted.

Forest fires are eating up property in several sections of Maryland. The most serious is in St. Mary's county, where since the fire started 5,000 acres have been burned over and property valued at $50,000 has been destroyed.

A woman suffrage propaganda is to be offered to the bathers at Coney Island this summer while they are taking their daily dip or browsing themselves on the sand. The interurban woman suffrage council has decided to open a branch office close to the beach and open air meetings in advocacy of votes for women will be held along the shore each day.

April 9 the silo-to mill of the Goldfield Consolidated Mines Co. at Goldfield, Nev., was damaged by fire to the extent of a quarter of a million dollars. Following an explosion in the refinery, where over half a million dollars in bullion were stacked for shipment, the fire spread to storage conveyor that carried ore from the sampling department and stamp batteries. A shutdown of 60 days will be entailed.

It is estimated that 50,000 people perished in the Frio and Nueces valleys, Texas, as a result of the recent heavy rains, which were accompanied by cold winds.

QUICK ACTION PRESCRIPTION CURES COLDS IN A DAY

What is said to be the best and quickest prescription known to medical science for colds and coughs is as follows: Get two ounces of Virgo-Vita and half an ounce of Vim-Vigor. Pine compound. Then get half a pint of good whisky and put the other two ingredients into it. Take a teaspoonful to a tablespoonful of this mixture after each meal and at bedtime. Shake the bottle well each time. It has cured hundreds here. Be sure to get only the genuine Concentrated Pine. Each half ounce bottle comes put up in a tin screw-top case. Any druggist has it on hand or will quickly get it from his wholesale house. Don't use the weaker pine preparations.

Critics and Managers Clash.

Between the whole great Copenhagen and all the theatrical managers a curious contest has started because the managers want to compel the critics to write only favorable notices. The contest bids fair to be hard on theatrical managers, for such a combination of one critic representing a special theatrical paper.

EFFECTS OF LIQUOR REMOVED IN 24 MINUTES.

Drunkenness is unworthy when you can have it removed without everybody's knowledge. Acme Remedies are guaranteed to do the work. Write E. Fortna, 12 Dickey Bldg., Chicago, Ill. for free trial.

Ungenerous Lavishness.

"Your former husband never complained about the alimony."

"No," answered Mrs. Filmgilt, "he was broke enough to say his motto was 'Freedom at any cost.'"

Pattin's Eye Salve for 25c

relieves tired, inflamed eyes, stops eyeaches, congested, inflamed eyes; stops eye discharges. Sold by druggists or Howard Bros., Buffalo, N. Y.

An egotist is a man who is more interested in himself than he is in the tariff question or the price of foodstuffs.

AILEN'S LUNG BALSAM

Will stop a cough in one night. Three bottles have cured a long cough that usually lasts all winter. Give it a trial and prove its worth. 25c. 50c and $1.00.

Every man should have his balance wheel tried up occasionally.

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS FOR ALL KIDNEY DISEASES RHEUMATISM BRIGHT'S DISEASE DIABETES 75c "Guaranteed"

FREE A Package of "Paxtine" Will Be Sent Free of Charge to Every Reader of this Paper.

PAXTINE TOILET ANTISEPTIC

Gives one a sweet breath, clean, white, sound teeth—antiseptically clean mouth and throat. Relieves the mouth after smoking—dispels all disagreeable perspiration and body odors—much appreciated by athletic women. A quick remedy for sore eyes and catarrh.

A little Paxtine powder dissolved in a glass of hot water makes a delightful antiseptic vaginal douche. Unsurpassed for cleansing, antiseptic and healing power, and absolutely harmless. Trial Sample, 50c; a little lasts a month. Druggists, or THE PAXTON TOILET CO., BOSTON, MASS.

Bad Taste

in your mouth removed while you wait—that's true. A Cascaret taken when the tongue is thick-coated with the nasty squeamish feeling in stomach, brings relief. It's easy, natural way to help nature help you. 25c

CASCARETS are fine—work a treatment. Allcdruggists. Biggest seller in the world. Million boxes a month.

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a big book like this, but your horse may need it any day. Gives symptoms and treatment of all ailments. Book 1 Horse; Book 2 Cattle; Book 3 Sheep. Sent free.

ABSORBINE

will clean them off without laying the horse up. Pleasant to use. Mild enough for a child to take. $2 a bottle, delivered. ABSORBINE, JR., for man, $1 a bottle. Reduces Painful Swellings, Enlarged Glands, Goitre, Varicose Veins, Varicosities, Bruises, Old Sores. Allays Pain. Would not blister and can be used on any healthy place. Manufactured only by W. F. Young, P.D.F., 310 Lymans Bldg., Montreal, Can.

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DR. J. D. KELLOGG'S ASTHMA Remedy for the prompt relief of Asthma and Hay Fever. Sold by druggists for 25c. Write for FREE SAMPLE. NORTHROP & LYMAN CO. LTD. BUFFALO, N. Y.

HARRISON'S HAIR BALSAM Restores Color and Beauty to Gray and Faded Hair. 50c and $1.00 at Druggists or Dealers.

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