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to the treat of treats—
always welcomed, by all,
everyhere—

Coca-Cola

Sparkling with life—delightfully cooling—supremely wholesome.

Delicious—Refreshing Thirst-Quenching

Demand the Genuine—Refuse Substitutes.

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At Soda Fountains or Carbonated in Bottles.

THE COCA-COLA COMPANY, Atlanta, Ga.

Libby's Pork and Beans

Delicious - Nutritious

Plump and nut-like in flavor, thoroughly cooked with choice pork. Prepared the Libby way, nothing can be more appetizing and satisfying, nor of greater food value. Put up with or without tomato sauce. An excellent dish served either hot or cold.

Insist on Libby's

Libby, McNeill & Libby
Chicago





"Has Your Baby Colic?"

You can cure it in ten minutes with

DR. FAHRNEY'S TEETHING SYRUP

Which makes happy babies. A sure remedy for all infant complaints. Prevents Cholera Infantum. Cures bowel troubles. Babies like it because it is pleasant to take. Mothers should not be without it. Can be given to babies one day old. 25 cents, at all druggists. Trial bottle free if you mention this paper.

Made only by DRS. D. FAHRNEY & SON, Hagerstown, Md.

Heroic Treatment.

"Is there anything you can suggest as a remedy for hay fever?" asked the man who was sneezing.

"Yes. Go to some place where there are plenty of mosquitoes and you'll forget about it."

Out Too Often.

"George, love," began the dear girl, "after we're married you won't be out nights, will you?"

"I hope not," replied George, who plays poker. "Pray for me."

Two is company, but three is a multitude when father butts in.

An Australian artesian well reches a depth of more than 5,000 feet.



ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE,

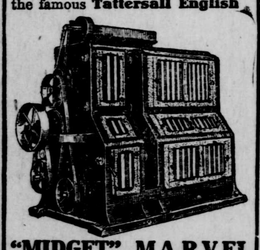
The Antiseptic powder shaken into the shoes—**The Standard Remedy for the feet** for a quarter century. 30,000 testimonials. Sold everywhere. 25c. Sample FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Trade Mark.

The Man who put the EEs in FEET.

One Man Made $1,358 Profit in 3 Months

another cleared $2,250 in six months' time, and hundreds of other men in every wheat growing section of the country are making fortunes with the famous **Tattersall English**



"MIDGET" MARVEL ONE-MAN ROLLER FLOUR MILL

"A Better Barrel of Flour Cheaper"

we can prove to your satisfaction how you can absolutely control the flour business in your community—wipe out all competition—and make big money in the local milling business with the "Midget" Marvel, the one-man flour mill that makes a barrel of the very best flour, cheaper than the very largest mill. Have you $1,750 to invest in this way? 30 days trial. Deferred payments. Write for free book, "The Story of a Wonderful Flour Mill."

ANGLO-AMERICAN MILL CO.,
352 Central Trust Bldg., Owensboro, Ky.

British Columbia's Greatest Opportunity

British Columbia is the largest Province in the Dominion of Canada, and the richest in natural resources. It has never yet been exploited as have the other Canadian Provinces. A great development has just begun. Over two thousand miles of new railways are under actual construction. Now is the opportunity to invest on the ground floor.

The Grand Trunk Pacific Railway Townsite of Fraser Lake is right in the centre of thousands of acres of the finest agricultural, grazing and fruit lands, timber lands, highly mineralized areas and vast coal deposits. It is the head of navigation for over 1,000 miles of navigable inland waterways; huge waterpowers within two miles; finest situation on the railway for a pleasure and health resort; good hunting, fishing, etc.; splendid climate; station site and standard No. 1 station approved by Canadian Board of Railway Commissioners; every contract for sale issued direct to purchasers of lots by Land Commissioner of the Grand Trunk Pacific railway.

Illustrated literature and full information free on application.

Farm, grazing and fruit lands, timber areas, etc., for sale in all parts of British Columbia.

Northern Development Co., Ltd.
403-404 Carter-Cotton Bldg.
Vancouver Canada

NOT YET THE SINLESS WORLD

Spanish Penology Expert Illustrates Point With an Appropriate "Watermelon" Story.

Senor Fernando Cadalso, Spain's inspector general of prisons, said recently in New York that he thought the time had not yet come for the abolition of capital punishment.

"The world is not yet civilized enough for this advance," he continued. "The world, you know, is still a good deal in the state of the colored people in the watermelon story.

"I heard this story from one of your clever southern editors. He said that a man was a good deal troubled by thieves in his watermelon patch and so he called up his old gardener and began:

"'Uncle Eli, I'm trying an experiment with Doc Sawyer in the south watermelon patch. The melons there are a poison variety, and if any of your colored friends touch them they'll be killed, sure. You'd better warn them, hadn't you?'

"'Sartenly I had, sah,' said Uncle Eli, 'I'll warn 'em, sah. Trust me.'

"'And do you think your warning'll have any effect? Do you think it will protect the south patch from theft?'

"'What I thinks, sah,' said Uncle Eli, scratching his head, 'is dat there'll be a lot o' dade niggers round dat patch, dat's what I thinks, sah.'"

Paper Cannon.

To the amazingly long list of articles made of paper there may be added paper cannon, which have been manufactured at the Krupp works, in Germany. These paper field pieces are for special use of the infantry. Their caliber is a little less than two inches, and the pieces are so light that a soldier can easily carry one. But the resistance is greater than that of a field piece of steel of the same caliber. It is not to be understood that these paper guns are in any way to replace those made of steel. The paper arms are intended merely for uses in situations where the movement of field artillery would be impracticable. Paper artillery on the field of battle seems an extraordinary thing, but it is hardly more so than paper wheels for freight cars on railways appeared when they were first introduced, or, for that matter, than paper water pails were.

For "Mr. Fragile."

A man with an express package under his arm, stepped up to the box office window of a New York theater and, addressing Frank Loomis, asked:

"Andbody here named Fragile?"

"No," replied Loomis.

"Well, that's the name on this package."

Loomis took a look. The box was addressed to the manager of the London pictures. Over the address was inscribed:

"Fragile!"

Put On.

"Is Dobbs a man of superior attainments?"

"No. Merely of superior airs."

DOES YOUR HEAD ACHE?

Try Hicks' CAPUDINE. It's liquid—pleasant to take—effects immediate—good to prevent Sick Headaches and Nervous Headaches also. Your money back if not satisfied. 10c., 25c. and 50c. at medicine stores. Adv.

Queer Results.

"I'm crazy about the net fishing."

"Yet it is quite a seine proceeding."

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

The level headed man is not apt to be a rounder.

Luck may be merely a case of not being found out.

TEA THAT WAS TEA

And Results It Wrought Were Satisfactory to at Least Two People.

By ANNA E. BLEY.

"Policy ready yet, Miss Birdsall?"

"Oh, is that you, Bobbie?" Miss Birdsall turned from the typewriter. "Wait a minute," running through a bundle of folded policies. "Here it is, 'MacDougall & Son—Insurance Brokers,'" she read from the printed sticker at the bottom.

"It doesn't take you long to turn 'em out, Miss Birdsall," remarked the boy admiringly as he slipped it into his pocket.

Louise Birdsall's lips parted in a smile.

"What's in the kettle, Bobbie?" she inquired.

"Nothing yet, it's for tea for the old man."

"Does he like tea?"

"Headache, and he's had an awful grouch on all morning."

"Poor old gentleman!" exclaimed Miss Birdsall sympathetically. "Where are you going to get the tea?"

"At the Peerless."

"At the Peerless!" she ejaculated. "Why, it won't be fit to drink."

"Can't help it, nearest place," and he picked up the kettle to go.

Miss Birdsall glanced at the clock; the other clerks would not return for a quarter of an hour.

"Sit down, Bobbie, and I'll make you some tea that is tea."

She pulled out the lower drawer of the typewriter desk and drew forth a small brass canister, from another recess came a teaspoon.

"Just a second, Bob," she laughed, and ran into the tiny dressing room adjoining the large airy office.

In a twinkling, she returned, holding up a little blue and white china teapot. "The kettle was boiling, so it didn't take long to make. By the time you get to the office it will be nicely steeped."

Bobbie looked at the gay little teapot doubtfully. "Could you wrap it up?" he suggested.

"Why, it is much easier to carry this way."

"I know, but if the fellows in Watkins' office see me go by with a flossy little teapot like that, they'll guy the life out o' me."

With quick understanding, Miss Birdsall wrapped the teapot in the morning's newspaper.

"Bobbie, I want this teapot returned with the tea leaves in it, no wiping out with the office towel. Do you get me, Robert?"

"I gotcha," he replied with a grin.

The door slammed and Miss Birdsall settled down to work.

The next day at noon a fashionably dressed young man walked into the office of the International Insurance company. Miss Birdsall rose, her cheeks flushing slightly as she recognized young Mr. MacDougall.

"Miss Birdsall?" he interrogated pleasantly.

"Yes," she said with quiet dignity.

"I am returning the teapot with sincere thanks."

"Pray don't mention it. I hope the tea helped Mr. MacDougall's head."

"I assure you it did." He smiled and added: "In fact, he has been a new man ever since."

Miss Birdsall peeped absent-mindedly inside.

"We didn't wash it out," he apologized, and then they both laughed gaily, and Miss Birdsall remembered her admonition to Bobbie:

With a few desultory remarks, Mr. MacDougall politely left.

"What a delightful person," thought Miss Birdsall, as she carried the teapot into the dressing room. "Delightful in spite of his money."

During the afternoon she recalled him again and again. Since she had been policy writer for the International she had heard continually of young MacDougall, of his money, of his extravagances, and of the beautiful old house occupied solely by his father and himself. It was therefore a surprise and a pleasure to find him quite natural and extremely agreeable.

Two days later, Bobbie came in again at noon.

"Nothing ready, Robert," she called out in a business-like tone.

"I'm not after policies." Then, leaning confidentially over the counter, "Could you let me have some more tea, Miss Birdsall?"

"Why Bobbie—" Miss Birdsall wheeled about in her chair.

"The boss has a terrible headache; been raising Cain all morning."

"Dear me," murmured Miss Birdsall, "of course." Rising quickly, she commenced collecting the tea things. While the kettle was boiling, a sudden thought struck her.

"What does Mr. MacDougall drink the tea from?"

"A glass."

"Well upon my word!" and forthwith she produced a fragile teacup and saucer. From some nook in her desk, she took a lemon and deftly cut three or four slices with her penknife. These she slipped into a clean envelope, together with several cubes of sugar and a teaspoon.

"Now, Bobbie," she warned after the tea was made, "carry these things carefully and tell old Mr. MacDougall that I hope the tea will cure his headache."

"I'll tell him," promised the boy, with a mischievous smile on his freckled face.

The following day he brought back the china.

"Gee, Miss Birdsall," he confided, "the boss says that lemon's a great stunt."

"I am delighted, Robert."

"Yes, he wants to meet you."

"Meet—me—?" she questioned, her eyes wide open in astonishment.

"That wasn't just what he said," explained Bobbie consulting a slip of paper. "Present my compliments to Miss Birdsall and ask her of she will come up to the office this afternoon so that I may thank her in person," he repeated glibly.

Miss Birdsall gasped.

"They're the boss' orders," observed Bobbie, with finality.

"Well, he isn't my boss," expostulated Miss Birdsall indignantly.

"When the boss wants a thing, he always gets it."

Miss Birdsall reflected. Mr. MacDougall was a very irascible and a very old gentleman. If those were his wishes why should she hesitate to gratify an old man's whim?

"I'll ask my boss, Bobbie," she agreed with a faint smile.

"All right," and Bobbie departed promptly.

That afternoon she mentioned the matter to the manager.

"Old MacDougall," he mused. "I didn't know he was back; he's been in Florida all winter. Certainly, go right over, Miss Birdsall.

As Miss Birdsall was ushered into the sumptuous private office of MacDougall & Son, she raged inwardly at finding herself in such a position.

Young MacDougall came cordially forward, indicated a chair and seated himself comfortably near her.

"Your father—" began Miss Birdsall stiffly.

The young man, usually at his ease, grew red and embarrassed.

"Miss Birdsall, I owe you an explanation. I trust you will hear me to the end."

Miss Birdsall [illegible] uneasily.

"You see," [illegible] on, "I couldn't explain the matter to you down there, with an office full of gaping clerks, but each time I've seen you I've thought what awfully good friends we might become if we were acquainted."

"Mr. MacDougall," interrupted Miss Birdsall, rising, "this is simply preposterous."

"Please hear me to the end," he urged.

Miss Birdsall sat down.

"We don't know each other's friends and there seemed to be no way in which I could do the thing in the conventional manner till the Heaven-sent tea episode," he continued more cheerfully. "That young rascal, Bobbie probably alluded to me as 'the old man,' and you naturally took it to be my father."

Louise Birdsall bit her lips in vexation. Other words of Bobbie's recurred to her. "He always gets what he wants." She would show him that the old Birdsall spirit still survived, even if she had been forced to earn her own living.

"Mr. MacDougall," she said, looking him squarely in the eyes, "I have few friends, but these few I value more than anything on earth. A friendship to me is something sacred, not to be based merely upon a good time. There are some things in this world that money cannot buy."

The young man flushed hotly. "It's no more than I deserve, Miss Birdsall, but I'm not the selfish brute I'm painted. I'm lonely, miserably lonely. I have money, a house—not a home—and a vast following of fawning creatures who are pleased to term themselves my friends; it was you, and the tea, I suppose, that made me realize how little I have," he finished lamely.

They were quiet for a moment; the clickety-click of busy typewriters in the office beyond came faintly through the closed door. Young MacDougall sat, chin in hand, looking off into space. Miss Birdsall watched the hurt look upon the strong, handsome features, she thought of the big house and then it came to her how lonely her own little home would be were it not for the mother always there to welcome her at night and to encourage her when she left in the morning.

"I am sorry."

"Don't," he begged without turning. "I've been a perfect fool, only I hoped you would understand."

She touched his coat sleeve softly. "I do understand."

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Ah, a Clew!

Sherlock Holmes glanced round the room. The pictures were torn into shreds, the chairs were broken, the table lying on the top of the piano. A great splash of blood was on the carpet.

"Some one has been here," he commented with wonderful insight!—Brooklyn Eagle.

Do Not Want the Big Head.

Shoe manufacturers who talk of making changes in the numbering of women's shoes, so no woman can find out just how big her foot is, are likely to be joined by hat manufacturers who may change the size of men's hats, so no man can tell just how big his head is.

"More and more I notice a disinclination among men to acknowledge that they wear unusually large hats," said a clerk in a hat store. "There was a time when a head that required a hat of prodigious size was a possession to be proud of, but of late years big heads are unpopular, and the men who have to ask for rather large-sized hats seem ashamed of themselves.

"Of course, men will require the same sizes in hats no matter how the numbers run, but it will let them down easy to think that they are able to lop off an eighth of an inch in the circumference of their headgear."

Banker Not Financier.

No successful banker was ever a great financier in the broad political sense of the term. Creative finance is always the work of the Hamiltons, the Gallatins, the Chases, not the work of the money lenders. Nevertheless, technical banking experience is not to be despised in national affairs. One of the just complaints directed against the new currency bill in its administrative features is that only one member of the seven members of the federal reserve board is to be a banker. This is plainly a defect, and the bankers who call attention to it are performing a useful public service.—New York World.

Could Not Enthuse Philosopher.

Herbert Spencer, the philosopher, once attended the Derby. Francis Galton, who was his guide, took notes of the jaunt: "All went off well, except that Spencer would not be roused to enthusiasm by the races. He said that the crowd of men on the grass looked disagreeable, like flies on a plate; also that the whole event was just like what he had imagined the Derby to be." Even the costumes of the men who shouted the odds was only what he had imagined them to be!

BLOOD FEUD IN UPPER EGYPT

Natives Will Go to Almost Any Length in the Desire to Wreak Private Vengeance.

A remarkable instance of an innocent man being condemned to death for murder and having his innocence proved almost at the foot of the gallows is reported from Upper Egypt.

A very rich land owner was found dead on his doorstep. An inquiry was opened and his two brothers accused a certain Omran Mahmoud and his son of the crime, which they swore they saw them commit.

The accused men declared their innocence, but, despite the desperate and eloquent efforts of their advocate, Omran Mahmoud was sentenced to death and his son to imprisonment for life, and the date of the execution was fixed.

The advocate sent in a petition for the commutation of the death sentence to the khedive.

Time passed and he heard nothing as to the fate of his petition. The day before that fixed for the execution the advocate determined to approach higher quarters. Just as he was about to proceed on the errand two men were shown into his office. They were the brothers of the murdered man.

They had come to confess to him that their evidence had been false, and that Omran Mahmoud and his son were innocent of the murder of their brother. They had merely accused them of the crime because they wanted to keep the authorities from suspecting the true murderer, on whom they intended themselves to take vengeance.

The real criminal was at once arrested and on the eve of the execution Omran Mahmoud and his son were advised of what had happened.

This incident is illustrative of the lengths to which the native desire for revenge will go. It is, of course, not unusual for one man to accuse another of a crime to avenge some long-nursed grudge, but it is surely unique for innocent men to be accused of a murder because the family of the murdered person wish to avenge their loss themselves on the murderer.

Noisy Comet.

Up on the heights of the Pacific coast cities there was great excitement over the coming of Halley's comet. For weeks five-year-old Bobby had heard about it. One night his father roused him from sleep, and took him in his arms to see it.

"Wake up, Bobby! wake up!" said his father. "Look, Bobby! Do you see the comet?"

Bobby lifted his head and looked sleepily up into the sky. The night was clear and beautiful; there was no sound except the slight rustle of the leaves and the mournful howl of a coyote in the park half-way down the slope. Nearer and louder came the long-drawn bray of a donkey.

Bobby's head sank down on his father's shoulder. "O, Bobby," said his mother, "wake up and see the comet!"

"I seed it," murmured Bobby, and refused to look any more.

The next morning Bobby was playing in the sunshine, when he heard a sound that made him lift his head. He listened attentively. It was the bray of a donkey. Bobby rushed for the house.

"Mother! mother!" he shouted. "There goes that comet again!"—Youth's Companion.

Concerning Dress.

Ida Tarbell holds that women can better conditions and lower the cost of living by changing their attitude toward dress. She points out that the instinct for adornment was once quite as evident in male attire as in female. Men have given up most of their ornaments, women cling to theirs. The adoption of as rational and economical standards of clothing among women as now prevail among men would save enormous sums per year.

True, without doubt; but practically unimportant. Women will not adopt masculine plainness of dress—for men won't let them. It would be a drab world indeed if ladies took to plain blacks, grays, blues and browns affected by their brothers and husbands. In sheer hunger for a bit of brightness and gayety, men would go back to crimson knee breeches and embroidered purple cloaks.

In one point, however, Miss Tarbell is correct. Without any loss of real beauty in dress, women can end the "age of chiffon," and bring back the era of substantial fabrics. That would be reform enough for one generation. —Exchange.

She Was Prepared.

Here is a story told by the bishop of London. When he was in Toronto recently a member of one of his audiences told him that he had heard him speak 14 years before in London, and remembered only one thing he said.

"He told me that 14 years ago," said the bishop, "I related the story of an old woman who fell from a three-story window in the East end, struck her head, and was picked up dead.

"He added that I had said I went to her neighbor and remarked: 'I am afraid Mrs. Jones was not prepared,' and that I had received this reply: 'Oh, yes; I know she was, because as she passed my window in her fall I heard her say, "Now for a bump!"'"

Finding Things in Dreams.

In the case of the Scottish servant girl who repeated Hebrew in delirium, the memory reproduced what had been unconsciously taken in through the ear. Reproduction of what has been similarly taken in through the eye is the explanation suggested for a useful class of dreams, of which Andrew Lang gave several examples.

A barrister took his letters to the post after midnight. While undressing he missed a check for a large sum received during the day. Having hunted for it in vain, he went to bed and dreamed he saw it curled round an area railing near his door. He woke, got up, dressed, went out and found it there. The explanation, believed by himself, is that his eye must have seen the check fall from his pocket and cling to the railing, but that his mind was then preoccupied, and not until he slept did the memory gets its chance.

TRUE SPIRIT OF THE HOME

Serenity and Wisdom of Wife and Mother Dew and Sunshine to Growing Souls.

Wherever the great and beautiful work of art, a home, had come into being, the wife and mother has had her paramount existence in that home though her interests and activities have not necessarily been limited to its sphere, declares Ellen Key in the Atlantic. But husband and children have been able to count on her in the home as they could count on the fire on the hearth, the cool shade under the tree, the water in the well, the bread in the sacrament. Thus upon husband and children is bestowed the experience which a great poet gained from his mother. "All became to her a wreath!" A wreath where every day's toil and holiday's joy, hours of labor and moments of rest, were leaf and blossom and ribbon. The wise educator is never one who is "educating" from morning to night. She is one who, unconsciously to the children, brings to them the chief sustenance and creates the supreme conditions for their growth. Primarily she is the one who, through the serenity and wisdom of her own nature, is dew and sunshine to growing souls. She is one who understands how to demand in just measure, and to give at the right moment. She is one whose desire is law, whose smile is reward, whose disapproval is punishment, whose caress is benediction.

HOW TO TREAT PIMPLES AND BLACKHEADS

For pimples and blackheads the following is a most effective and economical treatment: Gently smear the affected parts with Cuticura Ointment, on the end of the finger, but do not rub. Wash off the Cuticura Ointment in five minutes with Cuticura Soap and hot water and continue bathing for some minutes. This treatment is best on rising and retiring. At other times use Cuticura Soap freely for the toilet and bath, to assist in preventing inflammation, irritation and clogging of the pores, the common cause of pimples, blackheads, redness and roughness, yellow, oily, mothy and other unwholesome conditions of the skin.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Sample of each free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address postcard "Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston."—Adv.

Alexander Stephens as a Lawyer.

In his own profession of the law Alexander H. Stephens' fine intellectual sincerity stands out fully, and well proves that success requires neither dishonesty nor shuffling. "What business do you follow, Alex?" said his uncle to him in the early days. "I am a lawyer." After an ominous silence the uncle spoke again. "Alex, don't you have to tell lies?" Alex did not have to tell lies. Hear what he says, reviewing his career in old age: "No advocate should ever assert as matter of fact in his client's case what he knows is not such; any code of morals justifying him in this woes not deserve the name." And again, more personally: "My rule from the time I was admitted to the bar was: First, to investigate a case submitted to me, to inquire into the facts and the law applicable to it; then, if I did not believe the party entitled to success before the court, I told him so and declined to appear or prosecute the case."—Gamaliel Bradford, Jr., in the Atlantic.

Rathenow.

Rathenow—where King George broke his journey to Berlin in order to inspect the squadron of Ziethen Hussars commanded by the royal bridegroom, Prince Ernest of Cumberland—is a sleepy little market town in the mark of Brandenburg, about forty miles from the capital and only a few from Schonhausen, the ancestral seat and birthplace of Bismarck. It was at Rathenow where Otto von Bismarck, a bearded young Junker, presented himself for election to Prussian's first approach to a parliament. The electors showed their prescience by stoning the man who was destined to create the new German empire.

Three Cheers for 'Em.

"I like this pattern well enough," said the customer who had dropped in to look at some ribbons, "but I'm afraid the colors will run."

"Run, ma'am!" indignantly answered the salesman. "Red, white and blue? They never run!"

Whereupon the woman with the tiny American flag pinned to the lapel of her jacket rose patriotically to the occasion and bought 45 yards.

High at Any Price.

Yeast—This paper says that the water in the Nile is reported to be lower than ever at the present time.

Crimsonbeak—Gee! They don't have to buy water over there, do they?

For SUMMER HEADACHES

Hicks' CAPUDINE is the best remedy—no matter what causes them—whether from the heat, sitting in draughts, feverish condition, etc. 10c., 25c and 50c per bottle at medicine stores. Adv.

Defined.

"What's a coquette?"

"The girl you can't get."

Would you try to flatter a married man by telling him that he doesn't look it?

BLUE AND DISCOURAGED

Mrs. Hamilton Tells How She Finally Found Health in Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Warren, Ind.—"I was bothered terribly with female weakness. I had pains and was not regular, my head ached all the time, I had bearing down pains and my back hurt me the biggest part of the time, I was dizzy and had weak feelings when I would stoop over, it hurt me to walk any distance and I felt blue and discouraged.



"I began taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and am now in good health. If it had not been for that medicine I would have been in my grave a long time ago."—Mrs. Artie E. Hamilton, R. F. D. No. 6, Warren, Ind.

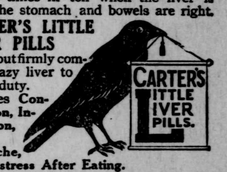
Another Case.

Esmond, R. I.—"I write to tell you how much good your medicine has done me and to let other women know that there is help for them. I suffered with bearing down pains, headache, was irregular and felt blue and depressed all the time. I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and commenced to gain in a short time and I am a well woman today. I am on my feet from early morning until late at night running a boarding house and do all my own work. I hope that many suffering women will try your medicine. It makes happier wives and mothers."—Mrs. Anna Hansen, Esmond, Rhode Island.

Make the Liver Do its Duty

Nine times in ten when the liver is right the stomach and bowels are right.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS gently but firmly compel a lazy liver to do its duty.



Cures Constipation, Indigestion, Sick Headache, and Distress After Eating.

SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE.

Genuine must bear Signature

Brent Good

STOP that Pain in the Side

Kill the Pain before it kills you. Backache, "stitches" in the side, "kidney colds," scalding during urination—all speedily and permanently relieved by

WELLS REMEDY

Famous Backache

This sterling medicine has proved its worth during 30 years of actual use. Should be in every home. Guaranteed beneficial or money refunded. Relieves pain almost instantly. Sold direct by maker to avoid substitution and to protect consumers. No harmful or habit-forming drugs. A reliable time-tried remedy for old or young. Sent prepaid on receipt of price—$1.00 per bottle. Write for information, free on request.

Wells Remedy Co., Baltimore, Md.
Sole Proprietor and Distributor

DR. GIVENS' SANITARIUM FOR NERVOUS DISEASES

is located at Stamford, Conn., on a hill overlooking Long Island Sound, and is 33 miles from New York City; a separate cottage is provided for persons desiring treatment for drugs and stimulants. Write for information. Dr. A. J. GIVENS, Stamford, Conn.

DAISY FLY KILLER placed anywhere, attracts and kills all flies. Neat, clean, ornamental, convenient, cheap. Lasts all season. Made of metal, can't spill or tip over; will not soil or injure anything. Guaranteed effective. All dealers or sent express paid for $1.00.



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A toilet preparation of merit. Helps to eradicate dandruff. For Restoring Color and Beauty to Gray or Faded Hair. 50c. and $1.00 at Druggists.



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