

FAMOUS ATHLETES PAY GLORIOUS TRIBUTE TO PE-RU-NA

As a Spring Tonic to Get the System in Good Shape

"I advise all athletes who are about to go in training to try a bottle of Pe-ru-na."
—J. W. Glenister.



John W. Glenister, Champion Swimmer and the only one to Successfully Swim Through the Michigan Whirlpool Rapids.

PE-RU-NA

Renovates, Regulates, Restores a System Depleted by Catarrh.

John W. Glenister, of Providence, R. I., champion long distance swimmer of America, has performed notable feats in this country and England. He has used Peruna as a tonic and gives his opinion of it in the following letter:

New York, Columbus, Ohio.
Gentlemen—"This spring for the first time I have taken two bottles of Peruna, and, as it has done me a great deal of good, I feel as if I ought to say a good word for its worth."
"During the springtime for the last five years, I have taken several kinds of spring tonics, and have never received any benefit whatever. This year, through the advice of a friend, I have tried Peruna and it has given satisfaction."
"I advise all athletes who are about to go in training to try a bottle, for it certainly gets the system in good shape."
Yours truly,
JOHN W. GLENISTER.

An Old French Fort.

The interior of Fort Chamblay is only a mass of ruins. Fortunately the hand of the restorer has but drawn a protecting line around them and thus the lichen-covered remains of the powder-house, the kitchen, the chapel, have not lost their picturesque quality. The parade ground is now overgrown with long grass and wild flowers, and the birds nest in the crannies of the chapel walls, the kitchen, and even in the powder-house. It is pleasant to listen to the twittering of the swallows that still linger about the place, and to look down upon the swift current of the Richelieu, which here swirls and leaps over the rocks in mad, foaming rapids.

By the Treaty of Paris, in 1763, Fort Chamblay passed, with all the other French possessions in Canada, into the hands of the English. In 1775 it was taken by the troops of Congress led by General Montgomery, on his way to Montreal and the following year was burned by the Americans when they retreated to the shores of Lake Champlain.—Four-Track News.

At Short Range.

"It must be awful," said the typewriter boarder with the \$1.98 pompadour, "to be deceived by a false marriage."

"Well, I don't suppose it's any worse than being deceived by a real one," rejoined the landlady.

And her husband continued to give a correct imitation of a man trying to read a newspaper.

Quite Appropriate.

"My dear," said Mr. Densleigh to his better half, as he gazed at a pair of striped hose on his small son and heir, "why have you made barber poles of Willie's legs?"
"Well, what's wrong about that?" retorted Mrs. D. "Isn't he a little shaver?"

Somewhat Different.

Fond memories of the long ago
Come back with songs I used to sing;
But when songs I send to publishers
Come back—well, that's another thing.

As Explained.

Husband—I wonder why men's pockets are so easy to get at, while women's are so difficult?
Wife—Oh, that's easily explained. A man has no business with a woman's pocket, but a woman has with a man's. That's the answer.

OLD SORES OFFENSIVE-DANGEROUS

Nothing is more offensive than an old sore that refuses to heal. Patiently, day after day, it is treated and nursed, every salve, powder, etc., that is heard of is tried, but does no good, until the very sight of it grows offensive to the sufferer and he becomes disgusted and morbid. They are not only offensive, but dangerous, because the same germ that produces cancerous ulcers is back of every old sore. The cause is in the blood and as long as it remains the sore will be there and continue to grow worse and more destructive. The fact that thousands of old sores have been cut out and even the bones scraped, and yet they returned, is indisputable evidence that the blood is diseased and responsible for the sore or ulcer.

Some years ago my blood became poisoned, and the doctor told me I would have running sores for life, and that if they were closed up the result would be fatal. Under this discouraging report I left off their treatment and resorted to the use of old sores have been cut out and even the bones scraped, and yet they returned, is indisputable evidence that the blood is diseased and responsible for the sore or ulcer. It took only a short while for the medicine to entirely cure up the sores, and I am not dead as the doctors intimated I would be, neither have the sores ever broken out again. JOHN W. FUNDUS, Wheeling, W. Va., May 28, 1903.

Valuable time is lost in experimenting with external treatments, such as salves, powders, washes, etc., because the germs and poisons in the blood must be removed before a cure can be effected. S. S. S. cleanses and purifies the circulation so that it carries rich, new blood to the parts and the sore or ulcer heals permanently. S. S. S. not only removes the germs and poisons, but strengthens the blood and builds up the entire system by stimulating the organs, increasing the appetite and giving energy to the weak, wasted constitution. It is an exhilarating tonic, aids the digestion and puts every part of the body in good healthy condition. Book on the blood, with all medical advice wished, without charge. THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

WASHES OF FUN

A friend in need will keep you broke.—Philadelphia Record.
"Do you really believe that Job suffered from boils?" "I really believe he did—if he had 'em."—Cleveland Plain-Dealer.

No man ought ever to write a love-letter without thinking constantly how it will sound when it is read out loud in court.—Somerville Journal.

Ethel—Are you sure he has never loved before? Edith—Yes. He told me to go round to the jeweler's and pick out any ring I wanted.—Judge.

Singleton—Do you dodge when you wife throws things at you? Wedely—Certainly not. Do you suppose I'd take a chance of getting hit?

Bobby—How much footwear do you wear out in a month, Tommy? Tommy—Two pairs of a shoes and a pair of my mother's slippers.—Chicago News.

Physician—Your ailment lies in the larynx, thorax, and epiglottis. Holligan—Indeed! An' me afther thinkin' th' trouble was in me throat.—Ran's Horn.

"See that man? Well, sir, he landed in this country with bare feet and now he's got millions." "Gee whiz! he must be a regular centipede."—Philadelphia Ledger.

"Well," remarked Hercules cheerfully, as he gazed up at Atlas, "you seem to be bearing up pretty well, even if the whole world is down on you."—Princeton Tiger.

Laquid Leary—They tell me dat Equinmax eat soap an' tink it's a luxury. Perambulating Pete—Well, dat's wot it is. It ain't no necessity.—Sis Hopkins's Book.

Old Friend—Is your part very difficult to play? Barnstormer—Well, rather; I'm living on one meal a day, and playing the role of a man with the gout.—Detroit Free Press.

Dorothy—Isn't it horrid? I've just discovered that my dolly is stuffed with sawdust! Dick—Pooh! What of it? Lots of respectable people eat breakfast food.—Chicago News.

The Woman—George, this is the anniversary of the day on which I promised to be yours—have you forgotten it? The Brute—No, my dear, I couldn't. But I've forgotten it.—Cleveland Leader.

Customer—Say, what kind of a crazy novel is this, anyway? It begins with the last chapter and ends with the first. Bookseller—Oh, that edition is intended for ladies only.—Chicago News.

Milkins—Wasn't Benedict's death rather sudden and unexpected? Bifkins—Well, it was sudden, but not necessarily unexpected. His wife had just graduated from a cooking school.—Chicago News.

Mrs. Crawford—This lovely Easter hat cost me only \$55. Don't you think I look pretty in it? Crawford—I'll bet that 98-cent lamp-shade you bought the other day would be just as becoming to you.—Judge.

Merchant—Do you think you know enough to assist me in the office? Smart Boy—Know enough? Why, the last boss I had was compelled to let me go because I knew more than he did.—Chicago News.

Finnegan—Oh, yis, Oi can understand how thin astronomers can calculate th' distance as a starr, its weight, density and color and all that—but th' thing that gets me is, how th' devil do they know its name?—Puck.

Aunt Nancy—Don't say she dropped the locket in her bosom; that isn't modest; say she dropped it in her neck. Lucy—I see; and instead of saying that the man unbosom himself, I must say he unnecked himself.—Boston Transcript.

Mrs. Spenders—I wonder what will be the popular styles in bonnets next summer? Mr. Spenders—My dear woman's bonnets will be divided into two styles, as usual—the style you don't like and the style I can't afford.—Royal Magazine.

"Don't be so lazy. There's plenty of room at the top, and you're clever enough to get there." "But," replied the lazy genius, "think how clever it is of me to find a place at the bottom, where there isn't so much room."—Philadelphia Ledger.

"I think," said the prison visitor, "it would be helpful to you if you would take some good motto and try to live up to it." "Yes," said the convict; "now, I'd like to select, for instance, 'We are here to-day and gone to-morrow.'"—Philadelphia Press.

"Your daughter's music is improving," said the professor, "but when she runs the scales I have to watch her pretty closely." "Just like her father," said Mrs. Nuritch. "He made his money in the grocery business."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Cottager—Do you ever farn folks ter paint pleters like that there, sir? Artist—Oh yes; sometimes. Why do you ask? Cottager—Well, sir, this 'ere boy o' mine snt sit for nuthin'. 'e be that there delicate 'e can't do no 'ard work; an' not bein' quite right in 'is 'ead, I thought as 'ow this 'ere 'ud be a nice, light occupation for 'e.—Punch.

"No," said the impetuous one, "you can't believe all that you see in the newspapers." "Are you prepared to specify?" the other man asked. "I am. I saw a statement in the financial columns that money was easy, but when I tried to negotiate a loan I found that the reverse was true." "You misunderstood the paragraph. It did not say that people were easy."—Judge.

Position in Sleep.
According to Dr. Fischer, of Berlin, the most effective position of sleep for obtaining intellectual rest is to keep the head low and the feet slightly elevated. Falling thus, the body should at any rate be horizontal, so as to irrigate the brain well. The habit of sleeping with head low and feet high is, according to the doctor, a remedy for brain troubles and some internal maladies. It can be adopted gradually.

If you want to see your absurdities illustrated, have a 3-year-old child in the house a few days.

IN THE JUNGLE.

An Englishman traveling with her husband in India passed an entire night in the top of a tall tree, waiting for her husband to get a shot at a panther. She describes the experience in the Pall Mall Magazine:

Toward 1 o'clock we were certainly getting drowsy, when we were both startled out of our sleep by hearing the most fearful snarl and yell coming from just below our tree. My husband was peering out in an instant, but only just in time to see two large animals, fighting hard, disappear into the shadows of the trees. In the dim light of the moon we had not time to see for certain what animals they were, but it looked and sounded like a panther driving off a pig.

Whether what I had seen was the panther or not I do not know, but a dark shadow passed beneath us, and there, right opposite us on the bank, with his white chest gleaming in the moonlight, sat a large panther.

My husband got his rifle into position and fired, and the panther rolled over with a growl. In a minute, with another low growl, he rolled over again into a clump of tall grasses just at the bottom of the bank, and remained hidden quite still. He was completely hidden from us, and we could only watch the place and wait. Hardly had we got settled when a crackling came on the dry leaves under the tree, and a hyena appeared. He stopped a few yards from the clump of grass in which the panther lay, and began baying. If it was intended as a challenge, it had the desired result, for in a minute we heard a savage growl come from the long grass, and quicker than my eye could follow in the uncertain light the panther had sprung out upon the hyena.

And now how can I describe that awful tussle? Snarl, howl and fierce growl all horribly mixed as those two fearful animals fought. The panther, we could see, was severely wounded; in fact, one shoulder appeared quite useless, and soon it seemed probable that the hyena would get the best of it when suddenly the two animals parted a few yards, and lay gasping and panting on the ground.

My husband availed himself of this chance of a shot, and with the report that rang out like a cannon the hyena bolted, and the panther rolled over on his side. Being now certain that he would never move again, my husband called to me to come down; but this was no very easy matter, as somehow my knees felt most curiously feeble. I did manage, however, to reach the ground quite safely, and was hurried back to camp just as dawn was breaking.

WHAT A HOTEL OUGHT TO BE.

Less Splendor and More Comfort and Good Taste Needed.

There is a rare and forgotten anecdote bearing on all that follows, says a writer in the World's Work. In the olden times, when folks journeyed by foot along the great post roads, often tired by other means of locomotion, an aged and weary couple sat down beside a not very cheerful mill stone, and commended after this manner: The old lady expressed her fatigue by wishing herself in heaven. "Ah, but I wish I were at the tavern," sighed the philosopher beside her. "You rogue," she cried, "you always want to be in the best place."

It would not be fair to expect the modern tavern to compete with heaven, by any shelter or provender it has to offer. But the modern tavern ought to compete with as many of the home felicities the traveler has turned his back upon as may be. This is the need of the traveling public. I will not go so far as to say that there is not an entirely satisfactory tavern in the city of New York, as I recently heard declared by a woman of society, who, I fear alluded more to the clientele than to the management or architecture; but the managers of hotels, and the architects, have important things to learn.

If we compare modern taverns with their predecessors of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries we should say that the modern ones are perfect. Washington Irving, the great connoisseur, said in 1857 of the St. Nicholas Hotel, then new, which used to stand on Broadway in the neighborhood of Broome street and had a most fascinating painting of the patron saint of New Amsterdam in the act of descending a chimney, artfully let into a great panel in the way of a hotel" he had never seen.

Charles Dickens was also wonderfully impressed with the Tremont House of Boston in the early '40's. What pleased them, however, was the beginning of that hotel magnificence which surfeits us to-day. We long for more comfort, homeliness and good taste.

Ministry as a Profession.

A conference lately held in Boston to consider how a greater number of able young men could be induced to enter the ministry was attended by two bishops, five heads of theological schools and colleges, and by clergymen, editors and others—eighteen persons in all. They agreed unanimously that so far as numbers went there were ministers enough, but that what the church needed was abler and more effective men in the ministry. In its present state the Protestant ministry seems an extra-hazardous profession, in which the peace of mind, as well as the maintenance, of conscientious men is exposed to too many risks.

It does not surprise the thoughtful observer that in spite of its great attractions the ministry finds trouble in attracting the class of recruits it needs. One of the privileges that are dear to the American mind is that of sending the details of his theology whenever he thinks he has got enough new light to warrant it. A layman may do that without embarrassment, but if a minister does it he must carry his congregation with him or prepare to be charged with breach of contract.—Harper's Weekly.

The wife may be the patient one in the beginning, but as the years go by the husband gets the patient look.

Pale, Thin, Nervous?

Then your blood must be in a very bad condition. You certainly know what to take, then take it—Ayer's Sarsaparilla. If you doubt, then consult your doctor. We know what he will say about this grand old family medicine. Sold for over 60 years.

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A Dry Country. A practical illustration of the current saying, "as broad as it is long," comes from the Denver Republican.

A man who drove across the country last summer to a little town in Western Kansas met a farmer hauling a wagon load of water.

"Where do you get water?" he asked.

"Up the road about seven miles," the farmer replied.

"And you haul water seven miles for your family and stock?" "Yep."

"Why in the world don't you dig a well?" asked the traveler, excitedly.

"Because, stranger," the farmer said, calmly, "it's just as far one way as the other."

Effects of Prosperity. In the six years of the country's greatest prosperity, from 1897 to 1903, average prices of breadstuffs advanced 63 per cent, meats 23.1 per cent, dairy and garden products 50.1 per cent, and clothing 24.1. All these were products of the farmer and stockman, who profited more than any other class of the community by these advances. The miner benefited 42.1 per cent, by that advance in the average price of metals.

The only decrease in the average prices of commodities in that period was in railway freight rates, which decreased from 798 per ton-mile in 1897, to 763 in 1903, a loss of 4.4 per cent. The report of the Interstate Commerce commission shows that the average increase in the pay of railroad employes in that period was a trifle above 8.5 per cent.

A Life-Saver. He kissed her hand and then her lips. She bade him go away. Said he, "I live from hand to mouth. So don't be angry, pray."

"Oh, well," she said, "if that's the case I'll let you live to-day."

For forty years Pisko's Cure for Consumption has cured coughs and colds. At drugists. Price 25 cents.

Odd Animal Laws. When a dog was unlawfully killed in countries differing so widely as Germany and Arabia the owner of the animal used to be indemnified in the following manner: The dog was hung up by the tail, with the point of its muzzle touching the ground, and the man who had committed the offense was obliged to pour over it corn or flour until the carcass was completely hidden by the heap. This heap then became the property of the man who owned the dog.

In Syria there was a specially curious variation, for if it were a street dog that was killed the flour was made into bread and given to its fellows. No doubt this arose from the value attached in those old parts to street dogs as scavengers. By the old Welsh laws of Howel the damages for killing an animal belonging to another were assessed in the same odd manner.

Notes on the May Century. General attention is being called more and more to what seems to be a widespread religious awakening. Now it is Australia or Wales or New Zealand that is affected, then amazing reports come from Korea, next, perhaps, are extraordinary reports from Los Angeles, Atlanta or Pittsburg. These conditions will be discussed by Henry R. Elliot in the May Century under the title of "The World-wide Spiritual Awakening."

Two Exceptions. "They say that all the world loves a lover," said the rejected suitor as he ate his dinner from the mantelpiece, "but there are generally two exceptions to the rule, the girl you want to be your wife and the man you want to be your father-in-law."—Princeton Tiger.

P. N. U. No. 14-1905

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HIGHEST AWARD WORLD'S FAIR, 1901.

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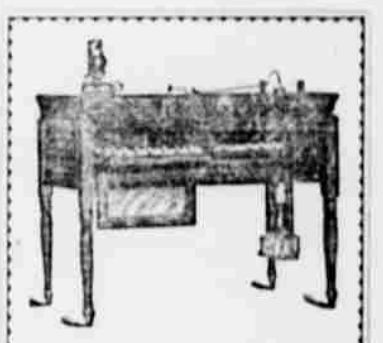
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