## For Lung Troubles

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral certainly cures coughs, colds, bronchitis, consumption. And it certainly strengthens weak throats and weak lungs. There can be no mistake about this. You know it is true. And your own doctor will say so.

"My little boy had a terrible cough. I tried everything I could hear of but in vain until I tried Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. The first night he was better, and he steadily improved until he was perfectly well,"—MRS. S. J. STERLE, Alton, Ill.

Auger's HAIR VIOOR.

Keep the bowels regular with Ayer's Pills and thus hasten recovery.

Cabbages were introduced into En-

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When a fish loses any of its scales, by a wound or other means, they are never renewed.

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Boys can do wonders. Girls, it's
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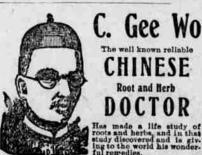
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Just Received from Peking, China—Safe, Surand Reliable.

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CONSULTATION FREE

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P. N. U. No. 50-07

WHEN writing to advertisers please mention this paper.



"Cheer up! There is a silver lining to every cloud!" "Well, what good is that? I haven't got an airship."— Pick-Me-Up.

Howell—You seem to think that I will lose if I make the investment. Powell—My boy, it is just like indorsing a note for a friend.—Brooklyn Life.

Friend—So that is your little boy? He looks very intelligent. Proud Mama—Just as I was at his age. My daughter, now, is more like her father.—Nos Loisirs.

"Youngling is going to marry the widow Henpeck." "Why, she's twice as old as he is." "Oh, well, he'll age fast enough after the wedding."—Town and Country.

"That fisherman is always talking about the whoppers he caught." "He doesn't catch them." answered Miss Cayenne. "He merely tells them."—Washington Star.

Boarder—You can divide a chicken with mathematical accuracy, Mrs. Hashington, Mrs. Hashington—Dividing it is easy enough. I wish I could multiply it.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

"Mamma," said Jamle, mysteriously,
"did I ever have a little brother that
fell into the well?" "No," said mamma.
"Why?" "Why, when I looked down
in the well I saw a little boy something like me."

"Miss Pechis," said Mr. Timmid, at the other end of the sofa, "if I were to throw you a kiss I wonder what you'd say." "Well," replied Miss Pechis, "I'd say you were the laziest man I ever saw."—Philadelphia Press.

Tom—But perhaps she doesn't love you. Jack—Oh, yes, she does! Tom— How do you know? Jack—When I told her that I had no money to get married on she offered to horrow some from he father.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

"Dear me, John, this is dreadful with hot weather on us and no money to go anywhere. Haven't you any country relations you can scare up?" "That's the trouble. I've scared all f've got already."—Baltimore American.

"Yes," said the young man, pensively, "a dog I once had saved my life."
"Tell me about it," said the young woman, with eager interest. 'I sold him for \$4," said the young man, "when I was nearly starving."—Tit-Bits.

"What made Brown marry that widow?" "Did you ever drop a penny in a weighing machine and then find the thing won't work?" "Yes." "That's the reason." "What do you mean?" Couldn't get a weigh."—Denver Post.

Wife (during the quarrel)—I don't believe you ever did a charitable act in your life. Husband—I did one, at least, that I have lived to regret. Wife —Indeed! What was it, pray? Husband—I saved you from dying an old maid.—Illustrated Bits.

Friend—I am afraid your husband has a very bad cold; he's continually sneezing. It's quite painful to hear him. Why don't you ask a doctor to see him? Matron—Well, I'm waiting just a few days because it amuses baby so to see his father sneeze.—Tit-Bits.

"You may not remember me, Miss Summers," he said, "but I was engaged to you once." "Indeed?" the summer girl replied coldly, "you have quite a memory for faces, 'No," he replied, glancing at her fair hand, "but I have for the rings I buy."—Philadelphia Press.

"But," protested the space writer, "perhaps you could use this article if I were to boil it down?" "Nothing doing," rejoined the man behind the blue pencil. "If you were to take a gallon of water and boil it down to a pint, it would still be water."—Chicago Daily News.

"Well, anyhow," said Cassidy, "the new mill is fitted up fine. Shure, everything's in its right place," "Not at all." replied Casey, "whin I wint through there th' other day I seen a lot o' red buckets marked 'Fur Fire Only,' an', faix, there was wather in thim!"—Philadelphia Press.

Friend—One of your clerks tells me you raised his salary and told him to get married, under panalty of discharge. Business Man—Yes; I do that to all my clerks when they get old enough to marry. I don't want any of your independent, conceited men about my place.—Tit-Bits.

Landlady (to new boarder who is rather stout). I am glad to hear that one of my former boarders recommended you to my house. Stout Boarder—Yes, he spoke very highly of it. After telling him that I had tried all kinds of antifat without success he advised a short stay here.—Ally Sloper.

Mistress—Norah, I told you to give that man with the hand organ a quarter to go down to the next block and grind his machine in front of Mr. Upps-Tart's house—and he's out here on the sidewalk again! Norah—Yis, mum. He says th' leddy in the next block gave 'im half a dollar to come back here, mum.—Chicago Tribuna.

