

Painful Periods

are overcome by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Fifty thousand happy women testify to this in grateful letters to Mrs. Pinkham.

Menstruation is a severe strain on a woman's vitality. If it is painful something is wrong which

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

will promptly set right, if excessive or irregular write to Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., for advice.

Evidence abounds that Mrs. Pinkham's advice and medicine have for many years been helping women to be strong. No other advice is so unvaryingly accurate, no other medicine has such a record of cures.

Irrational.

The girl with the great, scaphic, gray eyes complained bitterly of the timidity of her steady company.

"Give him the mitten!" advised her entourage, unhesitatingly.

"What, for cold feet?" exclaimed she.

Poison Oak Poison Ivy

are among the best known of the many dangerous wild plants and shrubs. To touch or handle them quickly produces swelling and inflammation with intense itching and burning of the skin. The eruption soon disappears, the sufferer hopes forever; but almost as soon as the little blisters and pustules appeared the poison had reached the blood, and will break out at regular intervals and each time in a more aggravated form. This poison will linger in the system for years, and every atom of it must be forced out of the blood before you can expect a perfect, permanent cure.

SSS Nature's Antidote FOR Nature's Poisons.

is the only cure for Poison Oak, Poison Ivy, and all noxious plants. It is composed exclusively of roots and herbs. Now is the time to get the poison out of your system, as delay makes your condition worse. Don't experiment longer with salves, washes and soaps—they never cure.

Mr. S. M. Marshall, bookkeeper of the Atlanta (Ga.) Gas Light Co., was poisoned with Poison Oak. He took Sulphur, Arsenic and various other drugs, and applied externally numerous lotions and salves with no benefit. At times the swelling and inflammation was so severe he was almost blind. For eight years the poison would break out every season. His condition was much improved after taking one bottle of S. S. S., and a few bottles cleared his blood of the poison, and all evidences of the disease disappeared.

People are often poisoned without knowing when or how. Explain your case fully to our physicians, and they will cheerfully give such information and advice as you require, without charge, and we will send at the same time an interesting book on Blood and Skin Diseases.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

JOHN POOLE, PORTLAND, OREGON, can give you the best bargains in general machinery, engines, boilers, tanks, pumps, plows, belts and windmills. The new steel, I. X. L. windmill, sold by him, is unequalled.

DR. GUNN'S IMPROVED PILLS FOR A DOSE. Cure Sick Headache and Dyspepsia, Remove Pimples, Purify the Blood, Aid Digestion, Prevent Biliousness. Don't Grip or Sicken. To continue you will mail a free trial box, 25c. DR. BOSANKO CO., Philadelphia, Pa. Sold by Druggists.

5 DROPS RHEUMATISM

THE ONLY SURE CURE AND INSTANTANEOUS RELIEF FOR SCIATICA, NEURALGIA, NERVOUSNESS, DYSPEPSIA, HEADACHE, CATARRH, GOUT, BRONCHITIS, LA GRIPPE, MALARIA, HEART WEAKNESS, CREEPING NUMBNESS, etc. Buy a bottle today and have it in the house. It will save suffering and doctor's bills. Harmless for children's use. Contains no opiates or other harmful ingredients. Absolutely pure and concentrated. Large bottle of 30 drops for \$1, prepaid by mail or express, or we will send you (postpaid) a trial bottle for 25 cents. Agents wanted.

SWANSON RHEUMATIC CURE COMPANY, 104 Lake St., Chicago, Ill.

DOES YOUR HOME TOUCH YOUR HEART?

Then you'll want beautiful things in your home. The first things you think of we sell: Mantels of all kinds, Andirons of every sort, Gas, Electric and Oil Lights in endless variety. A Christmas present that beautifies your home is the best present. Call or write for photographs and catalogues. THE JOHN BARRETT COMPANY, 91 First Street, Portland Oregon.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION

CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by Druggists.

THE WOMEN'S VOTE.

IT'S no good, Miss Thorold," said Rupert Ashley despairingly. "The fight lies between Strong and Johnstone, and I haven't an earthly chance of a look-in."

"A battle is never lost till the last shot has been fired, Mr. Ashley," said Doris Thorold gently, as she gazed, with just a suspicion of kindness in her eyes, at the very smart and youthful candidate whom the conservatives had seen fit to send down to contest the triangular battle at Blackton-le-Moor.

"That crowd of Georgies who occupy Walker's Rents, and the lot at No-Man's-Land, the other end of the town, will turn the balance against me. I am afraid, Miss Thorold," he continued, "that I'm a bit too much of a boy for this job. When I go about canvassing the women ask me whether I've called for the vote for my father, and they won't believe me when I tell them that I am the candidate. And I've had to lick two pitlads already. They object in a practical manner to a boy of my age wearing a black coat."

I.

"I am afraid our people are a little bit rough," said Miss Thorold, doubtfully.

"Anyhow, Miss Thorold," continued Rupert, lifting his eyes from the ground and blushing becomingly, "whether I get in or not, I shall always thank the conservatives for sending me down to Blackton-le-Moor to gain two such friends as your father and yourself."

"We are very glad, too, Mr. Ashley," Doris Thorold replied hurriedly. "And—how did you get that bruise on your face?" she added, evidently desirous of changing the trend of the conversation.

"Oh, that's nothing!" he replied lightly. "Someone heaved a stone through the carriage window last night as I was driving home. Political feeling runs a little bit higher up here than it does in the home counties, you know."

"But why should they try to hurt you?" asked Doris, her gray eyes opening wide in wonder.

"I am not very much liked in this part of the world. My father was a very bad man, and I remember that boy I received a thrashing for giving assistance to the wife of one of his striders."

"But I am sure you're not hard or unkind. Why should they try to hurt you?"

"The sins of the fathers," you know," quoted Rupert, as he shook hands. "Good-by, Miss Thorold. Won't you wish me luck for to-morrow?"

"I do, indeed, Mr. Ashley!" replied Doris.

"Then, with luck, I shall come in just about a hundred votes behind Ben Johnstone, and about a hundred and fifty behind John Strong. Good-by."

With a fine sweep of his tall hat he bowed and left Doris with the idea that her hand had been held in his about two seconds longer than was absolutely necessary to a formal leave-taking. As she made her way homeward toward the rectory the rattle of clogged feet followed close behind her. With a woman's quick ear, she caught the voices of the two mill girls who followed in her steps.

"Tha-at's the pa-ason's gel!" explained one voice. "A rare good lass she is, too! When 't'owd mother was sick w' the scarlet fever, in the time o' th' lippydemmic, she coom to ours, an' she ridded 'oop the room, an' coo-died the old 'ooman oop w' beef teds an' jellies till she was brave an' well again!"

"Happen she's soft on that young chap Ashley; she was talkin' w' him," speculated the first speaker's companion. "He's go-oin' to pit hisself oop for parlymint, they do say."

"He won't be no member of parlymint," said the first speaker. "The Jolly Miners' Benefit Club are all goin' to stash oop his meetin' to-night; an' daddy says they're all goin' to vote agin him to-morrow. An' there's three hoondred on 'em."

"D'ye think they'll hurt him?" asked her companion anxiously. "He's a gradely la-ad."

The sound of voices died away up a side street, and Doris hurried on trembling.

Grim tales Doris had heard of the brutalities of past elections fitted through her brain.

She was still trembling, when she was brought to a standstill by a shrill feminine call from the door of a small, grimy cottage.

"Ere, Miss Doris, I wants yer!"

There was no mistaking the cockney accent of Mrs. Acroyd, the stalwart mistress of the cottage.

She was a lady of southern birth, and regarded by most of the inhabitants of Blackton-le-Moor as a "furriner." Nevertheless her social influence in the town was immense, for was she not the spouse, and considerably the "better

half" of Bully Acroyd, the champion heavy weight of the whole district, and a footballer coveted by all the surrounding counties?

"Come in, an' let me dust a chair for yer, Miss Doris," said Mrs. Acroyd. "My Bill, 'e ain't come home from work yet, or 'e'd be that proud to see yer as yer wouldn't believe!"

Doris took the proffered seat.

"Well, Mrs. Acroyd, what can I do for you?" she asked.

"It's not about me that I wanted to see yer, Miss Doris. It's about yourself," replied Mrs. Acroyd, as she folded a massive pair of arms with an air of decision.

II.

"Have I offended any of the mothers in the sewing circle?" asked Doris, looking a little disturbed.

"No, no, my lamb!" replied Mrs. Acroyd reassuringly. "Just as if you would offend them! I just want a straight answer to a straight question." Here the speaker paused doubtfully.

"Ask the question, then, Mrs. Acroyd," said Doris, rather nervously.

"Now, Miss Doris, there's no offense intended, but ain't you a bit gone on that la-da-da young toff from Lunnon—you know, the conservative joint?"

"The conservative joint?" gasped Doris.

"That's 'im—the young toff with a window pane in his hi, and a 'Haw, haw!' sort of way of talking, as though 'is talk stuck in his neck!"

"As I was goin' to tell yer," continued Mrs. Acroyd volubly. "'E called 'ere this morn'."

"'Good mornin', madam,' says 'e, taking off his shiny topper, as polite as if he was talkin' to a duchess."

"'Good day, young man,' says I. 'Is Mr. Acroyd at 'ome?' says 'e."

"'No, young man,' says I. 'E's down in the mines diggin' coals for the benefit of an ungrateful country which kicks at payin' thirty bob a ton, for the benefit of the likes of you!"

"'I'm sorry I haven't time to discuss the coal question, Mrs. Acroyd,' says he, 'but I shall be very glad if you will give me a cup of your very excellent tea. They tell me that you make the very best cup o' tea in the whole town,' says 'e. And would you believe it, Miss Doris, in five minutes he an' me were 'obnobbin' over our afternoon tea, just the same as if I was a swell lady an' it was my at 'ome day."

"Now, Miss Doris, I saw 'is little game at once when 'e started arstin' all sorts of questions about you, an' gettin' me on to tell 'im all about you."

"When I told 'im all about what you did in the scarlet fever time, an' 'the strike time, an' 'the typhoid time, I says to 'im, 'Now, young man, what do you think of a young woman like that?'"

"'I think she's a noble girl,' says 'e, an' 'e struck 'is eyeglass in 'is eye, an' pulled down 'is cuffs as though he meant what he said."

"'Now, young man,' says I, 'that there young lady hasn't got a mother to look arter 'er or to arst any young man 'is intentions.'"

"'I understand,' says he. 'You've been sparkin' round 'er ever since you've been down 'ere elshunneering,' says I."

"'E nods."

"'Now, young man,' says I, 'you've come 'ere to arst my old man for 'is vote, which 'e's chairman of the Jolly Miners' Benefit Club. I know very well that he an' 'is mates are goin' to vote agin' yer, and that they're goin' to smash oop your meetin' to-night.'"

"'I'm sorry to 'ear that,' says 'e."

"'Now, young man,' says I, 'might I arst what are your intentions toward our Miss Doris? She's more to us women 'ere than half a dozen bloomin' members of parliament,' says I."

"'Then he dropped the winder pane from 'is eye an' the 'haw, haw' from 'is voice, and 'e answers quite gentle: 'Whether I'm returned member of parliament or not for this constituency, Mrs. Acroyd,' says 'e, 'I intend to arst Miss Doris Thorold to do me the honor of marryin' me.'"

"'Right O, my lad!' says I. 'An' when you've married 'er, do you mean to treat 'er well?'"

"'I do,' says 'e."

"'No stoppin' out late at nights, no 'armonic clubs, an' always to bring yer money 'ome straight to 'er on pay day,' says I."

"'Yes,' says he."

"'Then I 'eld out my 'and to 'im, which 'e gripped very 'ard."

"'Leave it to me, then, young man,' says I."

"'Thank you, Mrs. Acroyd,' says he. 'But supposing Miss Thorold won't have me?'"

"'You leave that to me, young man,' says I."

"'And 'e left it to me, Miss Doris, with this," concluded Mrs. Acroyd, producing a magnificent half-hoop ring."

"'I kissed 'im for 'is mother before 'e went. 'E was that like my poor Bill as was drowned at sea that I couldn't

'elp it. Now, Miss Doris, are you fond of 'im, or ain't you? If you are, he'll be a mumber o' parlymint to-morrow night. If you ain't, my old man an' 'is pals will wipe him an' 'is meetin' out this very evenin'!"

"Oh, Mrs. Acroyd, I've loved him for ever so long!" whispered Doris, as she hid her face on that lady's massive shoulder.

"Then put 'is ring on, my dear, and, as long as you wear it, remember that a clean kitchen and good plain vittles has more to do w' making a man happy an' kind an' keepin' out o' the poobles than all the brass in the world!"

That night Ashley delivered his final speech to the electors of Blackton-le-Moor.

The meeting, which was to have been riotously opposed, passed off amid general enthusiasm. His agent attributed this to the large number of women who were seated in the body of the audience, and who seemed to suppress at once any signs of rioting.

When he came to the end of his speech a roar of enthusiasm burst forth from friend and foe alike.

The following morning it was rumored that "Bully" Acroyd and the Jolly Miners were voting solidly for Ashley. It was further rumored in the afternoon that large numbers of voters in No-Man's Land and Walker's Rents were prevented from coming to the poll by their wives, who had stolen their clothes in the night and had kept them in bed all day with unlimited gruel and tobacco and beer, declaring that they were not well, and should neither work nor vote that day.

Late that night, as Ashley drove down to the Town Hall, accompanied by the rector and his daughter, he declared, as he absently twisted a diamond ring on a very slender finger, that he was far too happy to care whether he was at the top of the poll or not.

As he spoke, a red rocket soared from the roof of the Conservative Club, and a vast roar of "Ashley!" rang through the streets.

"By twelve hundred votes!" yelled a prominent Conservative, thrusting a congratulatory hand through the carriage window.

"It was the women's vote, dearest!" whispered Doris happily.

"They voted for you, darling!" corrected Ashley.

A ROUND-ROBIN REMEDY.

Cogent Reasoning of a Patient with a Disordered Stomach.

When a doctor of thirty years' practice encounters a new experience it must be worth relating. This is from a physician on Lafayette avenue, who has fought disease for the period named.

"I saw him get gingerly out of a wagon in front of the office. He then left the team with his daughter, ignored the bell, and pounded lustily on the door. I answered in person, because I thought he and my office girl might get into an argument, for he looked just like a man who would insist upon seeing the 'doc' at once."

"'Doc,' he began, without other preliminary, 'I've been takin' truck fur six months, and blamed if I ain't worse'n I was at the beginnin'.'"

"'What's the matter with you?'"

"'Stomach's all out o' whack. Regular riot down there all the time, and me a dozin' in the remedy after each meal and at early bedtime.'"

"'What are you taking?'"

"'Here it is, doc, and I got a lot left yet. My first wife uster buy it in the bulk 'cause it came cheaper.'"

"'But this is for the lungs.'"

"'S'pose I don't know that? Course it's for the lungs. That's what was the matter with her. I don't care if it was fur the liver, it's got ter go to the stomach first, hain't it, and the stomach and the lungs hain't so durned far apart but what helps one helps the other—and what gits to one gits to the other.'—Detroit Free Press.

Mechanical Power.

France is using the automobile in practical ways for the public service. The experiment in Paris of supplying automobiles to the mail collectors and carriers is already declared a success, and now comes the news that in the French town of Alehon there is in excellent working order an automobile ambulance service. A motor quadricycle coupled to an ambulance of the Lagogue pattern. The motor man and the doctor use the quadricycle, and the patient is the sole occupant of the ambulance. As the Alehon Hospital is for the benefit of the country far and wide, the service is naturally managed differently from the Paris ambulance service. After a call is received it is necessary to secure a doctor and travel out in the country perhaps miles for the patient. Hence the speed furnished by mechanical rather than horse power is most essential.

When a woman caller begins the conversation by praising her hostess' cooking, the hostess should throw out a torpedo net: it means that she is to be asked to bake for a church social.

After a man has been married to a woman twenty years, he still thinks he is fooling her.

You hear a good deal about the open door. Well, close it.

Want Better Freight Rates.

Pacific coast jobbers are again before the interstate commerce commission fighting for more favorable freight rates.

Men Are Not Alike.

Two men may be exactly alike up to the tops of their heads. Uncover one head and discover a genius. The other reveals an idiot.

What the Cows Are Doing.

The food commissioner of Oregon reports that 5,000,000 pounds of butter were made in the state last year, also 1,500,000 pounds of cheese.

Wants a Small Fortune.

A Seattle fireman named Brabon was thrown from a hose cart and killed. Mrs. Brabon is after \$25,000 of city money and will get something.

The Best Prescription for Malaria Chills and Fever is a bottle of Groves, Tasteless Chill Tonic. It is simply iron and quinine in a tasteless form, No Cure, No Pay. Price 50c.

Still Out of Prison.

A year ago Frank E. McDaniel was sentenced to 15 years in the Oregon penitentiary, but he's not there yet because legal measure have prevented.

GARFIELD TEA

Is a wonderful preparation composed of HERBES that act on the Liver, permanently curing constipation.

Rich Alaska Copper Mine.

A big ledge on Prince of Wales island, off the coast of Alaska, owned by Seattle parties, shows copper valued at \$98 per ton.

DON'T GET FOOTSOKE. GET FOOT-EASE.

A powder. At this season your feet feel swollen, nervous and uncomfortable. If you have smarting feet or tight shoes, try Allen's Foot-Ease. It rests and comforts; makes walking easy. Cures swollen and sweating feet, blisters and callous spots. Relieves corns and bunions of all pain and is a certain cure for Chilblains, Sweating, Damp or Frosted Feet. We have over 30,000 testimonials. Don't get footsoke get Foot-Ease. Try it today. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores for 25c. Trial package FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Very Easy Job.

Strange how nicely we can lay out a straight and narrow path that we love so well to have others follow.

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

Fire Boat at Portland.

The Portland Fire department is trying to have a fire boat built to fight fires along the docks of the Willamette river.

HOW'S THIS?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that can not be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CLENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O. We the undersigned, have known F. J. Cleney for the past 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by him.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. WALKING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Drug-ists, Toledo, O. Hall's Catarrh Cure is sold at retail, acting directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c per bottle. Sold by all druggists. Testimonials free. Hall's Family Pills—r'th' last.

Turning Out the Japs.

About 3,000 Japs will have their naturalization papers canceled in Vancouver, B. C., because fraud is suspected in getting them.

Stops the Cough and Works Off the Cold.

Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets cure a cold in one day. No cure, No Pay. Price 25 cents.

Eggs From the East.

Since September eight cars of Eastern eggs have come to Portland because home supply is not sufficient.

Another Congressman.

The new congressional apportionment bill introduced in congress provides for another congressman in Washington state, three in all.

E. W. Brown

This signature is on every box of the genuine Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets the remedy that cures a cold in one day

Monument to Poe.

Boston is starting a movement to erect a monument for Edgar Allan Poe.

Can You Do This?

It takes the best kind of a man to do as he is told. Ever try it?

The Smiths All Got There.

All the Smiths in congress were re-elected, three from Michigan, one each from Illinois, Iowa and Kentucky.

Railroad's Annual Meeting.

The annual meeting of the stockholders of the O. R. & N. railway will be held in Portland January 31st next.

Last of the Century.

Only a few days more and this rec-letter century will go up to the edge and stop off. Its industrial, financial and political achievements have exceeded all that have gone before.