MAN-A-LIN

Copyright 1906, by The Manalin Co.

MAN-A-LIN Is An Excellent Remedy for Constipation

There are many ailments directly dependent upon constipation, such as biliousness, discolored and pimpled skin, inactive liver, dyspepsia, overworked kidneys and headache

Remove constipation and all of these ailments disappear.

MAN-A-LIN can be relied upon to produce a gentle action of the bowels, making pills and drastic cathartics entirely unnecessary.

A dose or two of Man-a-lin is advisable in slight febrile attacks, la grippe, colds and influenza.

THE MAN-A-LIN CO.
COLUMBUS, OHIO, U. S. A.

Odd Coincidence.

Not many years since a pastor in New York State read in his pulpit this portion of a hymn:

Well, the delightful day will come
When my dear Lord shall take me home,
And I shall see his face—

Just then he was stricken with paralysis and died in a few moments. Thirty-three years before in the same pulpit another pastor was reading the very same stanza when he, too, was stricken and died.—Scrap Book.

Parlor Magic.

Mr. Kybosh, who was in search of a late copy of a monthly magazine, absentmindedly stepped into the parlor.

He was just in time to see the young man hastily remove his arm from the back of the chair in which Miss Kitty was sitting.

"Pressed! O! Change!" he muttered instantly stepping back into the sitting room.

For Mr. Kybosh remembered that he was a young man himself many years ago.

Wisdom and Valor.

"It takes a wise man to know when to change his mind," said one statesman.

"Yes," answered the other, "and a brave one to own up to it when it is accomplished."—Washington Star.

The Hits and the Misses.

"What are the requisites of a successful musical comedy?"

"Oh, about a dozen song hits."

"Yes?"

"And twice that many attractive misses."—Washington Herald.

The Premature Press.

First Reporter—I see by the last edition that our old schoolmate, Jones, has committed suicide.

Second Reporter—Hurry down and you may be in time to prevent his doing it.—Smart set.

Don't Grow Stale!

Many a man bewails his lack of success in life after he has permitted himself to get into a rut. While dreaming of success he has been as blind as a bat and slower than two snails. He blocked his own way.—Manchester Union.

Respects Work.

"I am afraid you don't like work."

"Yes I do," answered Plodding Pete. "I have so much respect for work that when I see a piece of it to be 'tended to I allus feel like turnin' it over to somebody else that wouldn't be as likely to spoil it as I would."—Washington Star.

An Expert Opinion.

"What we want to do," said the moralist, "is to strive for the uplifting of our fellowman."

"That is easy," said the flying machine inventor. "The difficulty is to keep him from dropping back to earth with a rude jar."—Washington Star.

Buy Hair at Auction?

At any rate, you seem to be getting rid of it on auction-sale principles: "going, going, g-o-n-e!" Stop the auction with Ayer's Hair Vigor. It checks falling hair, and always restores color to gray hair. A splendid dressing also. Sold for over sixty years.

"My hair came out so badly I nearly lost it all. I had heard so much about Ayer's Hair Vigor I thought I would give it a trial. I did so and it completely stopped the falling, and made my hair grow very rapidly."—MARY H. FIELD, Northfield, Mass.

Made by J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.
Also manufacturers of
Ayer's SARSAPARILLA. PILLS. CHERRY PECTORAL.

AMERICANS IN EUROPE.

Woman Tells Why Foreign Criticism Isn't Wholly Unwarranted.

From time to time Americans are agitated by the critical comments of some foreign writer, usually English, who sends his impressions to his papers, says Harriet Quimby in Leslie's Weekly. As an American, with all the characteristic patriotism of one born under the stars and stripes, I have always been among the first to denounce such writers as prigs ignorant of their subject; but after a season of unprejudiced observation along the famous French and Italian Riviera and continued into Egypt, the Mecca of the majority of our travelers this season, it is forcibly borne in upon me that, after all, foreign writers are not so far wrong in their criticisms of Americans abroad; but that their observations lacked completeness is also obvious, for they failed to enumerate the failings of the English and also those of the Germans.

The most flagrant mistake which young feminine America makes when she has safely landed from her favorite Hamburg liner on this side of the Atlantic is the exercise of that freedom and natural coquetry which in her own country is understood, but which is in contrast to the conduct of her far less attractive, it is true, but better behaved English and German sisters is no more or less than boydenish, and in too many instances descends to vulgarity. "We are abroad, and nothing matters," is the general attitude. She of good family and demure behavior in her own city coquets recklessly at the wrong time, thinking nothing of it herself, for she means nothing, but in the buoyancy of her spirits and the safety of being unknown she manages to attract that natural criticism which she so bitterly resents when she returns to her own home and chances to read what the foreigners have thought of her. What is innocently called a lark and is in itself innocent enough, no doubt, is regarded seriously by foreign men, and even to the unprejudiced American eye the extreme unconventionality, to use a mild term, loses the charm with which it is sometimes regarded in our own country, where it is better understood.

PLAGUE OF BIRDS IN ENGLAND.

Result of Crusade for Protection—Battues of Sparrows and Finches.

The protection of birds in England has reached such a stage that they have become a nuisance and now it is not unlikely that a systematic war will be waged on them. The complaint is not of the game birds, which pay in sport and in the market. It is the little feathered creatures that are bothering the farmers and gardeners.

Of course, the sparrows are the worst. They have grown to millions in the southern part of England and the Kentish farmers have had to organize battues to reduce their numbers, as they were devouring seed and grain and destroying fruit to a ruinous extent. Tens of thousands of them have been shot or caught with birdlime.

In Herefordshire, just north of London, the bullfinches are the worst offenders, swarms of them darken the air and settle down on the fields and in the orchard. The statement made is that they absolutely denude the trees of fruit.

Each apple or pear has only a little peck taken from it, but it is thrown to the ground and rendered totally unmarketable. The farmers and fruit raisers here talk of organizing formal hunts to thin out the flocks of birds. Starlings have also become extremely numerous and are badly in need of slaughter, the country people say.

The pigeons are the only birds constantly shot all the year around in England, and in spite of this their number never seems to diminish. In one farm outside of London the proprietor reports that he shot recently 340 pigeons in a single day.

Farmers and gardeners and fruit growers are proposing to memorialize the government for the establishment of a scientific system to combat the increase of sparrows, finches, starlings, crows and pigeons in the interest of husbandry and horticulture.—New York Sun.

A Lost Contract.

A pen once lost me an order. I had just worked up the executive of a large concern into a desire to buy. I had my contract form lying on his desk with my finger on the dotted line. He reached over toward his pen rack, took off a pen and plunged it into the ink well. He turned to me with a frown on his face—the well was empty.

I was ready with a fountain pen. The pen was uncapped. I handed it to him. He started to write. The ink would not flow. I took it and shook it. Again he made the attempt, with no result.

"I will get one," he said. So he stepped into the other room. Evidently some one stopped him with a question, for he did not come back for three minutes. Then he stood at his desk. He looked down at the contract.

"I believe I had better think this matter over again," he said. And all the talk I put up could not budge him.

I had lost a sale because my fountain pen was empty. Now, one of my regular morning duties, week in and week out, just as regular as my shave and my checking over of calls to be made and the making out of my expense account, is filling my fountain pen.—James N. Bowen, in System.

Poorly Expressed.

"That young lady and gentleman at the next table appear to be getting quite thick."

"They're in love with one another, if you mean that; but they could never get thick at this boarding house."—Houston Post.

What's His Age?

"After all, you know," said Dubley, "a man is only as old as he feels."

"Yes?" replied Wise. "How about the fellow who 'feels like a 2-year-old?'"—Philadelphia Press.

Most married men do as they please—in their minds.

RISK DEATH AND LIKE IT

If, in the pursuit of your life's vocation, you had seen five men drop from your side at a dizzy height to a terrible death far below, would you continue in that vocation? If you did persist in it, would you have sufficient confidence in yourself to retain your "nerve" under all circumstances for thirty-five years?

That has been a brief part of the many exciting experiences in the life of H. F. ("Risky") Evans, one of the most daring of the few famous "steeple-jacks" who risk death and like it.

"Risky" Evans is now 49 years old. He has a wife and a son and daughter grown almost to manhood and womanhood. He has a profitable business which he can pursue without the risks to be run by steeple climbing. But risks have been the essence of his life since he was a boy. He has climbed steeples and buildings all over America and has done some climbing in England as well. No better fun for "Risky" than to be clinging, in a boatswain's chair, by slings or by his bare hands and feet, high in the air, with the blue sky beckoning to him, with absolute confidence in himself and his ability to hang on to the merest projection.

"Risky" Evans is a type of the daredevils that are growing scarcer each year. The inventions of modern times have eliminated much of the necessity for risk which was run in necessary climbing of steeples and high buildings in the earlier days. He himself has been one of the foremost in making the business of those who must work at high altitudes as safe and as easy as if they had solid ground beneath their feet. But still, every once in a while, "Risky" finds it necessary to go to a great height to carry up a rope on which to swing a scaffold or to attach block and pulley, that his men, less versed in the art of climbing, may perform their duties with safety. There are plenty of men who work at great heights as nonchalantly as does the average person on the ground. Practically any painter must be cool-headed enough to go hundreds of feet in the air without a tremor. Carpenters, masons and other builders must have the same contempt for the dizziness that affects the average person who looks down from a great height. But even the work of such men as these pales before the accomplishments of the few left in the country of the caliber of "Risky" Evans.

On a wager he once climbed at night, without ropes, ladders or any other paraphernalia, the steeple of St. Joseph's Church in Cincinnati, stood erect on the topmost part of the cross surmounting the steeple, set fire to two newspapers he had carried with him in his pocket, and dropped them, blazing, on either side of the steeple, to prove to the man with whom he had made the wager that he was at the top of the steeple. The wager was for $50 and the time allotted him to accomplish the feat was half an hour.

"Risky" Evans' first real experience at any great height from the earth was in the early '70s. He was a boy who loved all sorts of adventures. A balloonist of then national reputation came to the city which was "Risky's" home. He needed some one to go with the baloon, in which he was taking up several passengers, to go down the rope on which was fastened the anchor to make it fast when a landing was made. This was to "Risky's" liking. He took the job. When the "professor" wanted to land "Risky" was hoisted over the side of the car. Down the swinging rope he slid, legs gripped tight around it, hand over hand.

"When I got to the end of the rope and sat down a-straddle of the anchor I felt pretty good," Evans said in telling the story. "Then I began to watch for a treetop to grab the anchor in. We went through one or two, and I had my clothes torn into shreds and got all scratched up. But I hung on, and finally got the anchor around a limb, signaled to the 'professor,' and the landing was made."

In an Eastern city Evans was painting a church steeple, when suddenly, out of a clear sky, an electric storm broke over the city. The steeple was equipped with lightning rods, and as the electricity played about him, accompanied by crashing thunder, sounding louder because of his elevated position, "Risky" thought that his last hour had surely come. To add to the danger the sudden downpour of rain had made the ropes holding his chair so stiff that he scarcely could undo them in order to let himself down. Finally he succeeded in getting his rope loose and swung clear of his dangerous position.

An uncomfortable accident occurred while Evans was working on the steeple of Trinity Church in New York. "Frenchy," the man who was afterward killed, was with him. They had rigged up a chair to which were attached ropes by means of which they could let themselves out of their perches onto the roof of the steeple and thus climb down to the gable, through which they came out of the belfry. One end of the rope was kept knotted, to hold it in the chair. After "Frenchy" had gone down one evening after work he undid the knot and the rope slipped through, leaving "Risky" marooned at the top of the steeple, with no way of getting down other than jumping.

He was compelled to remain on the steeple all night, and when an effort was made to rescue him early in the morning a new trouble was encountered. He had no rope nor string to let down that a line sufficiently strong to bear a rope could be raised. Finally he cut off the sleeves of his jacket and tore them in strips. These he tied together and let the improvised rope down to the gable, where his would-be rescuer was waiting for him.

A strong wind was blowing, and the fragile rope sung in the wind far out from the steeple. Finally "Risky" tied a bunch of keys and a penknife to the end of the string and succeeded in getting it where it could be reached. The rest was easy, and he was soon tucked safely in bed.

MARKED FISH IN THE SEA.

Thousands Caught, Numbered and Put Back in British Channel.

Catching fish, measuring and marking them and then returning them to the sea with the chance of retaking them later is part of the work carried on by the Marine Biological Association of Great Britain.

By means of a steam trawler the fish are caught in the usual way. Each haul is carefully recorded, the fish are counted and measured and all details of locality, time, number, species, sex and size are put down, together with accurate observations on the water, the depth and bottom of the sea, the kinds and quantity of food available, etc. These data are subsequently tabulated and charted.

The method of marking the fish is interesting and has been attended with valuable results. The fish chiefly used during the few years the experiment has been in progress have been plaice, because the proposals which have been made to interfere with the catching of them were based on inadequate knowledge.

The fish are marked on the dorsal surface with a very thin convex metal disk bearing a number. This is attached to a fine silver wire which is passed through the thinner part of the fish near the fin and secured on the upper side by a small bone button. The fish do not appear to suffer inconvenience and their growth is not interfered with in any way.

The thoroughness with which the North Sea is swept by the nets of the fishing fleets is demonstrated, says Discovery, by the fact that out of 5,039 marked plaice of all sizes 992 were recaptured within a year. This represents 19.7 per cent., or nearly one-fifth; but for the medium-sized fish the figures are far higher, ranging from 28.4 to 39 per cent for the whole of the North Sea and to 43 per cent in the more northern portions.

The men of the regular fishing fleet co-operate by forwarding to the laboratory of the association at Lowestoft all the marked fish they catch. At the laboratory reference to the records easily establishes how much the fish has gained in size and weight since the previous catching. Moreover, the distance between the spot where it was released and the place where it was again caught gives an idea as to its movements.

Not Posted.

"Hands up!" said the footpad.

"And if I refuse?" queried the belated pedestrian.

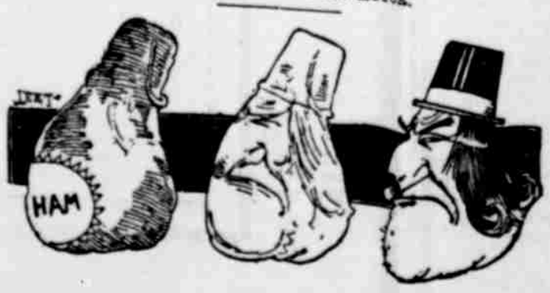
"Well, in that case," resumed the footpad, "I can only say that you don't know the rules of the game. I decline to negotiate with one so grossly ignorant. Good night, sir."—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Emerald Isle.

Ireland is called the Emerald Isle because of the richness of its verdure, the term being first used by Dr. William Drennan, the author of "Glendalloch" and other poems, published in the latter part of the eighteenth century.

It's a brave man who will marry a twin.

THE EVOLUTION OF AN ACTOR.



LIKE THE OLIVE TASTE.

Habit of Smoking Mexican Cigars Grows on the Smoker.

"It has always been a matter of surprise to me," said a traveler quoted in the Washington Star, "that Mexican cigars and tobacco have not attracted the American taste, inasmuch as we are a nation of smokers.

"I make periodical trips to our sister republic, and although you might think it was the back-eyed senoritas which first attracted me in the land of perpetual sunshine, it wasn't; it was the big black cigars that can be bought so cheaply, from the American point of view. There are but few places in this country in the cities where you can get a real Mexican cigar, though if you ask for such some salesmen will hand out the Porto Rico article of rolled tobacco leaf without cracking a smile.

"Mexican tobacco has a flavor peculiar to itself and unlike that of the real Havana; it is more bitter, and perhaps some men would call it rank, compared with the Cuban product. I have always likened the taste for the Mexican cigar unto that for the olive—it is acquired, and once acquired it seems to stick. The best Mexican cigars come from the province of Vera Cruz, just as the best flavored Cuban tobacco comes from a comparatively circumscribed area near the city of Havan in Cuba. The higher grade Vera Cruz cigars, to my mind, have a very fine flavor, and they are comparatively cheap, a good smoke selling for 5 cents each, while the price of cigars in Mexico ranges from 2 cents upward.

"Although Mexican tobacco is very dark, I have not found it as strong or as hard upon the nerves as the dark maduro cigars of Cuban make; it seems to be drier, and, although black, is not so strong. This is perhaps due to soil influences. It was thought when Porto Rico was made an American possession that the tobacco and cigars from that island would make heavy inroads upon the domestic and the Cuban products. Although the Porto Rican product is now well sold throughout this country, it has its own particular clientele among smokers, for that tobacco, like the Mexican, is very dark and of a flavor peculiar to itself. It is much more bitter than the Cuban leaf, which, like its color, is no doubt also due to the soil in which it is grown, and it does not have that peculiar sui generis aroma which accompanies the Cuban article.

"A very fine combination and very hard to obtain may be made of Mexican filler with a Havana wrapper. This combination gives an individual flavor, which, when once enjoyed and striking the fancy of the confirmed smoker, has first call over all other tobacco combinations. It may be that the experiments with Cuban tobacco seed in some of the Southern States in soil which the agricultural department has declared bears an affinity to the original Cuban soil will produce in a generation or so tobacco as well flavored as the real Cuban product, but I think the question of the original soil and climatic influences cannot be so easily solved. In the meantime we will smoke and wait."

Meaning of "Caliber."

All who have to do with firearms know that the word "caliber" refers to the diameter of the bore of a shooting piece. Thus a pistol of 22-caliber means one in which the bullet is of twenty-two one hundredths of an inch in diameter, while 45-caliber means one with a diameter of forty-five one hundredths. There is, however, a more extended use of the word, which is understood by comparatively few people outside of army and navy circles and gunmakers. "A 50-caliber 6-inch gun," says a naval man, "means one that is fifty times six inches, or twenty-five feet long, the length of the bore. In the same way a 10.45 pistol means one the barrel of which is ten times the diameter, or four and a half inches long. This nomenclature is found convenient because the shooting qualities of a piece depend in some measure on the ratio of its length to its diameter."—Philadelphia Record.

Baby's Share of Blame.

She had been fitted for two gowns, the total cost of which was nearly $600.

"Now," she said to the saleswoman, "I want you to do me a favor."

"Certainly," was the prompt response.

The customer colored deeply. "I want you to make out the bill partly for gowns for me and partly for baby dresses and a baby's cloak."

The saleswoman was used to the whims of fashionable women, but this was something she was a little slow in comprehending. The customer explained.

"You see," she said, "my husband is very fond of our baby, and if he sees that the bill is partly for dresses for her—well, he won't mind so much."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

An Answered Prayer.

"I sent my little girl," writes a correspondent, "to the butcher's with 50 cents to buy some steak. She came home 10 cents short in change and was sent back for the missing coin. Presently the butcher's boy called with the dime and explained that his employer had found out his mistake, although they had seen nothing of my little daughter. The time went on, and I felt anxious until I heard her singing merrily in the garden. 'Did you go back to the butcher's?' I asked. 'No, mother, it is such a long way, so I asked God to send for the dime. Has it not come yet?'"

Contagious.

An Irish lad on the east side was obliged recently to seek treatment at a dispensary. On his return home from the first treatment he was met by this inquiry from his mother:

"An' what did the docthor man say was the matter wid your eye?"

"He said there was some furrin substance in it."

"Shure!" exclaimed the old woman, with an I-told-you-so air, "now, maybe, ye'll kape away from thim Eyetalian boys!"—Success Magazine.

SKIN DISEASES

HUMORS IN THE BLOOD

When the blood is pure, fresh and healthy, the skin will be soft, smooth and free from blemishes, but when some acid humor takes root in the circulation its presence is manifested by a skin eruption or disease. These humors get into the blood, generally because of an inactive or sluggish condition of the members of the body whose duty it is to collect and carry off the waste and refuse matter of the system. This unhealthy matter is left to sour and ferment and soon the circulation becomes charged with the acid poison. The blood begins to throw off the humors and acids through the pores and glands of the skin, producing Eczema, Acne, Tetter, Psoriasis, Salt Rheum and skin eruptions of various kinds. Eczema appears, usually with a slight redness of the skin followed by pustules from which there flows a sticky fluid that dries and forms a crust, and the itching is intense. It is generally on the back, breast, face, arms and legs, though other parts of the body may be affected. In Tetter the skin dries, cracks and bleeds; the acid in the blood dries up the natural oils of the skin, which are intended to keep it soft and pliant, causing a dry, feverish condition and giving it a hard, leathery appearance. Acne makes its appearance on the face in the form of pimples and black heads, while Psoriasis comes in scaly patches on different parts of the body One of the worst forms of skin trouble is Salt Rheum; its favorite point of attack is the scalp, sometimes causing baldness. Poison Oak and Ivy are also disagreeable types of skin disease. The humor producing the trouble lies dormant in the blood through the Winter to break out and torment the sufferer with the return of Spring. The best treatment for all skin diseases is S. S. S. It neutralizes the acids and removes the humors so that the skin instead of being irritated and diseased, is nourished by a supply of fresh, healthy blood. External applications of salves, washes, lotions, etc., while they soothe the itching caused by skin affections, can never cure the trouble because they do not reach the blood. S. S. S. goes down into the circulation and forces out every particle of foreign matter and restores the blood to its normal, pure condition, thereby permanently curing every form of skin affection. Book on Skin Diseases and any medical advice desired sent free to all who write. S. S. S. is for sale at all first class drug stores.

I suffered with Eczema for forty years and could find nothing to cure me until I tried S. S. S. I suffered intensely with the itching and burning; pustules would form from which there flowed a sticky fluid; crusts would come on the skin and when scratched off the skin was left as raw as a piece of beef. I suffered agony in the long years I was afflicted, but when I used S. S. S. I found a perfect cure. There has never been any return of the trouble.
C. H. EVANS,
Stockman, Neb.

S.S.S.
PURELY VEGETABE

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

Time Tables for Clothes.

"I was walking on Pennsylvania avenue in Washington one day at high noon when a 'nigger' loomed up on my horizon coming rapidly toward me," said a well-known negro comedian. "He was wearing the most outlandish outfit I ever saw on a human being, on or off the stage. His trousers were frayed and torn above his shoetops. He wore a musk-colored woolen shirt, a celluloid collar and a tattered sack coat. On his head was a sombrero which looked as if several dogs had been trying to pull it to pieces. But the crowning effort was a new and immaculate full dress vest. He had pulled back his coat and shoved his thumbs into the armholes of that vest. As he came sailing before the wind he certainly was the most comical figure I ever saw. I couldn't resist the temptation to stop him.

"'Look here,' I said, 'what do you mean by appearing at this time of day in such a dress? Don't you know that you're de trop?'

"'De what—what's that?'

"'Don't you know that you're de trop?' I repeated, 'that it isn't permissible to appear in full dress before 6 o'clock in the evening?'

"The darky drew himself up very proudly.

"'Look heah,' he said. 'I'll have you to know that I don't 'low nobody to make time tables for my clos.'"—Kansas City Times.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.

The Word Etiquette.

The very high sounding word etiquette had a very humble origin, for etiquette meant simply a label. It received its present signification from the fact that a Scotch gardener who laid out the grounds at Versailles for Louis XIV. was much annoyed at the courtiers walking over his newly made paths, and at length had labels placed to indicate where they might pass. At first these labels were not attended to, but a hint from high quarters that in future the walks of the courtiers must be within the "etiquettes" or labels was promptly attended to. To keep within the etiquettes became the correct thing. The meaning of the phrase was afterward widened.

Musical Notes.

The young man who was better posted on baseball than on opera was rather out of his element in the gathering of intensely musical folk, yet he managed to keep himself and others cheerful.

"I see that they played 'Parsifal' in Bayreuth yesterday," commented the long-haired person with the newspaper.

"Did they? Who won?" queried the young man.

"We've just been to a concert to hear a solemn mass," remarked the soulful young lady.

"Who was he?" the benighted young fellow inquired, with a great show of interest.—Selected.

Music and Method.

The sane, healthy way to study the piano is to apply one's thought directly to the work laid out methodically by the teacher for a certain length of time every day. That length of time depends entirely upon the future that the student may decide upon. If he or she takes up music as a profession, four hours daily should be given to study; if as an amateur, two hours are enough. In both cases the division of time devoted to practice should be not less than one hour.—I. J. Paderewski in Strand Magazine.

The Pygmy Cattle of Samoa.

The Samoan islands are the natural habitat of the most diminutive species of variety of the genus bos now known to the naturalist. The average weight of the males of these lilliputian cattle seldom exceeds 200 pounds, the average being not greater than 150 pounds. The females usually average about a hundred pounds larger and are very "stocky" built, seldom being taller than a Merino sheep. These dwarf cattle are nearly all of the same color—reddish mouse color, marked with white. They have large heads as compared with their bodies, and their horns are of exceptional length.

FITS St. Vitus' Dance and all Nervous Diseases permanently cured by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE $2 trial bottle and treatise. Dr. R. H. Kline, Ld., 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

Precautions of Old Time Doctors.

It was formerly the practice among physicians to carry a cane having a hollow head, the top of which was gold pierced with holes like a pepper box. The top contained a small amount of aromatic powder or of snuff, and on entering the house or room where a disease supposed to be infectious prevailed the doctor would strike his cane on the floor to agitate the powder and then apply it to his nose; hence all the old prints of physicians represent them with canes to their noses.

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

Passive.

Bill—Did you say he has horse sense?

Jill—No, why, he hasn't even got mule sense. I never knew him to kick in his life!—Yonkers Statesman.

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$25,000 Reward — To any one who can prove W. L. Douglas does not make & sell more Men's $3 & $3.50 shoes than any other manufacturer.

THE REASON W. L. Douglas shoes are worn by more people in all walks of life than any other make, is because of their excellent style, easy fitting, and superior wearing qualities. The selection of the leathers and other materials for each part of the shoe, and every detail of the making is looked after by the most complete organization of superintendents, foremen and skilled shoemakers, who receive the highest wages paid in the shoe industry, and whose workmanship cannot be excelled.

If I could take you into my large factories at Brockton, Mass., and show you how carefully W. L. Douglas shoes are made, you would then understand why they hold their shape, fit better, wear longer and are of greater value than any other make.

My $4 Gilt Edge and $5 Gold Bond Shoes cannot be equalled at any price.

W. L. Douglas stamps his name and price on the bottom to protect you against high prices and inferior shoes. Take No Substitute. Sold by the best shoe dealers everywhere.

Fast Color Eyelets used exclusively. Catalog mailed free. W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.